

## Chapter 210

When we got home, I was exhausted and missing my children terribly. Peter chatted for a while, telling me how he helped take care of his little siblings and that they were sleeping with full bellies.

I went to bed with a slight headache and had a very restless sleep, not because of taking care of the babies, they were actually very calm, and Alexander was a wonderful father who would wake up at night and help me change and feed them. But I had disconnected nightmares and couldn't shake off this feeling of fear.

I woke up very early with a terrible headache, perhaps from the hectic previous day, but my head was really pounding. I checked on my children's room and they were sleeping, just like Peter. So I went to the kitchen to have some coffee before taking pain medication.

I was in the kitchen with Lygia when we heard something crash in the living room and went to check. When I got there, I was paralyzed with fear. Joseph was standing in the middle of the room pointing a gun at one of the nannies.

"Oh look, the gold-digging whore!" Joseph said, pointing the gun at me.

"What do you want, Joseph?" I asked, trying to stay calm.

"Isn't it obvious, Catherine? I want everything that belongs to your dear husband. I want money and power. But that bastard Alexander ruined everything, so now he's going to help me escape and give me lots of money, enough for me to live like a king somewhere far away from here. " Joseph spoke as if Alexander owed him something.

"You're insane, Joseph," I said.



"You think so?" Joseph used a sarcastic tone. "Let me tell you something, Catherine, I'm not crazy, I'm pragmatic."

"Joseph, put the gun down." I heard Alexander's voice coming from the stairs, and Joseph turned the gun toward him.

"Look, who honors us with his presence, that son of a bitch Alexander Miller." Joseph's eyes were gleaming with hatred. "You know, I never understood how you escaped that helicopter. I had everything under control, the sabotage was perfect, and I even had your father's will leaving everything to me, it was fake of course, but it would have passed as authentic if you hadn't survived. Then, look at that, I found out you only survived because you were fucking this whore in some corner at that party." Joseph shouted angrily.

"Joseph, lower the gun and let's talk this through," Alexander spoke, maintaining his composure.

"Oh yeah, sure, let's talk. I'm going to tell you everything I want, and you're going to give it to me right now, you spoiled daddy's boy!" Joseph was completely unhinged. "All of you, sit on the couch now."

"Joseph, this is between you and me. Let Catherine and my employees go," Alexander requested, and I looked at him in disbelief. I wasn't going anywhere. 1

"Let me tell you something—I'm the one giving orders here, and nobody's leaving. Now everyone sit your asses down on the couch!" Joseph shouted, and we sat down. I held Alexander's hand, and he gave me a gentle squeeze. "You know what, Alexander? I'm going to tell you a story. Do you know how I met your father?"

"I have no idea, Joseph," Alexander replied.



"I worked as a valet at a small restaurant he used to go to," Joseph began. "One day he brought your mother there, and when she got out of the car, a pickpocket snatched her purse. I ran after him and managed to get the purse back, though I couldn't catch the thief. Your mother was a beautiful woman, always had been - elegant, well-mannered, and kind. When I returned her purse, she thanked me profusely, and your father gave me his card, told me to look him up at the company. Your grandfather was still president then, running everything with an iron fist. But he gave me a job, I called myself a financial assistant, but I was really just an all-purpose office boy."

"And you killed the man who helped you. What kind of human being does that?" Alexander shuddered slightly.

"Your father was a pushover, believed in everyone, wasn't fit to run that company. But I worked hard, Alexander, went back to school and graduated. In college, I met that annoying Helena, she was always unbearable, but she came from a good family. It would be a good start and could introduce me to useful contacts, plus she was well-bred enough to accompany me to company events. I started dating her, and since your parents were still dating too, we went out together sometimes. I ended up falling madly in love with your mother. She was truly an incredible woman. I even tried to get her attention, but she was head over heels for your boring father. They got married, and then I married Helena."

"Of course my mother would never look at you! My father was a good man, and you're a rat!" Alexander was starting to get worked up.

