

## Chapter 145

Alexander's POV

I called the secretary and arranged to meet her during lunch at a café near the clinic. When we arrived, she was already seated at a table in the back.

"Good afternoon, Mr. Miller. Mr. Guzman. How are you?" She greeted us very formally.

"Wait, you know me?" Patrick asked, surprised.

"I work weekends at the Social Club casino." She said somewhat awkwardly. "And you both tip really well. I'm Jacqueline."

"Man, that's right! I even hit on you once..." Patrick recognized her and burst out laughing. "But without the makeup, with your hair tied back and glasses, you look so different."

"Yes." Jacqueline agreed uncomfortably. "Thank you for calling, Mr. Miller."

"Look, Jacqueline, I'll admit when you gave me your number, I thought you were hitting on me. But now, I'm curious." I said, sitting down.

"Mr. Miller, I work at the clinic because I need the salary, but honestly, Dr. Vale is a man without scruples, and I think what they're doing to you is absurd. Especially since I've always seen at the Social Club that you can't stand Caroline, nobody can, actually." Jacqueline said, and Patrick burst out laughing.

"And what are they doing, Jacqueline?" I asked.

"Your fiancée isn't pregnant. That day at the clinic was all a farce. The



doctor showed you another woman's ultrasound video. And he was planning to do this at every appointment until you were married and Caroline could fake a miscarriage." Jacqueline revealed everything.

"God, it just keeps getting worse." I said, closing my eyes.

"And I'll tell you something else, your secretary Celeste was the one who recommended him to Caroline." Jacqueline knew everything. "I overheard the three of them talking at the clinic the day before your supposed appointment. He's a fraud, I don't know how he's still practicing medicine."

"Well, he won't be for long, Jacqueline." I assured her.

"Mr. Miller, just one more thing. You know Rosa, the Social Club secretary?" Jacqueline asked.

"Yes, what about her?"

"She told me that Leila, the personnel manager, is very close friends with Celeste and tells her everything. Whenever you arrive, she calls Celeste to let her know you're there."

"So that's how they know..." Patrick commented.

"And Rosa overheard a conversation between them. Celeste was saying she has contacts in all the places you frequent or where your company has any involvement, so she knows about a lot of things, including very personal matters."

"God, how could I be so stupid!" I commented, feeling dizzy from all these revelations.

We talked for a while longer, and before leaving, I gave Jacqueline my

business card, telling her to contact me about a job opportunity. It was the least I could do since she refused any payment for the information. Besides, having trustworthy people in my company was the goal.

When we left the café, I wanted to strangle Caroline and Celeste. Then Rick called saying he had located the waiter and had a plan to corner him. We rushed back to the office.

At the office, Rick had already set up the trap in the executive conference room. He called the catering service, got information about the waiter, who had been working there for a short time, and ordered coffee service, specifically requesting the same waiter. At the scheduled time, everything was ready. Rick, Patrick, and I went to the conference room, and when the waiter came in to serve, we cornered him.

"Have a seat, friend. We need to talk," Patrick said, putting his hand on the waiter's shoulder and making him sit down.

"So, Clayton, you worked at a party here about three months ago. How did you find it?" Rick started asking politely but implying we knew something.

"It was a great party, sir," the waiter replied.

"Not so great for some people," I said. "But I remember you." His eyes widened in surprise. "You served me whiskey on the balcony, but it was spiked, wasn't it, Clayton?"

"I... I... uh... I don't know what you're talking about," he tried to evade.

"Oh, yes you do," Patrick affirmed. "And even if you didn't, my friend, we have a video." Patrick grabbed the remote and pressed play, showing the exact footage from the balcony when the waiter offered me the glass. "



Corporate environment, cameras everywhere. And the ones we use are state-of-the-art, perfect image," Patrick explained.

"B-b-but... I didn't... I..." He stammered and was already sweating.

"Clayton, I'll be straight with you," I said, not giving him a chance to stall. "I had a toxicology test done. I have the video of you giving me the drink and then me leaving the balcony disoriented. So, either you tell us everything that happened, or I call the police and you leave here arrested for drug trafficking. Your choice."

"No police, please, I'll tell you everything," he didn't even resist. It was easier than I thought. "I was unemployed and I have a child to support. Someone I know got me the job at this catering service. And believe me, sir, I really need it," he was nervous. "I wasn't supposed to work that day of the party, it was my day off, but she told my boss she wanted me on the team, my boss agreed, even paid me a little extra to come. When you went to the balcony, she called me and told me to bring you the glass. I swear to you, sir, I didn't know it was spiked, I swear. She's someone I know, she got me a job, she worked for you, I never thought she would do something like this." 1

"Didn't you know what was in the glass?" Rick asked.

"She only told me it was whiskey, and it smelled like it. So I served it. But then I saw how you left the balcony, sir, and I knew you weren't drunk because I had served you before and you were fine before that drink." Clayton had started crying. "When I saw you stumbling away, I tried to approach, but she wouldn't let me. She said your girlfriend would take care of you. But after the party, I went looking for her and demanded explanations because I knew something was wrong."

"And what did she say?" I asked.



"She told me to keep my mouth shut if I didn't want to lose my job."  
Clayton said he had been blackmailed.

"How low can you get!" I said, running my hands over my face.

"And who is she, son?" Rick asked impatiently.

"Celeste," Clayton said.

"Perfect! She's a real snake." I said, getting angry.

"Alright, Clayton. Thank you for telling us everything. We'll recommend to the catering company owner not to fire you, and we'll inform them that Celeste no longer has any connection with us," Rick reassured him. "Take my card and contact me if you need anything."

"Is that all? Aren't you going to call the police?" Clayton seemed relieved.

"No, we won't. That's all. You can work your shift today normally. Everything's fine," Patrick informed.

"Thank you, Clayton," I thanked him as we left the room.



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