

Chapter 189

Around four in the afternoon, Manu informed me that the detectives were there to see me. I found it strange that she mentioned them in plural, but I simply asked her to let them in. Alexander appeared at the door just as the men were entering.

"Bonfim! Moreno! Thank you for being so kind as to come take my wife's statement here," Alexander said in a friendly manner.

"It's our pleasure, Miller. And by the way, thank you again for the wedding invitation. It was truly a beautiful celebration," Bonfim replied with his usual courtesy and politeness.

"It was an honor to have you and your family with us at such a special moment. You returned the love of my life to me, so you had to be there," Alexander responded, hugging me. "Let's do this in my office, my angel."

We entered my husband's office. Detective Moreno turned on the laptop he had brought and asked for my information. I provided all the details, and they began asking questions. They started with the standard inquiries about how long I had known the brothers and Johnson himself, what my connection was to each of them, things like that. Then they moved on to asking me about the kidnapping itself. I recounted how I was taken and everything I saw while in captivity.

"And you don't remember anything else that could help us find this Johnson?" Detective Bonfim asked me.

"Unfortunately not, Detective," I replied. "I mean, I remember hearing Dennis tell his brother that he couldn't get in touch with Sky. But I have no idea who that is," I said, recalling the conversation I had overheard between the two.

"Sky? Who could that be now? Could it be Celeste? It's possible..."

Bonfim speculated. "They didn't say anything else that might give us a clue?"

"Oh, Daniel told Dennis that he should get rid of the cell phone, and then he said that he had only used that number to call me and that they had smashed and tossed my cell phone, from what I understood. He was saying there was no way to trace the number. And I also heard Daniel say that kidnapping Peter was just bait to get to me," I answered, remembering the brothers' conversation.

"What do you mean?" Bonfim asked.

"They didn't know that Peter is Alexander's son because we only found that out a few days before the kidnapping." I quickly explained the story of how I got pregnant and how Alexander discovered everything.

"I was the one who investigated Catherine for Alexander," Detective Moreno informed. "I know the story. Bonfim, was any cell phone seized from the brothers?"

"No, we didn't find any devices," Bonfim replied.

"Maybe we should go back to where Catherine was locked up and search for those phones. I seized two cell phones in Bellwood, one was Caroline's and the other was Claude's, but we didn't find Celeste's phone anywhere. And there was nothing on the phones we seized that led us to Johnson," Moreno recalled.

"That's a good idea. Let's return to the location that was Catherine's prison. Do you think the Bellwood police department can do another search of the farm where they took Peter?" Bonfim suggested.

"Definitely. I'll talk to them about doing that," Moreno assured.

"Catherine's cell phone was found, wasn't it?" Bonfim wanted to know.

"Yes, it's with one of my tech specialist employees," Alexander informed. "I'll have him bring it over."

Shortly after, Marcus Paul entered the room with my broken phone inside a plastic bag. He explained that he couldn't get much, but he managed to get the list of received and made calls. On the day of my kidnapping, I only received one call from an unknown number that he tried to call back, but it didn't answer. However, they had located my whereabouts because they had identified the signal tower near where the phone had last worked.

"Yes, I only received the call from Dennis that day," I confirmed.

Marcus Paul handed the cell phone and a card with the phone number to Detective Bonfim, who thanked him.

"But this is very good. How could I forget this?" Bonfim criticized himself. "Ah, Catherine, I want to ask you one more thing."

"Yes, Detective?"

"Claude, who is involved with your son's kidnapping. You two were dating, right?" Bonfim wanted to confirm.

"Yes, Detective, unfortunately. For four years. We broke up about three years ago, almost four, a month before the ball where I met Alexander without knowing it was him," I explained.

"That was quite a long time," Bonfim analyzed before asking the next question. "What did he do for a living when you were dating?"

"Look, Detective, when we started dating, Claude was nineteen and I was fifteen. He was ambitious but lazy. He didn't pass the college entrance exams and started working at the town's airfield. He did general services helping out with everything there. He didn't like the job, but it was Melissa's father who got him the job, so I kept on his case not to disappoint Mr. Larson," I said, remembering a time that for me was already distant. "But why, Detective?"

"Because he said he's known Johnson for more than three years, but he didn't want to explain. Do you know anything or if he met someone during that time? Or do you remember him mentioning Johnson?"

I thought for a moment, but I didn't remember hearing Johnson's name before going to work with Alexander.

"Look, Detective, I really don't know," I replied.

"You said Claude worked at the airfield?" Moreno asked, and I confirmed. "Bellwood only has one airfield, besides the city airport."

"Yes, why?" I asked.

"Because helicopters can't land at the airport, they can only land at the airfield," Alexander said softly as if realizing something.

