

# Wife is a Lawyer

## Chapter 12 DNA Paternity Test

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After a rather awkward dinner, everyone decided to go home.

When they were about to take the elevator, Adriana pretended surprise, “Oops, I've left my phone behind. You guys go ahead.

I'm gonna go get it.”

Then she turned around.

“OK, but you'd better hurry.”

Alvin said to Adriana, and the rest of them got on the elevator.

Adriana returned to the private dining room, delighted at the sight of the cutlery they had just used.

Her eyes fell on the spot where she was sitting, and there was a glass on the table.

It was the one which Luis drank water from just now.

She slipped it into her bag, then went downstairs.

Alvin was still waiting for her, while there was no sign of Theresa, Peter and Luis.

“They've left already?”

Adrianna asked.

“Yeah, something comes up.”

Alvin explained to her.

Adriana smiled, "It's all right."

"Come, get in the car. Let me drive you home."

Alvin held the car door for her and said.

"Sorry I need to take care of something right now. You go ahead without me. My friend is on his way to get me."

It was not a lie that she'd got things to attend to, but it's better to keep it a secret from Alvin for the time being.

"Alright then. I'll just stay with you till your friend arrives."

Adriana had just returned from abroad, so Alvin didn't feel easy about letting her out alone.

"Thanks for your concern. But I don't want to inconvenience you any further! I'll be just fine."

Under her persistence, Alvin had to get in the car. Before he left, he added, "If you need anything, just give me a call."

"I will."

"Then I'll be off."

"Alvin, drive safe."

Waving him goodbye, Adriana didn't hail a taxi until Alvin's car went out of sight.

"Where to, Miss?"

The taxi driver asked.

"The hospital, please."

"Aye aye."

The driver set out to the hospital right away.

On her way to the hospital, her heart was pounding. A mixture feeling of tension, expectation and worry lingered in her chest, and honestly she was afraid that it would turn out to be just the way she thought.

Is there really such a thing as coincidence?

She didn't know the answer yet.

At the hospital, Luis's glass and a wisp of her own hair were given to the doctor for a paternity test, which, the doctor said, would take three days.

She could do nothing but wait.

However, when Adriana left the hospital, a man showed up from behind the pillars in the hospital hall.

Staring after her leaving, he pulled out his phone, "Peter, guess who I just saw in the hospital."

It was Peter's younger brother Jimmy.

Instructed by Peter, he came to send DNA samples for a paternity test, but he didn't expect to encounter Adriana here.

Because Peter told him that the participants were Adriana and Luis. "I overheard her conversation with the doctor. It seems like she's doing a paternity test as well."

Over the phone, Peter's face grew solemn while squinting, "Damn, I knew it! She definitely has an ulterior motive in approaching

my boy.”

“What should I do?”

Jimmy had no idea what to do, so he asked Peter for advice.

“Duh! What a fool! Just get it done. God help you if you should ever fail.” Peter hung up the phone straight away.

Three days later.

After Adriana finished her job, she then drove to the hospital to get the results of her test.

However, she didn't expect to come across someone when she walked into the hospital.

It was none other than Peter.

Adriana suddenly froze, gazing at him, “Why are you here?”

A few days ago, Peter pulled one of her hair out. If what she thought was correct, he must have sent it to the hospital for a paternity test as well.

At the same time, she saw the report bag in Peter's hand as she looked down.

More doubts began to grow in her heart.

“How annoying.”

Peter stopped in front of Adriana, took off his sunglasses and looked down at her, “What are you on about? Are you a stalker?”

“I'm stalking you? What am I on about?”

With her eyebrows tangled in an accusatory frown, she immediately understood what he meant.

Then she sneered, "I'm afraid I'll have to let you down, Mr. Alston. I don't think this hospital is your property. Therefore I have

every right to be here." She took a quick glance around the hall, then pointed at the crowd lining up at the billing department, "So,

those are also your crazy stalkers, eh?

How ridiculous." She said, shaking her head.

She just happened to come get the report, while running into Peter unexpectedly.

What an unfortunate coincidence.

Peter took a squint at her, then poked her with the report bag in his hand, "I don't give a shit about the real reason you try to get

close to me or Luis. From now on, enough with your charade. If I ever find out about your malicious intentions towards Luis, it's

not like I haven't given you any warnings!"

He looked extremely grave.

Then he turned his eyes off her, put on his Versace silver-tone sunglasses and strode out of the hospital.

Adriana stood there staring at him, and her eyes fell instead on the report bag in his hand.

Did he find anything?

Thinking of it, Adriana went upstairs in a hurry to get her test result, then she opened the report bag right away.

Skipping those data she couldn't make sense of, Adriana turned to the last page where the result was—they were not related at all.

Adriana let out a long sigh, glad about the result. Thank god it's just a false alarm.

Thankfully Luis and Helen just looked alike.

Otherwise, she couldn't imagine what she'd do.

It seemed that Peter was only teaching her a lesson by pulling her hair, not trying to do a paternity test.

So it was, indeed, only a suspicion.

At the same time, a black Maybach parked outside the hospital.

Peter was sitting in the backseat with his legs crossed.

A furrow appeared between his brows, his face darkened as he stared at the report bag on his legs.

He finally opened it and took out the files. As he read the report page after page, the furrow became deeper, and deeper. Then

his eyes went to the result—a 99% match.

That means ...

Adriana is Luis's birth mother?

He squinted down at the report, gripping it tightly till the joints turned white and the paper wrinkled.

His assistant Noah Holman in the passenger seat took a quick glance at Peter through the rear-view mirror. He felt a chill of fear, so he asked cautiously, “Are you all right, Mr. Alston?” □ □ □ □

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