



Chapter 138

Alexander's POV

"Caroline, are you home?" I asked as soon as that unbearable woman answered the phone. "I want to take you out."

I almost went deaf from the scream that abominable creature let out. Of course, she was more than happy with the idea of going out with me. Knowing this, I took the opportunity to put my plan into action. I was already at her door and would take her for a "walk" without saying where, and I'd take her to the hospital. If she refused, I would call the lawyer and he would pressure her, but she wouldn't leave that hospital without doing the tests. It was perfect because Patrick had already confirmed that Johnson was at the club, so I could make my move without interference.

It didn't take long before Satan's cheerleader came out of the house skipping, wearing a white dress and pink boots. My God, how ridiculous. When she approached, I told her to get in the car.

"Sweetieeee, I'm soooo excited! Where are you taking me, tell me." She started speaking in that unbearable voice.

"It's a surprise. I just need to stop somewhere first," I said, forcing a smile. "But there's one condition."

"What is it?" she asked excitedly.

"Give me your phone. I don't want anyone interrupting our outing, and I know your friends call you all the time." I was making a huge effort to be nice and pleasant, but I wanted to get this over with quickly.

"But sweetie, I get sick without my phone." She made a horrible pout.

"If you don't give me your phone, I'll cancel our outing because I know we'll be interrupted, and I want to spend time just with you." She looked at me sideways and finally agreed. She handed me her phone, and I turned it off and put it in my pocket.

When we arrived at the hospital, she looked at me suspiciously.

"What are we doing here, sweetie?"

"I need to pick something up from a friend. It won't take long," I gave a fake smile. "Come on, I want to introduce you to him, he'll be our child's godfather."

She got out of the car exuberantly, letting out many screams that gave me a headache. When we reached Dr. Molina's office reception, I almost had a heart attack at what I saw. Melissa and Catherine were right in front of me. Caroline, noticing this, didn't miss the opportunity to hang on my arm, and Catherine looked at that with disgust. She looked so worn out.

"Cat, are you okay?" I asked worriedly.

"I'm great, thanks! Let's go, Mel." Catherine responded, trying to hide her sadness.

"Oh, sweetie, let's go meet your friend quickly because I'm already excited about our outing." The chattering magpie didn't miss the chance to take a jab at Catherine.

"Honestly, Miller." Melissa spoke in a disapproving tone as she passed by me right after Catherine.

"Just a moment, Dr. Molina will see you shortly." The secretary smiled at us kindly.

It wasn't long before the doctor opened his office door and invited us in, being very polite to Caroline. We chatted a bit in the office, and soon a pair of nurses arrived.

"Shall we do the tests?" Molina asked.

"What tests? I'm not doing any tests!" Caroline shouted.

"Oh, sweetie, yes you are." I looked at her with a smile, trying to speak as gently as possible. "Look, my lawyer informed me it's a requirement in my father's will. The prenup must be accompanied by health exams, just to ensure we're both healthy and well."

"That's nonsense, Alexander, your father is dead!" She raised her voice.

"Baby, I think it's silly too, but if I don't comply, I lose everything - the money, the house, the company. I'll be ruined," I said, completely straight-faced. "So what's the big deal? It's just a simple blood test."

"I'm pregnant, Alexander! What kind of test?" She said grumpily, arms crossed.

"Just a complete blood count and an STD test for you. And for me, he also required, besides those, a drug test to ensure I wasn't using drugs. As you can see, it's ridiculous, but I have to accept it." She looked at me suspiciously.

"I don't like this," she said.

"Want to talk to the lawyer?" I grabbed my phone. She nodded, and I called, asking the lawyer to explain the situation. He said practically the same thing I did, but used fancy terms that gave everything a legitimate air.



"So, baby, do this for me. I don't want to end up poor," I insisted sweetly. Then, getting an idea, I delivered the coup de grâce. "And afterward, we'll go see my parents' house, where we'll live with our little one. What do you think?"

"AAAAAAHH!" She started screaming and clapping. "Honey, what made you wake up to reality?"

"That's exactly it - I woke up to reality!" I said, and in this, I was sincere.

"Well, can we start then?" Dr. Molina, who had been watching everything with an amused expression, asked.

"We can," Caroline agreed and stretched out her arm.

All samples were collected, and I breathed a sigh of relief. Now I just had to find a way to keep that creature under control. I would take her for a walk, pretend I'd forgotten the house key, and reschedule for another day.

"Dr. Molina, thank you so much for seeing us today. We'd be honored to have you as a godfather at our wedding," Molina looked at me amused, playing along with the farce.

"Alexander, I'm the one who's honored to be the godfather of such an... unusual couple!" Molina replied to me.

"Oh, that's wonderful. Now let's go, honey. Bye, godfather!" Caroline said goodbye, acting overly familiar.

Once we got in the car, she immediately started talking about how she needed to call her friends and mother to tell them she would be living at my parents' house. I told her phone calls would have to wait until after our outing; she'd have to contain her excitement. I drove to my parents'



house gate and put on a show of searching for the keys in all my pockets, the glove compartment, everywhere.

"Baby, I could've sworn I grabbed the key. But I can't find it," I said, acting genuinely disappointed. "I'll call Jorge to bring it to me."

"Oh yes, honey, call him!" She was so excited she was practically bouncing in her seat.

My phone rang right on cue. Knowing what it was about, I put it on the car's speakerphone.

"Miller speaking."

"Alexander, where are you? Come to your house quickly." It was Patrick, this call had been arranged between us.

"Patrick, I'm busy. What's wrong?" I played dumb.

"The New York clients. There's a problem, and they want a video call with both of us." Patrick spoke with such seriousness I almost laughed.

"Man, can't you handle this alone? I'm in the middle of something really important."

"Not possible, Alexander. And we can't lose this contract. Come now."

"Fine."

I hung up and looked at her, pretending to be very upset.

"Baby, I have to go. These clients mean big money. I'll drop you off at home, and we can reschedule coming here. Actually, it's better this way – I'll ask Jorge to have it cleaned so you won't have any allergic reactions to

dust."

"Oh, that sucks! Well, if there's no choice..." She pouted.

"But hey, you've already met our godfather and seen where we're going to live," I said as if it were all true.

"Oh, I'm so happy, honey!" She went back to chattering away.

By the time I arrived at Patrick's house, I had a headache. The guys were gathered there, and I immediately asked Fred:

"Why were Catherine and Melissa at your uncle's office today? What's wrong with Catherine?"

"I have no idea, but she's not well. Melissa asked me to stay with Peter because she was taking Cat to the doctor. I know Cat hasn't been feeling well for days. I didn't even know they went to see my uncle. I just know Cat looked terrible when I got to the apartment," Fred explained.

"But they didn't say anything?" I pressed.

"Just that Cat needs peace and quiet, she can't stay this stressed," Fred shared. "But you know what, something's odd. The way Cat was today. I've only seen her like this when..." Fred stopped mid-sentence.

"When what, Fred?" I demanded.

"Nothing major. Cat had a health issue once, and she hates hospitals," Fred answered, but there was something he wasn't telling.

"I hope Cat's okay," Patrick said. "But what about you, lover boy? Aren't you going to tell us about your romantic date?" Patrick started teasing, and soon everyone was giving me a hard time.