



Chapter 207

Claude's POV

Time had passed differently in prison, where I had been locked up for months. It had dragged on, making it feel like years. I had been confined all day with nothing to do, only getting out for yard time—one measly hour every other day—and visits. That annoying Kelly had come to visit once a month, and I had had to put up with her now because doing time without visits had been unbearable.

During her first visit, she was furious, demanding explanations after finding out about my affair with Celeste. It took a lot to calm her down, but eventually she bought my story that I was weak and seduced, promising it wouldn't happen again. I was used to this routine—ever since we got married, whenever she discovered one of my slip-ups, it was the same drama, but I always convinced her it was just a minor mistake. 1

Our son was born the week I got arrested, and she brought the kid to meet me. I told her not to bring him again—this is no place for children—and insisted she come for conjugal visits instead; a man had his needs.

A public defender was handling my case, showed up once, but never returned. honestly, I needed a good lawyer to get me out of here. I worked on Kelly, telling her to get her cousin Catherine to visit me. Catherine had married rich, so she should help family now. But Catherine never came, and stupid Kelly said she'd cut ties with the family completely. So I turned to the detective.

I asked to speak with the warden, saying I needed to talk to the detective because I wanted to cooperate. The detective took his time, but he came. I told him I knew a lot, including who was harboring that crook Joseph, but I'd only cooperate if Catherine spoke to me. So I was waiting, but I wasn't



sure she would come.

Ah, Catherine... she was hot, shame she was always such a goody-two-shoes, and when she caught me with Kelly, she wouldn't even talk about it. But then she got pregnant and didn't know who the father was. I was so pissed! I still thought I had a chance with her.

The thing was, I always knew who the kid's father was! After I did that helicopter job for Joseph, a detective showed up in town asking about a woman in red at the ball. Joseph quickly contacted me and paid me to interfere with the investigation. I did that, but had an interesting chat with the detective, hinting I could help, and he told me everything—he was looking for the woman who'd been with Miller at the party. Putting two and two together wasn't hard. He was looking for Catherine. He was her kid's father. I was planning to take this secret to my grave, never letting Catherine know who her kid's father was. But somehow they figured it out. Two more detectives came to town after that, and I threw them off the trail.

When I found out Catherine had left town and where she'd be working, I was furious—there was a chance she'd discover everything. I thought about making some money from it, but when she came back to town, she was always with that nosey friend of hers. That Melissa was such a busybody! When I saw them entering the market, I didn't think twice—I followed them and approached Catherine as soon as Melissa left. I was about to make my move, tell her I knew who her kid's father was and name my price, but crazy Melissa showed up and made a huge scene. So I kept watching around town. When I saw her again the next day, she was with the guy, and he told her he was the kid's father—my plan went down the drain. But I wanted to know how they found out.

"Hey Claude, come here," Guts called out to me as he passed through the

yard.

"What's up, Guts?"

"Got some good hooch in my cell. Want some?" Guts made fermented moonshine in his cell and sold it to other inmates. All on the down-low. And I was his loyal customer. I had Kelly send me lots of cigarettes, which was the currency that ruled in here, and I traded them for other things since I didn't smoke. But I did drink, so discovering Guts' hooch was a blessing.

"You're looking out for me, Guts. Send a good batch to my cell. How much? Same as last time?" Guts nodded, and I paid him the cigarettes.

"Inmate Claude. Come here." A guard called from the bars. I walked over to him. "Get in the cage, the warden wants to see you."

"During yard time? What's the deal? What does he want?" I was pissed. This joker of a warden couldn't wait until yard time was over to call me? Yard time was the only time we got out of our cells here.

"I'm not your secretary. I'll take you to him, and you'll find out." The guard handcuffed me and searched me. This search was such bull, they might as well stick their hands up my ass. It was all strip down, squat, cough - what a load of crap.

When I entered the warden's office, I saw the detective sitting there. That got me excited; he must be here to talk about Catherine.

"Hey, you, the detective's here to speak with you," the warden said, and I went to sit. "Did I tell you to sit, inmate Claude? I didn't tell you to sit, so you stay standing." But I was already fed up with this warden; he was such a jackass.



"Mr. Claude, I came to inform you that Mrs. Miller has agreed to speak with you. But it will be on my terms. You'll remain handcuffed the whole time, and if I think you've crossed any line, I'll end it right there. Understood?" The detective was throwing his weight around too. The guy was sharp, probably had more years in law enforcement than I'd been alive.

"That's fine, Detective Bonfim. Thank you," I said very politely. "Detective, may I ask a question?"

"You can ask whatever you want..." the detective replied, and I perked up. "Whether I'll answer is another story." The detective thought he was being funny.

"Are those two women who were arrested with me still in custody?" I asked because my buddy warned me that Joseph wouldn't help me, that he had even abandoned his daughter, which I found very strange.

"Yes, they are. Why?" The detective asked.

"Nothing. But one is Joseph's daughter and the other is his mistress... isn't he helping either of them?" I asked, finding it very peculiar.

"No, you see, and here you are protecting someone who won't even help his own daughter." The detective said, crossing his arms.

"Yeah... that's dark!" I said more to myself than to others.

"Well, that's all, Mr. Claude. You'll be notified once everything is ready." The detective dismissed me.

"Fabian, take the inmate directly to his cell, it's almost the end of yard time." The warden told the officer who was escorting me.



"Come on, warden, there's still a few minutes left..." I complained.

"Would you prefer solitary confinement, inmate Claude?" The warden replied grumpily.

"No, sir. Sorry." I said and was taken to my cell. This was such bull.

After returning to my cell, I waited. I shared the cell with three others and told them about the booze, whoever wanted some would have to pay per shot. Of course, everyone wanted some, and I quickly got my investment back. When the booze arrived, I went all out.

The next day, I was woken up early, the day had barely dawned, and I had a killer hangover from the moonshine. The officer pulled me out of my cell, and when I asked what was happening, he didn't say anything. Only when they put me in the patrol car's cage did they tell me the detective had ordered me to be taken to the station. Then I figured it out - I was gonna see that hottie Catherine!



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