

My Baby's Daddy Is Mr CEO by Kelvin Iwuchukwu Chapter 12

Chapter 12

As agreed, Oliver and Arianna with the help of their lawyers made the necessary arrangements for the tests to help in the investigation. Oliver was confident that he was not the father of the child and Arianna was not any less confident in her accusations. Their lawyers too had full trust in them respectively, and that caused a big tension between the two parties.

Oliver stood in his house; he was a bit worried, not because he was scared of losing the case but because of the clause added to the legal papers. He was worried for Arianna, if she lost the case, then she would have to pay the sum of fifty thousand United States dollars to him.

He wondered where she would be able to get that kind of money, because he was certain that she was losing the case. He didn't need a seer to tell him that she was broke, too broke to provide such an amount. Even if she was given one year, she would not be able to pay, and if she is not able to pay, then she would have to go to jail.

At that point, not even he can save her. His lawyer, Mr. Danielson was a man with a lot of pride; he would not rest until he sent the clients of his opponents to jail and added it to his list. This is what Oliver was avoiding.

Even though he had a lot of flaws, and he was stinking rich, he still had a little humanity in him. He felt for Arianna, considering what she would have to go through when she loses this case.

Oliver decided to do something about it, even though he felt that she had offended him by making such accusations, he still wanted to give her a second chance, he wanted to try and save her. Oliver believed that she would be in regret by now, so he decided to offer her a second chance.

"Zach!!" he called out loud.

"Yes sir!" The butler answered and ran into the large sitting room. He was dressed in a white tux with black pants and a white towel hanging on his right hand, his black shoe glittering with polish.

"Zach, go to my study room and get me my phone, I left it behind on the reading table, right beside my computer." He instructed.

"Alright sir," the butler made a slight bow and ran out.

Oliver, who had been pacing around for a while, went to his luxurious couch and took a seat. His sitting room was large enough to contain a ship, it was not just big but it smelled like hard cash. The environment smelled like heaven, in fact it was heaven on earth.

The flat screen plasma hung on the wall was longer and larger than large. The couches were so numerous that a visitor would wonder if the world held meetings here, they were all worth thousands of dollars. The tables in the middle were made out of pure diamond, very few people in the world would be able to afford that.

The walls were literally more of gold than bricks; the beautiful and dazzling lights would make you think it was Christmas. One side of the wall was plain glass from which you could see the outside. His mansion literally screams "wealth!!"

Zach walked in with the phone and handed it to his boss. The phone was of the latest model with both sides made of glass, you could see through it even when it was in use. You did probably mistake it for one of Tony Stark's pretty gadgets; it was a high tech device.

"Do you need anything else sir?" The Butler asked politely. Of course he had to be polite; this was Las Vegas' most eligible bachelor he was talking to, business icon of the year. Only a fool would talk to him with disrespect.

"No Zach, you can leave now. Oh! I almost forgot, tell the cook to make something not too heavy, it's the weekend and I would go clubbing tonight. I don't like eating heavy foods on weekends," he instructed.

Zach nodded and chuckled inwards. At times he found it difficult to understand how his boss thinks. For him, weekends were the right days to eat heavy food. Perhaps the rich and the poor don't think alike.

He turned around and left the room. He knew the cook was already making something heavy per his instructions, so this was good news. If his boss didn't want to eat that, then it was left for the servant to consume. Oliver doesn't eat foods made on the previous day, even if it was refrigerated and micro waved. So whatever was left of the food was for the servants, they ate food worth more than their salary in a month. That was the advantage of working for someone as rich as Stark Oliver Gomez.

"How sure are you that he wouldn't cheat?" Rosie asked as she walked into their bedroom.

Arianna was seated on the bed, hungrily chewing an apple like her life depended on it. It was the weekend and she was given a holiday on weekends, so she didn't have to go to work today.

"I know he won't, although I don't care if he does because it would still be in my favor. I mean, if he changes the result from the hospital of his choice, then the results won't correspond and we would have to take the matter to court. He doesn't want the matter to be taken to court for two reasons, the first is his reputation, the second reason is that he is scared, he knows for a fact that he would lose because I am right and he is wrong, Arianna stated.

"Don't underestimate a man of his status, he could manipulate the law, he could turn the case against you in court by pushing a few right buttons, all he has to do is make some monetary transactions and his wish will be done. You need to be careful Aria," Rosie replied and walked out of the room again. She was making food in the kitchen.

Arianna refused to accept her friend's words, she had full trust in herself and her lawyer, she also knew that nemesis was watching, the goddess of revenge and justice was certainly behind her.

Just then her phone rang, she wondered who could be calling her because she didn't have many contacts, the few she had only called when they needed something or had something important to tell her.

She checked the caller ID but it was an unknown number. Now she was more curious, she had not received calls from strange numbers in a while.

She hesitated for a while before clicking the green button of her phone. She held the phone to her ear and kept quiet. There was silence from both sides of the phone for a few seconds and Arianna was about to hang up when she heard that voice.

"Hello..."

She felt her body shiver as her phone's speaker produced the sound of a billionaire's voice. She couldn't understand why his voice made her nervous. Maybe because he was the last person she expected to receive a call from.

"Hello... it's you?" She muttered in surprise.

"Yes it's me, aren't you happy to be hearing from me, I usually don't call people in your class," he replied and she clenched her fist, feeling irritated by his words.

"How did you get my phone number?" she queried with a stern face, too bad he can't see it. Oh! He can still feel it from her voice.

"I am Las Vegas` most eligible bachelor, one among the five richest in the city. Do you think it would take more than five minutes to get in contact with the likes of you?"

"Ugh! Such arrogance," she grumbled with spite in her tone.

"You said what?"

"Nothing, what do you want?" she asked rudely.

"A date?" he replied and her eyes widened.

"Huh?" she muttered, just to be sure she heard right.

"Yes, but more like a meeting, I am not asking you out." He laughed mockingly.

Arianna was silent for a while; she did not know what reply to give him. Why would he even want a meeting? What did he want to tell her?

"Are you in or not? We need to talk." He stated, in a more serious tone this time.

Arianna took a deep breath in and out. She knew that accepting his invitation was a risk as anything could happen, but she had already taken a risk by starting a case against him, one more won't hurt.

"Location?" she asked softly and she heard him chuckle, she hated the fact that she found his voice alluring.

"I will send you the location in a text, expect it in the next few seconds," he replied, and then he hung up.

"Rude!!" Arianna groaned and stared at the phone like she could see him through it.