



Chapter 154

When we got home, Peter took a box of building blocks from his room and spread them on the living room carpet. Alexander sat down with him, and they spent the afternoon playing and watching cartoons.

After dinner, Peter was exhausted. He fell asleep in his father's arms, who insisted on putting him to bed. Coming back to the living room, Alexander hugged me on the couch.

"Angel, we need to talk," Alexander sighed. "There's so much I want to know. But I also have some things to tell you. I don't know where to start."

"Start by telling me about New York," I asked, sitting facing him.

"It was Friday, the day we arrived there. We went to a bar at night, and Liz showed up. I was upset and losing hope that you'd come back to me. You were dating Levy. So I went to Liz's apartment. It was stupid, but it was just that one time." Alexander closed his eyes. "And like you said, I was with her, but I could only think of you."

"I won't say I didn't care, because I cared a lot. But I won't fight with you about it. We were broken up, and I was seeing Levy. So, let's forget what happened," Catherine said, making me feel relieved.

"What about you and Levy?" I asked, afraid of what I might hear.

"I didn't sleep with him, if that's what you want to know. But we did kiss a few times," I was honest. "Levy is an amazing guy, but I couldn't get you out of my heart. I realized that after I saw Liz hanging all over you at the office. I ended what hadn't even begun with Levy, and he went to spend some time in California. And what happened with Anna Caroline?"

Alexander spent the next half hour telling everything he had discovered and how he exposed Anna Caroline's lies. I was shocked by that woman's capacity to lie and manipulate. But Liz was right, Celeste was the worst.

"And with all that, I finally fired Johnson," he said with a smile.

"Alexander, I'm scared of what they might do," I commented, feeling a chill down my spine.

"Don't worry, angel, we'll keep the security guards. They won't get near you or our son," he assured me. "Our son! My God, how happy my parents would be to be Peter's grandparents. And he has my father's name, just as I always wanted!" Alexander was very emotional. "I love you, Catherine!"

"I love you too. But I'm worried about how to tell my parents." I thought about how difficult it would be. "And also tell them that I'm pregnant again."

"Why are you worried about telling them that I'm Peter's father?"

"Alexander, obviously I didn't tell my parents that I had sex with a masked stranger at a crowded party venue!"

"So what did you tell them?"

"That I met Peter's father at the ball and spent the night with him. Just that. Can you imagine how my parents would react if they knew I hadn't even seen the face of the man I was with?" I said as if it were obvious. "And I'll have to tell them now, especially since you've already shown up there and I assured my father you weren't Peter's father." Alexander started laughing.

"This is going to be funny. And they still don't know you're pregnant?"



"No, I thought I'd tell them in person."

"Well, whenever you're ready, we'll visit my in-laws and tell them that I'm Peter's father, that you're pregnant with my second child, and that we're getting married. What do you think?"

"Sounds like a good plan." I sighed. "But wait a minute, who said I'm going to marry you?"

"You're the one who said you're the future Mrs. Miller." Alexander reminded me of what I'd said to Liz.

"I was just putting that crazy woman in her place." I defended myself.

"I don't care, now you're getting married." He said with a smile. "But there's one more thing."

"What's that?"

"I'd marry you tomorrow if it were up to me, but I can't do that to your parents, and I know your friends will want to make it an event, so it'll take some time to organize." I followed his reasoning.

"I don't care about parties and all that stuff. I just want family and friends there with us." I said.

"But I want to see you in a beautiful white dress! And I want everyone to know you're mine. So we're having a celebration. But until the wedding, I don't want to spend another night away from you and my son." I understood what Alexander meant.

"Alexander, you can see Peter whenever you want."

"I want all three of you in my house - our house," he corrected himself, "



every day. It doesn't matter, Catherine, whatever your reason is, I want you with me. So either you move into my apartment, or I move in here. You decide."

"Alexander..." – he didn't let me finish.

"There or here, Catherine. I don't care where, as long as I'm with you all.

" He wouldn't back down from this.

"Alright, we'll move there." I agreed.

"Perfect. We'll move tomorrow. Now let's go to bed, I haven't touched you in too long." He stood up, picked me up in his arms, and carried me to the bedroom.

When we reached the bedroom, Alexander carefully closed the door, laid me on the bed, and positioned himself over me. He buried his lips in mine, running his hands over my body. Slowly, he lifted the loose strapped dress I was wearing, and when he pulled it over my head, he knelt on the bed and looked at me with admiration and passion. I wasn't wearing a bra and only had on the thong he had bought me once. When he realized this, he broke into a huge smile.

"Oh, my angel, you have no idea how much I've wanted to tear those panties off you!"

Alexander took off the cotton shirt he was wearing and leaned over me, kissing my neck before taking my breast in his mouth. My intimate area became wet at his touch; Alexander has a sinful mouth, and the kisses, bites, sucks, and licks he gave my breasts drove me crazy and made me moan.

"Ssshhhh! Stay quiet, our boy is sleeping in the next room," he reminded

me and continued sucking my breasts.

His hand, which was on my waist, slowly moved down my belly until it found my center over my damp underwear. He was making delicious caresses there, running his fingers up and down in a slow and teasing motion, sometimes making circular movements. I was breathless from his touches.

Alexander turned me over on the bed, positioning me on my knees with my bottom up, and ran his finger over the word "sexy" written in gold with rhinestones on the back strip of my underwear. He leaned over me and kissed my ear, my neck, and began trailing kisses down my back, making my skin tingle all over. He caressed my bottom and with his undeniable skill, gave a tug at my underwear which came apart in his hand, raising it like a trophy and tossing it onto the pillow beside me for me to see.

"Oh, I loved those panties so much!" I whimpered.

Alexander gave a small smile and continued his trail of kisses, reaching my ass, which he smoothed with his hands. He spread kisses there and began to suck my pussy. While he masturbated me with his fingers, he fucked my entrance with his tongue. It was so good. He continued masturbating me and started to lick my asshole, making me even hornier. I buried my face in the pillow to contain my moans and Alexander pinched my breast with his other hand. It was deliciously agonizing. It wasn't long before I came in his mouth, he licked and sucked all my cum.

I hadn't even noticed when he took off his pants and underwear, but after I came, Alexander started to slowly push his cock into my pussy. When he was all the way inside me, he held my waist with both hands and started thrusting hard, driving me crazy. My pussy was so wet that I could feel it



dripping. Alexander ran his finger through my wetness and started massaging my asshole, slowly pushing his finger in there. I had never done anal before. At first it hurt and burned, but the pleasure he gave me was much greater. Soon that initial pain turned into mind-blowing pleasure, and between the thrusts of his cock into my pussy and the thrusts of his finger into my asshole, I came like crazy, muffling my screams into the pillow.

"Oh, my angel, this little pussy sucking on my cock makes me ecstatic!"

It didn't take long for Alexander to cum inside me, with hot jets and his cock throbbing inside my pussy. After cumming, he pulled me on top of him and we lay there on our sides, with him inside me. Until he got up, grabbed the box of wet wipes from the dresser and cleaned me. He snuggled me in his arms and we fell asleep.

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