



Chapter 171

Alexander's POV

"It's time to start talking, Gilbert. Where the hell is he?" I asked, already feeling tired and in a bad mood.

"I'm not stupid, Alexander. I want everything on paper and signed, guaranteeing that I won't go to jail and that my assets and my family's assets won't be touched," Gilbert said with the most cynical face in the world.

"Gilbert, first of all, you're not in a position to demand anything. Second, you don't have any assets. Everything you think you have, you stole from me. So forget it. And third, you don't impose conditions here. You tell what you know, and the detective decides how to improve your life," I said, wanting to punch the face of that Satan's helper.

"Well, then you guys figure it out," Gilbert said and crossed his arms with a little smile on his face.

"Well, then you can stay in jail for twenty years. And that's considering that you'll have a progression of regimen for good behavior. I don't know if you understand, but we're dealing here with fraud, murder, kidnapping, and criminal association, of which you are a part. You will answer for all these crimes and also for obstruction of justice. And I will have an enormous pleasure in putting the padlock on the bars of your cell. Let's go!" The detective from the anti-fraud police station spoke and pulled Gilbert by the arm.

"But I didn't kill or kidnap anyone," Gilbert shouted.

"But you knew everything and are helping the suspect escape," the detective retorted.

"I'll talk! But I want at least a reduction in my sentence," Gilbert demanded.



"You'll have that under the terms of the law, if you make a complete confession. The confession doesn't work by halves. So you'll have to tell everything," the detective informed.

"Okay, I'll talk," Gilbert finally agreed. "Johnson bought a ranch in the countryside about fifteen days ago when he concluded the deal. You must know the place; it belonged to Joaquim Furtado. He's broke and sold the ranch to Johnson for a pittance."

"I know where it is," Henry spoke from the sofa where he had been since I entered the room, absorbed in his thoughts. "I was there with Isabela last week. I didn't know it had been sold."

When Henry finished speaking, he realized that Samantha had entered the room. Samantha looked at him and arched an eyebrow, handed me a paper, and left.

"Damn it!" Henry cursed and got up to go after her.

"You screwed up everything, but now is not the time to try to fix it. Come on, tell everything you know about the Furtado family, because we don't know much," Patrick spoke seriously, not giving our friend a chance to go after Samantha.

"Damn it, Patrick!" Henry protested.

"Do you really think she's going to listen to you now? Or that you'll have any chance if she finds out you didn't tell what you knew?" I asked him. "At this moment, all of them are focused on Cat. What they want, just like me, is to see Johnson behind bars, because they are good friends. So, now my friend, focus on that too and then we'll all help you."

"Okay," Henry huffed. "I just want to explain myself to her. But, okay, I'll do that later. What I know is simple. Joaquim was a high-ranking employee at Concisa Concretos, but the company went bankrupt, and he was left on the street, without receiving a penny. He's selling a good part of his assets to pay debts and survive. His wife and two daughters are two



money-guzzling drains; they spend a lot, and he's trying to keep them at the level they're used to. But I didn't know he had sold the ranch. It's a very beautiful property."

"Great, let's head over there then," Detective Bonfim said. "Please write down, Mr. Martin, all the information you have about the place, including what it's like, how many employees, how many rooms and entrances in the house. If you can, it would be good to draw a map of the property."

"Of course, detective, I can do that." Henry confirmed, getting up from the couch and coming to sit at the table, where Rick had already placed a pad of paper and pens for him.

"Well gentlemen, given this, if the phony little thief here has nothing else important to say, I must take him to the station and get his new statement," the detective from the anti-fraud division said.

"About Johnson, just one more thing," Gilbert spoke up. "He has fake passports. I'm the one who told him who made the documents."

"Great, then you can start by telling us what names are on those passports," the detective said impatiently.

"I don't know the names, I only know who made them," Gilbert assured. "The counterfeiter's name is Johnny Cool Head. He has a little apartment in the Galileu Complex in Downtown. Apartment 1503. He's always there. But be careful, the man is clever."

"Johnny Cool Head? What kind of nickname is that?" the detective asked, finding it ridiculous.

"It's because for everything you ask him, he responds with 'stay cool'. He's a strange little guy. Medium height, round glasses, shoulder-length curly blond hair. He must be almost thirty years old and lives stoned, I don't even know how he gets such good documents," Gilbert rambled.



"Okay then. I'll send my men there," Detective Bonfim said. "Internal affairs detective, can you put out an alert to ports, airports, bus stations, and borders?"

"Just did that. Let's corner this bandit," the internal affairs detective was quiet but very efficient.

"So, now I'm going to take this delinquent in a suit to give his statement. If he sings anything else, I'll let you know," the detective from the anti-fraud division said and handcuffed Gilbert, who was pushed out of the room by the officer accompanying the detective.

Meanwhile, Detective Bonfim gathered with the other officers in the room and began planning the raid. When Henry finished making the requested notes, he handed them over to Detective Bonfim, who already had a team waiting for him. The internal affairs detective would accompany the operation, as well as Detective Moreno and his small team that was in the city.

"Well, Alexander, for now we say goodbye. As soon as I have news, I'll get in touch," Detective Bonfim said goodbye and left with the other officers to hunt down Johnson.

When the police officers left the room, I collapsed on the sofa, exhausted. Marcus Paul joined Alan, but said that if I needed him again, I just had to call. Patrick, Fred, Rick, Henry, and I were left in the room.

"I think I'm going to bring Tess, Mel, Manu, and Virginia to work here. These girls are a taskforce, unshakable! I'm impressed!" I said, provoking Henry.

"Are you going to steal my best employees, Miller?" Henry huffed.

"Oh, don't worry, I'll send Rick to you," Patrick joked.

"Now I'm hurt, boss!" Rick pretended to be offended.



"You're hired too, Fred," I said, punching him lightly on the arm.

"I appreciate it, but I'm out! Working with Melissa is my worst nightmare. She scares me when she activates her bossy mode!" Fred shuddered, making us all burst out laughing.

"Let's go see our wonderful, unshakable, and bossy women," Patrick said, standing up, and we all followed him.



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