



## Chapter 197

### Detective Flavian Moreno's POV

This police station was a wonder, there was never a dull day. I had been here for a month already, and I adapted well to my new job. My staff seemed to like the way I worked, not to mention that my partnership with Deputy Bonfim was great. We became friends and helped each other as much as possible. He treated me like a son. He was a very dignified man, with a clean career and an unblemished reputation. What irritated me was not having found this Johnson guy yet.

"Hey, boss! Good morning!" I entered Bonfim's office with a box of cheese croissants that I knew he loved.

"Ah, my boy, you're the man! Everyone here says that." He smiled at me. "And just because of that, I'm going to give you a gift, in addition to the coffee."

Bonfim got up, served two cups of coffee, and handed me one. He sat back down, biting into a croissant and closing his eyes to savor it.

"Mmm! You and the boss lady got me addicted to this!" Bonfim started calling Melissa "boss lady" after the officers told him how she took charge of everything on the day of Catherine's kidnapping. And as we became friends, they were always meeting each other. He became a big fan of hers.

"Those women know their stuff, boss!" I smiled thinking about my shorty. "What do you have for me?"

"Remember Caroline Johnson?" Bonfim asked.

"How could I forget? That woman crying is the ugliest thing I've ever

seen in my life." I commented, making him laugh.

"The prison warden called me yesterday. She wants to see you," the director of the prison called me yesterday. She wants to see you.

"Oh, Father, what kind of punishment is this? Do I really have to go?"

"I think so. She said she has something to tell you and that it's important. The warden said she's been insisting on this for weeks. At first, he didn't give it much importance, but he said she seems different, she even asked to be moved to a different cell so she wouldn't be near that Celeste anymore." This comment from Bonfim piqued my curiosity.

"You know what, I'm going there now!" I decided.

When I arrived at the prison, I spoke with the warden, and from what he told me, this Caroline Johnson seemed to have really changed. She was getting along well with the other inmates and was even working in a craft workshop. I found it interesting. He allowed me to speak with her in his office. When she arrived, you could see that there was something different. Her hair was tied back and she spoke more softly and less shrilly.

"I'm glad you were able to come, Detective." She sat down in front of me.

"I'm curious, Caroline, you seem different. What changed?"

"We need to adapt, don't we, Detective! I was a crazy and spoiled rich girl, I thought everything had to be the way I wanted it to be and I did a lot of bad things. But, I'm here and I'm going to serve my sentence."

"I'm glad you're reflecting on it," I said sincerely. "What can I do for you?"

"



"You can arrest my mother's murderer!" Her eyes filled with tears.

"I'm very sorry about your mother. Truly. But you know who did it, don't you?" I asked cautiously.

"That abominable creature that is my father. I don't understand how he could kill the woman who lived with him for so many years and abandon his only daughter. He's a coward. I want him locked up and wasting away in jail." Caroline was hurt and suffering from finally realizing who her father was.

"We're trying, but it seems he has a lot of resources to hide. We even suspect he may have left the country."

"He didn't leave. I guarantee it!"

"How can you be so sure?"

"He's not going anywhere before killing Alexander and his family." She spoke with a certainty that sent a chill down my spine.

"Do you have any idea where we can look for him?"

"He has a small apartment where he used to meet that bitch who was his lover, Celeste. I'll give you the address. Can you write it down?"

"How did we not find this property before?"

"It's under someone else's name. I only know because I suspected he was cheating on my mother and followed him one day."

Caroline spent the next hour giving me as much information as she could about her father. She gave me the address of the apartment and several names of people with whom her father had a good relationship. It was



quite a progress.

Before leaving, I assured her that I would do everything to arrest Johnson and that I would come back as soon as possible to give her news. She thanked me and I left there already calling Bonfim.

I went back to the police station and Bonfim already had a strategy set up. We would arrive quietly and set up a stakeout until we caught that son of a bitch.

The building was an apart-hotel on a very busy street. We spread out, one of our police officers went to the reception to ask and found out that Johnson was living there under the alias of Peter Wolf. But it took a lot of nerve to use the name of the boy he kidnapped and the man he killed.

"He's not here now. The receptionist said he left half an hour ago. I asked for the camera footage and it's really him. He shaved his hair and is wearing a beard and mustache," Officer Renata reported.

"Okay. Let's do a stakeout, as we already planned. Did you get a copy of the key?" I asked, and she handed me the key and told me the apartment number. "You, Barros, Leite, and you Bonfim, let's go up and search the dump."

"This isn't exactly a dump, boss, it's a five-star apartment! The bandit is living well," Renata said with a crooked smile.

We went up and searched the apartment. We found documents and notes, cell phones and a laptop, jewelry, lots of dollars, and bank cards. We seized everything. When we were leaving the building, I spotted Johnson, gave the signal, and we flew at him. He ran and entered a garage building.

We combed that building from top to bottom, but Johnson had



disappeared again. The worst part is that now he wouldn't return to the apartment. Anyway, we left a bug and a camera in the apartment and placed an unmarked vehicle there with police officers who would take turns until we could arrest that crook. 2

When I returned to the police station, I called Miller and brought him up to speed on everything, including my visit to Caroline.

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