

## Chapter 187: Screw you!

Katrina's POV:

I was taking care of my business as I always do when I heard my phone ring. I looked at the screen and found out that Lorenzo was calling me. We were still shaken by the episode on the beach. He told me that I was exaggerating and that we didn't have a relationship, but I thought that he was wrong. I wasn't apologizing, and he couldn't see that he was on the wrong side, but at the same time, I wanted to get back to him. I wanted him to see me the way he used to see us at the beginning of our relationship, so I decided to sound cheerful on the phone.

"Hey, you, long time no see," I told him happily. If he was calling me, that meant that he had finally given up on that crazy idea of dating Hannah. Or he would at least invite me to his hotel room to spend the night with him.

"Hey, Katrina, how is everything?" Lorenzo asked me. He seemed a little... off. What did I lose here? I thought to myself.

"Oh, everything is absolutely fine, Lorenzo. You know that, right?" I told him. I wanted to assure him that I had forgiven him for his misdeeds, so I said that. "In the next week, I will handle the

project for you so you can finish it, and then I can manage the next one, as we agreed, right?" I told him. Lorenzo had insinuated that the project leader position was already mine, and they were just making me compete against that ridiculous woman to tell everyone that it was a fair competition, but I already knew that the whole competition thing was just to pretend that I wasn't Lorenzo's favorite.

"Yeah, about that, I believe that you will need to handle the project sooner than we thought," he said to me.

"And why is that?" I asked him curiously, but my heart was swelling. The whole thing was finally mine!

"It's because Myers is calling you. He wants a meeting with you first thing in the morning," he told me. He still sounded off. Was he paying attention to someone else? I tried to hear if his TV was on or something else, but I couldn't hear anything.

"Oh, really? So, he wants to promote me ahead of time!" I decided to ignore my suspicions and exclaimed. "Thanks for calling me, Lorenzo! I will be there as I was told." I told him and hung up.

That night, I chose the perfect outfit for the next day. I wanted to be fabulous on the day I would be promoted, and Hannah would be fired. I wondered

if I would be able to see her catching her stuff from her desk and go away for good... With that thought, I went to bed, but I could barely sleep because I was too excited for the next day.

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So, on the next morning, at 8 o'clock sharp, I was

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already at my desk just waiting for Mr. Myers to call me. He always arrives even earlier than the employees, so since I saw his car in the parking lot, I was sure that he was already there and would call me whenever he wanted. A few people started to arrive. This was a common day at our office. Even Hannah had arrived. Maybe he had called her

too so he could talk with both of us on the same day. She didn't look at me, but I was sure that she acknowledged my presence. She was probably embarrassed because I caught her trying to steal what was mine by right. I was so happy that I decided to just ignore her instead of provoking or calling another fight. The poor little thing was about to face dismissal, so her day would be already awful. I didn't need to pile up this early in the morning.

A few minutes later, a figure that I didn't imagine would be here today emerged through the door. What the hell was Lorenzo doing here? He walked seriously straight to their office door and didn't smile do anyone. I tried to attract his attention, but he didn't even look at my side of the room. One minute later, my desk phone rang.

"This is Katrina," I answered it.

"Hey Katrina, could you stop for a minute in our room please?" Mr. Myers asked me.

"Sure, sir. I will be there in a minute," I told him, hung up, and walked to their office.

But when I arrived at their office, they were both serious. So, the smile that I had on my face faded.

"What's going on?" I asked uncertainly.

Myers sighed, and said: "We're letting you go, Katrina." Lorenzo wasn't even looking at my face.

Suddenly, I felt as if the floor under my feet had vanished. I almost fell on the floor. "You can't be serious, sir..." I mumbled to him.

"I am positively serious, Katrina," Myers told me.

I looked at Lorenzo and decided to beg for my position: "Lorenzo, please..."

Lorenzo looked at me with an impassive face and mumbled: "I'm sorry, Katrina. But my hands are tied."

"But why...? Why is this happening?" I asked them. I needed an explanation.

"Because you messed with something that you shouldn't have," Myers told me and plastered a piece of paper on his desk. When I saw what was on the paper, I almost fainted again. It was my car in the footage. They had proof that I'd been at the project after the team had left.

There was nothing that I could say to deny that. I wasn't crazy, and they knew that I sabotaged her. What was the use in denying? But there was something that I needed to ask: "Well, sir, I recognize that I did wrong, but why did I go too far?"

"Because the owner of this house is a big fish, Katrina. And you messed up with someone important to him," Myers explained.

"Are you telling me that Hannah's ex-husband is the owner of this stupid house?" I asked him.

Myers shook his head, with his eyes wide open, and said: "Oh, no, Katrina. We're not talking about Ethan Brown. We're talking about Francesco Ianello."

I gasped: "What? That Ianello?" I asked.

"Yes, that Ianello, Katrina. You went too far, and you can't stay," Myers told me.

My eyes filled with tears. Everything was over now. And it was because of a stupid balcony. Damn it! My life was ruined just because I tried to harm someone at work!

But this wasn't my fault. I would be fine if Hannah hadn't appeared in my life. I didn't want to make a scene in front of my – what I should consider – ex-bosses, so I nodded at them and said: "I will just grab my stuff and I will be gone in an hour."

Myers nodded to me and said: "Thank you for not making a scandal, Katrina."

I looked at Lorenzo and he had an impassible face when he said: "Good luck, Katrina." That indifference broke my heart, so I decided to run from their office.

But that was all of my self-control that I could muster. In the moment that I opened the door and

was about to cry in the corridor, Hannah came towards me. She has been called to the partner's office. I was so angry at her that I wouldn't forgive myself if I didn't harm her for the last time.

Hannah looked at me and nodded in acknowledgment. I didn't respond. She was about to go to their office, and I would lose my opportunity forever. So, I didn't think about that for another second. I just grabbed Hannah by the collar.

"What the..." Hannah started to say when I launched myself to attack her.

"You slut! You are responsible for it! If it wasn't for you, I would be the new boss here!" I exclaimed while I was attacking her.

Hannah's POV:

"What the hell is going on?" I mumbled to Katrina who was still trying to attack me. But she never answered me. Whatever happened to her in that office, it wasn't good, and she was blaming me for it.

But I had it when she raised her hand to slap my face. I don't know if this was adrenaline, but I held her hand with all my strength and said: "Damn it! That's enough, Katrina!" I was fed up with people fighting with me and having the best. This was my time to fight back. "It isn't my fault that you screw

up for yourself! Just leave me alone!"

That was enough to attract everyone's attention. People came from both sides of the corridor trying to understand what was going on.

Katrina finally understood that she was making a scene. She looked at both sides and screamed: "SCREW YOU! ALL OF YOU! I DON'T NEED THIS STUPID PLACE!" After that, she dropped me and left the place.

I looked at everyone around and saw a lot of astonished faces. Except for Esmeralda, who looked at me satisfied for standing up against Katrina.



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