

## Chapter 53

### Alexander's POV

What a fucking hangover! I hated being hungover, which is why I rarely drank, and certainly not as much as I did last night with the guys. Shit! My head's about to explode.

Last night, each of us had our reasons to drink ourselves stupid. So we got together and got wasted like college kids in a frat house. But now I wanted to die just to escape this headache. 1

Patrick stumbled into my office supported by Mari. She helped him sit down next to me on the couch, and the office maid, Margaret, came in behind them with a tray. She smiled at us and couldn't help herself:

"Some hangover you've got there, bosses! You're not eighteen anymore. " She started laughing at our misery. "Miss Mari, I'll go get them some trash cans in case they need to throw up."

Mari burst out laughing. Patrick and I looked at each other, acknowledging our defeat.

"The only reason I'm not firing you, Margaret, is because you take care of us and Mari's already leaving." I said, watching Margaret smile at me from the doorway.

"Alright, open your hands. Time to end this hangover. You're businessmen. What kind of behavior is this?" Mari spoke like she was our mother.

"She won't forgive me, Mari." I whined.

"She won't forgive me either, Mari, and I got rejected by that hot girl I've



been chasing for days." Patrick whined from the other side.

Mari handed each of us a glass of orange juice and said:

"And you think getting drunk as skunks will get you Catherine's forgiveness or help you get whoever?"

"Maybe they'll feel sorry for us." Patrick said hopefully.

"Only if they're crazy!" Mari said, enjoying our suffering. "I heard Henry's in the same state as you guys. Did he have a reason to drink too, or was he just along for the ride?"

"How do you know?" Patrick asked, confused.

"Melissa told me," Mari answered. "And she told me other things too, Alexander."

"I'm in Dante's Inferno, Mari." I said with my best pitiful face.

"Here you go, boys, one for each. If you throw up on the floor, you'll be cleaning it yourselves." Margaret handed us two new waste baskets, each already lined with a garbage bag. At that moment, I was grateful to have these two taking care of us like we were still kids.

By the time Patrick and I recovered from that hangover, the day was already shot. We decided to head home since Mari's party was after work. Patrick and I said we'd take her out to dinner, since the party was a surprise.

I called Catherine several times, but my calls went straight to voicemail until it was full of my messages.

That night, we picked up Mari at her place and took her to the office with



the excuse of picking something up. We had a party hall on the sixth floor - it was my mother's idea, she thought it necessary to have a space for regular events with clients and suppliers. We went in, and Mari was surprised - she really wasn't expecting a party.

There were many employees, clients, suppliers, and close friends present. We were all there to celebrate and thank Mariana Taylor for being such an incredible professional.

Patrick and I were chatting with Rick and his wife - they were a very loving and fun couple - when I looked over Rick's shoulder and didn't like what I saw.

"Rick, how many invitations did Johnson receive?" I asked with a frown.

"Like everyone else, Alexander, Johnson could only bring one guest. But why?" Rick asked, confused.

"Because that unbearable daughter of his is here accompanying him," Patrick replied, also irritated. "There's no way around it, Alexander, we'll have to put up with her today."

"I can't stand that girl," Tess said, scowling.

Johnson and his insufferable daughter approached us. Unpleasant as always.

"Alexander, with so many important people here, you're wasting your time with two insignificant employees and some random woman?" Anna said, looking disdainfully at Patrick, Rick, and Tess.

"The only insignificant and random person here is you, Anna Caroline!" I replied, having no desire to be nice to that insufferable woman.



"Show more respect to my daughter, Alexander. She's just telling the truth," Johnson quickly jumped to defend his precious daughter.

"Show more respect to my friends, Johnson!" I warned angrily. "And why isn't your wife accompanying you? This isn't a debutante ball," I said very sarcastically.

"Helena wasn't feeling well, and Carol was kind enough to accompany me. She also wanted to say goodbye to Mariana," Johnson replied as if his daughter was everyone's darling. Mariana couldn't stand her, never could, not even when they were children. And each day, I was tolerating Johnson less and less too.

"Oh, how convenient!" Patrick couldn't contain himself. He tolerated those two even less than I did. We were already thinking about letting Johnson go, but with the audit, we had to wait. "Well, if you'll excuse me."

Patrick, Rick, and Tess walked away. I wasn't going to stick around either. I simply turned my back and made my way through the guests, greeting everyone and stopping to chat with a few of them.

At some point, I went out to the balcony, which was empty and had a pleasant breeze blowing. A waiter approached offering me a whiskey. I took the glass and drank while contemplating the city. When I returned to the ballroom, I started feeling nauseous and everything began spinning, as if I were drunk. But I hadn't drunk that much, though since I'd been hungover most of the day, maybe my body hadn't fully recovered from last night's drinking. I saw everything spinning; I needed to find Patrick and ask him to take me home.

