

## Chapter 211

Joseph kept pushing Alexander toward the office while tears fell from my face. As soon as they left the room, the doorknob moved slightly, and Mathias entered, signaling us to stay quiet.

"Ma'am, forgive me," Mathias whispered. "I don't know how he got in, but we'll solve this. Please, go upstairs quietly, without making any noise, and take care of the children. My men will protect you. The police are on their way."

"Alexander! Mathias, he's going to kill Alexander," I was desperate.

"I promise you, ma'am, he won't. But please, I need you all to stay safe. I won't fail again." Mathias helped me stand up. 2

"It wasn't your fault, Mathias," the nanny, who had been at gunpoint when I entered the room, whispered. "Forgive me, Catherine, but he put the gun to my head when I was leaving home and hid in the back seat of my car. Forgive me, I should have let him kill me!"

"No way! You had no choice. Now let's go upstairs and check on my children. It's almost time for Peter to wake up," I said, trying to regain my composure and calm her down so she would speak more quietly.

When we reached the upper floor, I checked on my children, who were still sleeping. I asked Lygia to watch them and went to my room to change clothes, as I was still in my nightgown. I quickly put on leggings and a t-shirt and slipped on a pair of sneakers. When I was about to go downstairs, the security guard stopped me.

"Look here, I'm going down, and you won't stop me, because if I can't go down this way, I'll jump out one of the windows, and then you'll have to



explain to your boss how I got all broken!" I threatened the guard, who had no choice but to let me pass.

When I returned to the living room, Detective Bonfim and Flavian were entering and looked at me disapprovingly.

"Catherine, go upstairs now!" Flavian ordered quietly.

"No!" I replied. "I want to see my husband safe."

"And you have to put yourself at risk for that?" Flavian asked.

"So be it!" I shot back at him, not caring what they wanted. I just needed Alexander to be safe.

"Catherine, the house is surrounded. We're going to breach that office. Where are the children?" Bonfim came to me.

"In their room with Lygia and one of the nannies," I said. "And you can't just storm into the office. He has a gun to Alexander's head!"

"We know, and we'll do this safely," Bonfim assured me.

"Doesn't matter, I'm coming with you," I stood my ground.

"Catherine, you're not going to be in the line of fire!" Flavian was nervous and stared at me as if he could intimidate me.

"I'll stay behind you. But I'm going!" I assured him, and he huffed.

"If there's no other way!" Flavian gave in.

We walked slowly and silently down the hallway. When we reached the office door, it was slightly ajar. We stopped in silence. Inside, Joseph was speaking.



"You know, Alexander, I've always loved this house. It's absolutely beautiful. I even tried to get one just like it, but I couldn't buy one here in this community. It's not just about having money, you need the right last name. You rich people are all the same, living in your little bubble and not wanting anyone else to get in." Joseph huffed. "But I had it all planned out - you would marry Anna, and we would come live here with you, and when I broke your company, I'd put you in your place and become the master of this mansion. But you ruined my plans."

One of the officers threw an object into the office, making a dull thud. When Joseph reflexively turned to look, Detective Bonfim shouted,

"Get down, Alexander!"

I heard two shots and my heart raced. I tried to run, but Flavian held me back. When he finally let me enter the office, I thought I would die. Alexander was lying near the desk, and Joseph was on the floor being handcuffed. Joseph had a wound in his leg. I ran to my husband, who had a chest wound. I was desperate.

"Alexander, Alexander, my love, talk to me..." I cried, holding his face.

"My angel, everything will be fine," Alexander whispered weakly.

Flavian was beside me, pressing some cloth against Alexander's wound.

"Stay calm, my friend, everything will be okay, but I need you to stay with us, don't close your eyes. I know it's hard, but you need to stay awake," Flavian spoke while Alexander kept his eyes fixed on me.

It felt like an eternity before the ambulance arrived. When they came, they asked me to step back so they could treat my husband. I got up and went to Joseph, who was handcuffed on the floor. I wanted to kill him,



but death would be too good for him – it was better for him to live and spend his life locked up in jail because if and when he got out, he'd be old and senile.

But I wanted him to suffer! I looked straight into his eyes and stepped on his wound, putting my full weight on it, making Joseph scream in pain.

"You know, Joseph, if I killed you right now, I bet the officers would say it was self-defense," I said furiously. "But I want you to go to prison. I want you locked up in a cold, dirty, stinking cell, with no visitors. I want you to go crazy in that cage. And you can bet I'll spend whatever money it takes to keep you locked up for the rest of your life, which I hope is a long one. And if I can, I'll even pay your little prison buddies to beat you up every day."

When I stood up, I saw the officers around me smiling with satisfaction. Flavian was standing behind me and said,

"Your wish is our command, Catherine. We'll make sure our friend becomes the talk of the prison, and you won't need to spend a penny on it. Now go with Alexander. I've already called the little one and told her to get the girls to help take care of the kids."

"Thank you, Flavian! Thank you all!" I smiled at the officers and followed the stretcher to the ambulance.

On the way to the hospital, the paramedic informed me about my husband's condition, which was serious, but he was fighting and they were keeping him stable.

When we arrived at the hospital, I had to stay in the waiting room where Henry, Rick, Patrick, Fred, Alan, and Mari were already there and hugged me. Half an hour later, Melissa and Virginia arrived, telling me to stay



calm because Sam, Tess, and Manu stayed home to help Lygia with the kids. The house was secure since security had checked everything. Soon Dr. Molina came to us.

"Sweetheart, I came to bring news." Dr. Molina said, holding my hands. "Alexander's condition is delicate, but he's already been taken to surgery and will be operated on by my best team. The good news is that the bullet didn't hit his heart, but it's lodged very close to an important artery, so it's a delicate surgery. It will take time. But I'll keep you informed."

"Thank you, doctor," I said, feeling weak in my knees.

"May I examine you?" Dr. Molina asked.

"That's not necessary, I'm fine," I replied.

"Alright. You need to eat something because Alexander will need you strong to help him." The doctor warned me and drew a weak smile from me.

"Don't worry, Molina, I'm already heading to the cafeteria to get her something to eat," Melissa said and walked away without waiting for my response.

"Gentlemen, Alexander lost a lot of blood. We need donors," Dr. Molina said.

"Leave it to me, doctor. I'll handle it right now. Alan, can your people circulate an announcement in the company and arrange for anyone who wants to help to come?" Patrick said, taking out his phone.

"Of course. I'll take care of it." Alan grabbed his phone and left the room with Patrick.





I sat there repeating to myself that I couldn't lose him, I couldn't lose Alexander. Our family needed him, he had to be okay.

It didn't take long before Patrick came to inform me that they had far exceeded the necessary number of donors, but blood donations were still continuing as both employees and Bonfim and Flavian's police officers wanted to help.

The surgery lasted six long and agonizing hours. From time to time, a nurse would come to the waiting room to say that the surgery wasn't over yet, but he was stable. When the doctor finally came to give us news, I froze.

"Mrs. Miller, I'm Dr. Stenio Saldanha, I performed your husband's surgery. Everything went well and we extracted the bullet. Your husband will stay in the ICU until he wakes up, as he's still not out of the critical period. But the chances are the best possible. He's still in post-op, and as soon as possible, a nurse will come to get you so you can see him."

"And how long until he wakes up, doctor?" I asked anxiously.

"I can't say. He lost a lot of blood, his body needs time to recover, different people work differently. But since your husband is a young and healthy man, I think within twenty-four, maximum forty-eight hours he should wake up. If he remains stable, he'll be moved to a regular room," Dr. Stenio finished with a smile, and I thanked him.