"Hmph. Your father was weak, Alexander. But I kept hanging around him, wanted to be his friend to have better chances at the company. And that worked. I gained trust and became financial director. Your



grandfather was already old and would soon retire, and leave the company to your spineless father. I saw an opportunity, started planning that if I became your father's best friend, I'd get the vice presidency. But your grandfather didn't retire, and when he died, your father had the brilliant idea to make his little boy, who had just turned eighteen, vice president. And you were just a spoiled daddy's boy who knew nothing."

"The company was always a family business, Joseph! When my father gave me the vice presidency, I didn't want to accept it, but he said it was important to prepare me for my legacy," Alexander shot back.

"He told me the same thing!" Joseph laughed. "But you know, you and your father were always stones in my shoe. That's when I realized I'd never get what I wanted in that company. So I started embezzling money and had the brilliant idea to start my own company. Everything was going perfectly - I would've left you bankrupt." 1

"All that time stealing from us, Joseph, and look what your greed did to you - turned you into a criminal, a murderer, thief, kidnapper. You ruined your life and, besides killing your own wife, you put your daughter in jail!" Alexander was getting agitated, which wouldn't be good.

"Little Anna is stupid! Taking after her mother. She'd be dead weight for me." Joseph laughed. "And I have zero patience with her. She can take care of herself now. Look at her, she couldn't even give you a child, and this little whore you married already had five! You breed like rabbits!"

"Show some respect for Catherine, Joseph. She has nothing to do with this!" Alexander fumed.

"She has everything to do with this!" Joseph raised his voice. "If that little whore hadn't entered your life, you'd be dead. And if she hadn't joined the company, you would've married my Anna, and I would've left





you in ruins, dependent on me, you brat!"

"I would never marry your daughter, Joseph!" Alexander declared.

"Yes, you would, you absolutely would." Joseph pressed. "But you know, I gave you a second chance, and you didn't take it. When your father died, you should have made me your vice president, but you called that little friend of yours to take the position. Another insufferable one! From that moment on, my dear Alexander Miller, you sealed your fate. And everything was going perfectly until you set up that secret audit trap, which I found out was this whore's idea. See how she's part of this, how she messed up my plans! She'll pay dearly for this too."

"Joseph, just say what you want." Alexander was impatient.

"For starters, I want money, lots of money, because your little police friends tightened the noose too much, managed to freeze all my accounts, destroy my scheme, and arrested all my trusted contacts. So, stupid boy, I want money and I want a plane to get me out of the country. That's just for starters." Joseph laughed.

"And how are we going to do this, Joseph?" Alexander asked.

"We'll start by tying up these sluts." Joseph dropped the backpack he was carrying and ordered the nanny to take out the ropes and tie up Ligia and me, covering our mouths with duct tape. Then he made Alexander do the same to the nanny. "Now, Alexander, you're going to take your phone and put it on speaker. You're going to dismiss your security guards."

"Joseph..." Alexander tried to argue.

"NOW!" Joseph shouted.

Alexander did as Joseph ordered. Mathias, the head of house security,



didn't even question the order. He simply said he would give everyone time off. I was desperate. What a stupid security guard, this couldn't be happening! 1

"Very good! Now, you're going to call your pilot and tell him to prepare that wonderful private jet of yours, the one you use for longer personal trips. Tell him you're leaving the country with your family and you'll inform the destination when you get to the airport, but everything must be ready in two hours." Joseph instructed, and Alexander did exactly as he was told.

The pilot clearly found it strange and questioned Alexander about the destination to prepare the flight plan. Alexander impatiently told him to do as ordered and that it would probably be somewhere in Europe.

"Very good! See how well we're understanding each other!" Joseph mocked. "Now you're going to take your laptop and transfer two billion dollars to various accounts that I'll give you the numbers for."

"Joseph, that's too much money, I won't be able to transfer it all in two hours," Alexander objected.

"You want to be free of me and protect your family, don't you? Then start making the transfers. And for each extra hour you take, I'll kill one of your children. Look, you have five, so I think seven hours is plenty of time to end up with no children!" Joseph threatened.

"Let's go to the office, my computer is there." Alexander tried to contain his anger.

"Not so fast! First, I have a little present for you." Joseph pulled out a pair of handcuffs from his pocket. "Extend your arms." Alexander did as he was told and was handcuffed.