

Chapter 134: Would you dare, sir?

Alexander's POV:

Honestly, just punching Ethan in the face wasn't what I wanted to do. When I found him in front of the cell where Tess was and he was saying those horrible words to her, my blood boiled and all that I could see was red. I wanted to throttle Ethan as hard as I could until his eyes lost their sparkle and he was finally dead, but again, that would have been too easy on him. I had prepared my revenge, and I wanted to see him suffer beautifully.

Talking to Tess in that cell also did nothing to assuage the hatred I was feeling toward Ethan. He had just outdone us and put Tess in jail. I didn't care what she'd done. She was the love of my life. Everything that she did towards our goals was excusable. And I didn't care that she'd threatened stupid Hannah's life. Ethan's ex-wife meant nothing to me but a stumbling block. I had bigger goals, but once again, this woman managed to get in my way even if she was not physically there!

I left the police station a couple of hours later in a rage and didn't feel the pain of the bruises Ethan had given me because of it. I only started to feel it

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when I got home. That bastard was bigger and stronger than me. What I had at that moment was the element of surprise, but unfortunately, he had already braced himself when I went for a second strike. I looked in the mirror and I could see that my upper body was fully covered in bruises that were starting to show. Damn it! That bastard will surely be going to pay for what he did to me. And I will collect it soon.

I was already working on taking him down but only to complete my plan. But I didn't see his strike against us coming. I thought being kicked out of my own company was just a setback, and that he just did it because he found out about my s**m. But that was just the tip of the iceberg. He had discovered everything we had planned against him, and now he was coming for us. I needed to get over it for myself and for Tess. Turning the tables was a matter of pure necessity now. I just hoped that this would be all that he had against us.

Like a wounded animal, though, I knew I couldn't stay long licking my wounds. I needed to act, otherwise, I would be prey. So, before the morning arrived on the next day, I was already working on how to screw with Ethan for good.

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I learned he had friends in the police. I knew that Detective Pratt had approached Ethan and given him information regarding the investigation that charged Tess with attempted murder. Well, if he thought he was the only one with friends inside the precinct, he was completely wrong.

I managed to pull some strings and called an acquaintance of mine at the same police station.

"What are you doing? The sun hasn't even risen yet! This is no time for you to call someone else's home! Besides, I thought we agreed that I wouldn't be bothered by you anymore," Jameson whispered his answer to my call. Ironically, despite his behavior indicating fear, the response to my call made me smile. He was probably with his wife, and he didn't want her to know that he was involved with me in hidden business.

"Well, I didn't promise I'd never call you again, Jameson. I promised you that I wouldn't bother you unnecessarily. That is completely different, man," I told him.

"So, is this call really necessary, sir?" Jameson asked me. He had a mix of uneasiness and bravery in his tone of voice.

"Yes, it's absolutely necessary. I have a demand

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for you," I told him.

"And what is it this time? Did you get caught drunk and driving?" Jameson asked me.

"I'm not that i***t, Jameson. My demands are more... complex. I need you to make it easy for someone to leave," I told him.

"Leave where?" Jameson asked me cluelessly.

"The jail, you i***t! I need you to make things easy. And fast. We don't have all the time in the world," I told him.

"Easy... are you crazy? Do you really think I can make it easy for someone who was arrested to leave the police station?" Jameson asked me.

"Well, think about that. If you make it easier for this one single person to escape from jail will be better for me than the alternative of me having to make contact with someone from some penitentiary. This would be harder and would demand more resources to be done later," I told Jameson.

"Sir, it can't be done. Look..." Jameson started to say.

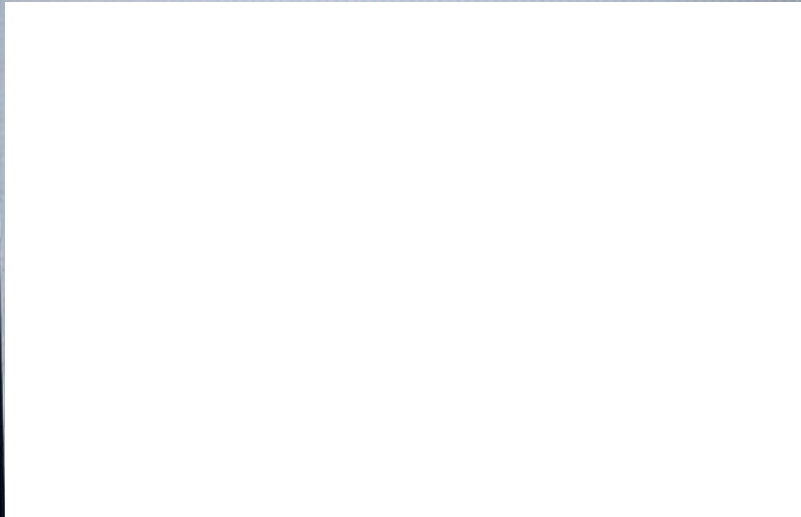
But I cut him off: "I don't want to hear it, Jameson. This needs to be done. My partner needs to be

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released. Immediately. As I said before, we don't have time to waste!" I exclaimed to him.

"But sir..." Jameson insisted.

Okay, now this guy was making me angry. It was time to shoot the silver bullet. "Are you thinking of



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not doing as I told you, Jameson? Are you really willing to risk your little girl's life that way?" I asked him.

Jameson started stuttering on the other end of the line, I could hear that his breath was erratic now.

"You...you wouldn't do that... or... would you dare,

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sir?" he asked uncertainly.

I smiled at the phone. I loved power. I loved to have this kind of leverage over people. "Oh yes, you can be sure I would. Just as you are certainly willing to do whatever it takes for little Laila. I know I would do whatever it takes for Tess Astor, Jameson. There are no limits to what I would do for my girl. Now, come up with a plan. She needs to be released from that cell immediately," I told him.

"You are a sick man..." Jameson mumbled complaining.

"Oh, no, sir. I'm not a sick man. I'm just an obstinate person," I told him. "So, are you going to do this or not? I didn't want to start taking extreme measures, Jameson," I told him.

Jameson considered my request for a little while and all that I could hear was his breath at the phone while he was considering my request. And then, he finally mumbled to me: "Fine. I'll do this."

"Great! How is it going to work?" I asked him eagerly.

"I don't know yet, sir. This is going to involve people and resources, and I have to come up with a plan. But rest assured that I'll give you a call

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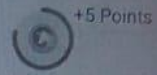
when I have the details," he told me.

"You better do so, Jameson. Otherwise, little Laila is going to suffer the consequences. You don't need to save on expenses or people. I got you covered," I told him and killed the call before he had the opportunity to complain one more time.

I didn't consider Tess's escape from jail a done deal yet. There were many risks involved in this operation. Still, there was a chance that she could escape at the end of it. So, the second thing that I did was look for a place for her to hide. I didn't know if this place was the safest place in the world, but all that I knew was that it had to be safer than Hannah's hiding place. After all, Hannah was a suspect when she ran away. Tess is already arrested. A jailbreak would put all the police after her.

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Later on, I received the documents that I had requested to incriminate Ethan. They were all false obviously, but they all seemed like legit Brown's Enterprises' balance sheets, and they would serve their purpose. Besides, I gave Ethan the courtesy to create an account in his name in a tax haven in Jersey Island. Obviously, he didn't know about it, and this would be a way to prove to the council



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that he had a shady account somewhere else.

And then, with these documents in my hands, I proceeded to fulfill my revenge.

Ethan would never see what had hit him.



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