



Chapter 153

It didn't take long for Lygia to enter, pulling Peter by his little hand. When he saw Alexander, he let go and ran towards him.

"Alexandaaa!" Peter stretched out his little arms, and Alexander crouched down, picking him up.

"Peter. My boy." Alexander was crying, overwhelmed with emotion from having his son in his arms. I looked around, and everyone was crying, including me.

"Alexanda, I missed you. You didn't come to play with me anymore," Peter complained.

"Oh, my boy, I'm dying of missing you too." Alexander spoke as they hugged each other tightly.

"Hi, Mommy." Peter turned to me. "Uncle Patrick sent for us."

"That's right. And aren't you going to say hi to everyone?" I asked him.

"Ah, Mommy, I missed Alexanda so much!" He said, resting his little head on Alexander's shoulder, who couldn't stop crying. "Hi, everyone!" Peter waved and looked around, greeting everyone at once. "Why are you crying, Alexanda?"

"Because I'm so happy to see you," Alexander could barely speak. "Sorry, everyone, but I'm not letting him go now. You'll have to wait." Everyone laughed.

"Then let's sit down to eat, and you can keep holding your boy," Patrick suggested. "Peter, I bought french fries for you."



"Yay!" Peter clapped his little hands.

We sat down to eat, and I was enchanted to see my son on his father's lap, all smiling, eating french fries, and telling his latest adventures at the daycare. Alexander didn't let go of Peter and showered him with kisses and attention. I was looking at them without paying attention to what was happening around. We had to tell Peter, and I didn't know if he would understand. After eating, we sat in the living room.

"Peter, Mommy has something to tell you." He still hadn't left Alexander's lap.

"Tell me, Mommy." He looked at me with those violet eyes and a smile that always filled my heart.

"Remember when you asked why you don't have a daddy?"

"I rememba, Mommy. You and Auntie said it's because my daddy lives far away," he repeated what Mel and I always said.

"Well, now your daddy lives very close." I said gently, and his little eyes sparkled.

"Really, Mommy? And can Alexandra be my daddy?" I was speechless.

"Yes, my son, I am your daddy. I am your daddy." Alexander cried and held his son tightly in his arms. Peter put his two little arms around his neck and gave him a little squeeze.

"My daddy? You're my daddy! My daddy!" Peter shouted and laughed, hugging his father.

This only made Alexander more emotional and everyone in that room cried as if they were as much of a child as Peter.



"I think I'll go to the kitchen and make some chamomile tea for Alexander," Sam said with a smile and stood up. "Actually, I think I'll make it for everyone." She made everyone burst into laughter.

When Alexander and Peter finally released from their embrace, Peter ran his little hand over his father's face and asked why he was crying. Alexander said he was very happy to be his father.

"I have an idea!" Patrick spoke. "No one is leaving today. There are enough rooms in this house and we can talk and share this moment."

"I like the idea, honey! Let's stay, everyone," Virginia supported Patrick.

One by one, everyone agreed. I looked at Peter, who was already partying with the crowd that begged for a "pajama party", and Alexander pulled me into a hug and whispered in my ear:

"I'll stay wherever you and my children are."

Everyone looked at me pleadingly, and I decided we would stay. Lygia tried to go home, but Patrick wouldn't allow it. He said he insisted that she stay and participate in the "pajama party".

It was a very fun night, full of games, laughter, and stories. Patrick distributed pajamas and shirts for us to sleep in. When we lay down, Alexander put our son between us in bed and slept hugging the two of us. I never imagined it was possible to be as happy as I was at that moment.

The next day, after lunch, we went home. Alexander wanted to know everything about his son, and the two were inseparable. Since it was the weekend, Melissa decided to stay at Fred's apartment so that we could talk and have some time alone. We quickly stopped by Alexander's apartment so he could pick up a few things, and we went to my



apartment.

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