



Chapter 196

The week flew by, we were working hard, but thankfully everything was calm. On Friday morning, Jorge informed us that the house was ready and we could move in. We decided to call our friends and we moved over the weekend, offering a lunch on Sunday and gathering friends by the pool. It was a lot of fun. Everyone was in high spirits and it was a beautiful day.

I was wearing a new loose dress. I was already entering my fourth month of pregnancy and my belly was starting to show. My clothes were already uncomfortable. So, during the week I called the girls and we went shopping.

But I was getting more and more tired and Alexander started insisting that I stop working until the baby was born. At first I didn't want to, when I was pregnant with Peter I worked until almost the day he was born, I didn't feel anything out of the ordinary and had energy. But this time, I was having every possible and imaginable symptom of pregnancy, so I started to think that maybe it would be a good idea to slow down. I had an appointment the following week and I would see with Dr. Molina what would be best.

On the day of the appointment, Alexander seemed like a child, he was fidgety, excited and anxious. We left the house and went straight to the hospital, my appointment would be in the morning. I would have the first official ultrasound, since the one that was done on the day I was rescued was just to know if the baby was okay and we couldn't see anything.

"My favorite couple!" Dr. Molina greeted us with a big smile. "Catherine, you already have a prominent belly. When you were pregnant with Peter it didn't show as much at four months."

"Yeah, Doctor. This pregnancy is very different, I feel everything, I'm exhausted and gaining weight like a pig, but I feel very hungry all day and even at night." I said, making Alexander and the doctor laugh.

"That's how it is, dear, each pregnancy is different. I'll collect the material for tests and while the lab prepares the results we'll talk and do the ultrasound, what do you think?"

"I'm anxious for that, doctor." Alexander replied.

When Dr. Molina started the ultrasound, he became serious and looked concerned. I got a little nervous, and he asked me to stay calm.

"Look at you two. Alexander, please pull that chair from the corner and sit down," the doctor said and insisted that my husband sit, only speaking again after Alexander was seated. I was already thinking of the worst possibilities, clinging to Alexander's hand. "See here?" He pointed at the screen. "There are two amniotic sacs."

"Are they twins, Dr. Molina?" I asked, and he looked at me with a smile.

"No, Catherine, they're not twins. They're quadruplets."

"What?" Alexander asked, turning pale beside me. I couldn't even speak.

"There are four babies. See? There are two on this side and two on this side." He pointed. "We're going to need a bigger monitor," he laughed.

"Four!" Alexander repeated. Suddenly, it was like he woke up from a trance. "We're going to have four babies! This is fantastic! My angel, there are four! I'm the happiest man in the world." Alexander celebrated, and I started to cry.

"How am I going to take care of four babies?" I was in shock.




"We will take care of them, my angel. Everything will be alright," Alexander assured me.

"Do you want to know the sexes?" Molina asked, and we said yes. "There is a boy and a girl in each placenta. Do you want to hear the heartbeats?"

At that point, Alexander and I were overwhelmed with emotion and crying. When all those heartbeat sounds invaded the room, Alexander completely melted and cried like a little boy.

After the ultrasound, Dr. Molina started explaining how rare a quadruplet pregnancy was, truly very rare, and that it was extremely high-risk, so I should stay on bed rest for the remainder of the pregnancy and that the babies could be born prematurely. We left the hospital with a list of vitamins and precautions. Alexander didn't let me walk anymore.

We went back home and he called our friends, summoning them for dinner that same night. As much as Melissa begged to know about the appointment, he didn't let me tell her, saying it was a surprise. We took the opportunity to tell Peter about his siblings, and he was very excited and happy to have little brothers to play with, and he kissed and talked to my belly. 

When our friends arrived, I was in an electric wheelchair that Alexander had bought and said that if I didn't want to be tied to the bed, I should use it.

"What's going on, girl? Why are you in a wheelchair? Are you okay?" Melissa ran over and knelt in front of me, white as a wax figure.

"I'm fine, Mel, but your uncle," I pointed to her and Fred, "put me on absolute bed rest, and Alexander is forcing me to only get out of bed like this."



"Absolute bed rest, why? What's wrong, Cat?" Samantha asked worriedly.

"I'll let my husband tell you because he's acting like a child about it," I said, smiling at Alexander.

"I am indeed!" Alexander knelt down with our son in his arms and kissed my head. "Peter, help Daddy."

"I'm gonna have a bunch of little brothers!" Peter smiled.

"Not a bunch, little one, just one," Melissa laughed. But when she saw Alexander's smile, she nearly had a meltdown. "Nooo! Cat, are they twins? Are they twins? Oh my god, Fred, hold me, there will be another one left for us to be godparents again."

"Don't be selfish, Melissa, they have more friends to choose as godparents," Rick cut Mel's excitement short.

"Actually, we're not going to choose," Alexander continued. "My beautiful wife is pregnant with quadruplets. So, as Melissa and Fred already have Peter, the other four couples will each have one baby as a godchild."

Our friends looked at us in shock!

"This is a joke, right, you clown?" Melissa asked Alexander seriously.

"Not at all!" Alexander confirmed. "Two boys and two girls!"

Everyone looked at me as if I were a rare animal. They were speechless and shocked. No one could say anything. They were dumbfounded.

"Yeah, I'll ask Jorge to serve dinner," Alexander said with a smile as he left. "Imagine when I tell my in-laws!"