

Chapter 162

Alexander's POV

When I left the terrace, I was much more composed. I spent about forty minutes up there thinking and praying to God to watch over my son. When I entered my office, I asked if there was any news, and they said no. Then I decided to spend some time with Catherine and see how she was doing. I went into Patrick's office but didn't see her.

"Where's Catherine?" I asked loudly.

"What do you mean? She said she was going to stay with you for a while," Melissa said, frowning.

"She's not with me, she's not in my office, and she's not at reception. Where is she?" I growled.

"Calm down, Alexander, she might have gone to the break room," Tess said, and immediately everyone went looking for Cat.

"Sam, have you seen Cat?" I asked when I returned to reception.

"Sorry, Alexander, but I haven't. The reception's been crazy," Samantha replied worriedly. "What's wrong?"

"I can't find her." After I spoke, I saw Tess coming back toward me.

"The emergency exit door is unlocked."

"No, no, no. If she left through there, this isn't good." I ran to my office. "Marcus Paul, access the security camera footage from the emergency exit quickly."

In the footage, we saw Catherine accessing the stairwell and starting to



descend. Marcus Paul understood what I wanted without me having to say it and quickly switched between cameras. When she entered the elevator, we noticed she was on her cell phone. Someone had called her. She got off on the first floor and left the building. The external camera showed her walking until she disappeared from view. Damn it, Cat! What did you do? My calm vanished, and I couldn't even speak. Marcus Paul took charge of the situation.

"Catherine left the building. She was on her phone. Someone called her," Marcus informed the others. "We'll locate her, Alexander. I'm already tracking her cell phone."

Half an hour later, Catherine's cell phone was found broken in a trash can five hundred meters from the office. Marcus Paul got into an argument with the police officers who wanted to seize the phone as evidence.

"I don't care about your evidence. We can find her if we discover who she talked to, so I'm keeping the phone and trying to recover the data," Marcus Paul told the officer so authoritatively that he didn't even argue.

While Marcus Paul tried to recover Catherine's phone, time was passing and my desperation grew. Everyone seemed paralyzed, and I didn't know what to do. Catherine's father was trying to calm her mother down. And Fred was trying to console Mel, who blamed herself for not paying more attention. I went to her.

"Melissa, look at me, this isn't like you. Where's our favorite hell-raising psycho?" I smiled at her while she sobbed.

"It's my fault, Alexander, I let her go out alone."

"No, sweetheart, you gave her the space you thought she needed. It's not your fault. You're Cat and my son's guardian angel. You always do what's best for them. Right now, I need your help because I'm losing it here."



"What do you want me to do?" Melissa asked, wiping her eyes and sitting across from me.

"I want you to be the hell-raising psycho. I want you to stand up and take charge of this room for me, be that tyrant who goes around giving orders and has control of everything and points fingers at anyone who annoys you. Can you do that?" Melissa took a deep breath and stood up.

"Leave it to me, I'll put these idiots to work."

"Go show them who's boss!"

Melissa walked to my office with Fred and me following behind, watching her.

"Listen up, you dimwits, I'm in charge now and things are about to heat up. I don't want anyone slacking off." Melissa spoke and started giving orders, and within minutes everyone was busy looking for Cat and my son.

Henry, Fred, and Melissa's father stopped beside me.

"My assistant is the man!" Henry was all proud and made us all smile.

"I think I'm a little scared of that girl." Alan commented as he approached with another man. "Alexander, I'm sorry, but there's something you need to know and it has to be now, but it's not about Cat."

"Oh great, it just keeps getting worse!" I sighed and walked to my desk, calling Patrick. "Go ahead, Alan."