

Chapter 180

Alexander's POV

After Mari and Alan left, I turned my attention to my friends. I told them about the call with Detective Bonfim and that we would have to look for one more traitor. I mentioned that Alan was coming to work at the company and that Mari was returning to take over as financial director.

"Ah, finally some good news!" Patrick celebrated. "Man, you and I were drowning here without Mari!"

"I agree, Patrick, but I needed to honor her agreement with my father," I reminded him.

"It's good that she can't live without us either!" Rick smiled. 1

"Oh, look, Flavian was transferred here. He's going to work with Bonfim," Patrick commented. "If you don't mind, I'd like to invite him to our poker nights."

"You don't even need to ask, Patrick. Flavian will be very welcome!" Henry spoke up right away, and we all agreed. "As long as he doesn't hit on Sam. And by the way, you promised to help me if I let Manu and Virginia go."

"Relax, Henry, we're going to help you. And I also think Flavian was interested in Manu. He asked about her," Patrick explained.

"Oh, yeah?" I asked. "And when does he arrive?"

"I think on Sunday. Why?" Patrick wanted to know.

"Wait," I said and sent a message to Cat, smiling at her response. "



Patrick, I want to talk to Flavian. Is that okay?"

Patrick called Detective Moreno, and after a quick greeting, he passed the phone to me. I wanted to thank him for rescuing my son, and Catherine was excited about another member joining our group. So I invited the detective to be my best man and explained that he would be paired with Manu. He was thrilled, accepted my invitation, and said he would be in town on Friday because he insisted on participating in my bachelor party.

"With that, we solve a problem that was driving Melissa and me crazy," Rick commented, and we looked at him without understanding. "A partner for Manu, guys! And Melissa said it was my responsibility to solve it."

"Cat was also worried about that," I commented.

Rick began explaining to me everything that was already prepared for my engagement dinner. He told me he had already hired a catering service, decorations, and a string quartet to provide ambient sound during the dinner. He also informed me that he spoke with Jorge, who had arranged to stay at the house all day to receive everything and coordinate the services for the dinner. In other words, everything was ready for me to ask Cat's father for her hand in marriage. 1

I remembered Mari's warning and called the bank, scheduling a time to access the safe deposit box and retrieve the wedding bands and the engagement ring. Rick had also made an appointment at the tailor for me to choose my wedding suit.

Then I remembered Johnson and decided I would need more security at the house. The property is huge with a large outdoor area. It was necessary to send a security team there for the next few days. So I called Danilo into my office.



"Mr. Miller, first of all, I would like to apologize for my failure in assigning Dennis and Danilo to the security of Miss Catherine and your son," Danilo said as he entered, visibly embarrassed by the situation. 1

"Danilo, please, you have nothing to apologize for. We were deceived. You have always performed your job very well, don't worry. This in no way tarnishes your performance here," I assured him.

"Even so, sir, I apologize and would like to be able to apologize to Miss Catherine as well," Danilo insisted.

"It's all right," I assured him. "Catherine will be back on Monday. You can talk to her, but I guarantee you will hear the same thing." Danilo gave me a professional smile and a nod. "But I called you here because I need you to analyze a situation and provide me with the necessary security."

"With pleasure, sir, I'm at your disposal."

"I'm hosting a dinner at my parents' former house tonight. Catherine and I are getting married on Saturday in the house's garden, and we're moving in there. I want to ensure the safety of my family, since Johnson has not yet been arrested."

"Congratulations, sir. You need a permanent security team there. I'll assemble a team, but without understaffing the company," Danilo suggested.

"I think that's perfect. But can you assemble this team today?"

"Yes, sir. I can assemble and hire the team. They will be at the house before your dinner, will do a complete sweep of the property, both inside and out, and will start keeping watch," Danilo suggested, and I thought it



was a great idea. "I'll call Mathias to head the team we'll put there."

"The same Mathias who headed security there in my parents' time?" I asked, surprised.

"The very same. He spent some time in Europe taking professional security and technology courses. Then he provided security for an American politician and has now returned to the country," Danilo informed me.

"I think that's perfect! I trust Mathias just as I trust you," I declared.

Danilo withdrew, assuring that he would take care of everything, leaving me more at ease. After that, I went with the guys to the bank, as the scheduled time was approaching, and I couldn't be late.

At the bank, we were led to a private room adjacent to the vault, and I had to enter the password and use my key to open my safe deposit box. The drawer was quickly brought to the room for me to check.

