



Chapter 142

Alexander's POV

I was a bundle of nerves. I hadn't received the test results yet, but I was already certain that Caroline's child wasn't mine. I just wanted the results quickly to end this circus.

The phone on my desk rang, and when I answered, Samantha told me there was someone at the reception who wanted to see me. It was none other than Liz. But what was she doing here? I told Samantha she could let her in, but that I would receive her in the meeting room. 1

When Sam notified me of her arrival, I finished the email I was drafting to send to a client and left my office. When I reached the reception, Liz simply jumped on my neck and kissed me.

"Great! Now this tramp is going to hang around the company?" Patrick, who was leaving his office, remarked.

"Good afternoon to you too, jackass!" Liz shot back.

I sighed and turned toward the elevators, and that's when I saw Catherine standing there with Rick, who was shaking his head at me, clearly in disbelief at the scene before him.

Catherine walked straight past and entered her office, with Samantha following behind her. Rick passed by me and before entering his office, he blurted out what he was thinking:

"If you're not capable of sending this tramp back to whatever hole she crawled out of, let me know, because I won't stick around to watch you bury yourself."



"So, Alexander, what are you going to do?" Patrick demanded I take a position.

"He's not going to do anything, Patrick. He's the one who let her up," Samantha said as she left Catherine's office heading toward the break room.

Patrick turned his back and returned to his office. I was lost, not knowing what to do. It was better to get Liz out of there. I took her to the first-floor meeting room. That's what I should have done from the start.

"So, Alex, who are those two ladies upstairs?" Liz asked, hanging on my neck.

"Liz, what do you want here?"

"Isn't it obvious? I want you!"

"No, it's not obvious. We broke up a long time ago, you left with your lover and moved on with your life. I did the same."

"But in New York, we met and you wanted me again."

"Don't twist things around. We met and I made the mistake of sleeping with you. But that was it. And it was a huge error."

"Oh, darling, it's not like that. If you slept with me, it's because you still love me. So I came to give you a chance."

I couldn't believe what I was hearing. This woman truly didn't have an ounce of sense. I was already losing my patience. 1

"You're very wrong. Do us both a favor and leave. Get lost. Disappear. I feel absolutely nothing for you."



"Alexander, don't treat me like this. I came back for you."

"Well then you can leave, because I don't even want to remember you exist. Please, go away and don't look for me anymore."

"Is this because you're engaged to that boring Caroline? My mother told me everything! How did you end up with the woman you hate most in the world?"

"The same way I got involved with the biggest bitch in the world, which would be you," I shouted in her face. "Now please leave and don't contact me again."

"You think you scare me?" She said, sitting down and crossing her legs. "I won't give up on you, Alexander."

I opened the office door and called the two security guards who were near the elevators, instructing them:

"Escort this woman to the street. She's banned from entering this building."

The security guards went to her and followed my orders. I quickly returned to my floor and in the elevator informed the head of security that Liz was prohibited from entering. When the doors opened, I ran out and went to Catherine's office, who was crying uncontrollably, surrounded by Rick, Patrick, Sam, and Margaret. 2

"Alexander, she's very upset. Now's not the time," Rick stopped me before I could get closer, in a protective manner.

"Come on, Rick. I need to explain to her," I protested.

"Not now, brother," Patrick also stood in front of me.



"Yes, son, it seems you've done enough explaining. Let her calm down, I gave her some of that special tea," Margaret said as she passed by me.

"I'll take Cat home and then I'll meet you at my place. Understood? You too, Rick," Patrick declared.

"Patrick, let me take Cat. Go with Alexander and I'll meet you at your place," Rick requested. "Please."

"Pat, Rick can take me, go with your friend," Catherine said between sobs.

"Catherine, please talk to me?" I begged.

"Not now, Alexander. She's too upset and this isn't good for her," Samantha said through gritted teeth.

"Alright, Rick. Take Cat," Patrick decided. "Sam, handle everything here, we'll keep our phones on if anything comes up. Alexander, come with me."

Patrick wouldn't let me drive. We went in his car and during the entire trip, he talked about how he couldn't believe the mess I'd made and that if I got involved with Liz again, he wouldn't stick around to watch my life fall apart.

I tried to explain it to him, but there was no explanation. I really messed up this time. I was almost managing to solve the problem with Caroline, and then I created another one with Liz. 3

When we arrived at his house, he called Henry and Fred, asking them to meet us there too. Finally, Rick arrived. 1

"I hope, Alexander, that you used protection when you slept with that



whore in New York," Rick was furious. He had become much more protective of Catherine, and I found that interesting.

"I used protection because I was sober and thinking straight. I just wanted to distract my mind, guys. For me, it was supposed to be just a casual hookup and nothing more," I tried to justify myself.

"And it's costing Cat her health," Rick said. "You have no idea how much I've seen that woman cry. A beautiful, intelligent, wonderful woman, and all you do is make her cry." Rick was livid.

"How was she when you left, Rick?" Patrick asked.

"When we arrived, she was already asleep. I left her in bed, and Lygia was going to take care of her until the girls arrived," Rick said, calming down.

"That tea from Margaret is knockout stuff! Oh, by the way, Alexander, Peter sent you a hug and said he misses you."

"Damn, I miss my boy so much!" I said, starting to cry.

When Henry and Fred arrived, we told them everything, and Fred looked at me disapprovingly.

"Look, Alexander, fix this before it gets too big," Fred said.

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