

## Chapter 184: A first clue.

Hannah's POV:

I hadn't heard a word from Stone since our messages exchanged that night, and after Myers told me that I would compete against Katrina again, the weekend started. So, I decided to enjoy myself and my baby during the weekend. But I knew that I should go back full force on Monday morning, so that was what I did.

Unfortunately, when I arrived at the mysterious house on Monday, I had the worst day ever. The whole annex had fallen. The structure was feared down, and the worst part was the concrete had dried, so I was facing a mountain of trash and rubble.

"What happened here?" I asked one of the workers.

"I have no idea, ma'am," he told me, as astonished as I was. "It happened during the weekend, so your guess is as good as mine," he said.

"Damn it!" I exclaimed. "And what do you do in a situation like that?" I asked him.

"We need to report that, ma'am," the worker told me. I nodded at him and swallowed hard. I dialed Myers' number and waited for him to pick up.

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+5 Points

"Hey, Hannah, how is everything?" he asked me excitedly.

I sighed. I would kill his joy with the news. "Hey, sir. I'm sorry to call you with bad news, but something here at the project went wrong. We

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have a situation," I told him.

"What kind of situation?" he asked me alarmed.

"Do you know the annex that the client had asked us to do?" I asked him.

"Yeah, it was supposed to be done this week, right?" he asked me.

"Yes, but I'm afraid that it will cost us much more now in terms of time and resources," I told him.

"What happened, Hannah?" he asked me cautiously.

I sighed once again, and then I said, "The annex had fallen during the weekend, sir. We arrived today at work, and everything was a concrete mess."

"And now? Can anything be salvaged?" he queried.

"I'm not sure, sir. The whole thing dried during the whole weekend. I think that we need to remove it from the ground before rebuilding everything back," I explained.

Myers thought for a little while, and then he said, "I will send a driller to the project today, so your guys can start removing the debris."

"Thank you, sir," I told him, relieved.

"Yeah, no problem, Hannah, but unfortunately, I need to ask you to come to the office as soon as possible," he informed me.

"I will be there soon, sir," I told him.

Oh, my God! Will I be fired? I thought to myself.

I got into my car and started to hyperventilate. I needed to calm down, and the first person that I thought could help me was Ethan, so I dialed his



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number as fast as I could.

"Hannah? Is everything okay?" Ethan asked me, alarmed. How did he sense my panic?

"Hey, Ethan. No, I'm not that okay," I told him.

"What's going on?" he asked me with a sense of urgency in his voice.

"The whole annex of the house fell, and my boss is calling me to the office now," I told him.

"Oh, Hannah, I'm sorry to hear that," Ethan mumbled to me.

"Do you think he is going to fire me?" I asked him, panicked.

"It's improbable," Ethan told me. "I mean, you were telling us a few days ago that you were promoted, and you will dispute against Katrina for the leadership of another project, right?" he added.

"You might be right. But why then did he ask me to go to the office?" I asked him.

"I don't know, Hannah. Maybe he will talk with you to organize things. Maybe he will reassure the relevance of the project... Just don't think about the worst scenario yet, ok?" Ethan told me.

"I will try not to think about that," I mumbled to him.

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"And if things go south, you can always count on your family, ok?" He added.

I smiled at that. "Thanks. I needed to hear that," I told Ethan.

"Anytime," he told me back.

When I arrived at the office, it seemed that this story had already spread. Everybody was looking at me strangely as if I was the one who tore down the column that was sustaining the annex. I wasn't sure about what I was supposed to do, if I should face everyone and own my mistakes, or if I should just run away from there. Even the people who normally liked me at the office were looking at me with sad smiles on their faces as if they knew what was about to happen. Some of the architects looked at me, confused. And even the people that I considered my friends at the office nodded at me when they saw me passing. One of them said: "Don't worry, it's gonna be alright." And it wasn't a consolation.

I took a deep breath, at Myers and Stone's office door. I knocked and heard Myers say, "Come on in, Hannah, and close the door after you." I felt my stomach sink when I heard that, and despite promising Ethan that I wasn't going to think about the worst, I knew that I was going to be fired.

"So, I wanted to tell you that I sent the tools and another guy to clear all the concrete mess so we



can start all over again when he's finished. But this is going to take a little while, Hannah. I mean, a couple of days. I'm sorry about the setback in the project," he said to me.

"Oh, you don't have to apologize, Sir," I told him. "I am the one at fault. I didn't identify the potential for the structure to fall. I added,"

Myers frowned at my words and said, "This is so strange. I mean, one of the best architects did the math last week when you were there, and the whole structure was holding up really well."

"No, Sir, I must insist," I told him.

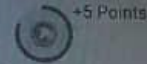
And then he shook his head and said, "I'm not blaming you for that, Hannah. I'm just saying all that because, of course, we need to correct our mistakes. But we need to investigate what happened so next time we can prevent something like this from happening."

"So wait a minute, if you're not blaming me for that, why did they have to call me here with such urgency, Sir?" I asked him, confused.

"It is because we need to investigate the facts, you know. And since it just happened, I believe it's easier to remember what you saw," he explained to me.

"So I'm here just to give you a statement?" I asked him, trying to confirm what he just said.

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"Yeah, that's exactly what I want from you," he confirmed.

I sighed, relieved. He wasn't going to fire me. I knew that being the ex-wife of a billionaire had its advantages, such as not having to worry about my income if he sacked me. Yet, I liked to show that I'm competent in whatever I do. Through this job, I felt that I was fulfilling my destiny, and I didn't want to give up on it. I smiled weakly at him and said, "OK, I'll give you my statement."

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After talking with Mr. Myers for a couple of hours, I came back to the mysterious house to check on how everything was going. I've never been a coroner, but I felt as if I was conducting an autopsy. The crew that was coming to help clean up all that mess had arrived before me, so when I got there, everybody was already working on the restoration. In fact, it took us practically three days to end that due to the amount of stuff that was messed up. Then, the team had to prepare the place again to replace everything that we lost.

I stood with the guys the whole time to show them support, even though I wasn't the one who was going to be hands-on with the work. During all the time I was at the mysterious house, trying to make deals with suppliers and purchasing the whole material again. I was happy with myself because I

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managed to get a lot of discounts, so the financial loss for our company wouldn't be that big.

Myers didn't say anything about the investigation yet, so I had to wait. But almost at the end of the third day of cleaning up, I received a hint about

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what might have happened during the weekend.

"Hey, Ma'am, can I talk to you for a second?" one of the contractors asked me on the third day.

"Sure, what's going on?" I asked him.

"I'm sorry to bother you with this, but I found something while I was cleaning the annex mess, and I think that you should take a look at it," he



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said.

"What is it?" I asked him.

The contractor then raised a little golden chain in his hands. It looked like a small and delicate bracelet. I looked at it, confused because that chain looked quite familiar, but I didn't know whose it might be. I reached for the chain, and he gave it to me.

"Thank you very much for your help," I mumbled to him.

"Anytime, Ma'am," the contractor said.

Now, this was something out of place, and to me, that was a first clue.



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