


Chapter 122

Alexander's POV

The next day, I had barely sat down at my desk to start the day when my phone rang. I answered and heard Samantha on the other end:

"The demon wants to talk to you."

I already knew who it was, and there was no way around it—I had to take the call. Samantha transferred the line, and I heard Johnson's whining voice trying to lecture me.

"How dare you, young man, treat my daughter like that? She came home sick, nervous, and depressed because you mistreated her in front of everyone. Alexander, you're going to get married—you need to give my daughter the place she deserves." 

"What place, Johnson? The place of a whore who takes advantage of a drunk guy to get pregnant and blackmail him? Because that's exactly her place." I was already boiling with anger.

"Don't talk about my daughter like that!" Johnson shouted.

"Are you forgetting that I'm your boss?"

"Alexander, you need to talk to my daughter. You're getting married, and there are many details to work out. So you'd better come to dinner at my house tonight."

"No way. If you want to talk to me, we'll meet for lunch at Savannah." I stated firmly. "At noon, and we'll settle everything."

I called Patrick and asked him to join me, which he readily accepted. At



noon, we walked into Savannah, and Johnson was already seated there like he was some king. 1

"What's this guy doing here?" Johnson looked at Patrick with contempt.

"You brought your family, I brought mine," I said with an ironic smile. "If you start being unpleasant to Patrick, there won't even be lunch."

Johnson huffed but resigned himself. The waiter approached with a bottle of the most expensive champagne, and that ignited the fire of anger in me—I had nothing to celebrate there.

"You can take that back; we're not toasting to anything," I told the waiter. 2

"Absolutely not, we're going to celebrate your marriage to my daughter."

"Hell no!" I looked at the waiter again: "You can take it away; we're not drinking."

The waiter turned and took the champagne with him. As soon as I felt that snake starting to coil around my neck again, I snapped:

"Let me go."

Caroline backed away and released me. She was with her mother, both wearing matching dresses – it was horrifying. I wanted to die! 3

"Sit down! And if you're thinking about insulting Patrick, this wedding circus ends right here." I said, seeing their faces and already anticipating what they wanted to say. "So, what do you want now?"

"Honey, let's have lunch and talk later," Caroline said.

"Caroline, I don't want to put up with you, but I'm being forced to, so spit



it out." I wanted to kill her.

"Honey, I'm organizing our party..."

"I already said there won't be a party!"

"Alexander, she's my only daughter, and if she's getting married, there has to be a party," Johnson protested.

"I'll tell you what we're going to have. We'll go to the courthouse and sign marriage papers with complete separation of assets and a prenuptial agreement. I've already bought an apartment where we'll live, but she'll have her room and I'll have mine." I turned to Caroline. "You and I are simply going to live in the same house because of this child."

"But I thought you would live in your parents' house," Caroline's mother finally spoke. "That huge, beautiful house with that wonderful garden. My daughter deserves that."

"Your daughter will never set foot in my parents' house or my penthouse," I replied to that witch.

"Alexander, a marriage doesn't work like that," Johnson said.

"Well, that's how it's going to be," I answered.

Suddenly we heard a growing cry that sounded more like a child throwing a tantrum. I looked to the side and saw Caroline crying. My God, it was dreadful. Every time I saw her crying, I got scared and, I confess, a little afraid.

"I want a party! I want one! Daddyyyyyy..." she looked at her father with her mouth open, my god, she was so ugly.



Patrick sent me a message on my phone:

"Accept the party and buy some time. Postpone the wedding for three months using the party planning as an excuse. Maybe we can convince her to do the DNA test before you get married?"

Patrick gave me a glimmer of hope. It was a good idea. I hadn't even realized it, but they had given me something to negotiate with.

"Alright, I'll accept the party, but only on my terms." I said, and the spawn of evil looked at me with some kind of open-mouthed smile, snot running from her nose.

"And what are your terms?" Johnson asked.

"We'll get married three months from now. I'll have the company's event planner help organize this circus." I said.

"No, in three months Caroline's belly will be showing." The mother from hell complained.

"As if she wanted to keep it a secret, right?!" I said sarcastically. "It's either this or no party."

"I accept!" Caroline answered before her father could protest.

"Great! In that case, this lunch is over. I'll have the event planner contact you. Shall we go, Patrick?" I was already getting up.

"Not so fast, Alexander. We still have a lot to discuss." Johnson tried to assert himself.

"I don't see what." I said calmly.



"Where you'll live, the honeymoon, your behavior towards my daughter...

" Johnson stated.

"My behavior won't change, there won't be a honeymoon, and where we'll live is already purchased and we'll have time to visit it. Everything's settled! Excuse me."

Patrick and I got out of there as quickly as possible, went to the office, and ordered some snacks that we ate in the kitchen.



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