

Chapter 115 Ten days is fine.

Ethan's POV:

"It was arsenic, sir. Either Mr. Thorn-Ramsey has a rat infestation to envy anyone or he used or will use the poison to kill someone," Simmons said.

What the hell! I thought to myself.

"Simmons, I need you to find a way to discover for sure if he still has this arsenic or if it's already been given to someone else," I prompted him.

"And I don't care how you do it. Just do it, okay? Someone's life probably depends on it!" I exclaimed.

"That is if he hasn't used this poison with someone already," Simmons murmured to me.

"What are you talking about?" I asked him suspiciously.

"It's just a conjecture for now, Mr. Brown, but I have my own suspicions," Simmons told me. "I just don't want to accuse someone lightly, as I still have no proof of these theories of mine," he concluded.

Now that was it! If I wasn't paranoid already, this

was officially the moment paranoia would kick in.

Good thing none of them had the slightest idea where Hannah was hiding. It was one less thing to worry about, but from now on I would have to be careful with every food and drink I had, especially around them.

"Well, I need you to find out anything that you can, and as soon as possible," I emphasized to him.

"Sure thing sir. I promise you that if I don't get to the answer, I will at least get to someone who has it," Simmons told me and then, he stood up and left my office.

What the hell was going on? What was wrong with these people? I definitely needed to do something!

Catching Alexander with his red hand might not be as easy as catching Tess, because the evidence against Tess was already taking shape, so it was easier to just let the police do their work adding a little bit of my personal vengence here and there. I asked the police if they were finishing their case against Tess, and if it would be possible to go after her at the right time. In my mind, the right time was exactly when she was extremely happy because she thought her plans were working out: on the eve of our wedding day or on the wedding

day itself.

My plan for Alexander, though, would have to have a higher degree of complexity. I read the documentation that Welch had sent me about the Axel's Corp financial numbers, and I was confident that there were embezzlements at Axel Corp.

These traces of embezzlement led directly to Alexander, and that would be easy to prove. The problem is, men like Alexander are powerful, so going to jail depended on a thorough investigation after a tip, and that would take time. Besides, he would use any resources that he might have to get rid of jail time because this could be considered a white collar crime. This couldn't happen to Tess with such accusations. Her accusations were worthy of prison in flagrante delicto.

What I could do for now was remove him from his position due to the code of ethics. Perhaps by showing the numbers I could convince the board that what Alexander was doing was not right and that he was no longer fit for the current position he held. It was time to work from this point of view, so I set out to compile facts and documents into a dossier to be presented at the next extraordinary meeting.

Also, I needed to work to please my customers in

Chapter 115 Ten days is fine.

+10 Points

the Dubai business. This architecture deal was going to launch Brown's Enterprises into the Middle East market, and I obviously needed to dedicate a lot of attention to it. I spent the next few days tweaking the project as it went along, demonstrating the tweaks to the client, proving that we were still on track regarding their project, and regaining their confidence that had been a bit shaken by my disappearance.

At the same day that the meeting was concluded, I received an envelope that came from Piero. The front of it had just my name addressed in his handwriting, nothing else. When I opened it, I saw the fake divorce certificate. I smiled at his friend's work. Piero has his connections and the guy who made this was good. Too bad that he decided to work with 'unauthenticated' documents.

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Tess called me the next morning. When I saw her ID at the screen, I thought seriously on not to picking up the call, but I knew that she wasn't going to give up so easily on that, so, I picked up the phone on the third ring: "Hi Tess, how are you?" I asked her in my purring ridiculous voice that she said she loved.

"Hey Ethan, darling. I was really nauseous this

Chapter 115 Ten days is fine.

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morning, but I think that's part of the pregnancy, isn't it? But I'm feeling better now and I'm wondering if there's any room in your schedule for us to have lunch together. What do you think? I have some wedding plans I'd like to show you, as

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well as a partial guest list. Of course, I still have some of yours to add," she told me.

"I was going to call you a little later today to extend a lunch invitation as well. I have something I need to show you," I told her.

"Hmm...and am I going to like what you're going to show me?" she asked insincerely.

