

Chapter 183: Dear Hannah...

Hannah's POV:

I returned home and waited for a message from Stone, which arrived quite late. He sent me something like: "I'm sorry, Hannah. I didn't see her coming. She was supposed to be at the client. I don't know what the hell she was doing there."

"No problem," I told Stone, especially because I didn't care about her. I wasn't even sure why he had invited me to dinner in the first place. If he still had ties with that crazy woman, he shouldn't have asked anyone else on a date. Honestly, I only accepted his invitation because I intended to tell him that I didn't want anything more than a friendship with him, so if she had got to our table, I didn't have anything to fear. I wasn't doing anything wrong.

"Anyways, can I compensate you for that?" he asked me.

"You don't need to," I assured him. I didn't want him to do anything because, to me, that episode was a clear sign that we should keep away from each other. I hoped he could understand that before that jealous crazy person tried to do something stupid again.

"I feel so bad about that. You have no idea," he insisted.

"You don't have to worry about me. I'm completely fine! You have a good night," I told him and shut him off. I was fed up with this whole situation for the day, and Stone continuing apologies weren't making any good.

Honestly, the next day, I was waiting for a threat from her, or something even crazier. I didn't know what to expect exactly, but I knew she would be up to something because I could see how angry she was when she arrived at the beach. We just didn't have a conflict yesterday because I ran away from her, and Stone tried to calm her down. But she seemed like someone capable of doing anything, so I expected nothing from her.

However, nothing actually happened on the first day. I was wondering if she was delaying a conflict on purpose or if Stone had been able to ship her off to the city where their project was located. But at the same time, I didn't appear at the office for a couple of days just for good measure.

I just remained at the mysterious house. Everything over there was going fine, and we were about to finish this project. I was over the moon with all that. My first "baby" coming to life finally!

But the project had had an addition recently. There was just a new extension that the owner had

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requested. Myers came up with the client's new idea one day, and then we put it into practice—a new balcony for the second floor that would be sustained by a couple of columns that were built from the first floor. I didn't actually work on the design directly, but I was responsible for the

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construction. I was very happy with the outcome of this little project and took a few pictures to keep as a memory of my first project.

After that, I was planning to go home when I received a call from the office and I answered it, feeling a little nervous, thinking it might be Stone.

"Hey Hannah, this is Myers," a voice that I knew

very well by now told me excitedly.

"Hey Mr. Myers, how's it going?" I asked him relieved.

"Fine, everything is fine. Listen, I'm in a hurry, but I wanted to call you to tell you that next month we're going to start a brand new project, and this will be something big this time. As I know that you're about to finish this one, I put a bid on your name to lead the next project," Mr. Myers informed me.

"Oh, that's fantastic, Sir. I'm honored," I told him happily.

"Yeah, but it's not that easy this time," Myers told me cautiously. "This time you will have a little competition," he said a little embarrassed.

"A little competition? And who is that?" I asked a little confused.

"That's Katrina," he told me, resigned. "She is almost finishing her part of the project with Stone, and he is going to stay and finish it, so she will be free in a few weeks to participate in a project, just like you. And you both will need to compete to see who is going to lead this next one." He spoke.

Damn it! I didn't want to audibly sigh, but since we were on a call, I rolled my eyes. This woman was insufferable, and now I have to compete with her, knowing that she would play dirty. I didn't want to

descend to her level, but that meant that I needed to be smarter than her in her own game. But what choice do I have? If I just said no, I would end up stuck in the office again. I should go for more. Giving up was not an option.

"Oh, I see," I mumbled to him. I even had a full answer for his proposition, but I wasn't sure if this would backfire in my face.

"I'm sorry about that. I swear I really wanted to give this project to you, but it's not just me. Stone is my partner in the company, so he has a word in that too," Myers said to me. "But I know that he's liking your work. So, I think it will be fine, even though you will have to compete for now," Mr. Myers tried to make things better.

"I will do my best, Sir," I told him.

"Great. I'll catch up with you tomorrow," he said and hung up.

All that I could think to myself was ironic. Oh, wonderful! Now I have to compete with that crazy woman, oh joy!

But the last thing that I wanted was to be stuck at the office again. So, I decided that if this was my best option right now, I would compete with her with the best weapons that I had.

After this call, I decided to take all this conversation off my mind and went back home.

Katrina's POV:

If Lorenzo thought that this discussion was over, he was completely wrong. However, since the woman with whom I was going to fight left the restaurant in that ridiculous manner, I decided that there was no point in fighting with him at that moment.

But I needed to come up with a plan to take her down. This couldn't stay like that. Everyone was too easy on her. Since she came to the office, she was like Myers' little darling. Everybody loved her, and I was fed up with that. She seemed to not have any defects. How can one compete with someone so perfect, like dear Hannah?

Dear Hannah... This was the biggest bullshit. I don't know why anybody could see her for what she was—a little woman trying to look like a saint. But deep down, I knew that type of woman. She was trying to climb the stars of this company, and I would be damned if I let her do so. I needed to take her down so everybody would see her for what she really was.

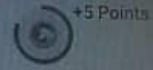
That night, I invaded the house that she was renovating and looked for weak spots that could be ruined so she wouldn't take credit for all her work. I took a look around and saw that even though I didn't want to admit it, she was doing good work. Damn it, she had a talent for a simple

amateur, but that was all that she was—an amateur. She didn't have any courses in the area. She was just good at fooling people. And I needed to show Lorenzo and Myers what kind of person she was. Maybe she was even a gold digger. I saw her ex-husband. I knew that she probably had done something to end up marrying him because there was no way a guy like him would be interested in a girl like her. But that was just me rambling. I was a woman on a mission.

During my exploration of space, I had to recognize that she did a pretty decent job. But nothing could justify giving her a promotion like they did.

Everything was almost ready. Bringing down the walls or the recently purchased furniture wouldn't make a lot of mess. I needed something bigger than that. I needed to leave a mark. That was the moment when I went outside and looked at the patio. There was this balcony, and I knew from my experience that it wasn't ready, and nobody should touch that, otherwise, it would fall. "That's it!" I thought to myself, celebrating the fact that now I had a weapon against Hannah. I knew that I couldn't tear that down by myself, not without some help from physics. So, I used something as a lever. And with that, I managed to tear down the column that was sustaining the whole balcony. I didn't even have to look behind to know that everything was torn apart.

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So, I ran away from the place as fast as I could, waiting for the surprise that Hannah might have the next morning.



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