

Chapter 77

Alexander's POV

I was shocked by everything Margaret had already told, but she kept talking, and with each new revelation, I became even more horrified by the things happening right under my nose that I hadn't noticed.

"You know those detectives you hired to look for a young woman?" she asked, and I nodded. "Well, I got curious because I saw them all whispering with Celeste when they came to see you. The last one, I saw him one day with Johnson and Celeste at that tiny coffee shop near the office. I'm friends with the owner and I always go there. I only heard Johnson saying he was very satisfied with his service, but I had seen you telling Patrick that he hadn't discovered anything and said it was impossible to find the woman, so how could he be satisfied?"

My God, Margaret was a bombshell! She knew too much and had answers to many questions. This conversation would take hours! I needed some air and to let Catherine know I wouldn't be returning to her house. I asked them to wait a moment and went to the garden to make the call.

"Mr. Miller. I'm feeling generous, take advantage." I smiled at her insinuation.

"My angel," - I felt my eyes burn and cleared my throat to continue speaking - "I won't be able to see you again today."

"Is everything okay, Alexander?" I could hear the concern in her voice.

"It is. But it's a lot of information and many things I wasn't expecting."

"It's okay. Go work. We'll talk later."

We said goodbye and I hung up. When I turned around, I saw Patrick, and he put his hand on my shoulder, saying:

"We'll face everything together and we'll move mountains if we have to, to get justice."

I agreed and we went back to the living room. Margaret was talking as if in a monologue, each piece of information she had heard and kept because she had no idea of its importance left me shocked. She knew so much and knew who to trust, gave us a list of names of coffee servers, cleaners, secretaries, and various employees who were trustworthy and those who weren't. The trustworthy ones we would bring to our side and ask for information. The others would be discreetly dismissed.

For the following hours, Margaret was like a soap opera unfolding for us. She had an absurdly good memory and knew everyone in the company like I never imagined.

"And since I'm telling everything. Mr. Alan, don't waste time, Mariana likes you too, has for a long time. And I know you like her."

Margaret even knew about this? Mariana never showed anything. Alan was between happy and confused. And we smiled at him. After his wife passed away, he always made clear what he feels for Mariana, but she never showed anything.

When Margaret finished sharing her memories, she was exhausted, and we were all stunned. That woman even knew that the Accounting Director, married for forty years with a family, was having an affair with one of the accounting staff - a guy in his early twenties. A scandal, according to her.

Patrick had his driver take Margaret home. We agreed that she would

continue to be our eyes and ears, providing Leda with a complete daily report. I promised her a substantial raise and a reward for her loyalty in telling us everything, even though she insisted she didn't want any reward and was helping me from her heart. I wouldn't hear of it - she deserved it.

After she left, we began mapping out action strategies for each piece of information she gave us. According to Alan, this made things much easier since she had pointed out who the traitors were and where to find them. We worked through the night, and when we finished, I was exhausted. I caught a few hours of sleep in one of the rooms at Patrick's house before heading to the office.

The next day, I was tired and my head was spinning. Late in the afternoon, I sat on the couch in my office and took a painkiller - I couldn't stand the headache anymore. I leaned back and ended up dozing off. I woke up to my phone blaring on the coffee table - it was Henry.

"Don't tell me Cat dumped you again and you got wasted?" he asked mockingly.

"Nothing like that, I pulled an all-nighter working. What happened? Is Catherine okay?" I asked quickly.

"What am I, a damn babysitter?"

"Lately, yes - you're looking after my girl," I said with a smile.

"Yeah, can't argue with that. Meet me at the mall where Sam works, quick. The girls are meeting there to buy those indecent little dresses. I've already arranged it with the guys, just need to call Patrick. But we need to be there before them."

"Alright, I'll talk to Patrick - he just walked into my office," I said as Patrick approached my desk.

An hour later, we met at the mall.



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