

Chapter 150

Sam rushed into my office and said, "Cat, we need to go. Patrick called and told us to hurry to his house. Something's going on, everyone's there."

"This is all so strange! I thought Patrick and Alan were acting weird," I commented.

"I noticed that too. But let's go, he said it's urgent and the driver is waiting for us in the garage."

I grabbed my purse and left with Sam. Dennis was behind us and seemed even tenser than usual. He put us in the car and got in the front seat, which was unusual.

When we left the building's parking lot, I looked out the window and saw that woman, Liz, at the building entrance. A chill ran through my entire body. What was happening?

When we arrived at Patrick's house, I was shocked. Even the girls were there. Even Mari via video conference. And it seemed like everyone was crying. My head was spinning; in just a few seconds, I thought of the most terrible things, felt my knees weaken, and passed out.

When I came to, I was lying on the couch, and Alexander was kneeling beside me, holding my hand with red eyes.

"My angel, are you okay?" he asked, his voice heavy with concern.

"I'm worried. What's going on? Why is everyone here?" I asked, feeling dazed.

"Calm down, my angel, everything's fine. We'll tell you everything. But



first, I want to make sure you're okay?" Alexander spoke while kissing my hand.

"Is it about your parents' accident?" He shook his head no. "About the company?" he denied again.

I was about to continue asking when Dr. Molina rushed in, heading toward me.

"Dear, how are you?" he asked kindly. Alexander stood up to give him space.

"Fine, I think it was just a drop in blood pressure," I said.

"Lucky I live in the same complex as Patrick and was home," Dr. Molina said. "May I examine you?"

"Of course, doctor."

After the examination, Dr. Molina concluded it wasn't anything serious, just a drop in blood pressure which he attributed to all the stress I had been going through.

"Catherine, you need peace and quiet, and you know that." He looked at me seriously.

"Yes, but there's so much happening."

"If you don't take care of yourself, I'll call your father to come get you and take you to the country house."

"No way, Dr. Molina, no one's taking Catherine away from me," Alexander rushed to say. "I'll sort everything out."



"You better, Alexander." The doctor gave him a warning look.

"Doctor, could you stay a bit longer? I have something to tell Catherine, but I'm worried she might feel unwell again," Alexander asked, and my anxiety shot up again.

"Calm down, friend, drink this tea," Melissa put a cup in my hand.

"No problem, I can stay. Would you like me to wait outside?" Dr. Molina asked.

"Not at all, doctor. I think you'll like what I have to say," Alexander smiled.

"Excellent, I love happy endings," Dr. Molina crossed his legs and accepted the coffee Patrick offered him.

"I don't understand anything anymore. When I arrived, you were all crying. Now it seems like it's good news. What's going on?" I asked nervously.

"My angel, Alan found the woman I was looking for," Alexander said, and I felt my breath catch. "Breathe, my love, stay calm."

"And where is she?" I asked.

"Very close," Alexander said. "But there's something else. When I fired you, before we knew it was all a setup, Patrick asked his friend who's a detective in Bellwood to investigate you. We had even forgotten about it. The detective only sent the report today. It didn't matter anymore since we had resolved everything, and I should never have doubted you. But this report contains very important information."

"Did you send the police to investigate me?" I shouted angrily.

"Calm down, Catherine. You can't get upset," Dr. Molina warned me.

I took a deep breath, gathered what little composure I had, and faced Alexander.

"It was just unofficial, Cat. It was silly, but we were in the dark," Patrick tried to justify. "And it was my idea."

"My angel, look at me, take a deep breath and calm down. Now tell me, how did you meet Peter's father?" Alexander's eyes welled up with tears.

"Why does that matter, Alexander?" I asked, not understanding the change of subject.

"It matters, my angel. Tell me, I want to hear it from you," Alexander pleaded.

