

## Chapter 42

### Johnson's POV

I leaned back on the bed and lit a cigarette, blowing the smoke and watching it disappear. I smiled and said to the woman beside me:

"Congratulations, darling, you were excellent, once again. I'll transfer some money to your account so you can buy something nice." I smiled, thinking about her husband who believed she was a saint. "I just don't know how your idiot husband doesn't suspect where your money comes from?"

I looked at my mistress lying naked beside me. It wasn't the first time she had passed information and done little favors for me; we'd been lovers for years, and no one had ever suspected. She was deceitful, and I liked that about her. She laughed when I asked about her husband, and taking the cigarette from my hand, she took a drag and said:

"My husband really is an idiot. He thinks everything I buy is fake and that I wear costume jewelry. He's as stupid as Miller, who can't see what's happening right under his nose. But I don't understand how such an idiot could have an empire like Group Miller, especially since his father was also a fool who believed everyone." She thought for a moment before concluding, "Although, he almost caught you. If it weren't for the accident..."

"Yeah, Johnson, the accident came at quite a convenient time, didn't it?! But unfortunately, that kid ruined my plans; he was supposed to be in that helicopter too. But even with him still alive, I had a plan to take over the presidency, and the company would quickly be mine. My daughter would wrap that dimwit Alexander around her finger and control him; she would get what she wants so badly - to marry him. But that damn



friend of Alexander's had to keep putting ideas in his head, had to cross my path. Then that fool Alexander took over the presidency and brought that insufferable Patrick as vice president." I vented bitterly.

"Yeah, that delayed your plans, but in the end, it'll be the same. But how will your daughter get close to him? He can't stand her!" she reminded me of a detail that would soon change, even if he couldn't stand my daughter, Alexander wouldn't resist or wouldn't have a choice.

"At Mariana's farewell party on Friday. You'll take care of getting Patrick out of the way, my daughter will do the rest." I ordered.

"Leave it to me! I have to go, my dear hubby must be waiting for me." She said with a laugh. "Be careful what you do, they can't suspect me."

"Don't worry, it won't even look like you know anything." I said with a smile.

We said goodbye and she left. She was a slut, but she served my purpose. When I decided to make her my mistress, I knew she would be very useful. She was unbearable, gold-digging, but I knew she would be useful and I had to put up with her, and despite everything, she was pretty hot, better than that stupid wife of mine whom I had to keep up just for appearances. 3

I bought this loft when we started our affair and met her here twice a week. It was discreet and away from the company. In these ten years I'd been with this annoying woman, she had been very valuable; all it took was putting some money in her account and she would sing like a canary, telling me everything I needed. 2

Last week, when she told me that that clown Alexander had held a closed-door meeting, I suspected he would do something, but I thought he



would be quicker. So far, I haven't noticed any movement from him, except, as I imagined, he was checking the company's communications.

I immediately had my mistress plant an email on that wallflower Catherine's computer; she was interfering with my daughter's plans and I had to stop her - you could see from a mile away that Alexander was interested in that simpleton. It was very entertaining to know that he fired that little woman and was desperate thinking he had been betrayed.

This morning, when an employee came to the floor saying the boss was holding hands with his assistant, I saw the opportunity to deliver the final blow. When my mistress called to tell me they were getting cozy, I already had a plan - I would plant another email. And my sweet little mistress managed to execute my order perfectly.

That idiot got all hurt, kicked out the little secretary like she was a rat, and disappeared from the company leaving his "super friends" totally freaked out. They were so disturbed that they let slip a very useful piece of information.

I had already taken care of everything. I had my accountant quickly forge various documents and books, and I had already replaced the real ones in the office. When they got them, they wouldn't even notice anything was wrong. I smiled to myself.

My scheme was working out perfectly, partly because of the information my mistress was passing on to me. Soon, Group Miller would be all mine. I would break Alexander, and he would have to sell everything to me for peanuts, which I would pay using just a small portion of what I was embezzling.

My daughter would marry him and control him. After all, even though he'd be my employee, his last name would open many doors, so I'd need



to keep the dog on a leash.

I was very pleased. I lit another cigarette and poured myself a shot of whiskey. Soon I'd have to go home and put up with that annoying wife of mine.

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