

Chapter 166

Alexander's POV

I was a bundle of nerves waiting for any news. The police officers at the office had discovered the cell tower location and mapped out a search perimeter. Teams were already on their way.

"Melissa..." Fred's mother called on the phone.

"Hi, Teresa."

"The police arrived with two dogs. They're going in."

"Thank God they're here!" I whispered.

"Teresa, get out of there now."

"No way, I'm safe where I am, I'll wait," Fred's mother insisted.

"Mom, how can you see anything at this time of night?" Fred asked.

"While I was waiting by the salon door, I had Maria bring me your binoculars. I like them, you better buy another pair because I'm keeping these - they have night vision." Fred's mother was quite a character.

"Mom, for God's sake, you're not James Bond," Fred put his hand over his face.

"I'm better than him. Melissa said so." Fred's mother managed to get everyone in the room laughing, even with all the tension.

"Teresa, you're simply the best. Thank you so much," I thanked her sincerely.

"Alexander, dear, everything will be fine. Have faith," she replied. "They're coming out now, they put two women in the police van."

"Flavian, any news?"

"Peter is in my arms right now, Patrick. He seems fine, but I'm taking him to the hospital first for a forensic examination and to make sure he's okay. Then we'll convoy to Paradise Port. We have three detainees, but since this is a specialized case, we'll bring them in and hand them over," Moreno explained.

"Flavian, can't you come by plane? We're anxious about Peter," Patrick explained.

"I could, Patrick, but getting the budget approved for that would take too long."

"I'll charter a plane right now and you can come as soon as possible. Would that work? How many people will be coming?" Patrick asked.

"It's good to have rich friends," Moreno laughed. "Do that and give me the details. It'll be me, Peter, the three detainees, and three officers."

"Patrick, tell him I'm going to the hospital to see how little Peter is doing. He knows me, I can calm him down, poor thing," Fred's mother spoke quickly into the phone.

"Did you hear that, Flavian? Her name is Marisa Molina," Patrick informed.

"It'll be great if she meets us there. Peter is really frightened," the detective said, and my heart tightened.

"Perfect. I'll call you in a few minutes," Patrick hung up, and Rick was

already chartering a plane in Bellwood.

All arrangements were made, information was shared, and two hours after being rescued, my son boarded the plane to return to me. Fred's parents decided to come along on the flight since Peter wouldn't leave Marisa's lap after seeing her at the hospital.

Marisa made a video call and let Peter talk to us for a while. The room was filled with emotion. I called home and asked Jorge to let everyone know that Peter had been rescued. I asked them to wait at home, as I would bring Peter for them to look after while we continued searching for Cat.

Now I needed to find my Catherine. The search for Catherine was still ongoing, but the area was difficult to access, and the police were having trouble.

Samantha came to my side and called me. "Alexander, I don't want to bother you, but Mr. Farias wants to speak with you. He said it's about business. He's called several times today and is now downstairs."

"That's strange. What could he want?" Patrick asked.

"Patrick, he only said it's about business, but that it's very important," Samantha explained. "And he wouldn't give more details."

"Sam, authorize him to come up. I'll meet him in Rick's office," I said, finding Farias's insistence unusual.

I went with Patrick to Rick's office, and when Farias arrived, Samantha showed him in.

"Farias, I'm sorry, but things here today are quite complicated," I said as I received him.

"Molina told me about Catherine and your son. Is there anything I can do?"

"Farias asked kindly.

"I don't think there's anything else in the world we can do," I sighed heavily.

After looking at me for a minute, Farias said:

"Alexander, I'm sorry to bother you, but I spoke with my wife in Switzerland and mentioned your situation and that the Johnson family was suspected of the kidnapping. She begged me to give you this. I have no idea what it is, she said she doesn't know either, but she said Helena Johnson gave her this box and asked her to keep it, and if anything happened to her, to give the box to you."

"What do you mean, Farias?" I found this the strangest thing ever.

"I don't know, Alexander, I don't understand it either. But what I do know is that my wife and Helena became close at one point, they took yoga classes together at the club. Ah, it was about three years ago. My wife said that one day Helena arrived somewhat frightened and gave her a bag with this box inside, saying exactly that she needed her to keep this box in complete secrecy and if anything happened to her, to bring the box to you."

"How strange this is, Farias," Patrick commented.

"I thought so too, Patrick. I even argued with my wife about it. But she ended up keeping it, and with all this business about the kidnapping and the Johnsons' disappearance, she asked me to give this to Alexander. I could barely find the box; my wife had hidden it in a false bottom in the closet."

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only because I was with her that I didn't return with my parents and escaped the accident.

At the end of the video, he said that I was still ruining his plans because I had brought Patrick in as vice president and taken over the presidency when he had worked so hard to make me depressed and guilty about not dying. Patrick had ruined his plans by making me fight back.

Johnson also confessed to embezzling from the company and named who was helping him. He gave some details about his plans and what he was doing. I was stunned.

"I think this resolves a lot of things," Patrick said and went to the computer. "I made a copy of the video." He removed the flash drive, put it in the box, and handed it to Alan. "Can you handle this?"

"Absolutely, Patrick!" Alan replied as he took the box.

"I want all these sons of bitches rotting in jail!" I told the detective.

"Don't worry, they'll be leaving here in handcuffs," Detective Novaes assured. "And you, Mr. Farias, will need to come with me to give a statement, and I'll need to speak with your wife as well."

"Of course, whatever you need," Farias turned to me. "Alexander, I'm sorry my family has caused you more harm."

"Farias, actually today you've given me relief. Thank you." I shook his hand and we said goodbye. "Let's go, Patrick, I still need to find Cat."

I returned to my office and Melissa updated me about the search, telling me that the region was in the rural area of Blue Creek, a small town about a hundred and ten miles from Paradise Port.

"Blue Creek?" Patrick asked, and Melissa confirmed. Patrick ran out. He returned a few minutes later with a paper in his hands. "Johnson acquired a property there under dummy corporations, check if it's within the perimeter."

One of the police officers took the paper, entered the information, and confirmed the property was within the cell tower's perimeter. They called the detective and passed along the coordinates.

"We're getting close, Alexander," Patrick said confidently. "Soon this nightmare will be over. Detective Novaes ordered a search of all the properties listed in that box to find Johnson and his wife."

"Great, man! I can't wait for all of this to be over."

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