

Chapter 123: In a few hours, sir.

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Ethan's POV:

On the next morning I met with Vicent. After I had told him that I intended to exhume a body, he was

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completely disturbed, and at the first opportunity he had, he met with me.

"Man, I thought you'd come back from the shores more relaxed, but I think I'm wrong. How's Martha?" I asked him. Of course, I was making fun of him. Our business was serious, but every now

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and then I had fun making Vincent stand on his toes.

"Of course, I couldn't be less tense, could I, Ethan? My best friend asked me to help him exhume a body. EXHUME a body, Ethan. What the hell is going on?" He asked me in a hysterical tone.

I had told him that it would be a long story, but it was almost comic looking at his face and see his facial expressions change from concern to curiosity, and from curiosity to astonishment as I was telling the whole story and why I was wanting to do what I intended to do.

"Have you completely lost your mind?" Vincent asked me when I explained to him that I was planning to search for a way to exhume my grandfather's body.

"On the contrary, my friend. I am thinking clearly, and I am pretty sure that what I heard was a murder confession, which unfortunately was not recorded, so I'll probably have to prove it by other means that they killed someone, and I suspect that the person they poisoned was my own grandfather to get him out of their way," I said to Vincent.

Vincent spent a minute or two thinking about what

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I had said to him until he finally said: "Well, unfortunately you think you know someone, but you really don't. I had Alexander in high regard, and to me, our trio was one of the most treasured things in my life. But now, unfortunately from what I witnessed recently against Alexander, it seems that such an absurdity as this is actually not that absurd at all. Maybe he really did something against your grandfather," he said.

"What do you mean?" I asked him.

"I mean that now that I'm back in town, I'm going to resume the investigation I asked Dean Mason about the medication given to Patricia, and there's the investigation into my home invasion. I'm afraid it's all connected. It could happen by chance, but normally, the people who hurt us are close to us. I wouldn't rule out any possibility," Vincent told me.

"But it's obvious, isn't it?" I asked Vincent. "Tess and Alexander are connected to everything bad that's been happening in our lives lately! It's clear as hell that they're connected to my grandfather's possible murder!"

I meant to say something else, but Vincent raised his hand in protest. I didn't like him stopping me because in my opinion, it was very clear that Alexander had murdered my grandfather. "Well, be

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careful, Ethan because for now, all that we have is the suspicion, and we need to find a way to prove it," he told me.

"That's why I called you yesterday, Vincent!" I exclaimed at him. "As a doctor, maybe you could guide me on what I should do on this matter," I urged him.

"Oh, I know the theory of all this process, however, until now, I have never even come close to exhuming a body, thank heavens. But it seems that for everything there is a first time in life, isn't it?" Vincent laughed at his own joke, but he had a tone of desolation.

"Well, what matters right now is that I put in motion a plan that at the same time can bring wonderful results or my total destruction if Alexander manages to attack me first," I murmured to Vincent.

"What happened?" Vincent asked curiously.

I sighed and explained: "Well, I found out that he was carrying out embezzlements programmed in his company,"

"Can you clarify what you said to me, please? Are we talking about that company he asked you to redeem through the purchase of shares and

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takeover control by your own conglomerate?" He asked me.

"That's right. It seems that the financial problems are not over, and I was informed that a more clinical look found that there were embezzlements," I told him.

"But it could be anyone else's job, couldn't it?" Vincent asked.

"Oh, don't be that naïve, Vince. Yes, it could be anyone else's job, but Alexander was the only one who had the necessary clearance to do these embezzlements," I told him.

"Then he must be pretty pissed off at you, right?" Vincent told me.

"And that, my friend, is why we must act as quickly as we can. As soon as the farce of this ridiculous marriage is out," I told him.

"I'm not privy to the whole plan, Ethan. I know what Hannah and her family said: that you were coming to town to expose Tess. But the funniest part is that your engagement announcement was in the papers, and a quick wedding that's about to happen these days," Vincent told me.

"And after this part of the plan is completed, I

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need to be very quick, otherwise Alexander's counterattack can do a lot of damage," I told him.

"I see. So, you need to have some evidence on hand against him, otherwise you're completely screwed, Ethan," Vincent told me.

"I'm working on it with the embezzlement, but if there's any possibility he committed murder, he sure needs to pay for that too," I told Vincent.

"I completely agree," Vincent said and thought for a moment. "Well, it looks to me like there's some sort of post-mortem report I can do if I suspect something. I'll talk to a coroner friend of mine and get the details. Once I've outlined how to do it, I'll come to you. That's the kind of information that can't travel through phones or other records," he told me.

I nodded at him and told him, "Thank you very much!"

"You're welcome, Ethan. That's what friends are for," he said.

As soon as we finished talking, I got a call from Detective Pratt. "I'm sorry, I have to take this one," I told Vincent.

"Sure, sure. Just promise me you'll be careful.

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"You're the heir to Brown's. Old Michael would be disappointed if he saw your ruin," he told me and left me alone to take my call.

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"This is Brown," I said into the phone when I

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answered Detective Pratt.

"Mr. Brown, this is Detective Pratt. I'm calling to let you know that we've received the judge's papers and the indictment of Ms. Astor is official. We're authorized to hold pretrial detention now," he said.

Finally, someone was giving me good news today,

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or at least giving me news of things that were going to happen almost immediately.

"And you are already leaving to carry out her arrest?" I asked him. I wanted Tess locked up, but I also wanted her to be humiliated a little bit. She had humiliated Hannah too much, and unfortunately, many of those times she had done it with my own approval. I needed to make her pay for what she did this way too.

"In a few hours, sir. Could you help us with Miss Astor's whereabouts, please?"

"I know that she is now at my mansion. Predictable as she is, in the afternoon she will be going to a spa and salon and in the evening, we will have our rehearsal dinner. Our wedding was scheduled for less than 72 hours," I told him.

"I understand, sir. I apologize for making her arrest at such an awkward time, but we can't give her a chance to escape, can we?" Pratt asked me.

"On the contrary, Detective. You'll be doing me a favor by getting that freak off the streets," I muttered to him.

"Well, she'll probably be at the spa or the rehearsal dinner when all the arrangements are taken care of and when we're leaving to make the arrest,"

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Detective Pratt told me.

"Fine. Please keep me posted. I want to be there when she's taken," I told him and killed the call.

Everything was ready for the closure of this impasse. And then, finally after clearing her name, Hannah would be safe to come home.



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