



Chapter 149

Alexander's POV

Patrick was acting very strange. He seemed distressed. When we arrived at his house, besides us and Alan, Henry and Fred were also there. How weird.

"What's going on?" I said, starting to get nervous.

"Sit down," Patrick said, and I sat. "Remember when we fired Cat, I asked my friend from the police department to investigate her?"

"Yes. But that doesn't matter anymore," I said, shrugging.

"No, it wouldn't," Patrick was very nervous. "She really is an incredible person, very correct and honest. But he discovered something." He looked at Fred. "He found out who Peter's father is."

"No way? Seriously?" Fred was surprised. "Man, I never spoke to Cat or Mel, but I tried to find this guy when Cat got pregnant and couldn't. Who is it?"

"Hold on," Patrick said. "Almost at the same time, Alan came to my office with the report about the investigation of the woman you've been looking for all this time, Alexander. He found her."

I looked at Patrick, unable to decide if I was happy about finding this woman again or worried about the possibility of Peter's father wanting his son.

"What does one thing have to do with the other?" Henry asked.

"Everything," Patrick said. "We never knew how Cat met Peter's father,

and I think you don't really know either, right, Mari?"

"All I know is that she met him at a party and they spent one night together," Mari said. "But you all know that too."

"But you don't know at which party," Fred said, looking into Patrick's eyes as if he was starting to understand.

"Exactly. Just like you don't know how Alexander met the woman he's been looking for all this time," Patrick said.

"No way." Fred was already crying.

"I don't understand any of this!" I said, feeling stupid.

"Alexander met a woman at the masquerade ball the night his parents died. He left her for a moment to answer a phone call and received the news, but when he came back, she had disappeared. He searched the entire ballroom but couldn't find her. He spent two years looking for her, and well, you know the rest of the story," Patrick explained to Fred, who was crying even harder. I still didn't understand anything.

"I still don't get it," I said, getting nervous.

"What we didn't know was that Catherine met Peter's father at the same masquerade ball," Patrick said, and I felt my soul leave my body. "The woman you've been looking for all this time, Alexander, is Catherine. You're Peter's father!"

I was in shock, just feeling tears rolling down my face. I couldn't speak. There was a deathly silence in the room. Patrick handed me two reports, one was what the detective had done on Catherine, and the other was about the investigation of the mysterious woman from the ball.



When I finished reading, I looked around, and everyone had tears in their eyes. They were as stunned as I was.

"It's her, Patrick!" I said, grabbing the photo from the ball day that was attached to the detective's report. "It's her! I searched for her for so long! And I'm Peter's father! This is wonderful! I always felt something special for that boy, now I know why. I'm his father!" I was sobbing. "I'm going to talk to Cat right now!"

I stood up, ready to run out of there. But Fred and Rick held me back.

"Hold on, Alexander, you can't talk to Cat like this, you'll scare her, and she can't be scared," Fred said.

"What the hell is this?" I shouted. I was anxious. "First Rick, now you, Fred? What's happening with Catherine?"

"Henry, I need Mel!" Fred pleaded.

"I'll call her. And I'll tell Virginia to come too," Henry said, sighing and grabbing his phone.

"Sit down and wait, Alexander," Rick said. "Meanwhile, calm down. I'm going to call Tess."

Within twenty minutes, all three women came rushing in, stumbling over themselves. All worried, and when they looked at my face, they freaked out.

"What happened to Catherine? For God's sake, Fred, where's my friend?" Melissa asked nervously.

"Calm down, girls. Cat is fine. She's in the office with Sam," Patrick reassured them. "Have a seat."



Patrick explained everything again to the girls, who were looking at me as if I were some mythical creature. All three of them were open-mouthed and just as shocked as we were.

"Now, Melissa, I want to know what's going on with Catherine and why I can't run to tell her," I demanded the truth.

"Damn it, Miller!" Melissa cursed. "I shouldn't be the one telling you this. She's going to kill me."

"Mel, it's better if he knows. He has something very important to tell her. It's better to explain the situation so he knows how to handle things," Virginia said, placing her hand on Melissa's arm.

"That's why I called you, Mel. We have to tell him," Fred said.

"Tell me what?" I was already losing patience.

Melissa sighed and looked at me as if measuring her words.

"Remember the day you were with Cat in the elevator?" Melissa asked me.

"Of course, it was the last time I was with her," I confirmed.

"Well. She's pregnant, Miller," Melissa said, and I felt the world stop spinning once again.

"She's what?" Patrick and Henry asked in unison.

"I'm going to be a father again? Seriously?" I said, starting to cry again.

"Yes, but Cat is very fragile and full of hormonal changes, that's why we're worried about her," Rick said.



"And how do you know and I don't?" I looked at Rick.

"Because I observe. And I have five nieces and nephews, I know how a pregnant woman gets," Rick justified.

"I already have a beautiful son and now I'm going to be a father again! I'm going to be a father!" I started shouting and crying with joy. "But why didn't she tell me?"

"Because you're engaged to that walking scarecrow," Tess said.

"Not anymore. You guys don't know yet, right?" I said, realizing I hadn't told anyone except Rick and Patrick. "Rick, Patrick, please explain, I can't do it. I can only think about running to see Cat."

"You're not going anywhere," Patrick said. "I'm going to call Sam and tell her to come here with Cat."

"That's a good idea, Patrick," Melissa agreed.

I took a deep breath and tried to control myself.

"Look, Virginia, I know she's been seeing your brother, and I think he's a good guy, but I'm not giving up on my family," I said, trying to justify myself. Virginia smiled.

"My brother is a wonderful man, Alexander. But Catherine isn't seeing him anymore. And he went to spend some time in California with our parents."

When I heard Virginia say that, my heart almost exploded with joy.