

Chapter 134

Alexander's POV

For the past two nights, I've had nightmares about Caroline in a wedding dress. Good heavens, it was terrifying. I've learned that things can always get worse. I hadn't slept well, was tired and sleepy. I decided to go to the break room to get some coffee and chat with Rick and Patrick to see if it would wake me up. I called them both, and we went for coffee.

When I left Rick's office, Catherine rushed out of her office. She was extremely pale. I watched as Samantha went after her. I wanted to check on her, but Rick held me back.

"Let Sam check on her, Alexander," Rick told me. "The girls think she has a nervous ulcer from all the stress she's going through."

"Yeah, it hasn't been easy for her," Patrick added. "And not for you either, brother. What's with those dark circles?"

"Man, I haven't been able to sleep for the past two nights. Every time I close my eyes, I see that image of Caroline in a wedding dress. It's haunting me," I replied, walking toward the break room.

We were sitting having coffee when my phone got a message notification. It was from Fred:

"Alexander, we're having lunch with my uncle, the one from the hospital, on Wednesday."

Great, he managed to talk to his uncle and set up a time. I replied confirming and thanking him.

On Wednesday, I met Fred and his uncle at the restaurant. Dr. Molina was

a tall, athletic man with graying hair. Very kind, he was what my mother would call a perfect gentleman, which I was beginning to think was a family trait, since Fred was the same way.

"So, Alexander, my nephew gave me a brief overview of the mess you've gotten yourself into," Dr. Molina started the conversation.

"Yeah, Dr. Molina, I never thought one night of drinking would turn my life into hell. Now I'm following Fred's example, just soda," I said, and Dr. Molina burst out laughing.

"My young friend, nothing in excess is good for the body, and large amounts of alcohol can cause great tragedies. But from what Fred told me, and forgive me if I'm being too nosy, you don't remember absolutely anything that happened on that ill-fated night?"

"Nothing much, doctor. I only remember having a whisky on the salon's balcony and nothing else," I replied regretfully.

"When you had that whisky, were you feeling different?" Dr. Molina wanted to know.

"Actually, I had only arrived at the event about half an hour before, hadn't drunk much, but since I got pretty wasted the night before, I guess my body was very sensitive to alcohol," I explained.

"And didn't you think you might have been drugged?" There it was! Dr. Molina planted that doubt in my mind.

"But I was at my company's party, a private event," I protested. It wasn't possible someone had drugged me.

"I've seen this happen at family parties, Alexander," Dr. Molina shared. "Why don't you get a toxicology test?"

"But doctor, it's been three months already, it won't help," I felt like an idiot for not thinking of this before. 1

"Of course it will! Most drugs and psychoactive substances can be detected in tests up to six months after ingestion. Just need a sample of your hair or body hair," Dr. Molina explained.

"Is this serious?" I had no idea this was possible.

"It is. If you want, after lunch we can go to the hospital. Results usually take forty-eight hours, but I can try to expedite it. That is, if you really want to know what happened," Dr. Molina suggested. I was already a fan of this man.

"Dr. Molina, that would be wonderful!" I replied enthusiastically. "But I can't go today, I have a meeting right after lunch."

"Don't worry, just call me when you can and stop by, but don't wait too long. Well, another thing Fred told me about was the DNA test. There are two ways to do it - one is invasive with a minimal risk of miscarriage, but there's a non-invasive test that poses no risk to the pregnancy. It analyzes the free fetal DNA present in maternal plasma. It's one hundred percent reliable. Just needs a blood sample," Dr. Molina explained, leaving me shocked at the advancement of science.

"But I think if Caroline knows it's a DNA test, she'll dodge taking it," Fred commented.

"I think so too, Fred, because I can't believe I slept with that creature," I said, making a face that made Dr. Molina laugh.

"My son, I know Catherine, she's a good girl and also stunningly beautiful," Dr. Molina commented. "I also think you wouldn't likely have

ended up with a woman like Fred described to me, after having an opportunity with Cat."

"She is incredibly beautiful," I said dreamily.

"Well, but you're going to have a prenuptial agreement, I assume?" Molina asked.

"Yes, in a ridiculous marriage like this one, a prenup is mandatory," I confirmed.

"Include health examination clauses in the agreement and have them done at the hospital. I'll expedite everything for you," Molina seemed not only a very capable doctor but also a very experienced man. "I had a similar problem in my wife's family, a nephew who had doubts about paternity and the girl refused to take the test."

"I told you my uncle could help!" Fred said proudly.

"Now, the more delicate matter. The doctor who's treating your fiancée. Vale Cruz is a doctor with a terrible reputation. He's involved in a scandal of false diagnoses, selling prescriptions and medical certificates, falsifying tests, that sort of thing. As far as I know, he's facing disciplinary proceedings at the medical board, but there's also an ongoing investigation," Dr. Molina revealed. "So, son, either they're setting you up, or the girl is in very bad hands."

"My God, I'm a complete idiot! I've really wallowed in the mud with the pigs!" I was shocked and speechless.

"Calm down, Alexander, with my uncle's help, we'll solve everything," Fred reassured me.

We spent the rest of lunch discussing medical advances. Indeed, Dr.

Molina was very up-to-date and a brilliant physician. I felt a wave of hope wash over me.

I spent the rest of the day in meetings and only managed to find time to call the lawyer late in the afternoon. I called and asked him to include a health examination clause in the prenuptial agreement, with the requirement that it should be done at the hospital where Fred's uncle was the director. I asked the lawyer to come up with something to make this clause unquestionable. He assured me that the agreement would be ready in a few days.

Now all I had to do was wait and try to control my anxiety. But I had another idea. I called Alan and asked him to investigate that pest Caroline Johnson's doctor. He told me it would be easy and he'd get back to me with news soon. Now I could see light at the end of the tunnel. But something still puzzled me – if I was drugged, how did she manage to do it?

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