



## Chapter 126

Johnson's POV

"Mom, it's impossible that you live just to ruin my plans!" Caroline shouted at her mother, who was bedridden with a cold.

"Sweetie, keep your voice down, my head is killing me," Helena spoke in a whisper.

"I don't care about your head, Mom!" Caroline shouted again and stormed out of the room, stomping her feet.

"Carol dear, what's got you so worked up?" Johnson, who was in the living room checking news on his phone, asked when his daughter came in and sat next to him with a sulky face.

"Daddy, Mom just won't help me..."

"What didn't your mother do this time, sweetheart?"

"I wanted to go see my wedding dress yesterday, but your wife got a cold and said we'll only go next week." Caroline acted as if she'd suffered a terrible injustice.

"Honey, don't be like that. Ask Celeste to go with you."

"Daddy, but Mom won't give me the card. She's being stubborn, saying it's a mother-daughter thing."

"I've already deposited the money in her account, so she has to give you the card." 1

"Talk to her, daddyyyy..."



Johnson got up from the couch, asking his daughter to wait a minute, and went to the bedroom where his wife was lying as if she were on her deathbed. Johnson searched through all the purses, closet, drawers, every possible place in that room, but couldn't find his wife's bank card.

"Helena, where's the card? Carol wants to go buy her wedding dress, and I've already given you the money. Hand over the card; she'll go with Celeste."

"Not in your dreams! She's my daughter, Johnson, I'm the one going with her. We'll go next week when I'm better. And don't you dare give her money to buy that dress."

"Helena, don't test my patience..."

"And you don't test mine!" Helena raised her voice at her husband. "If Caroline buys that dress without me, you know those documents about the investigation of Alexander's parents' accident? The ones I kept with someone I trust - and only I trust - along with a certain recording? Well, I'll hand them over to Alexander himself."

"You're a snake, Helena!"

"That's why we got married, Johnson!" Helena, who had sat up in bed, lay back down and pulled the covers over her head. "And make your daughter understand that she's going to buy that dress with me."

Johnson went back to the living room, fuming. His wife had been very clever when she managed to steal those documents from him and record him telling her what he had done. She had never seemed smart, always acting like a doormat, but since then she had him under her thumb. And he couldn't even get rid of her, because she made sure that if anything happened, the person who had everything would turn him in, and she



even had a letter stating that if anything happened to her, he was to blame.

She had him tied up good and proper. He had been thinking for a long time about how to get rid of his wife, but he still didn't know how. He had already hired an investigator to find out who this person was that she trusted so much, but nothing turned up. Those pieces of evidence weren't in the house. It made him very angry to be at the mercy of that doorman. 1

"Sweetie, there's no way around it, your mother insists on going dress shopping with you. Wait until she feels better and you can go next week. Do this for me."

"But, daddyyy..."

"Honey, what's the big deal? Besides, if you wait until next week, I'll give you some money to go to the mall today and buy something, what do you think?"

"Alright, daddy, I'll do it for you. But deposit an amount that makes it worth my while."

"Ten thousand? That's a good amount, darling!" Caroline nodded.



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