"You hate me for this, don't you?" I said, seeing in his eyes that he already knew. "But if you want to impose this punishment on me, if you want to hear it from my mouth, fine, I'll tell you. About three years ago, I went to a masquerade ball that happens annually in Bellwood. I had just ended a long relationship, and Melissa kept insisting that I should go to this ball and have fun. I ended up drinking, I was with my friends at a private event. At some point, I was approached near the dance floor by a man who asked me to dance. We danced, talked, and at some point, he led me to a corner of the hall, a corridor leading to the emergency exit. It was dark and no one was there. He kissed me and, well..." I sighed, and my eyes burned, I couldn't look at him. "After that, he left to answer his phone and disappeared. We were wearing masks, and I never saw his face. We didn't protect ourselves, I had stopped taking birth control after breaking up with my boyfriend, and days later I found out I was pregnant. And Peter was the best thing that ever happened in my life."

"You gave yourselves to the moment. It was intense, strong, and powerful," Alexander suddenly continued my story. "You couldn't find him because you didn't even know his name. When he was about to introduce himself, his phone rang, and since the signal was bad, he stepped out to answer it. He took a while, but when he came back, he couldn't find you anymore. You had disappeared. And he searched for you for two long years."

"You found Peter's father," I said in a whisper.

"Yes, my angel, we did," Alexander smiled at me while crying.

"I don't understand."

"My angel, you're the woman I've been looking for! I'm Peter's father!" Alexander was crying, and I couldn't understand what he was saying. "Peter is my son!"

"What kind of joke is this, Alexander?" I looked around, and everyone was crying. I didn't understand.

"Friend, the man from that night is Alexander," Melissa said. "Do you understand?"

I was in shock. I felt Dr. Molina putting the blood pressure monitor on my arm again. But I couldn't speak. I looked at Alexander and couldn't understand how.

"My angel, I was at that ball with my parents. My father was going to be honored at that party. Patrick and his parents were there too. I saw you arrive at the party and was enchanted. I watched you all night. When you finally separated from your friends, I went to you and asked you to dance. We danced and connected in a surreal way. When my phone rang, it was



Rick calling to tell me there was an emergency here, and my parents had returned early, and the helicopter carrying them had disappeared from radar, and the search was beginning. But the signal was bad, so I stepped away and signaled for you to wait. After talking to Rick, I rushed back to talk to you and get your number, but you had vanished. I looked for you but couldn't find you. That night I found you and lost you. And that night I lost my parents."

"Alexander, it was you?" I was sobbing.

"Yes, my love, it was me! I searched for you so much!" Alexander was ecstatic. "Look at me, our son is my spitting image, he has my eyes. We bonded the moment we met. I should have suspected. My boy, Cat, my boy. And he has my father's name, just as I always wanted. You have no idea how happy I am!"

"You're Peter's father? Oh my God." I placed my hands on his face.

"Sweetie, take this medicine." Dr. Molina handed me a pill and a glass of water. "Take it, you're very nervous and it could harm you."

I took the pill and water and swallowed. My heart was pounding in my chest.

"Alexander, I need to tell you something." I said, trying to wipe away my tears.

"That we're having another baby? I already know, my love, and I'm the happiest man in the world." Alexander said, placing his hand on my belly.

"Cat, we had to tell him because with the news he had for you, we needed a plan to avoid giving you and my new godchild a heart attack." Fred rushed to explain.



"Your new godchild, Fred? Not even if hell freezes over!" Patrick complained. "You're already Peter's godfather. This one will be my godchild and that's final."

"Shouldn't the parents be the ones choosing the godparents?" I protested.

"This isn't a democracy, Catherine!" Patrick made everyone laugh.

"My angel, I need to tell you that Caroline's pregnancy was a lie and we discovered everything. And that Liz means nothing to me. And that I love you so much. And I'm dying to see my son. And..." Alexander was euphoric.

"Doctor, I'm feeling sleepy." I looked at the doctor beside me.

"Yes, dear, it's the effect of the medicine. You'll sleep for a while." Dr. Molina confirmed, and I closed my eyes, surrendering to sleep.



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