"I don't understand," I said, confused.

"My parents' helicopter, Cat!" Alexander spoke, his eyes sad.

"Oh my god!" I brought my hand to my lips. "You think that..." I couldn't even speak.

"It's a possibility," Moreno said and explained to Bonfim about the death of Alexander's parents. They suspected that Claude might have had

something to do with sabotaging the helicopter. "Catherine, think hard, do you remember anything else?"

"But on the day of the ball was also the day of Claude's wedding to my cousin, it would be impossible for him to be at the airfield at night," I remembered, trying not to believe the possibility that Claude had managed to sabotage Alexander's parents' helicopter.

"Impossible it is not," Moreno said. "Do you remember anything else?"

"Moreno, about three months before the ball, I was still with Claude. One day he arrived quite excited because he had won a scholarship to take a helicopter maintenance course, and that could help him get a promotion and improve his salary," I remembered. "He started the course and was quite enthusiastic about it, but I don't know if he finished it because, as I already told you, we broke up a month before the ball."

"You said that Mr. Larson got him the job. Why?" Bonfim asked.

"Melissa and I have been friends for a long time, and her parents have a lot of regard for me. I was upset because Claude couldn't find a job and wasn't studying. Melissa spoke with her father, who knows the owner of the airfield, and that's how Claude got the job," I replied.

"Interesting," Bonfim responded. "It would be good if we could talk to someone who went to the wedding."

"My parents went," I said.

"Your parents went to the wedding of the ex who cheated on you?" Bonfim was confused.


"He cheated on me and married my cousin. Her mother is my mother's sister," I explained.

"Girl, that's something, isn't it?!" Bonfim made a very funny face that was a mixture of surprise, shock, and confusion.

"Yeah. You want to know the worst part? I caught the two of them having sex in my bed, in my house, on my mother's birthday," I said, laughing at the faces Bonfim was making.

"Honestly, the guy is an idiot! I met your cousin, an unpleasant person, and she doesn't even come close to you," Moreno commented. "With all due respect, Alexander."

"It's all right, my wife is wonderful indeed!" Alexander said, smiling at me.

"But as they told me, Moreno, there are things in life that you get rid of!" I commented with a smile. 

"Ah, that's true, and this Claude has a terrible character, Catherine," Bonfim agreed. "Do you mind telling me how you started dating him?"

"I was too young. A boyfriend of that same cousin introduced us. I wasn't very interested, but at my cousin's birthday party, she pushed so hard that I ended up kissing him. After that, he started to pursue me. He was kind, nice, and persistent. I thought he really liked me, so we started dating," I explained. "Later, even though I wasn't satisfied with some things, I deluded myself into thinking I liked him. It ended up lasting as long as it did."

"I understand. It's good that it ended and you found someone worthwhile," Bonfim commented.

"That's true!" I confirmed, smiling at my husband.

"Catherine, would you mind giving us your parents' and Mr. Larson's

contact information?" Bonfim asked me. "We should talk to them."

"Of course, I'll write it down for you." I took paper and pen from Alexander's desk, wrote down the contacts, and handed it to Bonfim.

"Just one more question, Catherine. I know Claude wasn't working at the airfield anymore. Would you know why and when he left there?" Moreno asked.

"As far as I know, he left soon after he got married. He was fired. But I don't know the reason," I informed.

"Catherine, thank you very much for your time," Bonfim said gratefully.

Patrick entered the room just as the detectives were saying goodbye. With his usual charismatic and carefree manner.

"Well, well, so much authority!" Patrick joked and greeted the detectives.

"Good to meet you here, detectives. My redhead called me and said it's girls' night out tonight, Alexander. For God's sake, is your wife already tired of your face?"

"No, my friend, I keep my woman satisfied. The culprit for this emergency is our esteemed Detective Moreno!" Alexander said while everyone laughed.


"What do you mean, me?" Moreno asked and I frowned at Alexander.

"Angel, Manu didn't ask for secrecy," Alexander justified.

"She also didn't tell you to go around talking about it," I replied to him.

"Cat, we'll find out anyway. I just hope I won't be punished because of the detective," Patrick said. "But since we're without our beautiful girls

tonight, I thought we could set up a little game at my place. What do you think? Bonfim, you too."

"Ah, guys, I appreciate it, but today is my mother-in-law's birthday, you know how it is, after thirty years of marriage, the wife makes me sleep on the couch if I don't go," Bonfim smiled. 

"Look, that's a good idea, Bonfim," I narrowed my eyes at Alexander, making everyone laugh.

They arranged the game and the detectives said goodbye and left accompanied by Patrick. I went back to my office and saw the pie on the table, what would I do? I checked my schedule and alerted Alexander about the video conference with the Chinese. It was perfect!

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