

Chapter 160

Alexander's POV

I went back to Catherine and hugged her. When the elevator opened, I turned her toward it. She ran out to hug her parents, just as Melissa rushed toward hers. Catherine's father approached me.

"Son, thank you for sending for us," Anthony said, his expression showing the weariness of someone who hadn't slept and was very worried.

"No need to thank me, father-in-law!" I said, accepting his hug.

Selina came closer with red eyes. I hugged her and felt that maternal warmth. I greeted Melissa's parents and briefly explained the situation. Dr. Molina had taken Cat to her room and was examining her.

I called Catherine's parents and said we needed to talk. I had to bring them up to speed on everything. We went to Cat's room, and Dr. Molina said she was doing better before leaving.

"You sent for my parents?" Catherine asked with teary eyes.

"Yes. I called Larson and explained the situation. I sent the company jet so they could get here quickly," I explained. "Cat, I can only think about how much I wish my parents were here right now, so I thought it would be good to have your parents with us."

"Thank you, Alexander," Catherine said gratefully.

"But we need to tell them everything. It wasn't planned, but we can't let this pass," I said, making her understand.

"What else is going on?" Anthony asked seriously.

"Anthony, we discovered that I'm Peter's biological father," I said straightforwardly. "Cat and I met at the masquerade ball and spent the night together."

"But at our house, I asked, and she said you weren't Peter's father," Anthony said.

"We didn't know. When we were together, we were wearing masks, we couldn't see each other's faces. And we didn't know each other's names. Later, when she came to work here, I didn't know she had been at that ball, and she didn't know I had been there." I explained everything as it had happened, about my parents' accident, how much I had searched for Catherine without knowing it was her, and how happy I was to be Peter's father.

"Yeah, this would make quite a movie," Catherine's mother commented, and I smiled at her.

"Well, you two certainly did things differently," Anthony remarked, making us laugh. "But as long as my daughter and grandson are happy, nothing else matters. I'm glad my grandson's father is a good man who loves him."

"There's one more thing, Dad," Catherine said, looking down.

"What? You moved in with him? I understand that – I wouldn't want my child far from me either," Anthony showed his sensible side.

"That too, father-in-law. As soon as we find Peter, we'll set a wedding date, don't worry. But Catherine and I are expecting another child," I said, trying to break the news calmly.

"Really, Catherine?" Her father looked at her seriously, and she shrank back. "I'm going to be a grandfather again? That's wonderful! The family's growing."

Catherine smiled and hugged her parents. With everything cleared up, we returned to the reception area. Lygia and Jorge had arrived, ready to help in any way they could. Mr. Larson was also already working his contacts. But so far, there was no news.

After lunch, I went back to my office with my father-in-law and Larson. There were two police officers there, along with Alan, Marcus Paul, Henry, Patrick, Fred, and Rick. Catherine stayed with her mother and the girls. My phone rang with an unknown number, so I put it on speaker.

"Miller."

"Oh, handsome, what a sexy voice," it was that crazy Anna Caroline. "Missing me?"

"Where are you?" I asked, trying not to lose it with her.

"Just spending some time with a blue-eyed little boy." She laughed.

"You're crazy! Where's my son?!" I jumped up.

"Oh, calm down, handsome. The brat isn't yours. He might look like you, but he's not yours. He belongs to that little maid who stole you from me." Anna Caroline was as calm as if she were discussing the weather.

"Anna Caroline, let me talk to Peter." I demanded.

"Easy there, handsome. First, let's discuss my conditions for returning the little bastard in one piece. First, I want that maid back in the hole she came from, in that backwater town of hers. Second, you'll tell her you

love me and that you're going to marry me. Third, you'll be my husband in every way, if you know what I mean. Fourth, we'll live in your parents' house. And fifth, you'll hand over the company to my father. After you do all that, I'll return the brat to his mother. But if you don't, I'll kill the little pest. Got it, handsome?"

"You're insane, Anna Caroline, completely crazy!" I shouted.

"Oh, to show you I'm serious, listen to this." I heard Peter crying and calling for mommy. I also heard a male voice saying "hang up" - I knew the voice but couldn't place it. "I'll give you some time to think about it, say twenty-four hours. Kiss kiss, handsome." She ended the call.

This woman is completely insane! I needed to get my son back before she hurt him. I noticed Fred had started explaining the situation to my father-in-law, and I was grateful for that.

"Alexander, we couldn't trace the call," Mark Paul said, "but I'll keep trying."

"What do I do now?" I was devastated.

"I seriously doubt this lunatic is working alone. She's not smart enough for this," Patrick said.

"I've already informed the team. The detective is heading to the Johnsons' house now and will bring the couple to the station. We've also reinforced the search alert with the kidnapper's identity," one of the police officers there reported. "We've also requested a court order to access her bank records."

"She hasn't used her card, that won't help," Mark Paul was a fantastic and quick hacker.

I asked Patrick to keep the girls informed; I needed some time. I got up and left the room – I was terrified but had to stay calm. I went to the terrace, which was empty and peaceful. I sat there for a while until I felt calmer.

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