5/10

Chapter 115 Ten days is fine.

I chuckled from what she told me. She was always bold with me. I thought it was sexy back when I liked her, but now I was actually laughing because I was having fun at her expense, as I'm sure she had fun at mine.

"You'll like what you see, but that's not what you're thinking," I told her.

"Well, actually it's been a while since I saw what I had in mind," she said. "By the way, after that night, we never slept together again. I miss you, darling," she told me, and I could hear the sigh in her voice.

"I guess since we're so close to the wedding, we could wait until then, what do you think?" I asked her.

"I don't really like that idea, honey," Tess complained to me.

"Why not? It'll make us want to be together again even more when the time comes," I told her.

"You promise?" she asked me to reassure her.

"Of course, love," I told her.

"Then that's fine. I'll wait another ten days. It'll be ten days, right? I already told the wedding planner, and she made room in her schedule just for us, as she said it's going to be a simple ceremony, so

Chapter 115 Ten days is fine.

she'll be able to get us fit in at such short notice," Tess asked me uncertainly.

"Yes, ten days is fine. We can get married in ten days," I told her.

"Absolutely. What money can't buy, right?" she asked me and then started laughing out loud.

I'm glad this wasn't a video call, because the look of disgust and irritation I put on would be hard to hide in real life. So I decided it was time to end that conversation.

"See you at lunch today? I'll text you the restaurant details," I told her.

"Agreed. Can't wait to see you," she told me and ended the call.

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"So what did you have to show me?" Tess urged as soon as the server left with our orders to send them to the kitchen.

"This," I slid an official attorney's envelope across the table until she picked it up from the other side.

"Um... that sounds serious. Could it be a prenup?" she asked me.

I honestly hadn't thought about a prenup because

Chapter 115 Ten days is fine.

my grandfather had demanded that there would be no settlement between Hannah and I, and I honestly wasn't considering coming to the point of actually marrying Tess in order for there to be a prenup.

"Not yet," I told her. "See for yourself," I encouraged.

She opened the envelope carefully and slowly read the document there.

"Is that what I think it is?" She asked me.

"Well, if you're thinking these are my registered divorce papers, you're right," I told her.

Tess grinned, as if she were a kid on Christmas Day. "Oh, Ethan! This means so much to me! You finally divorced your...ex to marry me!" she exclaimed. I could hear the hesitation to call Hannah just 'ex' without doing any provocation.

"Well, of course I did. Otherwise how could I marry you?" I asked her.

"That's right, isn't it? I'm a fool, I was thinking it would be just a symbolic ceremony... that it would take even longer for you to get divorced and here you are presenting me with the complete solution!" she exclaimed.

Chapter 115 Ten days is fine.

+10 Points

"You know I don't like leaving loose ends, right?" I told her.

Tess placed her hand over mine in a gesture of affection and said, "You made me the happiest woman in the world today!"

"You know that for many years all I've wanted is to make you happy, right?" I told her.

Tess looked at me hesitantly and then said, "Yes, but you put a big stumbling block in our way when you accepted your grandfather's plans and married Hannah, messing up our lives," she complained.

"Yes, I understand, but you need to put Hannah aside. She's gone, Tess, and she doesn't want to be found. And even if you want her to pay for what she did to you back in the day with that gun incident, she'd better out of our lives than still causing trouble, right?" I told her.

Tess pondered what I'd said for a second or two and then conceded, "Yes, you're right. Her being away from us, we are free and unencumbered to live our romance."

"So what did you want to show me?" I asked her. Maybe focusing on the wedding could be the distraction she needed.

Chapter 115 Ten days is fine.

"Oh yes! I wanted to leave you the guest lists, seating chart and other details to see your opinion. If you could review it as soon as possible I would appreciate it, as the planner said we are on the last minute for everything!" she exclaimed. Then she handed me back the divorce certificate envelope and along with it a folder with various papers related to the wedding ceremony.


"I want what you want, love," I told her.

"That's really good! Then everything will go according the expectations!" she exclaimed.

'But not yours,' I thought to myself.

 3
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