

## Chapter 120: To carry a body

Ethan's POV:

Deposing Alexander was just one of the tasks that I had ahead of me. The truth was that I was poking a wasp's nest with this story of Alexander. If I did it wrong, it would come back to bite me later. I knew that just removing him from his position would not have the final effect of getting rid of him for good. I would need to prove my accusations and even bring this case to justice. He was stealing from his company and committing fraud. I couldn't let it go so easily.

Besides, if I give him the opportunity to fully understand what was coming against Tess and him, I would definitely give him time to counterattack, and this could explode right on my face. Or worse, Hannah's. I knew that she was upset with me right now, but I have faith in both of us that we would overcome her crises. I already told her that I would spend the rest of my life trying to amend everything that I did, so I was willing to pay this price too.

There could be no loose ends in this plan.

And I needed to know what Alexander was up to

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since we announced his discharge earlier today, and there was no better person to let me know than Tess herself, who I'd bet half my fortune was with him.

I asked Piero to follow her since the beginning of the day when I learned that the news would be given to him today, and in the last update he gave me, he told me that they were both in his apartment. Damn it! I wish they had gone to my house. That way I could be sure what they were talking about.

Even so, Piero, being a member of the organization that he belonged to, told me he would find a way. The next message I got from him said, "I just broke the lock into his apartment. I'll check inside and let you know."

"You're a maverick, you know that?" I told him. But deep down, he was celebrating the fact that he had managed to get behind enemy lines.

"Well, I am who I am, and I'm good at it, so enjoy it because you're paying very well for this service. I'll be in touch shortly," he wrote me and then there was just silence.

Then a few minutes later I got another video. It was Tess and Alexander in his room, naked and in

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the middle of the act. Damn, those videos made my phone fill up with bullshit, like a p\*\*\*\*\*'s phone. Still, more material for blackmail, at least momentarily.

I sent the video to the phone I was using to blackmail Tess and sent another anonymous message. "If your future husband knew, I'm sure he wouldn't walk down the aisle with you in three days."

A half hour later, I got a call from Piero.

"Piero, what happened?" I asked him.

"It's done. I have placed several bugs throughout the apartment. One even close enough to the bedroom that if they plan something, we'll know about it," he said.

"Dude, you're some kind of secret agent, because what you did is not possible for common people. Please, send me an untraceable account number. That deserves an extra," I told him gratefully.

"Well, if you insist..." he said and chuckled. "I'm going to send the data and along with it, I'm sending the link to these bugs," he said.

"Thanks," I told him and killed the call.

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Back at the hotel, I accessed the link he'd sent me. The sound seemed a little far away. The two were probably still in the room.

"Are you feeling calmer now?" I heard Tess's voice ask.

"I'm still seething with irritation, but there's no denying that I'm more relaxed. Thanks for that," Alexander replied.

"I'm glad I could help, especially as I enjoyed it as much as you did," Tess purred at him.

Alexander however sighed and muttered, "If I could, I would kill Ethan. Tonight."

"But you know we're close to realizing our plan, don't you? We're too close, darling. Please don't let your temper get the better of you now," she pleaded with him.

"But now I want this plan to be accelerated, Tess. I don't want to know about taking everything away from Ethan little by little. I want him to suffer and fast. Just like that damn Michael did!" Ethan exclaimed.

What? Was that bastard talking about my grandfather right now? What did he have to do with my grandfather?

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+5 Points

"Michael was a special situation. He was already old and sick. It was almost a coup de grace," Tess answered him.

What a hell! What the hell had they done to my grandfather?

"I want Ethan to suffer more than Michael. I want him to suffer psychologically as well. I want him to lose hope and beg to die before we deliver the final blow. I want to destroy his family, finances and all connections he has before ending his life," Alexander said.

"Can this audio be recorded?" I asked Piero.


"It can, but it wasn't. Do you want me to put it on from now on?" He asked me.

Damn it! A possible murder involvement confession and we simply missed the chance to make a recording! We needed another opportunity like this soon!

"Well, I know you want revenge and all, but that's all going to have to wait anyway, isn't it? I have to walk down the aisle with Ethan. And there is still a loose end or two in our initial plan," Tess told Alexander.

