

Chapter 86

"William?" Mara repeated. "Y-yes, I know him."

"Ma, I've been telling Brian he is my godfather," Claire said while rushing beside her mother.

"Mr. William?" Carrie had a puzzled look on her face.

Brian saw varied reactions. Mara was shocked. Carrie was confused, but one thing was sure: They all knew William Barlowe.

"Ma," Claire stood beside Mara and confessed, "I'm sorry. I did not tell you. Uncle William came to see me last Monday."

Claire narrated what happened during her two meetings with William. Then, Mara said, "Oh, my goodness!" She held Claire's arms and defended, "Claire, you must understand. Your godfather is only watching out for you. He was probably shocked that you are suddenly getting married."

"Oh," Carrie said with a sad face.

"So, William is Claire's godfather? How did that happen?" Brian asked.

Mara explained to him that she used to work with William Barlowe's family. She said, "When I got pregnant, William promised to be Claire's godfather. He looks after Claire like she is his daughter. He is a very kind man."

"And generous," Carrie said. "He gives me lots of gifts."

"But we lost touch because he was busy," Claire said.




"Yes! He was busy and still is," Mara echoed. She turned to Claire and suggested, "I should talk with William and let him understand that you and Brian love each other."

Brian stayed silent for seconds. His brows remained knitted as he looked at the ID. After a while, he clenched his jaws and said, "Okay. Well, if you have his contact number, I would like to speak to him and clear his doubts."

"I - I did not get his number, but if he drops by again, I will get it," Claire stammered in her answer.

Brian sighed. He gulped and directed, "Okay. Do that, but I'll hold on to his ID. I'll try to look him up too."

He looked up the stairs and said, "I'm tired. I better take a shower and go to bed."

"Okay, Son. Thanks for letting us stay," Mara said while waving her hand at him. 

Brian hurriedly ran up the stairs and settled his things in the room. He put William's ID inside his laptop bag with a heavy heart. He couldn't shake off the feeling that something was off. In the first place, why did Claire purposely lie?

He locked the door and walked around in circles. Then, he decided to call a friend.

"Brian, what can I do for you?" Luke answered on the other line.

"I remember you investigated somebody before. Do you mind if you refer me to that Private Investigator?" Brian asked while holding his phone up.



"Why?" Luke asked.

"Just give me the number, Man," Brian requested. "I need to hire a PI."

"Are you finally going to do a background check on Claire?" Luke asked before laughing aloud. "Finally, you have come to your senses -"

"Fuck you, Luke! Are you going to give it or not!" Brian scolded.

"Okay. Okay," Luke answered. "Hold on."

After getting the investigator's number, Brian made the call. The investigator was still awake and said he would get back to Brian soon with the information.

He ordered to look into William Barlowe and his connection with Claire.

The next day, Brian surprisingly woke up with breakfast served in bed. Claire prepared toast and bacon. She smiled and said, "Good morning, Babe. I'm having an ultrasound today. Do you want to come with me? Don't you want to see your baby?"

See his baby? Of course, Brian wanted to. He may have doubts about Claire now, but he still wanted to see his child.

After breakfast, Brian went to Halliport General Hospital with Claire. As they walked into the ultrasound room, Brian asked, "Why didn't you contact Zia for the ultrasound?"

"I feel more comfortable with the doctors here." Claire frowned and said, "Zia is a bit strict."



Brian sighed in surrender and conceded, "Okay, fine. She is strict. But when you give birth, let's choose her. We want our baby delivered safely."

He came with Claire into the ultrasound room, and the procedure began quickly. Through the monitor, he saw the baby's small frame.

"The Heartbeat is good, and the pregnancy is doing fine," the doctor remarked, putting Brian at ease. 1

Yes, last night, he was in a bad mood. Yes, he was suspicious about Claire's so-called godfather, but he genuinely looked forward to his child.

"Look, Babe! Our baby is so cute!" Claire said while reaching for Brian's hand. "Don't you love him?"

Brian smiled. His heart skipped a beat. He asked the doctor, "Can we already tell the gender?"

"It's too early, Mr. Martin, but next month, we can already tell," the doctor answered.

"I look forward to it then," Brian answered.

After the ultrasound, Brian brought Claire back to the house, but he no longer entered. He said, "I need to go to the office. Don't forget to drink your supplements."

"Babe," Claire touched his arm. She rounded her doe eyes and moved very delicately to face him. "Are you still mad about last night? I promise I'll prepare your food from now on. And what about my godfather? I realized I needed to explain something."

"I did not tell you about him because, at first, I was scared about his disapproval. And even if he apologized, I still don't know if he really



supports me," Claire explained. "I don't know. I did not want him to meet you." 1

"Did that even make sense?" Brian mused, judging her reply, but he also considered how Claire was young and could make immature decisions.

"I still want to meet him," Brian said. "If your godfather really cares about you this way, he should speak to me."

"Of course! And when he returns, I will let you know," Claire said before smiling brightly.

"Do that," Brian confirmed.

"Goodbye, Babe. I love you," Claire said.

"Mmm." Brian did not say the words back, making Claire nearly teary-eyed. Seeing her reaction, he forced himself to say, "Take care of the baby. I love you."

When Claire entered the villa, Brian pondered for a while in his car. He checked his phone and considered whether to cancel the investigation. Brian felt a little regretful about it, especially after seeing his baby. However, he discerned a solid urge to carry on with his plans. So, Brian threw all the guilt feeling out the window and left for this office.

Brian had meetings after meetings that day, and he skipped lunch altogether. At two in the afternoon, his sales manager entered his office.

"Mr. Martin, we have a new competitor," the manager said. "There is a new jewelry company that is opening a store tomorrow. It's called Adley & Co." 1

Brian paused, saying, "We are still the best in the city. It's no reason to be bothered. We have already agreed to cater to a wider market to cope with Riley's departure." 1

"But, Sir, they are huge. They rented three hundred square meters of space at the Megamall," the manager reported. "I think we need to check the competition."

"Do I need to?" Brian wasn't planning to go, but his manager said something that ultimately convinced him.

"Okay, Mr. Martin, the truth is, I had asked around, and I was told that the designer of Adley & Co is Miss Allen, your ex-wife," the manager reported. What if she used our old designs? That would be an infringement of our brand."

"What did you say?" Brian asked in shock. "Riley is the designer?"

Brian clenched his jaws, thinking. After a while, he said, "Let's check it tomorrow."



Lilhyz Author

June 27, 2024. Chapter 2-2. What would happen if Brian meets Riley at the grand opening of ADLEY?



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Commented [Ma1]: