

Chapter 157

On Monday, we dropped Peter off at daycare, and I took the opportunity to inform them that Alexander was Peter's father and could pick him up too. When we arrived at the office, Alexander kept pulling me toward his office.

"Alexander, my office is on the other side," I reminded him.

He groaned and closed his eyes, saying he'd forgotten. I saw Rick leaving my office with a smile on his face.

"Good morning, power couple!" Rick was excited. "Hope you two don't mind, but I went back to working with my old boss. I'm not in the mood to sit in the front office listening to you two moaning." 1

"Rick..." I said, shocked.

"Oh, come on, pretty woman, I know exactly what goes down in the president's office."

"He's not wrong, my angel." Alexander had a mischievous smile plastered on his face.

"Relax, friend, I've already moved everything back," Samantha informed without leaving her desk.

When I entered my office, everything was indeed in order, and as every Monday, there was a tulip arrangement on the small table with a card that read:

"You make me the happiest man in the world. My perfect love."

My eyes welled up. Damn hormones, I'd become such a crybaby. I hugged

and kissed Alexander. And thanked Samantha for her efficiency.

"So you've already stolen my lovely assistant?" Patrick came in and kissed the top of my head.

"You stole her first!" Alexander accused him.

"Watch out, or I'll steal her again," Patrick threatened, and I smiled.

I left the two of them teasing each other and called Sam for coffee. I wanted to know how things went with Michael. Samantha was sad but said she had a lot of fun with Michael and they agreed to see each other again.

Alexander, Patrick, and Rick joined us in the break room, and soon after, Margaret arrived.

"Finally, you two figured things out?" She pointed to Alexander and me.

"Yes, Margaret, and sit down because I have lots of news to tell..." Alexander spoke excitedly and started telling Margaret everything, and she got excited.

"So, that beautiful boy is your son!" Margaret was smiling. "He looks just like you, has the same eyes as you and your father. I'm so happy for you both. But what about you, Sam, why have you been so down lately?"

"Margaret dear, nothing gets past you, huh?!" Samantha told her about breaking up with Henry, and Margaret said Henry was foolish to let her go.

"Oh! I almost forgot, it might not be important or you might already know, but I better tell you, a lot happened because I didn't tell anyone, I learned my lesson," Margaret commented. "My friend from the cafeteria

told me yesterday that Johnson and Celeste were there the other day, and Celeste was very nervous."

"I didn't know about that, Margaret. Did she hear anything?" Alexander was worried, but Margaret assured him that her friend hadn't heard anything. Alexander pulled out his phone from his pocket and made a call: "Daniel, check the cafeteria videos. Johnson and Celeste were there a few days ago. I don't know the exact date. Find it and send it to me. And explain why I wasn't informed about this."

After Alexander thanked Margaret, we went back to work, each to our own station. After lunch, Alexander called Patrick, Rick, and me to his office.

"Daniel found the footage," he told us. "Someone had deleted the video, and he needed IT's help to recover it. We have one or more informants in security. I've already notified Alan, and Daniel will investigate everyone."

"Is this serious? How are they managing to corrupt so many people in this company?" Patrick was nervous. "Let's watch the video."

After watching the video, we realized that Celeste knew too much. We needed to find a way to make her start talking.

"So that's how they faked the pregnancy test at your trusted lab," Rick pointed out. "I'll call the lab owner and let him know he needs to look for a nurse. He's worried about the lab's credibility."

"Do that, Rick. To put your minds at ease a bit, Daniel informed me that Liz is in Switzerland. He'll continue monitoring her, and we'll know if she returns to the country."

"At least that one won't cause any more trouble," Patrick sighed with

relief.


"Yeah, but I think I'm going to hire external security to look after Cat and Peter," Alexander was thinking aloud more than informing us.

"I think that could be quite risky since we don't know anyone from outside, and it would be easier for them to infiltrate, don't you think?" Rick asked.

"Yeah, I thought about that, but I'm worried." The news about someone being infiltrated in security really shook Alexander.

"Alexander, I trust Dennis, he really didn't let anyone get near me. And the security guard you assigned to monitor Peter is his brother. I don't think we need to worry," I tried to calm him down.

