




Chapter 200

After my parents returned to Bellwood, I told Alexander that I wanted to visit Fred at the hospital. He didn't like the idea, saying I needed to rest, but I said I wouldn't make any effort since I had the wheelchair to move around. Alexander accompanied me, and when we arrived, Fred was with his mother. It was a quick visit, but I was happy to see my friend.

Since I was already out, I convinced my husband that I needed to go to the mall to buy some things that were still missing for our children. He wasn't thrilled about it, especially because he couldn't come with me, but I assured him that I would be fine with the security guards and that I would meet the girls there. 

"Please, love, I need to go out for a bit. I'm going crazy staying at home all the time doing nothing," I pleaded, making a pout.

"Alright, my angel. But don't take too long. Be careful and don't stray away from the security guards." Alexander knew how to be bossy when he wanted to.

I met my friends at the mall, and we went to the baby store. I was looking at some little dresses on a rack near the showcase, but I had a bad feeling. I turned to look at the showcase and saw nothing. Soon the girls approached me, showing me millions of things, and I got distracted.

After the baby store, we decided to eat something. As always, I was hungry. The girls left me at a table in the food court and went to get our snacks. I was watching a mother with two little boys who were laughing while eating french fries when I felt a brush on my hair that gave me chills. When I turned around, I saw nothing, just a man in a black coat and cap walking the other way. I was very worried; everything that was happening was stressing me out too much. I needed to relax.



The girls came back and we had our snack. When we finished, Melissa asked us to go to the bookstore; she wanted to bring a book for Fred at the hospital. The bookstore was busier, so I told the girls I would wait outside and have some ice cream since there was a kiosk right next to it. They went inside, and one of the security guards got the ice cream for me. I was having my ice cream when a message arrived on my phone.

"Enjoy your ice cream while you still can."

The number was unknown. I looked around and didn't see anyone suspicious. I started to get nervous and saw the girls coming out of the bookstore laughing. My phone rang; it was my husband.

"Alexander..." I was nervous and out of breath.

"My angel, where are you?"

"At the mall." I tried to stay calm so as not to worry my husband.

"Catherine, listen, I need you to go home. Can you do that for me?"

"What happened?"

"Cat..." Alexander sighed as if about to do something he didn't want to. "I received a photo of you having ice cream in front of the mall bookstore. From an unknown number. I think it's Johnson."

"I... I also received a message." I said, holding back tears.

"Cat, go home now. I'll meet you there." Alexander said and ended the call.

Immediately, one of the security guards crouched down beside me, saying that we had to leave. The girls stopped in front of me, realizing

that something had happened. I quickly explained, and we headed towards the mall exit. As we passed by the metallic balloon kiosk, I saw him among the balloons and shouted to the security guards. 1

"It's Johnson, there in the middle of the balloons!"

Four of the six security guards who were with us rushed in the direction I pointed, while the other two took us outside and called the drivers, quickly getting us into the cars. I was nervous, crying, and starting to feel sick. Melissa took a small water bottle from her purse and handed it to me, making me drink.

The other security guards returned about fifteen minutes later, breathless and unable to find Johnson. When we arrived home, Alexander, Patrick, Henry, Rick, and Flavian were already there, along with Detective Bonfim and four more police officers. 2

"My angel, how are you?" Alexander ran to meet me.

"He was there, Alexander, watching us the whole time." I was scared and afraid.

"Calm down, my angel, you're safe now."

Bonfim and Flavian assured that they were searching the shopping mall area and had already retrieved the security camera footage, which was being analyzed. I told them everything that had happened since the hospital.

"But how does he have my phone number? It was changed after the kidnapping," I asked, not understanding.

"We can only imagine it's the informant he has in the company," Bonfim commented. "But what I find strange is that I checked the traffic cameras



around the hospital and saw no sign of Johnson, no car following you, nothing unusual."

"So it was by chance that he met the girls at the mall?" Alexander asked.

"No. This type is cunning; every move he makes is planned. He knows he's being sought, so he won't be taking a stroll in the mall without a purpose," Bonfim pondered. "It's as if he knew you would be there. Catherine, where was your new cell phone purchased?"

"I use a company phone, configured with my email and contacts," I said.

"But how did this device get into your hands?" Bonfim insisted.

"The devices are delivered by the information technology department staff, who deliver them already configured," I explained.

"Could your hacker take a look at your wife's device, Alexander?" Bonfim requested.

In less than an hour, Marcus Paul was already at home and checking my device.

"Yeah, Detective, you were right. There's a spy program hidden in Mrs. Miller's phone," Marcus Paul informed and showed the detectives what he had discovered. "I think it's best to do a sweep of all the company's devices."

"But how did this end up here?" Alexander was nervous, pacing back and forth and running his hands over his face.

"Mr. Miller, to put this kind of thing on a cell phone, you need to have physical access to the device. It can't be placed remotely," Marcus Paul explained. 1



"This greatly narrows down your search for the informant in your company," Bonfim deduced. "It's someone from the Information Technology department."

Alexander huffed and called Alan. Whoever was passing information to Johnson was monitoring them very closely.



Comments



Support



Share