

Chapter 186: Inexcusable.

Hannah's POV:

If there was one thing that made me obsessed, it was proving my innocence when someone accused me of something I didn't do. It had happened to me too many times already, but I didn't have time to complain about that now. It was time to fight back.

Mr. Dawson had provided me with the footage I needed to prove that someone had been at the project in the dead of night. From the moment we left the house on Friday, when everything was fine, to the moment a suspicious car entered the property, it was clear it wasn't my fault nor the contractor's fault. I just didn't know whose car it was.

To find the owner's car, I decided to have a casual coffee chat with Mr. Myers the next day at the company. I looked for every car in the parking lot, hoping to identify the one in the footage when I got to Myers and Stone because it might be someone from the inside. Unfortunately, the car in the footage wasn't there, and I didn't recognize any plates. Frustrated, I headed inside for my meeting with Mr. Myers.

During the coffee chat, Mr. Myers didn't provide

any new information. He mentioned that he was investigating the whole thing and had asked some contractors if they had seen anything. No one had. My advantage was the affirmation that the structure was still standing when we all left on Friday. Mr. Myers agreed that I could conduct my own investigation into the case.

After the unfruitful meeting with Mr. Myers, I ran into Esmeralda in the corridor. She had a sad smile when she asked me: "How are you doing, doll?" Her unspoken question seemed to be more about how I was holding up actually.

I replied: "Yeah, I will be okay eventually."

Esmeralda looked at me for a moment before saying, "You know what? I wouldn't be myself if I didn't tell you this, but I don't believe that you did that on purpose."

I smiled sincerely and said: "Thank you for believing in me, though I don't know how to make everyone else believe in my innocence."

"Don't worry about that, doll. Eventually, people will believe in you, especially because Mr. Myers is investigating the case himself. And that man is like a hound dog when he needs to discover something, trust me," Esmeralda assured me with a chuckle.

I chuckled back at her and said: "Yeah, I trust him."

I wish I had solved this matter as soon as possible because it's hard to see people looking at me as if I had done something that terrible. I need to prove my innocence."

"Oh, honey, I completely understand what you're feeling right now. But you should be careful because if somebody did this on purpose, they will probably come for you again. So, I wouldn't trust a lot of people at the office for now, you know," she warned.

I debated with myself for a little while, wondering if I should tell her about my suspicions. Finally, I decided to share, "You know what? I'm conducting my own investigation, and I'm going to prove that I'm innocent. Everybody has to believe me," I asserted.

"I already believe you, though," Esmeralda assured me. "So, you don't have to waste your time working on me, but you should tell as many people as possible about that."

"What if I can prove it?" I inquired.

Esmeralda, looking completely serious, responded, "If I were you, I would let this s**t hit the fan and point the finger at the right person as soon as possible."

I liked the way she thought, so I smiled diabolically and said, "Maybe you should wait for

the next chapters of this story."

"Well, if you have anything to show our bosses about that, please do it," Esmeralda encouraged.

*

May I speak to you privately, Sir?" I asked when I encountered Mr. Myers at the office the next day.

"Yeah, sure, Hannah. What can I do for you?" he responded, opening the door to his office for me. Luckily, he was alone because after everybody suspected me at the office, including Stone, I wasn't currently trusting anyone at the firm.

"What can I do for you, Hannah?" Myers asked again after closing the door behind us.

I sat down on a chair in front of him and presented a picture of the car so he could see it for himself. After that, I asked: "Do you know whose car this is, Sir?"

Myers looked at it for a moment and then mumbled, "I think that this car is familiar to me, but I don't know whose car it is. Why are you asking me about it, Hannah?" he inquired.

I explained, "This car was seen on our client's property during the weekend when we were out."

"Was it?" he asked, seeking confirmation. Suddenly, he seemed a little astonished to me.

"Yes, it was, Sir," I replied.

"But no one was supposed to be there during the weekends." He mumbled, clearly confused. "What the hell is going on here?" He asked more to himself than to me.

"Yes, Sir. That is why I have this feeling that

Ad

Ads-free >

somebody was out there sabotaging the project," I told him. "And do you have the footage, Hannah?" he asked again.

I nodded at him in affirmation and said: "Here is a copy, Sir." I extended a flash drive to him with the video. "I received that from Mr. Dawson's cameras.

This is from one of the property neighbors since the project had its cameras off during that weekend," I explained to him.

"Well, I don't know what to say to you, Hannah. This is a serious accusation. And I will take into consideration everything that you showed me in my investigation too." Myers told me. "And thank you. Very much. For letting me know about this. You might have no idea, but this might have helped us a lot," he told me, and I couldn't ignore the feeling that he knew more than he was telling.

Anyway, I sighed in relief because he seemed to believe me. "I appreciate that, Sir. And if I hear about anything, I'll let you know."

"Thank you, Hannah," Myers told me and dismissed me.

Lorenzo Stone's POV:

I had a hell of a day today. It was messy and dirtier than any other regular day. I was tired, so I decided to go to the hotel bar. At night, I was sipping a good whisky when my phone rang. I looked at the ID, and it was Myers. At that time of the night, a call from Myers could only mean trouble. I sighed and lamented before answering the phone.

"Hey old man, how is everything?" I greeted him. Maybe. If things started lighter. This conversation. Would end quickly.

"Not that good. We have a problem," he said to me immediately.

"Well, I imagine that when you called me this late. What's going on?" I asked him. I was a man of action, so if my partner said that we had a problem, the first thing that I was. Going to Dowas to find the best possible solution.

"Did you know that? You are a stupid lover who tried to sabotage one of our most important. Projects?" He asked me.

"What are you talking about?" I asked him confused.

"I'm trying to tell you that Katrina tried to sabotage. Ianello's Project." Myers told me.

I gasped in horror. So that was the project on which Hannah was working. Right now. "You said Ianello's project?" I asked him in panic for confirmation.

"YEAH, THAT f*****g BIMBO IS TRYING TO PUNISH US ALL!" Myers screamed at the phone. "You know very well. That Francesco Ianello owns us. Don't you?" Myers asked me.

"I do. I do. I'm sorry," I said to him trying to placate his anger, but at the same time, I knew that this was useless.

"There is no excuse for that. Lorenzo, she is going

down," he told me.

I have never seen Myers so belligerent. If he was acting like this, I knew that he had his reasons to do so. I couldn't defend the inexcusable. This time, Katrina had crossed the line and messed up with something bigger than her.

"I see..." I told him. "Do whatever you need to do, and I'm sorry about that."

"Stupid girl. I want her at my office first thing in the morning," Myers told me and hung up. I could feel that he was completely nervous. Of course, we needed to fix this whole s**t before Ianello realized what happened. Nobody at the office but Myers and I knew about that, but the real owner of our firm was Ianello himself. Katrina had played with fire and just torched herself in the process.

I sighed once again. He called me because I was the one who was going to tell her that she should be at the office first thing in the morning. Damn it! What a rough day!



Comments



Vote



Watch videos get points (0/15) >