

Chapter 105

Alexander's POV

I parked the car in the company lot. I was anxious, so anxious that I drove the entire way in silence. Catherine kept giving me suspicious looks. When I opened the car door for her to get out, I pulled her in for a kiss and said:

"I'm so happy you finally decided to come back to work with me."

She smiled and kissed me again.

I had asked Patrick to gather everyone in the executive reception area so I could announce Catherine's return. The renovation Sam had done was completed on Friday, and I was very pleased with the result. She really had a special touch for these things. I was eager for Catherine to see it and hoped she would like the changes.

As the elevator went up, Catherine's hands were cold and trembling. When the doors opened on our floor, I gave her hand a gentle squeeze, trying to comfort her.

It was a small group of employees who worked in the executive suite. When they saw Catherine, they applauded and showed how happy they were to see her back. Except for one person. Celeste couldn't even hide her anger. She looked at Catherine with hatred written all over her face. While everyone else rushed forward to hug my girlfriend, Celeste remained motionless.

After everyone's greetings, it was time to give some explanation, even if it wasn't the whole truth.


"Ladies and gentlemen, thank you for giving Miss Catherine such a warm



welcome back. I know you all heard about confidential information being leaked from Miss Catherine's computer, which led to her dismissal. However, our IT department investigated and discovered that Miss Catherine wasn't responsible for the leak. They concluded that her computer was remotely hacked, and the information was leaked by someone else whom we haven't identified yet. What matters now is that Catherine is back; she's an essential part of this company. And since I know you've noticed our closeness," I said, raising our joined hands, "I'd like to inform you that this beautiful woman has forgiven me for being so rude to her, and we're dating. We'll be married soon!"

Everyone applauded and congratulated us. Rick and Patrick whistled while Sam shouted "long live the couple!" Catherine was red as a tomato and smiled sheepishly. As the employees dispersed after congratulating us, only Patrick, Rick, Sam, and Celeste remained standing in front of us.

"Won't you greet me, Celeste?" Catherine asked, smiling at that venomous snake. I knew she was provoking her.

"Of course, Cat, it's so good to have you back, since you've forgiven the humiliation you went through here." Celeste jabbed with a fake smile and hugged Catherine, whispering in her ear: "But you must have met the new girl, right? Don't trust her, she's a fake who's chasing after Alexander." 

"Not at all, Celeste. Sam is my friend, and I trust her completely." Catherine emphasized the word 'her' before going to hug Samantha. Celeste was overflowing with barely contained rage.

"My angel, come, take your rightful place." I said, extending my hand to my girlfriend and leading her to her office door.

I opened the door and saw her eyes light up at what she saw inside.



Samantha had replaced the dark wooden furniture with light wood, making the space brighter. The desk, which previously faced the door with its back to the window, was now positioned sideways so Catherine could enjoy the window view while seated. There was a light-colored carpet, chairs with black leather seats, and behind the desk, a bookshelf covering half the wall with light wooden filing cabinets on the other half. On the opposite side were two modern, comfortable armchairs in the same light tone as the carpet, a small table between them with an arrangement of multicolored tulips, and decorative shelves behind them. The space was beautiful and professional with a feminine touch.

"Do you like it?" I whispered in her ear.

"I love it!"

Catherine walked to the tulip arrangement and picked up the card, which read:

"White ones symbolize forgiveness. Purple ones symbolize tranquility and peace. Yellow ones symbolize prosperity. Orange ones symbolize vitality. Blue ones symbolize trust and loyalty. Red ones symbolize our perfect love. And the black ones are the rarest and most precious, just like you. You have my promise that I won't make another mistake, that I'll love you forever, and that I'll be grateful every day for your forgiveness. Loving you is the best part of my life!"

When she finished reading, Catherine's face was streaked with tears. She came to me and gave me a passionate kiss. We heard our friends clapping and cheering behind us, and I smiled against her lips while wiping away her tears.

"Come here, I want to show you something else," I pulled her by the hand, opened my office door, and led her inside, closing it behind us.



"Alexander... but... what did you do?" she had a radiant smile on her face.

"You said you didn't want to be reminded of what happened, and Sam mentioned you wanted to burn the old couch. So I asked Sam to redecorate my office and yours, though I think she might have already burned that couch herself," I said, glancing at her sideways.

"It's beautiful! It doesn't even look like the same place!" Catherine jumped into my lap and kissed me passionately.

Samantha had done an outstanding job. My desk was now on the other side, where the old couch used to be. There was a large window on the adjacent wall, giving me much more light. Where my old desk had been, she placed the new couch - a huge, comfortable piece in gray fabric. There were paintings on the walls, shelves scattered throughout the room, a floor-to-ceiling niche filled with green plants that she said would help calm me down, and various decorative objects. The space was professional but felt lighter.

I kissed Catherine, her legs still wrapped around my waist, and whispered in her ear:

"I'm going to take you on my new desk and have you ride me in my chair, but first I'm going to fuck you on that couch."

I walked across the room with my girl and sat on the couch with her in my lap, kissing her mouth passionately. I registered the phone ringing on my desk but ignored it - whatever it was could wait. Just as I started sliding my hands up Catherine's thighs and between her legs, my cell phone rang with Patrick's ringtone. We both started laughing and said in unison:

"Cockblocker friend!"



But Patrick knew how important Cat's return was and wouldn't interrupt our moment without good reason. So I grabbed my phone from my suit jacket pocket and answered in an amused tone.

"Damn it, Patrick, again!"



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