

Chapter 174

Alexander's POV

After the doctors left, I pulled Catherine in for a hug, kissing the head of our son who was on her lap. I was relieved to have them there again, in my embrace, and I would never let them go.

"My angel, you can't even imagine the fear and affliction I felt over the past two days. My family in the hands of sadistic and crazy people. What I felt was absolute panic, a terror eating away at me from the fear of losing you both," I said, holding her hand when we were alone.

"I also went crazy when we discovered they had taken our boy."
Catherine's eyes were brimming with tears.

I kissed her forehead, took my son from her lap, and pulled Catherine to sit on the couch. We stayed there as a family for a while, just united and feeling the love that bound us overflowing from us. I felt sleep overtake my son, felt him snoring on my chest with his little hand spread over me, with the serenity and trust that a loved child has. I felt the warmth of the woman I love next to my body and her head resting on my shoulder. I felt the perfection of that intimate moment filled with love, it ignited a fire in me, gave me infinite joy and a sense of belonging. Having a family was something I hadn't had since my parents passed away. How I missed that! Having a solid foundation, someone who accepts you as you are and will always be willing to support you, and no matter what happens, will still love you. I was happy and grateful to be a family again.

"My angel, I want to marry you as soon as possible. We could take advantage that your parents are in town. And if you want the presence of anyone else from your city, I can send for them," I said, kissing Catherine's head.

"What? You want to get married this week? Because I very much doubt my father will want to stay here more than that." Catherine spoke jokingly and I looked at her quite seriously.

"I want to get married today! Tomorrow at the latest!" She widened her eyes at me, surprised by what I said.

"You're kidding, right?!"

"No!" I spoke with great seriousness. "You said you want to get married in the garden of our house. I can arrange everything to be organized according to your wishes. But I don't want to wait."

"Why is that, Alexander? So suddenly? I already moved into your apartment." Catherine looked at me as if she needed a reason. I sighed deeply before answering her.

"I want to marry you because you are the love of my life. You make me feel alive, you give me a purpose to live, something I didn't have before, my life without you was nothing but an empty existence. You gave me someone to come home to every day, someone to protect, care for and love unconditionally. You make me feel wanted and loved. You are so much more than I imagined, so much more than I deserve, so much more than I hoped for. I want to promise you care, love, companionship, partnership and complicity before our family and friends, and I keep my promises, Catherine. I want to have with you what my parents had and what your parents have. We are united by love, by our children and by our home, but I want to unite with you in every possible way, including before men and before God. I am sure of what I want, Catherine, and I don't want to wait."

When I finished speaking, Catherine was crying with a silly smile on her face. I was dying for an answer and she wasn't saying anything, just



smiling as tears fell from her eyes. Anxiety got the better of me and I asked:

"You're not going to say anything to me? Please..." Catherine sealed my lips with hers.

"What else could I say? Alexander, as soon as you arrived, I fell in love. I loved you from the first moment—it was love before it even began. The moment I saw your eyes, that blue bordering on violet, under the mask at that ball, and I didn't even know who you were, you shook my world. And then, when I thought my life would never be shaken like that again, my eyes met yours once more, and I didn't even have a chance to choose. You came in, becoming a certainty in my heart. But it would be strange if I didn't love you! Because I only feel good by your side. I found myself in you. I've never felt so complete, so safe, so loved. We've faced so much in such a short time, and we found our way and stayed together. So, yes, Alexander, I also want to unite with you in every possible way."

Catherine spoke, drawing tears and smiles from me, leaving me in a state of euphoria that, if it weren't for having Peter sleeping on my chest, I would have jumped up and shouted. I pulled her in for a kiss, and all my love was there on my lips in that moment. I wanted her to feel my heart pulsing in that kiss, spilling all the certainty of what I feel for her. When we broke our kiss, I still hovered over my Catherine's lips, eyes closed, intoxicated by her breath.

"But..." Catherine said when she rested her head on my shoulder again.


"Does there have to be a 'but,' my angel? Can't you just accept and be happy forever by my side?" I said, hearing her little laugh.

"But I want to get married on Saturday afternoon, in the garden of our house," she said, and my heart raced once more. "I need time to organize



everything and choose a wedding dress."

"Alright." I sighed. "I can wait until Saturday. Today is already Wednesday anyway!"

We stayed there a while longer until we heard someone knocking on the door. Catherine got up and went to open it, so as not to wake Peter. She put her finger to her lips in a request for silence to our friends who invaded the living room. 



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