

Chapter 115

The days have been dragging on, I've buried myself in work and all my free time was spent with my son and my friends. I was sleeping poorly, had dark circles that were already black under my eyes.

When I arrived at my office to work, there was a new arrangement of tulips on the small table and a card with Alexander's handwriting that said:

"I would die for you and I'm going crazy without you. I would do anything to keep you from suffering."

I looked to the side and on the other small table there was another flower arrangement also with a card. But it was a strange arrangement, almost half morbid, with flowers that I always saw at funerals. I found it strange and felt a chill, that didn't seem to be Alexander's doing. I took the card and opened it, inside there was a typed message:

"You should go back to the sewer you came from. Alexander and Caroline are getting married in thirty days and will be very happy with the child she is expecting. He just used you."

I couldn't hold back a sob and burst into tears on one of the armchairs. I cried and sobbed feeling as if my whole body had been broken.

Samantha came running into my office to me.

"Cat, honey, calm down! Tell me what happened?" I handed her the card and pointed to those hideous flowers. "Who was the son of a bitch?" Sam shouted, standing up and grabbing the flowers.

"What's going on here?" Patrick had entered the room accompanied by Rick and Alexander. "Sam, why are you yelling?"



"Why am I yelling? Look at this! I want to know which bastard put this in Cat's office, because I know exactly which bastard sent it." Her voice was dripping with hatred.

Alexander looked at the flowers with disgust and read the card. He came to me and knelt at my feet, holding my hands.

"My angel, look at me. Please?" He asked gently. "You know I love you, I never used you. I'm so sorry you're going through this."

I looked into his eyes and saw the sincerity in his words; he was suffering too. I took a deep breath and asked.

"Are you going to marry her?"

"Love, I'm being forced to!" he said as if in pain.

I got up and left the room. I noticed Samantha running after me and heard Alexander still saying:

"My angel, listen to me, let me explain."

I didn't want to hear it. At that moment, all I wanted was for that pain to be numbed. I know I told him he needed to provide a stable home for his child, but having the certainty that he would marry, that I had lost him forever, that was beyond what I could handle.

I went into the bathroom and Samantha followed, locking the door and hugging me. I broke down in tears again. I don't even know how long we stayed there, me crying and her consoling me. When I calmed down, I felt my legs aching.

"Honey, I think you should hear him out. He hates that woman, there must be a good reason why he's accepting this marriage now, he had



already decided he wouldn't marry." Samantha said.

"I told him to get married and give his child a home. He followed my advice." I said, sniffing.

"I'm not so sure." Samantha said. "But come on, splash some water on your face and let's go to the break room for some tea."

"Just chamomile won't cut it today, I'm making you a special blend, girl!" Margaret said right away when we arrived at the break room, looking at me with concern.

After having the tea, I went back to my office and sat down to work. I felt an overwhelming sleepiness and my mind started shutting down.



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