

Chapter 159

Alexander's POV

My son had been kidnapped for over twelve hours now. Since the moment Lygia called, I had had to keep myself under control. I wouldn't lose it because I had to find my son. And I needed to take care of Cat.

I had already activated all my possible contacts. Many people were looking for my son, but I was still thinking if there was anything else I could do. Patrick and Rick arranged for beds, food, and clothes. The executive floor had been transformed into a search command center, and none of us wanted to leave. Rick had set up a large conference table with chairs around it in the middle of my office, so many people were working there.

"Alexander." I heard Mari's voice and went to hug her. "Son, stay calm and have faith. Peter will be found safe."

"I'm so glad you came, Mari. I feel like I'm about to lose it." She was like a mother to me, and all I needed was her here to support me.

"You won't lose control!" she said. "You're a strong and intelligent man. Being nervous and shaken is normal, but you'll keep leading everything to find your son. Where's Cat?"

"Sleeping. We turned Patrick's office into a sort of dormitory, and she's there with the girls," I explained.

"Then, dear, go get some rest. I just got here and I'll take care of things for a while." Mari patted my cheek.

"You must be tired. Go rest," I suggested to her.

"I flew first class and slept the entire flight. Tired is the last thing I am. Go. Spend some time with Cat," Mari advised, and I went.

I lay down next to Catherine, but couldn't sleep. My Catherine was sleeping thanks to medication Dr. Molina gave her. The girls were taking turns keeping watch, and at this moment, Tess was at reception monitoring the phones and who came and went while Sam got some rest. Melissa also needed medication; she was nearly having a breakdown.

I had talked to Melissa's parents and explained the situation, asking them to speak with Catherine's parents and bring them here – it would be good for them to be with her now. My mind started to wander; I couldn't lose my son. I would destroy whoever did this.

Rick pulled me from my thoughts, telling me that Alan had news. I got up and went back to my office. 1

"What is it, Alan?" I asked as soon as I entered.

"Dennis and Daniel came to work here on Celeste's recommendation. They'd been on the team for five years. She did everything very carefully – there was no trace of her manipulating HR to hire them. There was no apparent connection between them," Alan explained.

"Explain better," Rick requested.

"They're Leila's cousins, from the Social Club management. I assume you know who she is."

"Yes, we know, and we heard that name mixed up in some dirt these days," I said, remembering the conversation with Jacqueline.

"That's exactly why I remembered her when I saw the information my team gathered. You mentioned this to me, and I also know her from the

Club," Alan explained. "The police have already gone after her."

"But how did Celeste manage to get them hired?" Rick asked.

"She managed because Alexander ordered their hiring," Alan said and handed us the two security guards' resumes.

"But I don't remember this!" I said, looking at my signature on the papers. "This was five years ago. I wasn't involved in hiring and never recommended anyone to the security team."

I was stunned, staring at the papers in front of me. That was indeed my signature. The word "hire" was written in handwriting that looked like mine, but wasn't. I couldn't remember signing this.

"And how did this end up in Human Resources?" I asked.

"An employee found it on your desk and gave it to Nestor. We've already called both of them here to better understand this," Alan explained. "According to this employee, he and Celeste had a brief fling, and she would often visit his desk. He found these two resumes right after she had been at his desk, and since it had your signature, he gave them to Nestor, who hired them without question."

"But how did I sign this?" I couldn't believe I had done that.

"Alexander, five years ago you were head over heels for Liz. You'd always come to work hungover, missed a lot of days, you were in an irresponsible cycle," Patrick reminded me. "Celeste might have caught you on a day when you were hungover or even drunk."

"Damn it! That's possible... I trusted her. I used to sign many things she brought to my desk without running them by Rick." I remembered and slammed my fist on the desk. "What else do we know about these two?"

"Right now, the police are tracking down every relative and friend of theirs," Patrick said. "They're also looking for Celeste, but haven't found her yet. They searched Johnson's house thoroughly but found nothing. However, Anna Caroline hasn't been found yet, and her parents don't know where she is."

"I think she and Celeste have my son. My God, they're both crazy!" I shuddered at the thought of my boy with those two.

Dawn broke. The guys and I went to Patrick's office to check on the girls and invite them for coffee. We were in the reception area having coffee and updating the girls on everything. Melissa had recovered and was already in "I'll tear the world apart to find Peter" mode. Samantha signaled to me, and when I approached, she whispered that Catherine's parents were on their way up.

"Melissa's parents are with them, and so is Dr. Molina," Samantha informed me.



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