

Chapter 131

Alexander's POV

The week had been quite hectic. Fred still hadn't managed to schedule an appointment with his uncle, the doctor, since he was at a conference in Geneva and wouldn't return until the following week.

It was already Saturday, and we had a scheduled meeting about the audit. Alan had news. Almost everyone had already arrived at my apartment, including Catherine, with only Alan and Mari running a bit late. Besides Catherine and me, Patrick and Rick were also present, along with the hacker Marcus Paul, and two more people from Alan's team.

"Catherine, thank you for coming. I know you've been following the audit reports, but now in the final stretch, we thought it was important for you to be here." I said, approaching her as she sat on the couch. She looked beautiful in a flowing floral maxi dress, but she didn't seem to be feeling well.

"Don't mention it, Alexander. I'm eager to finally uncover everything and put an end to these thieves' charade." She gave me a weak smile.

"Cat, are you okay? You look a bit pale." I said, concerned. The discomfort she seemed to be feeling wasn't from being in my house; it appeared to be physical.

"Actually, my stomach's a bit upset. I think something I ate didn't agree with me." She replied with an uncomfortable expression that worried me.

"I'll ask Jorge to bring you some tea." I called Jorge, who quickly went to the kitchen and soon returned with a tray carrying a cup and a small teapot.

"Miss, this tea is excellent for the stomach," Jorge said, serving her a cup. "You young people eat too much prepared food, always rushing around, that's why you always have these stomach issues."

"Ah, Jorge, I think you're right." Catherine agreed with a smile. "Thank you so much."

"No need to thank me, miss." Jorge withdrew and went to open the door.

Mari and Alan arrived holding hands, which made everyone in the room stop talking and focus on their joined hands. They had huge smiles on their faces.

"What's wrong, am I that handsome?" Alan joked.

"Alan, when you're with Mari, you do attract a lot of attention," Patrick said and speculated. "Maybe you should always be accompanied by her."

"That's the idea, my young friend. That's the idea." Alan agreed.

After everyone exchanged greetings, I couldn't hold back anymore and had to ask:

"Aren't you going to tell us that you're together?"

"Alexander, don't be nosy!" Catherine nudged my arm, and I found it cute and funny.

"He just asked what we all want to know, Cat, including you!" Rick came to my defense.

"And who said I don't know?" Catherine looked at him with a smile that suggested she was keeping a delicious secret.

"Now you two can start telling us. What does she know that we don't?" I persisted, looking at Mariana and Alan.

"They know because they helped me get ready yesterday and gave me advice," Mariana explained.

"They? The whole squad knows?" Patrick asked. "And here you say you think of us as your children, Alex!"

"Don't be such a grump, Patrick!" Mariana scolded. "Alan and I went out for dinner last night and decided to give ourselves a chance at happiness. Yes, we're together as a couple."

Mariana's announcement was met with applause and whistles from all of us. One by one, we stood up to congratulate them. Alan had been in love with Mariana for about thirty years, but when they were young, they couldn't be together because he was married to a woman who was like a version of Caroline and wouldn't accept divorce. My God, I was heading down the same path.

"Well, now that the ladies have finished gossiping, can we get to work?" Alan rubbed his hands together, joking with us and making us laugh.

During the meeting, Alan presented us with the week's report. They had identified five directors involved in the fraud, including Johnson and the accountant Gilbert. The commercial director, operations director, and administrative director were also involved. These were all important strategic positions held by employees who had been with the company for thirty years or more. Besides the directors, each department had three or four employees participating in the fraud, receiving a percentage of the diverted funds. One of them had made a mistake, and we had a way to catch him - he was the weak link in the group. We decided to approach him and use him as an informant, offering him a good deal that would

keep him out of jail.

I was shocked by the amount of money that Alan and his team had discovered was being diverted from the company. It was a fortune. Alan also provided me with a list of clients who were being manipulated to leave us and sign with another company. This company was registered under strawmen's names, which Alan had discovered were linked to Johnson. He was still waiting for evidence that his hired investigators were gathering, but they had already identified that these strawmen were reporting to Johnson.

We spent the next hour analyzing the report, clearing up doubts, and brainstorming ideas to get everything we needed.

"Well, fortunately, they stopped operations about two months ago," Alan informed me. "I still don't know why they stopped, but they did. Nothing is being diverted. No unusual operations have been conducted."

"That's great! Better this way," I said tiredly, running both hands over my face.

"Well, that's it about our audit, but now I need to talk to you about your parents' accident," Alan said, and I raised my eyes to look at him.



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