

Chapter 161

I was sitting next to my mother when Patrick came in. He told us everything that had happened, about the call from that crazy woman, and the more he spoke, the more I cried. After he left, Mrs. Moreno, Mel's mother, told my mother who Anna Caroline was, and Virginia informed them both about what was going on. It was too much information to process.

My phone rang and I quickly answered it. I recognized Dennis's voice on the other end saying:

"Don't say anything. If there's anyone near you, leave and only let me know when you're alone."

I lowered the phone and started moving away from the room. When I reached the door, Melissa called out to me. 1

"Cat, what's wrong?"

"I'm going to see Alexander, Mel. I want to spend some time with him," I said and left the room.

When I reached the corridor between the elevators and the meeting room, I started speaking again.

"Where's my son? Why did you do this?"

"Easy, kitten. Your son is still fine, but let's make things easier, because your lover won't accept the conditions. So, you're going to do everything I tell you without talking to anyone, and then you can see your son again, " Dennis spoke, and I couldn't believe how I had trusted him. "First, you're going to leave the building and wait for me at the door of the bistro where you were yesterday. Don't hang up the phone and don't talk

to anyone."

I looked around and saw many people in the reception area; I would be seen if I took the elevator there. So I walked to the end of the corridor, unlocked the emergency exit, and went down three flights of stairs. I entered the floor where there was almost no movement, pressed the elevator button, and got in when it opened. I quickly left the building and walked to the bistro two blocks away. As soon as I stopped at the door, a black car pulled up and lowered its window. Dennis smiled and signaled for me to get in. When I sat down, I smelled something strong and then everything went black. [2](#)

When I woke up, I was in a sealed room. The window had been blocked with bricks, leaving only a five-centimeter gap for ventilation. It looked like an unfinished construction. I was lying on a mattress covered with a dirty sheet, and there was a chair in the corner. Nothing else. The walls weren't painted, just plastered, and the floor was cement. A light bulb hung from the ceiling by a wire, and the place smelled bad. The door was closed, with a small window that could probably be opened from the outside. I went to the door and, as I expected, it was locked.

How stupid I was! I fell right into a trap. I was so desperate about my son that I put myself in danger. I should have been suspicious when he called, but I simply didn't think—I could only focus on getting my son back.

Then, Dennis entered the room and closed the door.

"You're awake, kitten! Here, I brought you something to eat."

"Where's my son, Dennis? I already did what you told me to."

"It's not that simple. Come on, eat something, you look very weak." He walked to the chair and sat down.

"Why did you do this, Dennis?"

"The usual reasons, darling – the trinity that moves the world: love, money, and power. In my case, it's money, but if I can have some fun with you along the way, that wouldn't be bad." He gave me a smile that sent chills of fear down my spine.

"Don't touch me."

"I don't know if I can resist. But anyway, it won't be now."

"Dennis, for God's sake, give me back my son."

"I already told you, he's with that crazy woman. But relax, the kid is still alive and in one piece. Now eat. And don't bother screaming, we don't have any neighbors."

Dennis got up, placed the sandwich and soda on the chair, and left the room. I went to the window and peeked through the crack, only seeing tall grass all around. I picked up the sandwich and examined it; it didn't seem to be poisoned. I needed to eat to have strength to escape when the opportunity arose.



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