



Chapter 130

Alexander's POV

It's been a month since Catherine and I had that furtive encounter in the elevator. How intense it had been! I was dying to see her - we'd been apart for two long, difficult months. She'd been avoiding me in every possible way. Rick and Samantha, following her request, would alert her whenever I left my office or went to Patrick's room, giving her the chance to dodge me.

Mari was back to spend another week with us. On Saturday, we'd have a crucial meeting about the audit, which seemed to be nearing its end. But today, I had to do something I really didn't want to - I had to accompany that unbearable Caroline to her gynecologist appointment for her first ultrasound. I wasn't the least bit excited about it.

The appointment was scheduled for the end of the day, so I spent the entire day irritated and unable to focus on work. I avoided meeting that annoying woman, and the lawyer had become the middleman for any communication between us. The poor guy had practically turned into an errand boy. Joseph Charles had been unusually quiet lately, and I was worried about that - I'd already mentioned to Patrick and Alan that something seemed off.

At four o'clock, Rick informed me it was time to head to the doctor's office. To me, it felt like I was heading to a circus of horrors. I got up grumpily, put on my jacket, and went to face my torment. When I arrived at the clinic, that hell-hound was already there with her mother, and she jumped up trying to throw herself into my arms. I stepped aside, and she tumbled onto the couch in front of her.

"Ouch, sweetie, what a silly game. I could have hurt myself," Caroline



said in that shrill, unbearable voice.

"It's not a game. I'm tired of telling you not to touch me," I snapped, noticing from the corner of my eye that the secretary was trying to suppress a laugh.

I didn't even bother greeting that pest's mother. I stood by the window, looking out, and only turned around when the doctor called that nuisance's name.

The doctor had a sleazy smile on his face and came towards me all friendly-like, extending his hand:

"You must be the happy father! Congratulations!"

I looked at his extended hand and ignored it. I didn't like this guy. Something about him felt fake, too rehearsed. Usually, my instincts don't fail me, but since he was the hell-crow's doctor, I thought my antipathy might be because of that.

"Can we start, Doctor? I don't have all day," I said arrogantly, but I couldn't care less.

We entered the room and the circus began. The doctor asked the unbearable woman a huge list of questions before turning to me:

"So, daddy, is your wife giving you a hard time with her cravings?"

I wanted to rip this idiot's head off. With a stern face, I replied:

"She's not my wife. If she has cravings, I have no idea and I'm not the least bit interested in knowing."

The doctor looked at me dumbfounded while the unbearable one rushed



to say we'd be getting married in about a month. I rolled my eyes, wishing I could disappear.

The doctor asked her to change clothes and lie on the examination table for the ultrasound. When the exam began, he spoke excitedly, with that annoying smile plastered on his face:

"Look there! It's your baby!"

"Oh, how exciting! Look, honey, our baby looks just like you," Caroline squawked while her mother wiped away tears.

"For God's sake, woman, it's nothing but a blob in a blur." I was oozing irritation from every pore, and this torture wouldn't end.

"Don't talk about our baby like that, Alexander!" Caroline yelled. She yelled too much.

"Wait, I'll let you hear the little heartbeat," that cretin doctor said enthusiastically, turning on the sound.

Soon, rapid heartbeats echoed through the room, and Caroline started screaming and clapping. Lord, this creature scared me! She and her mother made such a scene.

"Aren't you moved, honey?" Caroline asked me, showing that mouth full of teeth. I must have been out of my mind when I slept with this creature.

"No, I'm not moved, and I never wanted to have a child with you. I'm only here because I'm responsible," I replied grumpily.

"Alexander!" She screamed. "You're going to traumatize our baby before it's even born."

"Great, I'll include therapy in the contract with my payment obligations."

"I couldn't care less about her or this child. I admit this caused me discomfort, as it wasn't normal for me to reject this child. A father should be moved by his child, and I always wanted to be a father, but this child made me feel nothing. And with that thought, I left the office."

The appointment was unbearable; I felt suffocated in that place. The doctor also prescribed vitamins, ordered several tests, and said to schedule a follow-up with the secretary in thirty days.

