

Chapter 117: YOU'LL REGRET WHAT YOU'RE DOING HERE TODAY!

Ethan's POV:

"Thanks for helping me compile these documents, Eric," I said to my secretary once we'd finished putting together a dossier against Alexander. I needed help, the numbers were so outrageous, and Eric was the most low-key guy I knew, so he was perfect for the job.

"It's always good to help, sir. Especially with the company's administrative stuff. You know, I don't intend to be a secretary for the rest of my life. I'm studying, you know?" He told me.

"Really? What are you studying?" I asked him.

"I'm studying accounting and business, sir," Eric told me proudly.

"Good for you, Eric!" I saluted him. "Talk to Roxana in Personnel. I'm sure we'll have a new place for you if you'd like to do an internship here," I said.

"Thank you, sir!" Eric told me excitedly.

"It's a pleasure," I told him. So, he handed me the dossier that we put together and I made some

calls.

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The next day, I set up an extraordinary meeting with the board members.

"Ladies and Gentlemen, please take a look at this report, and consider whether we should retain Mr. Alexander Thorn-Ramsey as chairman of Axel," I said at the start of the meeting.

The advisors read the documents I handed over for a few long minutes. After that, they began to murmur among themselves.

"What the hell does Alexander think he's doing?" Roger Campbell asked.

"He's bleeding the company!" Lionell Thomas complained.

"He definitely cannot continue where he is!" Agatha Smith exclaimed.

"Well, that to me is enough of an answer to be sure that removing him from Axel's presidency is the right decision. Can you corroborate this opinion through the vote?" I asked them.

"For sure!" Lionell exclaimed, while everyone agreed.

"Thank you ladies and gentlemen," I mumbled and ended the meeting.

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I think Alexander would hear the news in a couple of days. So at this point there was nothing left to worry about.

The wedding was approaching, and Tess was getting more and more excited about it. She was comical and annoying at the same time. I don't believe I've seen her like this, but she looked like a cat that ate the bird.

Tess was counting down the hours for the ceremony, she was trying to reassure that everyone who was someone (to her) was confirmed as one of our guests. There were several more names in the final list than the first one. After that, she fiddled with the seating charts for the umpteenth time, although there was nothing else that she could do at the moment to prepare the arrangements for the big day. Hair, makeup, dress, accessories... according to her, everything was all set. All that I had to do was be presentable and appear in the right time.

Meanwhile, I was doing my own preparation for that day. I arranged for things to get complicated

on her side at the same time that Alexander lost his position as Axel's CEO. Little did they know about what was coming to them.

"Do you think the Madisons can side with the MacKineys or should we put them at separate tables?" she was asking me at yet another boring lunch.

I pretended I was thinking for a second or two to make her believe that I cared, until I said, "I don't think we're going to have any problems. Rose and Amanda get along well enough for their husbands to put up with each other during the party."

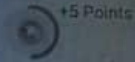
Tess smiled at me sweetly and told me, "Of course. Oh, Ethan! I'm so nervous! There's so much to do yet, and just a few days!" She exclaimed to me.

"Relax, Tess. We're gonna be fine," I told her. If I could, I would have rolled my eyes to her. I can't stand dramatic people like her.

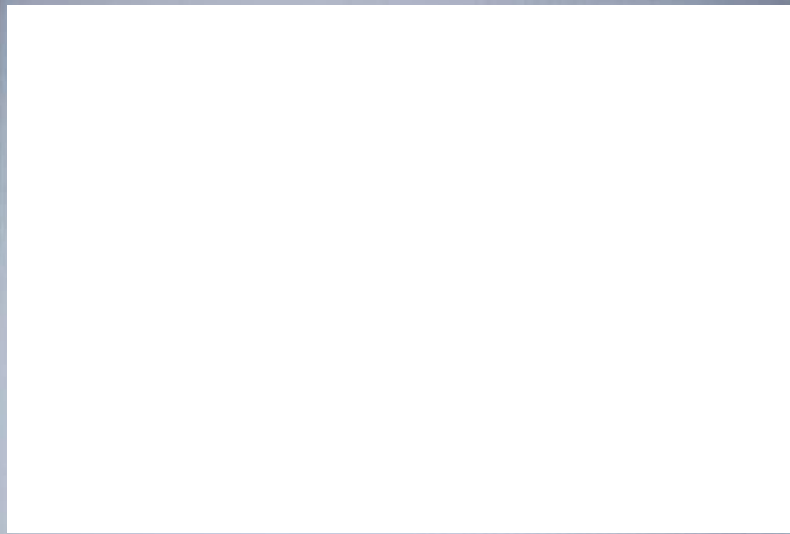
"Why are you so relaxed, Ethan?" She crossed her arms and asked me.

"Because we have a wedding planner for this. She is the one who should be nervous, not us. Besides, this is not my first rodeo," I told her.

