

## Chapter 59

### Alexander's POV

I arrived early at the office today. The audit is going well, and the report I received today already indicated some suspicions. Of course, it didn't surprise me that Johnson appeared among the names of potential fraudsters - I've been suspicious of him for a long time.

I turned off my laptop and locked it in the safe. I was being very careful with the information I was receiving, so I changed the safe's combination and kept everything there. Before leaving, I would take everything home with me.

I spent the rest of the morning taking care of my work. Patrick came to my office asking me to go to lunch. But first, I decided to send a message to my love, so I took my phone and typed:

"I fell asleep with the taste of your kiss, dreamed about you all night, and now my heart aches missing you. I love you, Catherine. Forgive me!"

I sent the message and put the phone in my pocket, heading to the elevator with Patrick. When we reached the ground floor, just as we passed through the turnstile, someone grabbed me from behind. My body recoiled in horror at that embrace that wasn't from my Catherine. I pulled those hands away and pushed them far from me.

"Oh my God, give me patience! What do you want, you unbearable woman?" I spoke without an ounce of patience to Anna.

"Oh, honey, don't talk to me like that. I came to see you, and these security guards wouldn't let me in. Fix this, Alex."

I looked at Patrick, who was rolling his eyes and tried to walk away, but I

held him back and warned him to stay exactly where he was.

"Listen here, girl, you're not getting into my company. If you got in on Friday, it was only because it was an event and your father could have brought your mother, but he brought you instead. But you're not entering this building anymore." I said without any patience.

"You can't do this to me, Alexander." That crazy woman started screaming, drawing everyone's attention. "You took advantage of me and now you're rejecting me, you can't do this." She started making a scene and crying.

"Listen here, you better stop this right now." I said, pulling her to a corner and already wanting to kill her. "If something happened between us, it was your fault, because I barely remember anything since I was falling-down drunk. So if anyone took advantage here, it was you of me."

"Alexander, I love you! I'd die for you. You can't treat me like this. You have to realize that I'm perfect for you." She kept insisting on this nonsense.

"Anna, forget about me. I hate you, I've always hated you, there's no chance we'll ever be together." I said, glaring at her.

"You know your parents wanted us to be together so much. It was their dream for me to be your wife." She said between sobs.

That was too much! Using my parents' memory to try to blackmail me was completely out of line.

"Never say that crap again! Don't you dare bring up my parents!" I pointed my finger in her face. "Get out of here, get out of my life, forget I exist. Let's go, Patrick."

I turned my back and walked away. Patrick followed behind me.

"Man, that woman is crazy!" Patrick said, and I had to agree.

During lunch, we discussed the audit report.

"I can't wait to kick Johnson out of the company. I should have done that when I took over the business," I told my friend, regretting certain decisions I'd made.

"Take it easy, my friend. Now you have to hang in there until the audit is finished. Looks like there's going to be a lot of dirt coming out from under our rug."

After lunch, we passed by the bakery, and there was a chocolate cake in the display window. I took a photo and sent it to Catherine with the caption: "I can't eat chocolate cake without you."

I went back to my office, but I was restless. I wasn't the same person anymore after Catherine came into my life. And I wanted her back. Since I'd said goodbye to Mari at the airport and became even more determined, I wasn't going to give this woman any peace until she took me back. I needed to remind her that I was around.

I opened the delivery app and ordered a slice of chocolate cake with a cappuccino to be delivered to her office. Then I had an idea - I needed to win over an ally. I ordered a cappuccino with a chocolate croissant for Melissa. I added a note to each order; in Catherine's, I asked for forgiveness and told her how much I loved her, and in Mel's, I apologized for hurting her friend. I was going to play it smooth with these two.

Shortly after three in the afternoon, the phone on my desk rang.

"Sir, Mr. Martin is on the line," Celeste told me through the intercom.

"Put him through," I replied curtly. I couldn't even look at that two-faced woman anymore.

"My friend, you're coming on strong with my girls," Henry said with a laugh.

"Henry, how are you? Sorry, but I don't know which girls you're talking about," I played dumb.

"Melissa and Catherine are sitting in the break room right now, having cappuccino with croissants and chocolate cake, discussing your nerve in sending them snacks as if you were trying to butter them up." Henry was thoroughly enjoying my predicament.

"First of all, they're not your girls! I've already warned you to stay away from Catherine." I had to warn him again! "Second, I'm spoiling my girl and her best friend," I said, happy to know they were enjoying my treat.

"You're too clever, Miller! You're softening Melissa up so she'll help you. No wonder you're one of the biggest businessmen in the country." Henry quickly caught onto my strategy.

"You're pretty sharp. But since you called and you're my friend, I need a favor."

"Oh no, don't drag me into this mess. The girls are doing great here, and I'm very happy with them."

"Of course you are, just that system Catherine sold me was a million-dollar contract. So, no complaints—you're going to help me."

"What do you want, Alexander?" Henry sighed.

"Melissa's cell number."

"Damn! If she finds out I gave it to you, she'll have my hide. You have no idea how sassy Melissa can be—sometimes it feels like she's my boss," Henry grumbled.

"She doesn't need to know."

"Fine. Write this down..."

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