"Yeah, maybe, but I'm still worried," Alexander insisted. "Well, let's leave it like this for now and stay alert. It's good that Lygia agreed to live with us."

We spent more time there resolving work issues, and the day flew by quickly. When we got home, Peter was euphoric, and Jorge was sitting on the floor building blocks with him and Lygia. Upon seeing his father, he jumped up and threw himself into his arms. 

At dinner, Alexander asked Jorge and Lygia to sit with us. And he surprised us once again.

"I'm very happy with the direction my life is taking. And I want to propose something to you, Cat." Alexander held my hand. "When my parents died, I spent a few days at Patrick's house. I couldn't enter my house. I would go to the gate but couldn't go in. So I bought this apartment and asked Jorge to take care of everything. And I thank you for

that, Jorge!"

"It's always a pleasure, Alexander," Jorge replied.

"But after I saw the furniture set up in Peter's little room and since the family is growing, I kept thinking about how happy my parents would be to raise their grandchildren in that house and how happy I would be to raise my family there." Tears began to fall as Alexander spoke. "Cat, I want to propose that we go live in my parents' house. The house is huge, has a wonderful garden, and I know we can be very happy there."

"Alexander, I would be happy with you even living in a cabin in the forest," I said with conviction. "Are you sure you want to live there?"

"I am. I mean, I haven't been there since, it's in the same gated community as Patrick's, very close to his house. I think it would be good." Alexander looked into my eyes expectantly. "We can stop by tomorrow before work, and then you can ask the squad to help you with decoration, Sam is great at that."

"I'll love it. And so will the squad," I said, making everyone laugh.

"It will be great to return to that house, there's an aura of joy and happiness there. Your parents were very happy there. And before them, your grandparents, Alexander," Jorge commented.

"Then it's perfect!" I made the final decision.

The next day, before going to the company, we stopped by the house as planned. It was breathtaking. I was shocked when Alexander opened the doors - everything was clean and organized, as if people were living there. Alexander told me that Jorge took care of everything and never neglected the house's maintenance. His mother had done a major

renovation that was completed two months before the accident. It was gigantic, European style, two stories, double-height ceilings, painted white with a dark roof. In front was a beautiful garden full of flowers and a fountain. There were many huge glass windows that allowed the house to receive plenty of natural light. The house inside was luxurious and truly impressive. In the back, there was a swimming pool, tennis court, sauna, and an even larger, well-maintained garden. There was so much to see. 1

I looked at Alexander, and with each room we passed through, his smile grew wider. I thought he would be sad or unable to enter, but it was feeling natural for him.

"Alexander, it's wonderful! How are you feeling?"

"I'm so glad you like it, my angel. I'm feeling incredibly good. I'm thinking about how our children will be happy here and fill this house with life and joy. So, do you want to come live here?"

"I'll love living here! Peter will go crazy over this garden."

"Then, as soon as we get to the office, I'll call an architect who was friends with my mother and is a great professional to come with you and the girls and see what you want to change."

"But I don't want to change anything!" I said very sincerely. "Unless you want to, but I think it's perfect!"

"Seriously, my angel? Are you sure?" At his question, I confirmed with a smile. "Thank you! I feel like my mother had prepared this house for us! I couldn't enter here because something was missing, it was missing you and our children." Alexander declared through tears and gave me a kiss.

"Can we get married in the garden?" I said excitedly!

"My God, you're perfect!" He said and gave me another kiss. "That was my mother's dream! She would have loved you."

We walked through the entire house and made many plans. We left when it was already lunchtime and went to a bistro near the office. We were waiting for our meal when my cell phone rang, but I didn't recognize the number. I answered on speakerphone, and my heart raced as I heard Lygia speaking through sobs on the other end.

"Catherine, honey, they took Peter. I don't know what happened. Daniel, the security guard, took me to pick him up from daycare. I got out of the car and picked up Peter. I passed out when I put Peter in the car. Then I woke up in a hospital. The doctor said I'd been hit on the head, but Peter wasn't with me, and I couldn't reach Daniel. I don't know what happened, but they took Peter."

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