Opening the drawer was like uncovering a sea of emotions. I ran my hand over those many velvet boxes and couldn't hold back the tears that escaped me. There were my mother's jewels, my father's watches and cufflinks, and several small valuable items. Things that were very personal to my family and had a lot of history.

As happy as I was to be marrying the love of my life, having delved into the investigation of the accident and discovering that it was sabotage made me feel a pain in my heart, and I couldn't help but think that they could be here. I couldn't help but think of everything Johnson took from me when he sabotaged my parents' helicopter. He took my parents away from me and robbed them of the opportunity to experience this moment with me. He took away their opportunity to meet their grandchildren, to



be moved by my children, and to be as wonderful grandparents as the parents they were.

Johnson killed my parents, but the whole thing was much bigger than that. The accident not only took my parents, which was already too much, but it also completely changed the course of my life, Catherine's life, and Peter's life. If it weren't for the accident, I wouldn't have lost Catherine that night. We would have stayed together or at least kept in touch. I would have seen my son being born, his first words, his first steps. They wouldn't have gone through so many difficult moments and wouldn't have had to endure the prejudice and wickedness of some narrow-minded people in that city because Catherine had been a single mother.

It could have been all different. But it wasn't! However, from now on, I wouldn't allow anyone to hurt my family anymore. And I would make every moment with Catherine by my side worth it. I would make my family happy.

Amid my daydreams, I didn't realize that tears were running down my face from my eyes. It was only when Patrick put his hand on my shoulder that brought me back to reality. Once again, my friend reminded me that I was never alone and silently assured me that his support and friendship were unconditional, as he had done so many times throughout our lives, but especially after my parents passed away. I looked at him, and with a hug, I thanked the brother that life gave me.

I took out from that drawer the box with my mother's engagement ring, the box with the pair of wedding rings, a box with the pair of cufflinks that my father wore when he married my mother, the watch that belonged to my grandfather, and another box that I would give as a gift to Cat. Rummaging through all those velvet boxes, I found at the bottom of



the drawer a small box that I didn't even remember. When I opened it, I immediately recognized the piece and decided I would also take it with me. I closed the drawer and returned it to the safe, thanking the bank manager for his usual promptness and helpfulness.

From the bank, we went to the jewelry store. I needed to have all the pieces polished, engrave the wedding rings, the engagement ring, and the jewelry from the little box, and I also needed them to check the watch's mechanism. The owner, an old friend of my parents, knew all the pieces and was moved when he learned what I would do with them, reminding me how proud my parents were of me and that wherever they were, they were happy for me. He would deliver the pieces to me at the end of the day.

From there, we went to the tailor, another old acquaintance. Mr. Caius used to make my grandfather's suits; his business was passed from father to son and now to grandson. They all knew me very well. Caius Jr. suggested a light blue suit, a really beautiful cobalt blue. It was a three-piece suit. He suggested I wear it with a white shirt and no tie. It would be perfect for a daytime wedding in the garden.

In addition to Detective Moreno, Patrick, Henry, Rick, and Fred would also be my groomsmen, and I left them free to choose whatever they wanted without bothering them with combinations or rules. At the suggestion of Caius Neto, they decided to wear blue pants in a slightly darker shade than my suit, ties of the same color, white shirts, and suspenders. Caius, who was very excited, decided that Peter should wear the same as the groomsmen, with the difference in the tie – my son's would be a bow tie. Caius would have everything ready by Friday.

Rick decided to let Melissa know right away that we had already bought Peter's outfit. She threw a fit, of course, but Catherine calmed her down



by saying that I had already missed many things in my son's life and that it was only fair that I choose his outfit for the wedding, and that she trusted my good taste. This made me very happy.

"Now let's go to Alfredo's. No way you're getting married wearing old shoes," Henry said, making me laugh. There were so many details; I would never remember everything if it weren't for my friends.

At the shoe store, I bought a brown pair, following Caius's advice. And I bought an almost identical model for my son. It was so small, and it was the first pair of shoes I had bought for him; in fact, it was the first thing I had bought for him since discovering he was my son. I was very emotional.

After a busy and hectic day, we stopped by the jewelry store in the late afternoon. Everything was ready and had turned out perfectly. I thanked everyone for their efforts to get everything done so quickly.

Everything was organized; now I just had to get ready for dinner.



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