When we left the office, I went to the secretary to pay for the consultation and schedule the follow-up. The secretary assisted me efficiently and along with the receipt, handed me a card that read "call me" with her cell phone number. Great, the secretary was hitting on me, but maybe it would be fun to flirt with her just to irritate Caroline. She gave me a professional smile, and I returned it. I looked carefully at her face and had the impression I'd seen her somewhere before. But I forgot about it as soon as I left that building.

"Sweetie, you're taking my mommy and me out for dinner. And I want to go to that super fancy French restaurant." Caroline spoke with such certainty that I would follow her orders, it made me laugh.

"You're crazy, I'm not going anywhere with you two." I replied mockingly.

"Alexander..." she screamed. Great, another tantrum!

"Alexander, you at least have to take us home, I've already dismissed the driver." Helena, her mother, said. Another one thinking she could boss me around.

"So you don't think I'm heartless..." I walked to the curb, saw a taxi



coming, flagged it down, and it stopped. I opened the door and said, "You can get in. A taxi. A wonderful service that will take you wherever you want!"

They stared at me in shock. I left the door open, walked to my car, and drove away. Looking in the rearview mirror, I saw Caroline throwing another tantrum while her mother pushed her into the car. I started laughing for the first time that day, feeling my impatience fade away.

I went straight to Patrick's house. He had set up a game there with the guys, and I knew it was to distract me since he had noticed my irritation today. When I arrived, everyone was already there. After greeting them, Fred handed me a glass of soda with ice and lime.

"So, Alexander, how did it go with 'Rosemary's baby'?" Rick asked, mocking me.

"Guys, you can't imagine what it's like to waltz with the devil!" I said, remembering how strange everything was. 1

I started telling the guys about the scene on the street when leaving. They laughed hysterically at the situation. Then I told them about the appointment and how I didn't like the doctor. Finally, I shared with them about my complete lack of affection for this child.

"You know, guys, I always wanted to be a father, especially after my parents died, but I feel absolutely nothing, no emotion, for this baby." I concluded.

"Well, man, it must be because you hate the mother." Henry commented.

"I don't know. I was thinking, I feel such enormous love for Peter, my heart overflows when he comes running with his little arms stretched out



to hug me. I'm proud of that kid. But for my own child, I feel nothing." I shared.

"Maybe because Peter is Catherine's son and you love her." Fred said.

"I don't know. What I feel for Peter is enormous, the way my heart lights up when he's with me, the emotion I feel... but I don't feel any of that with the baby. When the doctor let us hear the heartbeat today, I felt nothing, absolutely nothing. I don't know, but I think I should feel emotional somehow, or at least just happy. Shouldn't I?" I asked.

"Man, maybe you're right. My father always said that when my mom was pregnant, he went crazy with happiness and cried over everything related to me," Patrick said.

"My father said the same thing. That's why I'm so troubled," I admitted.

"Alexander, what if the child isn't yours?" Rick asked, staring at his own glass.

"That's a possibility, I've already mentioned it," Patrick agreed. "From what you said, you were very drunk at the party. Are you sure you actually had sex?"

"That crazy Caroline is definitely capable of pulling a stunt like that on you," Rick stated.

"We've already considered that possibility, but that ridiculous woman won't take a DNA test because they say it could cause a miscarriage," I explained.

"But isn't there a safer way to do this test?" Henry asked.

"I really don't know," I said.

"Send me that pest's doctor's name. I have an uncle who's a doctor and director of a really good hospital here in the city. I'll ask him for some information," Fred said, surprising me.

"Man, that help would be great. I'll send you the name right now." I typed the message to Fred and sent it so he wouldn't forget. "If there was a way to do this DNA test without risking the pregnancy, I could pressure her."

"That's exactly what my uncle will explain to us. I'll try to set up lunch with him," Fred said enthusiastically.

"And you won't believe this. Would you believe the secretary hit on me?" I remembered and said laughing. "She even gave me her number." 1

"Oh, for God's sake, did your mother put honey on you instead of baby powder?" Rick mocked. "You must be made of sugar, Alexander, women just fly at you."

We all burst out laughing, and the guys' jokes had no limits. In the end, my day had been terrible, but my friends managed to make my night better.



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