

Chapter 139

The weekend was chaos. I was trying to put my thoughts in order. We gathered the girls on Sunday, and I told them what was happening. Soon, a competition started to see who would be the godmother, all agreeing that Mel was already Peter's godmother, so she was out of the running. I asked Virginia not to tell Levy; I would do that myself. And they all swore not to tell anyone, respecting my decision to prevent Alexander from finding out.

On Monday, I was a wreck. Tired and distracted. I felt an almost uncontrollable sleepiness. I wasn't feeling well at all.

"Cat, wake up. Come on, lie down on the couch in my office for a bit," Patrick called to me in a low voice.

"What happened?" I lifted my head from the desk and looked at him, somewhat confused.

"You were sleeping. Come, lie down on the couch in my office. I think I should give you a few days off."

"I fell asleep? I think I'm having a really bad stress crisis," I commented, somewhat irritated, knowing exactly what the problem was.

"I think you should see a doctor. I'm starting to worry. You're so pale. Could it be anemia? Are you eating properly?" Patrick offered his arm for support, and I accepted because I was feeling dizzy. He was probing, of course he knew I went to the doctor on Saturday; Alexander saw me there.

"Actually, Patrick, I can barely eat anything. I've already lost weight." I rested my head on his shoulder and immediately regretted it, pulling away abruptly. "Oh my god, Patrick, what's that smell?"



"Smell? What smell?" He raised his arm, trying to smell himself. "It's my cologne, Cat. The one I always wear."

"No, it's not! It's way too strong!" I said, making a face.

"Wow, friend, what an ugly face," Samantha mocked as she entered the room and saw my expression.

"She said I stink, Sam!" Patrick said with a pout.

"Impossible! You're the best-smelling man I know, your cologne is even better than Henry's. Let me check." Samantha started sniffing him like a bloodhound. "No, you smell delicious."

"You don't find it strong? Nauseating?" I insisted.

"Friend, it must be because you haven't been eating properly and you're getting sensitive," Sam said, trying to help.

"Come on, lie down in my office for a while, and I'll order something for you to eat. Something really good," Patrick said as if I were a child. "What do you want?"

"Chocolate cake!" I said with sparkling eyes.

Patrick left the room laughing. Samantha told me to lie down and rest because I looked very weak, then went after him. Two hours later, I woke up alone with a slice of chocolate cake in front of me. I sat up and devoured that cake. I left Patrick's office and went to the bathroom to wash my face. Then I went to Samantha's desk and asked her to get coffee with me.

"Did you eat the cake?" she asked, looking concerned.



"Yes, I did. I've been really tired lately, Sam. Patrick mentioned giving me a few days off and I think I'll take them. It might be good, until things settle down."

"Maybe. They suspect something serious is going on with you," Samantha warned me. "All three of them have come asking me questions."

"Damn! Last time I didn't feel anything at all. Now it feels like I'm dying," I said with a pout.

"My mom says every one is different," Samantha laughed, referring to pregnancy.

"Sweetie, how are you feeling?" Margaret came into the break room and immediately asked.

"Not very well, Margaret," I replied.

"Would you like me to get you anything?" she offered.

"No, thank you."

"You need to see a doctor, and soon," Margaret said and left the break room.

I went back to my office and it wasn't long before Alexander came in after me.

"My angel, how are you?" He knelt beside me and asked. 1

"Just fine, thank you!" I replied coldly.

"You're not fine, Catherine. If you were fine you wouldn't have gone to



the doctor. Tell me what's wrong, I'm worried," he insisted.

"You should worry about your fiancée," I replied grumpily and started crying. Damn hormones.

Alexander picked me up and carried me into Patrick's empty office.

"My angel, I care about you," Alexander said while hugging me. "Tell me what's wrong?"

"Nothing much, Alexander. Go, go hang out with your hell-spawn fiancée," I tried to break free from him, but he tightened his embrace and laughed. "I took her there because I needed her to take a test at a trusted place. But I had to play the role of fiancé to get her to do it."

"What test?" I asked curiously.

"DNA test. Fred's uncle told me about one that only needs the mother's blood, no risk, and one hundred percent reliable, so I took her there for that, using the excuse that it was just a routine test for the prenuptial agreement and that we would go for a walk. She doesn't know she took a DNA test. But it was all planned. You can ask the guys, including Fred, they know everything," he explained while cradling me in his lap.

"Do you really think this child isn't yours?" I asked.

"I'm almost certain, my angel," he answered. "Now tell me, what's wrong with you? You've been acting strange for days, feeling sick. Patrick said it might be an ulcer, is that true?"

"It's nothing serious. Just stress. You know, it hasn't been easy," I replied, being as evasive as possible. "Patrick offered me a few days off, I think I'll take them."



"If it'll do you good, my angel." He kissed the top of my head.

Alexander stayed there, holding me for a while longer. Just embracing me. I felt so good in his arms that I wished the world would stop spinning.

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