

## Chapter 188: I will take care of this.

Hannah's POV:

Everybody was looking at me astonished after the scene that Katrina had created, I was with my cheeks burning, and I wished all the people in that

Ad

Ads-free >

corridor could ignore me. Well, everybody was like this, except for Esmeralda, who was looking at me with an approving look.

One minute later, Stone and Mr. Myers emerged from their office and tried to get a grasp of what

was going on. Stone looked at all of us stunned at the corridor and started to calm down everyone saying: "OK, everyone, it's time to go back to your positions." And as no one moved, he continued: "Seriously guys don't have anything else to do?" He asked us.

And then he crossed the corridor and went after Katrina. She was on the other side throwing her stuff in a cardboard box. As everyone was quiet as a tombstone, we could hear him talking to her: "Now, come on Katrina, let's get out of here," he mumbled. We didn't hear an answer, but a couple of minutes later, we heard the door opening and we knew that they had gone away.

"All right, everyone. It seems that the show is over. Let's go back to our places, ok?" Myers told us. This was finally enough to break the trance that was holding us in place, so we started to move from the corridor.

"Are you alright, doll?" I heard Esmeralda's friendly voice talking to me.

"I... I don't even know what happened for sure..." I told her slowly.

"Come with me. I think you need a cup of tea to calm down," she told me and walked toward the kitchen. I followed her, still astonished by this whole episode.

A couple of minutes later, I was sitting on one of the benches when she put a smoking cup in front of me. "Look, doll. There's one thing that I need to tell you. You did well today," she told me.

"What do you mean?" I asked her without a clue.

"I mean that I don't really know what was all that mess about, but you did well by defending yourself. We all knew that Katrina was a bomb ready to explode. She always treated us like garbage, and I don't want to say that it is your fault, but she got even worse since you arrived. It was good to see you defending yourself against that slut. It was good seeing her proving a taste of her own manners," Esmeralda told me.

I laughed at that. "Well, I did that for me. It was time to stand up against one of the bullies that crossed my path for a change."

Esmeralda patted my hand and said: "But that ended up being for all of us. Think about that like a little revenge, and I can speak for everyone here when I say that you did well. But now, let's go back to our desks, or old Myers will come after us, ok?" She said and stood up.

"Thanks for the cup of tea," I told her.

"Anytime, doll," she said and left the kitchen.

\*



I remained on my desk for the rest of the morning, which was uneventful, thanks God. I minded my own business and didn't care about anything that happened outside my little world. But when things calmed down, I received a call from Myers.

"Hey, Mr. Myers, how can I help you?" I asked him.

"Hey, Hannah, do you mind coming to our office really quick?" he asked me.

"Sure," I told him, hung up, and went to their office.

When I arrived there, I noticed that Stone was back from taking Katrina wherever they went. He looked at me, but I couldn't read his expression.

"Please, sit down, Hannah," Myers told me. He had a more friendly expression on his face. "I'm sorry about everything that happened in the morning. I was going to call you here earlier, but I decided to wait for everything to calm down," he said.

"What are you talking about, sir?" I asked him.

Myers took from his drawer the picture of the car that I brought him only a day ago and started to explain: "Well, this picture that you gave me wasn't just a clue about who might have destroyed the balcony in the project. It was the answer. This car belongs to Katrina, and she went too far," Myers told me. He had a funny look on his face. I looked at Stone and he turned his face from us. They weren't telling me everything. I could feel that.

"Well, so I believe that this bracelet belongs to her," I told them and offered the clue that I found in the mysterious house.

Stone reached out to the bracelet and examined it closer. "Don't worry, I will give it back to her," he mumbled.

"Are you going to press charges against her?" I asked them.

Myers scratched his nose. He opened his mouth a couple of times before telling me: "We don't want to involve the authorities. I believe that firing her with no recommendations was punishment enough."

I nodded at them just for habit. I didn't agree with that.

Noticing that the conversation was getting embarrassing, Myers continued: "Anyway, we just wanted to clarify that and ask you for your discretion. But that wasn't the main reason why we called you now," he said.

"And why did you call me then?" I asked them.

"We called you today to congratulate you on your new position as project coordinator. Congratulations! The job is yours!" Myers told me happily.

"Oh, thank you, sir!" I exclaimed.



"So, when you finish your current project, your responsibilities will rise. I hope you're up to the challenge," Myers told me.

"I will, sir," I told him.

"Well, let me escort you to your place, Hannah," Stone told me. That was the cue to leave their office.

When we were heading back to my desk, Stone stopped me gently and said: "Listen, Hannah, I'm personally sorry for what happened this morning. I know that you know that this is my fault too. But I assure you that this was the last time that Katrina harassed you."

"I appreciate that, sir," I told him.

"And I also promise to back up too. You won't be disturbed by me anymore. I recognize when I have chances and when I don't, and clearly, I don't have any chances with you," he said.

I nodded at him. I didn't even know what to say, so I just mumbled an "OK..."

He nodded back at me and said: "Fine. I wish you good luck in your new position."

"Thanks," I mumbled to him again. I realized that he was going back to his office, but I was curious about something, so I stopped him. "Sir, can I ask you a question?"

"Sure," he turned back to me again when he said.

"Why doesn't Mr. Myers want to call the police about Katrina? And why are you giving her back her bracelet? This is evidence, and what she did was grave," I told him.

Ad

Ads-free >

Stone looked at me with unfathomable eyes for almost a minute before telling me: "Because we don't want to call unwanted attention in this case. Do you know the owner of the project, Hannah?" he asked me.

I shook my head and said: "No, sir, and I wonder why he or she decided to remain anonymous."

"That is because he is a high-profile client, and we don't want to call the police's attention to the episode. Trust me, Katrina will receive enough retaliation," he said. "Our client is coming after her," he added.

I frowned at that and asked: "Do you mean that our client will sue her? But for that wouldn't he or she need registered proof? Why don't we press charges and help our client?"

Stone looked a little uncomfortable and mumbled: "Yeah, she will face a suit... But our client has his manners..."

That vague answer wasn't satisfying me though. "But sir..." I started to insist.

"Leave that with me, Hannah. I will take care of this," Stone told me. "But it wasn't to talk about that that I decided to escort you to your desk. I have a message from the project's owner," he said.

"And what is it?" I asked him curiously.

"Well, now that the project is almost finished, he wants to meet you," Stone told me. "He said that you are doing a fabulous job, so he wanted to greet you for that," he explained to me.

"Oh?" I asked him excitedly.

"Yeah, I think it's time. He said that he is going to



visit the project tomorrow, so be ready, and good luck," Stone told me and went to his office.

"Thanks, sir," I told him.

\*

By the end of the day, I decided to call the first person that came to my mind when I thought about sharing everything that happened today.

"Hey, Hannah, what's going on?" Ethan greeted me, as he always did.

"Hi, Ethan, you wouldn't believe the day that I had today," I started telling him.

"Really? And how was it?" He asked me interested.

"Oh, long story. I will tell you when I arrive at your place to pick up Michael, ok?" I told him.

"Or you can tell me on the way to dinner. You, me, and our little boy. What do you think?" he suggested.

On this cue, my stomach snored. "Sounds good. Where do I meet you guys?" I asked him.

"I'm cooking. Why don't you come over?" Ethan asked.

"Will be there in ten minutes," I told him and hung up.

I didn't know if it was because I was still agitated

< Chapter 188: I will take care...

+5 Points >

by everything that happened today or not, but I felt butterflies flying in my stomach, and that wasn't definitely because I was hungry.



Comments



Vote



Watch videos get points (0/15) >