

Chapter 76

Alexander's POV

Margaret had just started to air the dirty laundry, as they say, and she hadn't even gotten to the worst part yet.

"I found out a long time ago that Celeste and Johnson are having an affair," she said. When I heard this, my jaw dropped to the floor. "They've been carrying on this indecency for about ten years now. I discovered it by accident one day when I caught them making out in the fire escape. I thought it was horrible, they're both married. But it wasn't my business, it's their private life. Though I always catch them making out or her calling him. They don't know that I know, they've never seen me, and well, I'm just the coffee lady, I'm invisible, right?"

"Not to me, Margaret, and not to Patrick and Mari either, you know that. " I held her hand.

"Yes, I know, my boy. I changed your diapers!" She smiled. "Catherine and Rick treat me very well too. And your parents were wonderful people, they always showed me respect and consideration, they didn't deserve to die in that accident. You know, I never understood why you paid to have the investigation closed. I know you suffered a lot and everything, but I never understood why you didn't want to know what really happened."

When Margaret said this, I stopped breathing. My body went rigid and my eyes widened. I couldn't even speak. It was Patrick who looked at me and hurried to ask.

"What do you mean Alexander paid to close the accident investigation?"

"Oh, boys, I'm sorry to bring up such a sad topic. But I've always been

bothered by this, many times I wanted to ask you why, but I didn't have the courage because you were so sad."

"What did you see and hear, Margaret?" I asked, my voice breaking.

"One day I had gone to bring coffee to Patrick's office. It was about a month after your parents' accident. When I left Patrick's office, I was collecting some cups and glasses in Rick's office and heard a man arrive and tell Celeste that he was the police officer investigating your parents' accident and wanted to speak with you. Celeste, with that fake manner of hers, told him that you had passed the matter to a trusted person to follow up, and that she would call them. I thought it was Patrick, but she called Johnson and told him to come up because the man would wait in the break room. I waited for her to take the man to the break room and left Rick's office. I entered the kitchen through the other door and stayed quiet there like I always do, waiting for someone to ask for something. Celeste didn't see me. When I entered the kitchen, she had just closed the kitchen door that leads to the break room, I thought she had gotten something for the man. Then shortly after, I heard Johnson's voice. He told the man that you wanted to close the investigation because you were suffering too much and wanted to put an end to the matter. The officer said that's not how it worked. But Johnson insisted and said you were willing to compensate for this favor."

"You never told me this, Margaret," Celeste said, as shocked as everyone else in the room. 3

"Oh, my dear, I hadn't thought about it again until now," Margaret justified.

"And what else did you hear about this?" I asked, feeling tears running down my face.

"The officer said he would take care of it and left. A few days later, I saw Johnson with Celeste in the fire escape again, but they weren't making out like the other times. They were talking about how the officer had closed the case and that it had cost a fortune."

I had both hands covering my face and was crying like a child. This was horrible.

"Oh God, could my parents' accident have been staged?" I wondered aloud, thinking out loud.

"There's one more thing. Your father had been coming in earlier every day with piles of documents and was very stressed. I often heard him talking to himself, saying that Johnson was a fox who had made a fool of him. He was already very angry with Johnson. On the Friday before the accident, after office hours, I stayed late at the company because my husband was running late to pick me up. I always wait inside the building because it's safer, and I use the internet to watch my shows while waiting. But that day, I heard your father arguing with Johnson in the presidential reception area. He fired Johnson, called him a traitor, and said that on Monday he would order his termination papers to be processed. They had a nasty fight. I heard your father say something about having evidence safely stored away."

"Given all this, Alexander, there's unfortunately a very high possibility that your parents' accident wasn't really an accident," Alan said. "I'll check with your security team if we can get records of this police officer, and I'll see how we can investigate this. I have some contacts who might be useful."

"Do that, Alan. Leave no stone unturned," I was stunned. "What else do you know, Margaret? Anything at all is important now, about anyone."