



## Chapter 144

### Alexander's POV

I arrived early at the company. I was anxious to talk to Catherine, explain the situation, and ask for forgiveness for the millionth time in the past few days. When Patrick arrived and saw me sitting there in the reception area, he threw cold water on my plans.

"Go to your office. She's not coming today. I gave her the day off, she deserves and needs it. And I promised the girls you wouldn't go after her today," Patrick said seriously.

"Damn it, Patrick!" I huffed like a moody teenager. "Let's get some coffee."

When we reached the break room, Margaret, Rick, and Sam were whispering among themselves and fell silent when we walked in. We chatted for a bit, and then Patrick, Rick, and I went to my office.

"So, Rick, what do you know that I don't?" I pressed him.

"I don't know what you're talking about," Rick replied.

"Oh, you do! You definitely do!" I said, walking toward him. "What's going on with Catherine? Why are you being so much more protective of her, like you want to shield her from everything? Why are you now whispering with Sam and Margaret? What do you know that I don't?"

"It's not my place to tell you," Rick finally said.

"So there is something?" I asked.

Rick was getting nervous, but my cell phone rang, and when I looked at



the screen, it was from Dr. Molina's office. I quickly answered, and the secretary apologized but said Dr. Molina had asked her to contact me urgently and tell me he had sent me an email.

My heart raced. The test results were ready. I rushed to my computer and opened my email. The message glowed on the screen.

From: Giovanni Molina

To: Alexander Miller

Subject: URGENT! Your test results

Alexander,

I apologize for the delay, but I had to attend to an emergency and only managed to look at your tests today. I was very surprised by what I saw.

First, regarding your toxicology report, it was as I suspected, your test came back positive. You'll see that a high concentration of morphine was detected. Pills were probably dissolved in your drink, and you took a massive dose that knocked you out. With that amount of morphine in your system, you wouldn't have been able to stand up, let alone engage in sexual activity. You were drugged.

As for the DNA test, this shocked me even more because it couldn't be performed. Besides collecting samples for DNA, I also took samples for a beta-HCG test, which detects pregnancy and establishes gestational age, to verify if your fiancée's pregnancy timeline matched the date you supposedly were together. The thing is, your fiancée hasn't been pregnant recently. She's not pregnant. That's why the DNA test couldn't be performed. It's all a scam.

Test results attached. If you need any clarification, contact me.



Giovanni Molina Medical Director, Santé Hospital Obstetrician-Gynecologist

I opened the test results and checked them. I was in shock. How could someone stoop so low?

"What is it, Alexander?" Patrick asked, but I couldn't speak. He walked to the computer and read Dr. Molina's email. "Holy shit! I knew it!" Patrick slammed his hand on the desk.

Rick rushed over and looked at the screen, celebrating the results.

"I'm going to end this charade right now!" I said, furious.

"Wait, Alex. We can check the party video and find out who drugged you," Patrick reminded me. "It must have been the waiter who served you on the balcony, but we need to find out who he is and who ordered him to do this."

"Leave it to me! I hired the catering service," Rick said.

"Man, I need to see Cat, tell her everything," I was crying.

"No! First, you're going to fix this mess and get rid of those two snakes. Then you can talk to Cat," Rick warned.

"Then tell me, Rick, what's going on? Because something is happening," I said impatiently.

"Yes, it is. But you'll fix this mess first," Rick said. "And don't even try anything because I won't talk. I'm going to check the footage."

"I can't focus on work," I declared. "I still don't understand the ultrasound I saw."



"Alex, the doctor's secretary gave you the phone number, talk to her, maybe she can tell you something," Patrick suggested.

"Good idea. Will you come with me? I'm not going to be alone with any woman anymore." I was serious, and Patrick burst out laughing. 1

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