

Chapter 79 (Ed's point of view) :

I was waiting for Christopher, sitting in the kitchen. Ms. Shears had called me a few hours earlier. I couldn't believe my son had defied my ban on continuing his stupid investigation. If he ever discovered the truth, I would be at an impasse, and I would no longer be able to lie to him about his mother

There he was!

He sat down at the table, and when I told him that Ms. Shears had called, he showed no emotion. It didn't even surprise me, since he never let anything appear. "What were you doing in his garden?" I asked. His answer annoyed me most: he was therefore trying to solve the mystery of the death of that stupid poodle.

When he announced that his number one suspect was none other than Mr. Shears, I could not contain my rage. I forcefully punched my fist on the table, cutting my son in the middle of his explanations. I was willing to be understanding, but all of this went beyond the limits. I never wanted to hear the name of the one who stole my wife again. Never again. When I told Christopher he was a bad guy, he asked me if that meant he was the one who had killed Wellington. This kid was going to drive me crazy, it was unbearable. He insisted, claiming that Mrs. Shears was our friend.

"Well now she is not anymore" I replied coldly, trying to recover my calm. But I couldn't.

I then explained to him in one go and in a rather crude manner that he should no longer stick his nose in other people's affairs, and even less in those of our neighbor Mr. Shears.

"OK, Christopher. I am going to say this for the last and final time. I will not tell you again. Look at me when I'm talking to you, for God's sake ! Look at me ! You are not to go asking Mrs. Shears about who killed that bloody dog. You are not to go asking anyone about who killed that bloody dog. You are not to go trespassing into other people's gardens. You are to stop this ridiculous bloody detective game right now." I said calmly.

I made him promise to respect my instructions, praying that I had forgotten nothing. If so, intelligence would surely allow him to bypass this promise.