



Chapter 147

I took yesterday off, and today I was ready for battle. I had rested, thought a lot, and put my head in order. I would go to work and talk to Alexander. I found it strange that he hadn't reached out to me yet.

I felt somewhat insecure, wondering if he had forgotten about me. That woman who kissed him in the reception area, could she be the woman he was looking for? If so, Virginia and Patrick were wrong, and Alexander had already forgotten me. Thinking about this made me sad. I needed to know.

When Rick arrived, I called him for coffee in the break room. He would know the answers.

"Pretty woman, how are you?" Rick asked, examining my face.

"I'm fine, Rick, thanks for taking me home. I passed out before getting there, sorry."

"Don't mention it, Cat. That's what friends are for. It was my pleasure to put you to bed." He said, making me laugh at his double entendre.

"Thank you anyway. But there's something I want you to answer."

"Sure, what do you want to know?"

"Who's that woman?" Rick stopped putting sugar in his coffee and looked at me with a sigh.

"You should ask Alexander about that."

"I know. And I will. But first I'm asking a friend."



"Low blow, huh! Come on, let's sit down." Rick pulled me to the table in the center of the break room. "That tramp is Liz. She was Alexander's girlfriend in college, cheated on him with everyone until Patrick and I made him catch her in the act. She made Alexander look like an idiot, made him behave like an irresponsible jerk. Got him into lots of trouble."

"Is she the woman he ordered people to look for?"

"No, Cat, the woman he's looking for is something else entirely. The woman Alexander is searching for is someone he met shortly after breaking up with Liz. Liz is just a slut. When he discovered everything, they broke up and she went to Rome with her lover, who was a painter. Last week she found us in New York."

"What happened in New York?"

"Cat, remember that you're not together and you're dating Levy. Not that I approve of what he did, I hate that woman. But he spent a night with her. But you can relax, he used protection and she's not pregnant."

My heart tightened hearing that. Even knowing Rick was right, I wasn't with him, but it hurt.

"I'm not sure that makes me feel better, Rick," I said. "If she's here, there must be something more to it."

"I think so too." Rick sighed. "I mean, it's not that Alexander wants anything with her, but she's after him. I suspect it wasn't by chance that we met her, like she claimed, but we're investigating."

"Does he like her?"

"He regrets what he did. It was one of those stupid things we men do when our pride is hurt. And no, he doesn't like her. But Liz is trouble, and



she's not as naive as Caroline, so we need to be extra careful with you."

I chatted with Rick a bit more and was heading back to my office, but decided to make a quick stop.

"Rick, is he in his office?" I asked, pointing to Alexander's office, and Rick nodded. "Can I have five minutes in there?" Rick smiled, and I walked in, ready to start solving problems.

I entered without knocking and saw Alexander sitting on the couch with many papers in front of him. I walked toward him, but he hadn't looked up from his papers yet.

"Rick, you..." Alexander started to speak, and I interrupted him.

"I'm not Rick." I stopped in front of him.

"My angel!" He looked up from his papers and flashed a dazzling smile.

I went to him, bent down, and kissed his lips. How I missed him! I sighed when I broke the kiss and looked into his eyes.

"What am I going to do with you?" It was more of a rhetorical question. Inside me, a battle raged between throwing myself into his arms and keeping my distance.

"You know I'm yours. And you know you're mine. How long are we going to keep suffering? It's your decision, my love. But I won't give up on you," he whispered these words in my ear and kissed behind my earlobe, making me shiver all over. "I can get down on my knees, I can crawl if you prefer, I'll do anything you want to make you understand how sorry I am for being such a jerk and how much I regret it. I love you, Catherine. I messed everything up, but I want you back, and I won't give up."



I sat on the coffee table on top of the papers he was reading and looked into his eyes – it was impossible to resist. He was truly sorry and suffering, just like me. I placed my hands on his face and pulled him closer, closed my eyes and breathed in his delicious scent – it was captivating, warm and seductive. Alexander didn't move or pull me in for a kiss, he just let me decide what I wanted. That was even more powerful than kissing me – I couldn't let him go. 1

I pressed my lips to his, feeling their warmth and the softness as our mouths met. I ran my tongue over his lips as if savoring something delicious. He gasped and I took the opportunity to gently slip my tongue into his mouth. I pulled at the hair at the nape of his neck and deepened our kiss. He responded passionately but kept his hands off me, allowing me to pull away if I wanted. But the more I kissed him, the more certain I became that I belonged in his arms. Our tongues moved together in a rhythmic dance, with intense sensuality. Our kiss was one of love, all-consuming, pouring out all the feelings we had for each other. 1

My body was on fire and yearning for his touch, but he wouldn't touch me. So as I kissed him, I sat sideways on his lap and wrapped my arms around his neck, letting him know I was his and couldn't bear to stay away any longer. Only then did he wrap his arms around me, one hand on my neck, deepening our kiss even further.

When we pulled apart we were completely breathless, but I couldn't stop gazing into his eyes. They were shining like two violet beacons. I couldn't live without him anymore.

"I guess this means you've forgiven me," he said with that dazzling smile that fascinated me.

"This means I can't live without you, that I will forgive you, but you still have some groveling to do. And even though I've decided to face

everything and come back to you, you still have a lot of explaining to do."

"You're coming back to me?"

"Yes, after you properly explain everything that's been going on and end this marriage charade. I don't want any hussies trying to take what's mine ever again. But you're not fully forgiven yet."

"The marriage charade is already over. I'll do whatever you want," he smiled like a child. "What I can't do is be without you, I can't stand it. I love you, Catherine!"

"I shouldn't, but I love you too, Alexander."

His phone rang and he groaned. It was Alan saying he urgently needed to speak with him in person. While he was on the phone, I got off his lap and went back to my desk.

I was thinking about texting Alexander to ask if we could have lunch together when Alan came into my office.

"Alan? Is everything okay?" I looked at him - he seemed nervous and confused.

"Sweetie..." he looked into my eyes as if wanting to tell me something, but briefly closed his eyes and shook his head. "Is Patrick in? I need to speak with him right now."

"Just a minute, Alan. Would you like some water? You seem agitated."

"No, I just need to speak with Patrick."

I picked up the phone and informed Patrick about the visit and he said to let him in. Alan rushed in and closed the door. It was very strange. I



picked up my phone again to text Alexander, but Sam came in with some papers for me and ended up distracting me.

Soon after Sam went back to her desk, Patrick and Alan came out both looking desperate. But they didn't tell me anything. I found it very strange. Whatever it was, it was serious.

When I went to Sam's desk to return some papers, I saw Alexander, Rick, Alan and Patrick waiting for the elevator, with Patrick giving orders to security to keep an eye on me. What was going on there?

"Where are they going, Sam?" I asked when I saw them enter the elevator.

"Don't know. They just told me they won't be back today," Samantha said, sounding as suspicious as I was.

"How strange!" I left the papers and went back to my office.

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