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That's when I realized that I said the wrong thing. Tess's face darkened and she became irritated. Her arms, which were already crossed, tightened even more, as if she were tightening a knot. "Of course, you were once married, weren't you? You seem to love throwing that in my face!" she



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exclaimed.

I sighed. I wasn't in the mood to fawn over that woman. But I knew in her head, I should do something to fix what I said. So, since I didn't want to apologize to her, I mumbled, "You know it was supposed to be you from the start, right? It was

just a misstep, but here we are, fixing everything that happened in our lives that hurt our relationship."

She looked at me for a second or two scrutinizing me, then she finally thought my answer was satisfactory. So she said to me, "Let's do it right this time, shall we? You'll see. This ceremony will be better than your first, and your second marriage will be much better than your first."

I nodded and mumbled, "I'm counting on it."

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A few days later, right on the week of the wedding, I talked to Detective Pratt and he told me that the indictment against Tess was ready and on the commissioner's desk to be signed and drawn up. It was a matter of a day or two before the judge would order her arrest, since she was the one who shot Patricia and pretended Hannah was the responsible for the shooting. Detective Pratt said that she was being charged not only with attempted murder, but also perjury. That if you not mention the weapon. The gun's serial number has been grated, and the gun's origin was still nebulous. Tess would definitely be arrested, and I was looking forward to it.

The next day, Roger came on behalf of the board to my office. He was the board representative and was the one responsible for collecting the signatures for Alexander's deposition.

"Hello Ethan, it's good to see you again, even if it is under the current circumstances," he said. Roger had a sad look in his eyes. He was always very fond of Alexander, so he obviously was disappointed with him.

I sighed and mumbled, "It's good to see you too Roger. Maybe we should schedule lunch or a golf game instead of only meeting in awkward situations like this," I suggested to him while I shook his hand.

Roger nodded and said to me, "Well, here are the board signatures. You will find out that all the members signed for Alexander's removal from duties. You can go ahead with communicating it to him. And as for the golf game, my secretary will speak with yours to arrange. I haven't been to the course in a while. Have you? This will be a good change," he said.

"Yeah, it will be a good change, Roger. Thank you for the documents. I will see you around," I told him.

"Sure," he mumbled and left my office.

I looked at the document in my hands and observed that the dismissal had immediate effect. I knew it was time to inform Alexander of the council's decision, but I didn't feel ready for it.

Even so, I gathered some of the members into a room to witness the conversation with him, and when we were all gathered, I finally called Alexander.

A few minutes later, he arrived and opened the door to the room. "Ethan? What's going on? Why did you call me?"

He had a smile on his face that withered from the moment he saw that we weren't alone. "What is this? An intervention?" he joked.

"Actually, it's a resignation, Alex."

"Of who?" He asked confused.

"Yours," I told him and sighed.

"I don't understand. What's going on?" He asked, now with a serious tone.

"Alex, it has come to our attention recently that even after the merger of our companies, Axel Corp is suffering from embezzlement carried out by one of its employees," I told him.

"Oh, my God, and did they find the culprit?" He asked me. Seriously, the level of cynicism from him, pretending he was innocent, was killing me!

"All audits point to you, Alex," I told him. The council members remained silent and expectant.

"No, something's wrong, Ethan!" Alex pleaded.

I shook my head and told him, "I'm so sorry, Alex, but the numbers don't lie."

"It wasn't me! You don't believe I was capable of doing that, do you?" He asked me. There was panic in his eyes, and he was in attack posture.

"I'm sorry, Alex, but the board has decided to remove you as president of Axel Corp. Your removal is effective immediately and will last for as long as the embezzlement investigations take place. After that, a final decision should be made," I informed him.

"Guys, please! You aren't believing in this story, are you? It's me, Alexander! I'm innocent!" Alexander called out to the council members, and practically everyone looked away from him. Some looked out the window, and others to their respective laps. Only Lionell continued to look steadily at him.

"I knew Ethan was wrong when he proposed

merging with your company, boy. I had a weird feeling about that. Now it's proven. Too bad I was outvoted a year ago," he said.

Alex's face transfigured and he clenched his fists. "Shut up, old man! You're practically in adult diapers and yet you have the audacity to come here and share your opinion on how I should run my company or not! This is all a lie! AND YOU'LL REGRET WHAT YOU'RE DOING HERE TODAY!" he exclaimed.

"Calm down, Alex," I told him. "I don't think you want to make a scene, do you?" I asked.

"You don't know s**t, Ethan! You will regret this!" He exclaimed. And then, he looked at the other people in the room and vociferated: "you will all regret this decision!" and then, he left the meeting room, and we could hear the noise of a broken ornament outside in the hallway.

"Well, that's it. The end of Alexander's era," Lionel told us and stood up to get away from the meeting room.

Some of the people in the board agreed with him, but not everybody.

I was suspecting that this was just the beginning.