

Chapter 195

Caroline's POV

"This place is hell! They've been keeping me in this horrible, filthy place with these awful women for days now. It's really bad, although not as bad as the holding cell at the police station. That was a pigsty. But this place is also terrible. The day after my arrest, they sent me here to the prison and on top of that, they put me in the same cell as that unbearable Celeste. I want to claw her eyes out."

"Hey, rich girl, you have a visitor. A lawyer! You wanna see them?" The guard came up to the cell door shouting. A rude, crude woman.

"Ahh! My daddy finally sent a lawyer to get me out of here." I was so excited that I clapped my hands and jumped for joy.

The rude guard ordered me to turn around and put my hands out, handcuffed me, and opened the cell for me to leave. As she was locking the cell back up, Celeste got down from her bunk and called out to me:

"Insufferable brat, tell the lawyer to let your daddy know that if he doesn't get me out of here too, I'm going to start singing."

"Are you threatening my daddy? I think you're forgetting who he is." I threatened that annoying woman to see if she would leave me alone.

"He's the one forgetting what I'm capable of. Because in addition to turning him in, I'll pluck your feathers, you little painted chick!" Celeste shouted as the guard shoved me down the hallway.

After being strip searched like I was getting a gynecological exam, we arrived at a room that had about five booth-like spaces, with a stool and telephone. The guard cuffed my hands in front and ordered me to go in.



There was a wall and non-opening glass windows where you could see the person on the other side. I walked to the last one and was shocked when I saw who was on the other side. He gestured for me to sit and pick up the phone, so I did.

"What are you doing here? I was told it was a lawyer who wanted to see me," I asked, not understanding a thing.

"If you don't remember, Carol, I am a lawyer," Bruno replied from the other side of the glass.

"And what did you come here for, Bruno?" I asked impatiently.

"I came to talk to you."

"What do you want?"

"First, I want to know what I meant to you, Carol, because I loved you very much and we had a thing since we were teenagers. Then I find out that you are engaged to Miller and 'pregnant'. I even thought the child was mine, but you weren't even pregnant. So, Carol, please, at least out of consideration for all the affection I've always had for you, tell me, what did I mean to you?"

"Bruno, you're nice. It was fun being with you. But you don't even come close to Alexander. He's a god and has an empire, and you... you're just you, you're cute but boring and still work for your dad," I said sincerely to him. "It's time for you to get off my back because as soon as I get out of here, I'm going to marry Alexander."

"My God, you're crazy!" Bruno started laughing. "Let me update you on what's happening out here. You know that little boy you kidnapped? He's Alexander's biological son. It seems that Alexander and Catherine met at



a masquerade ball, but they didn't know who they were, and Catherine got pregnant. They only found out who they were a few days before the kidnapping."

"What do you mean?" I screamed at that miserable man.

"Yeah. From what I've heard, they had sex at the party without knowing each other's names and without taking off their masks, so they didn't see each other. Catherine got pregnant and, look at what destiny is, she came to work right with the father of her child."

"It can't be."

"Oh, but that's not all. Catherine is pregnant with Alexander's child again. Really pregnant!" Bruno said triumphantly.

"That's a lie, it's all a lie!" I started crying with rage. It was all a lie.

"No, Caroline, it's all true. And do you want to know the best part? Alexander and Catherine got married and are moving to the house that belonged to Alexander's parents." Bruno had a huge smile on his face.

"It's a lie! I don't believe it!" I started screaming uncontrollably. The policewoman entered the room and yelled at me, telling me to shut up or else I would go straight to solitary. I shut up, God forbid I go to that punishment cell again, that was hell.

"Calm down, Caroline, I brought a newspaper for you to read the news yourself." Bruno stuck the newspaper on the glass and I read it without being able to believe that that bitch had stolen everything that was mine. When I finished reading, Bruno took the newspaper back. "They are very happy. Alexander is a decent guy, Carol, he deserves a decent and beautiful woman like Catherine. She is wonderful!"



"Shut up, Bruno! Enough! I don't want to hear anything else."

"Alright. I just came to make sure of what I was to you. Thank you for your honesty. Now I can turn the page and move on. Deep down, Carol, I'm even relieved, for finally realizing how crazy you are, for finally realizing that you're worth nothing."

"You're weak, Bruno. A mama's boy that mommy controls. I would never get involved with you."

"Once again, thank you, Carol. I truly hope you come out of this a better person." Bruno was about to hang up, but I remembered to ask a question.

"Bruno, wait. Since you went through the trouble of coming here and are so well informed, do you know anything about my parents? Because so far, my father hasn't sent a lawyer to help me."

"You don't know?" Bruno's smile faded, and he seemed very uncomfortable with my question.

"Know what? What don't I know?" I asked, distressed.

"Look, Carol, despite everything, I didn't want to give you this news..." Bruno seemed to be searching for a way to say something unpleasant.

"What is it, Bruno? Please, just tell me."

"Your father is a fugitive from the police, accused of many crimes, including the murder of Alexander's parents."

"But that was an accident."

"The helicopter was sabotaged, and your father bribed a police officer to conclude the investigation as if it had been an accident."



"What else are they accusing my father of, Bruno?"

"Of kidnapping the boy, of kidnapping Catherine..."

"Did my father kidnap that bitch?"

"Yes. You didn't know?"

"Obviously not!"

"Why did you get involved in this, Carol?"

"Because I just wanted to marry Alexander. I wasn't going to do anything with the kid, I was just going to keep him so Alexander would marry me and then I'd give him back to his mother. Is there anything else?"

"My God, you don't think much... But yes, there's more. Your father is also being accused of a multi-million dollar fraud at the Miller Group, of using false documents and... this is going to be bad... he's also accused of killing your mother."

"WHAT?" I screamed and jumped up, knocking the chair over.

The policewoman came back in and Bruno asked her to grab the phone. He explained what he had just told me. I think she felt a little sorry for me. She picked up the chair, told me to sit down and control myself, and left again. I was crying in pain, anger, sadness, and disappointment. I knew my father didn't love my mother, but kill her? That was too much.

"Carol, your mother's body was found on Tuesday in a shallow grave on a farm on the outskirts of town. She was suffocated and they found your father's fingerprints on the plastic bag over her head. She was killed three days before she was found," Bruno seemed genuinely embarrassed telling me that.



"My father killed my mother... how could he?" I was crying desperately, this had to be a nightmare.

Bruno put another newspaper on the glass. It detailed how everything happened, all of my father's crimes. It was a full page. When I finished reading, Bruno removed the newspaper. I felt desolate and completely alone.

"Look, Carol, I'm sorry, but I don't think your father is going to do anything to help you. Honestly, you asked for this. I'm sorry it ends like this for you," Bruno spoke and I looked at him with a blank stare. "Well, I'm leaving now. We won't see each other again, Carol. After today, I'm removing you from my life. Good luck, I hope this makes you reflect and become a better person."

Bruno left and I didn't even know how I got back to the cell. I was on automatic mode. When I returned, Celeste started chattering in my ear wanting to know everything and I simply ignored her, lay down on my bed and turned to the wall. It was a lot to process. I needed to think.

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