"What are you talking about? What kind of loose

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 \*5 Points

ends are there? He is divorced, isn't he? You saw the documents yourself," Alexander questioned Tess.

"I'm concerned that he never once mentioned the prenuptial agreement to me. It was something we should have discussed by now, don't you think?"

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Look at us, for example. We haven't even come out about our relationship yet. and we already have a deal outlined," she told him.

"Nah, he must have just forgotten. You do remember that he's ridiculously in love with you, don't you?" Alexander told Tess.

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"I didn't like what you said," Tess complained.

"And what did I say?" Alexander asked looking confused.

"You said that Ethan is ridiculously in love with me. Why would anyone falling in love with me be ridiculous?" Tess asked, and I could clearly hear her petulant tone.

"Don't be silly, Tess. That's not what I meant, and you know it, right?" Alexander asked her.

"Do I?" Tess asked, still in an irritated tone. "You seem to have gotten greedy lately. You don't care about my plan anymore, all that matters is your plan against Ethan," she complained. "And apparently, I'm being silly, am I?" She asked.

"Oh really? What do you mean by that?" Alex asked irritably. "You know I care about you," he tried to clean up the mess he had made.

"I want to say that lately I've been feeling like a means to an end. It seems like I'm not important anymore and what I have to do to earn the future we deserve isn't important anymore. You don't even care that I'm going to getting married in less than seventy-two hours and I'm still worrying about the final details!" Tess exclaimed.

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Alexander sighed and then said, "Of course, the final details are important, love. But it's all worked out, isn't it? Maybe you're worrying too much over nothing."

Tess took a deep breath, maybe trying to calm down, I'm not sure. Then she said, "Maybe I really am the Bridezilla that people talk about and shy away from. Maybe it's all the wedding jitters," she said.

"Come over here," Alexander commanded, and there was a rustle of sheets, and then I could hear a lingering kiss.

"You're not silly, love. Nor is it ridiculous for anyone to fall in love with you. Otherwise, then, I'm ridiculous too!" Alexander muttered to Tess.

"Thank you," Tess murmured and I could hear the sound of kissing again. Soon the kisses turned to moans and the sounds intensified. Okay, I wasn't interested in that anymore, so I turned off the listening connection.

The conversation between Tess and Alexander made it even clearer how much these two hated me. A few months ago, I would have been upset, and even hurt, to know that two of the people I cherished the most in this world were actually



pretending to like me in order to get whatever they wanted. But after knowing the size of the betrayal they were committing, I no longer felt that sadness. It would be even worse for them since I wasn't holding anything back in my revenge against them for what they did to my marriage to Hannah.

The next day, I got a message from Vincent, who was informing to me that he was back in town. That was great. There was never such a perfect timing before. I really needed to ask him something, and it could only be in person. So, as soon as I got his message, I gave him a call.

"Hey, if it's not my good friend Ethan!" Vincent greeted me. He was really happy. I wonder if he had finally asked Martha out, but I put this thought aside and focused on what mattered at that moment.

"Hey, Vince. I hope your return to town was pleasant," I told him.

Vincent chuckled and muttered, "Everything is practically perfect when your best friend sends a private plane to bring you back. Seriously, I have never traveled so comfortably. Martha thinks that I work as a mafia doctor, because no normal doctor has such luxury, and I have you to thank for that,

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Ethan," he told me.

"Well, tell her that you have the right connections, and that's it, but you don't have to thank me for that. You are my best friend after all," I told him.

"Thanks, old man. But I suspect that you didn't call me just to ask about my flight. Tell me, what do you need from me, Ethan?" He asked.

"I need to ask you a question, but it can't be over the phone, it has to be in person," I told him.

Vincent was in a very good mood, so he laughed and asked, "Oh, boy. I barely arrived and you are here to collect already?" He asked and chuckled. "By your tone, it must be serious. Okay, do you need me to help you to carry a body or something?" He asked.

"More or less. I'm thinking of exhuming one..." I mumbled to him.

"What?" he asked in alarm.

"That, my friend, is a long story..." I told him.



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