



## Chapter 172

### Alexander's POV

"But are you girls still working?" I asked, seeing all of them at the reception, including Catherine and Alan among them, asking for a thousand things.

"With everything that's happened in the last two days, there's a lot to sort out. We're scheduling meetings with clients and suppliers who were diverted to Johnson's shell company, and with some of ours who somehow found out what happened and have many questions," Catherine explained.

"Alexander, I've prepared an official statement for you to forward to all clients and suppliers. It needs to be done quickly. I'll forward it to your and Patrick's email," Alan informs.

"The sooner you guys release that, the faster we can send it out," Melissa alerted.

"Girls, you need to rest. You too, Alan," I warned them.

"We'll do that as soon as this mess is in order, boss," Samantha informed. "By the way, I've cleared your schedules for the rest of the week."

"I did the same with yours, manwhore!" Melissa said to Henry, who let out a small groan of displeasure, made us laugh.

"Are you going to keep calling me that, Melissa?" Henry asked.

"Definitely!" Melissa looked at him defiantly, made us burst into laughter.



"Yeah, Rick, let's behave so we can get a cute nickname like Fred's," Patrick joked, remembering that Fred was often called prince.

"Well, Patrick, if Alexander is a clown and Henry is a manwhore, I don't even want to imagine what else can come out of Mel's head," Rick mocked us.

"You better behave indeed," Melissa warned with a smile.

The elevator doors opened and Dr. Molina stepped out accompanied by two more people.

"Good morning everyone," Molina greeted cheerfully.

We greeted each other and Molina introduced the pediatrician and nurse accompanying him.

"Let's go to Patrick's office, Peter is there," I informed and headed to the location holding Cat's hand.

When we entered, Molina greeted everyone present; he knew them all as he had a practice in Bellwood and had already followed Catherine's first pregnancy.

"So my sister-in-law played super secret agent?" Molina gave Fred's mother a big smile.

"I'm thinking of becoming a private detective, brother-in-law. It's exciting!" She replied very enthusiastically.

Peter was awake in his grandmother's lap and when he saw me, he stretched out his little arms shouting, "Daddyyyyyy!"

"Hi, my boy! Daddy is dying to see you!" I said, picking him up and



squeezing him in my arms.

"Me too, Daddy! The witch caught me, Daddy. And Dennis hit Auntie Lygi on the head."

Peter launched into a conversation, recounting what had happened and how annoying, mean, and shouty the witches were all the time. I asked small questions, trying to be attentive, but not wanting my son to dwell on what he had been through.

"Peter, the witches will never get you again. Daddy promises you that."

"And no one will hurt Auntie Lygi anymore, right, Daddy? I didn't like it!"

"That's right, Auntie Lygia won't be hurt anymore either."

"Daddy, Mommy said you and her work here." And the curious little eyes were already eager for an answer.

"Yes, my son, that's right. Do you want to see Daddy's office?"

"Yessss!" he replied, raising his little arms in the air. "And can I work with you, Daddy?"

"Of course you can, when you grow up. But until then, you can come whenever you want."

It was all as new to me as it was to him. I called Molina to examine Peter and Cat in my office and took my son in my arms, showing him everything, as he was curious and full of questions.

In my office, the pediatrician examined my son and took blood samples for tests, while Molina examined Catherine and also collected material for tests.



"Alexander, you can rest assured. Your son and girlfriend are fine. Catherine confirmed she didn't suffer any aggression or falls, so her pregnancy remains protected. Besides, the doctor who treated her in the ER is a colleague of mine and did an ultrasound confirming everything is okay. She sent me the medical record. The Bellwood hospital also sent me Peter's record. He's a little dehydrated, but home care is sufficient," Molina reassured me.

"Thank you, Dr. Molina. That's a huge relief," I said.

"I'm glad! Well, let's leave you alone. We have to get back to the hospital. Catherine, I'm so happy everything is alright. As soon as the test results are available, I'll be in touch." He hugged Catherine and turned to Peter, who was in her lap. "And you, little buddy, keep taking care of your mommy."

"Okay!" Peter replied with a little smile and high-fived him.

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