

Chapter 121

Alexander's POV

When I found out that Catherine had gone to lunch with Levy, I wanted to chase after them, punch him in the face, and take Catherine with me. But I couldn't do that. Levy had been very honest with me the day we met at Patrick's house. He had told me he would keep his distance, but if things didn't work out between Catherine and me, he wouldn't miss the chance to try to win her over. And he hadn't wasted any time.

So, just like how the girls met every Tuesday for their "book club," my friends and I also got together to talk, drink, and play games. We had agreed to go to the Social Club because Patrick thought a livelier environment would lift my spirits.

When I arrived, I went straight to the casino to meet the guys. We started a poker game, and it cheered me up a bit. I was smiling, chatting with my friends, and drinking a soda - keeping my promise not to drink alcohol intact after the mess at Mari's party.

I felt a sickeningly sweet perfume invade my nostrils, and then my neck was grabbed as if I was being hugged by a python. I was so startled I couldn't react, and that hellish creature kissed me on the mouth. A sloppy, awkward kiss, leaving my mouth all wet with her saliva and covered in that sticky red lipstick. I was truly in hell.

"Baby, you're here!" Caroline screeched with that irritating voice, seeming way too happy to see me.

"Let go of me, you demon!" I growled at her while trying to remove her arms from my neck.

"Oh, baby, don't joke with me like that."

"I'm not joking. Let go of me now." I said loudly, drawing the attention of people around us.



Caroline finally released me, but her face was red with anger. Then she pointed her finger in my face and, with an even more unbearable and higher-pitched voice, yelled:

"Listen here, Alexander, I'm the mother of your child, your future wife, and I think you'd better start treating me like a loving fiancé."

Great! Just what I needed, a scene. I ran my hands over my face and, gathering all the patience I had left hanging by a thread, said:

"Caroline, we're not getting married because I love you, because in fact, I hate you. We're getting married because you and your daddy blackmailed me, and you're somehow pregnant. But that doesn't mean I'm going to become a loving fiancé or husband."

"Baby, think about it with me. Our marriage is inevitable, so just accept it and let me show you I'm perfect for you. I guarantee you'll fall in love with me real quick."

"You're crazy. You haven't managed that in thirty years, how do you expect to do it 'real quick' now?" Patrick said mockingly, and the others burst out laughing. Caroline looked at him like she wanted to kill him.

"The problem, sweetie, is that you're keeping bad company," Caroline said, glaring daggers at my friends.

"I actually agree with that, but not because of them. I should have kicked your father out of my company and gotten rid of you a long time ago," I said, standing up.

"Alexander!" she screamed.

"Now do everyone a favor and leave," I concluded.

"Like it or not, you're going to be my husband. We need to talk, we have things to decide," she insisted.



"Talk? About what, you lunatic?" I asked, astounded by her creativity.

"Well, about the wedding party, where we'll live, the honeymoon..." she listed as if it were obvious.

"There won't be a party or a honeymoon. I already bought you an apartment. Anything else?" I was exhausted.

"It doesn't work like that. I'm going to tell daddy everything," she whined.

"You know what, gentlemen, I'm tired of this place. I have a better idea," Henry said and stood up. "Shall we?"

We all followed Henry out. Caroline stayed behind, stomping her feet and screaming. We left the Social Club, and Henry sent a message with the address of where we were going – a place I knew well.

When we arrived, the manager welcomed us and escorted us to one of the VIP booths. It was the most exclusive strip club in the city. Before we even sat down, two waitresses wearing tiny red dresses and matching stilettos brought glasses and bottles of whiskey and cognac. Fred and I ordered sodas.

"At least here, gentlemen, that unbearable woman has never found us!" Henry declared, raising his glass.

It was a very elegant place with many beautiful women working as waitresses and dancers. We drank, talked, and admired the feminine beauty. By the end of the night, I felt less tense. I ended up leaving with one of the dancers, who had served me many times before – I needed a distraction. 4