

Chapter 111

Alexander's POV

I sat on my living room couch feeling a searing pain in my chest, hearing my heartbeat pounding in my ears, struggling to breathe, and my eyes burning with endless tears. I'd only felt this way once before - when my parents died. An irreparable, deeply painful loss that makes your heart feel like it's stopping. I was dying without her.

"Alexander, bro, that wretched woman and her father are waiting for you in the building lobby. I know you're devastated, but they won't leave," Patrick said, and I looked at him as if coming out of a trance.

"Patrick, she broke up with me. Said there's no way now. That she won't take me away from my son and that she's going back to work with Henry," I said desperately.

"Easy, Alex. We've already solved one thing - she's not leaving the company." I looked at Patrick, not understanding what he meant. "She'll be reporting to me, and Rick will report to you, starting Monday. It's not what you want, but it's the best way to keep her close. It was Rick's idea, and I think it's a good one."

"Thanks, bro. At least with her here, I can see her," I said, feeling a glimmer of hope. "Tell security to take that bitch and her father to the first-floor conference room. I'll go down to talk to them. Can you come with me?"

"Of course I can. We're brothers - I'll always be there for you. And afterward, we're going to my place. We're all here for you," Patrick said, putting his hand on my shoulder as the guys nodded in agreement.



"What about Cat, Patrick? And my little boy?" I asked worriedly.

"Relax, the girls have already organized a girls' night at my place and they're taking care of her," Rick assured me. "And Lygia will stay with Peter."

"Alright then, let's go deal with those spawns of evil," I said, standing up.

I entered the conference room to find those two hyenas laughing and celebrating. Johnson and his daughter, in my eyes, had the faces of demons.

"What's this guy doing here? This is a family matter," Johnson started, referring to Patrick.

"Don't be ridiculous, Johnson. This is a business meeting. Patrick is my right hand, besides being my brother!" I said harshly. "Now sit down."

"My love, aren't you happy we're having a baby? I'm sure they'll have your eyes." That snake with hair came towards me and tried to hang on my neck.

"Don't touch me! Sit down." I spoke with an ice-cold voice. Her little smile diminished but didn't completely fade as they sat down.

"Let's be practical. I seriously doubt this child is mine..." I began to speak but was interrupted.

"Don't you dare slander my daughter, you punk!" Johnson raised his voice and pointed his finger at me.

"Sit down!" I shouted. "And shut the hell up!" I took a deep breath. "We're going to do a DNA test."

"I won't let anyone do anything to my baby. While they're in my belly, I won't take that test. It could kill them!" That crow screeched.

"Fine, that just makes me more certain it's not mine. But no problem, when this child is born, we'll do the test, even if it takes a court order!" I replied coldly. I managed to control my anxiety and was being rational.

"Alexander, you will not humiliate my daughter. You have an obligation to marry her." Johnson demanded.

"Are you living in the eighteenth century, Johnson? Nobody gets married just because they got a woman pregnant anymore." Patrick intervened.

"My daughter isn't just anyone, and you won't treat her like this." Johnson said. "I demand you marry her, Alexander."

"I'm not going to marry her. If the child is mine, I'll take responsibility for the baby, but I won't marry your daughter. I love and will always love Catherine, and she's the only one I'll marry." I was emphatic.

That fake Caroline started crying and fainted right there in front of us. Johnson became desperate, trying to wake up that creature who had collapsed on the table.

"Look what you did. You made my daughter sick. Quick, get me a glass of water, help me!" Johnson shouted orders.

Patrick grabbed a glass and filled it with water from the pitcher on the table, handing it to Johnson. He was gently patting his daughter's face and calling her name. Gradually, that pest woke up, took the water, had a sip, and started crying and squawking.

"You can't do this to our child, Alexander. You have to marry me, give our child a home. He needs his father and mother together."

Caroline was the most horrifying sight while crying, with her mouth open, drooling, and her nose running. That caught my attention for a second, and I felt the fires of hell warming my body. It even gave me chills. I could only think that I needed to start going to church.

"Don't be delusional, Caroline. These days, separated parents raising children well is completely normal," Patrick tried to help me and ended up snapping me out of my hell-bound reverie.

"Well, my decision is final, Caroline, and you should be satisfied with it. I'm not going to marry you. On Monday, my lawyer will contact you to establish an agreement about how things will be during the pregnancy, child support for the baby's needs, the doctor's appointments I'll attend, and so on," I said, laying out my terms.

"Lawyer, Alexander? I'm carrying your child, you're supposed to be happy. This isn't a contract," Caroline raged.

"Oh, but for me it is a contract, everything nicely arranged in a contract. I'm not happy about having a child with a woman I can't stand," I said angrily.

"Don't say that, our baby will feel rejected by his father," that harpy insisted.

"I'm being honest. That's all for today. Patrick, call security to escort these two out," I said, already out of patience with seeing them in front of me.

"This is absurd, Alexander. I work here. And she's carrying the future heir to all of this," Johnson protested.

"Yeah, Johnson, unfortunately you do work here, but you're not on the



clock anymore. And this creature might be carrying my child, but whether they'll inherit anything here is another matter entirely," I said, standing up and turning my back. When I reached the door, I turned to them one more time. "Oh, one more thing, from now on you no longer have a parking spot in my building, Johnson." I left them both complaining.



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