



Chapter 164

Alexander's POV

We entered my office and it was chaotic, with people talking and working on computers while Melissa organized all the incoming information. Fred, who I discovered was also a notable hacker, had joined Marcus.

"Alexander, we managed to access Cat's phone," Marcus informed me. "And we got footage from other buildings on the street and now have the license plate of the car that took her."

"Finally, some good news." Some of the tension I was feeling dissipated.

"Not that good - the plate is fake, but at least we have a car and we've issued an alert for models of the same color," one of the police officers warned me.

"And what about the phone?" I asked, leaning between Fred and Marcus's chairs.

Fred grabbed his phone and opened a message, quickly looking at it before tossing it on the desk with a huff. Rick was standing next to me and glanced at the screen.

"Fred, why did you receive a photo of Celeste?" Rick asked with a puzzled look.

"Photo of who?" Fred didn't understand the question.

"This photo you just received." Rick insisted.

"Oh! That's Catherine's ex-boyfriend with his new lover. I don't know why my mother thought it would be useful to send me this." Fred picked up the phone from the desk and made the screen light up, stretching out



the phone for Rick to see.

On the screen, there was a photo of Catherine's ex-boyfriend with Celeste at the same ice cream parlor we visited when I was there. Celeste had blonde hair, but it was definitely her. The caption read: "Look who Claude's new lover is."

"Fred, that's Celeste," I said, nearly having a panic attack.

"But how does Celeste know Cat's ex? How are they together?" Rick was speculating while looking at the photo.

"Celeste? The same Celeste we're looking for?" Fred asked.

"Damn, you've never seen Celeste. But your mother must know her from some event she attended with your father," I explained. "Melissa!"

I showed the photo to Melissa, who let out at least eight different curse words and started giving orders again.

"Fred, forward me that photo now. Patrick, call your detective friend in Bellwood and put him on speaker. You two knuckleheads from the police, I'm forwarding the photo and you notify your detective. We're adding at least two more people to the radar." I had to admit, this woman knew how to take charge!

"Detective Moreno," the detective answered on the second ring.

"Flavian, my friend, how are you?" Patrick greeted.

"Patrick? What a privilege, twice in less than a week," Detective Moreno joked with Patrick.

"Man, the privilege is mine to be your friend. I need another favor, and it's serious!"



"Just say it. Take advantage that I'm at the station, and I'll send for the perp right now," the detective joked and laughed.

"That's exactly what I need." In less than five minutes, Patrick, Melissa, and the police officers brought Detective Moreno up to speed on the situation.

"I'll need my colleagues to send me the official request to add to the investigation," the detective requested. "My team and I are already getting in the patrol cars, and as soon as we have the subject, I'll call you."

"Detective, I've already forwarded the official request to the station's email," one of the police officers in my office said.

"Perfect! We're on our way, if you have any more information, call me," Detective Moreno ended the call.

"Rick, remind me to send Fred's mother a gift when this is all over. And tell her I'm grateful, Fred." I was truly thankful; it was the first lead since this all began.

"Don't worry, Alexander, my mom's happy to help," Fred answered the call. "Hi, mom?" He listened for a moment, sighed, and put it on speaker. "Mom, what are you talking about?"

"Oh, Fred, you're so slow! Put Melissa on!" Fred's mother was impatient, and I couldn't help but laugh at how he spoke.

"Mom, you're on speaker," he informed.

"Hi, mother-in-law, you've helped us so much, thank you," Melissa greeted.

"Mel, I'm worried about Cat. Something happened, it might be nothing,



but I thought I should tell you."

"What happened, mother-in-law?" Melissa paid attention.

"I was at the salon getting my hair done, you know which one. And next to me was a woman who came in blonde but dyed her hair black and got a bob cut."

"What's wrong with that, mom? For God's sake, we're busy here," Fred spoke impatiently.

"Don't interrupt, Fred," his mother scolded him like a little boy. "Mel, this woman isn't from around here, and she has a shrill voice, as we say, like a cracked reed. And she kept saying she was dyeing her hair because her sweetie likes brunettes."

"Mother-in-law, you're amazing. I know who you're talking about, and we suspect she's the one who has Peter," Melissa was already signaling Patrick to notify the detective.

"But honey, there's more," Fred's mother continued. "I got suspicious about the woman and left the salon to watch her. When she came out, I followed her. You know that abandoned farm at the town entrance?"

"The one with the well in front where a boy fell once?" Melissa asked.

"Yes, that's the one. She went in there, and a little while later Claude came out. I'm hiding in my car on a side road keeping watch, and she hasn't come out again. But I think I heard a child crying," Fred's mother seemed worried.

"Mother-in-law, you're better than James Bond. But now I want you to leave there, we're sending the police."

"I'm not leaving, Melissa. If that crazy woman has Peter, I won't let her



escape."

"Alright, but stay on the phone with us then and don't put yourself in danger."

"Okay, I'll stay on the line," Fred's mother agreed.

"Patrick, call the police," Melissa ordered Patrick, and it was definitely an order.

Patrick called Detective Moreno and gave him all the information. The detective said he would go to the farm personally. We would have to wait, and that was torture.

"My mom is crazy," Fred was talking more to himself, but I would be very grateful for this crazy woman. "That's strange?" Fred was absorbed in the computer screen. "But this is a huge mess!"

"What is it, Fred?" Marcus asked.

"I don't think Cat is in Bellwood," Fred said, turning the screen toward Marcus and getting my attention.

"They're not together?" I asked.

"Probably not!" Fred confirmed.

"Breathe, Miller. Fred, what did you find?" Melissa stopped in front of the computer. "Hey, you two police dimwits, come here." The two officers stood up like trained puppies. "Look at these cell towers where the signal from the phone that called Cat was picked up forty minutes ago. Any idea where this is?"

"We can find out," one of them responded.



"Then get moving! I can't believe I have to do everything!" Melissa spoke loudly, and they were already calling the police and the central office while getting their own computers. It was almost funny to watch. "Calm down, Miller. We're making progress."