

Chapter 206

I had been home with my babies for a week. After everything that happened at the hospital, I was scared to take them out, so Dr. Molina came to our house every day to check on them. They were doing well and developing normally.

Alexander hired two nannies recommended by Lygia to help us. My parents had already returned to Bellwood, and we were establishing a routine. Peter was all joy and love with his little siblings, and every night our friends came over for dinner to spend time with their godchildren.

"Look, I think it's absurd that you've already chosen Flavian to be Sienna's godfather. And here we are, still in suspense," Patrick complained.

"I don't know what you're complaining about, Patrick. At least you'll get one. What about me?" Melissa continued being dramatic.

"Hey, my favorite psycho, you already have Peter!" Alexander reminded her.

"I know, you clown! And I love my little one so much!" Melissa had Peter in her arms and showered him with kisses, making him smile. "But we wanted one more on our team. When are you getting pregnant again, friend?" Melissa's eyes sparkled, and everyone started laughing.

"No way, Mel! No more babies. Notice there are five, right?!" I said, horrified at the possibility of having another child. "Alexander is getting a vasectomy."

"Why me? Why don't we consider you getting a hysterectomy? Or draw lots?" Alexander asked.



"Because this way we prevent another crazy woman from saying she's expecting your child!" I said, reminding him of the incident with Anna, and he grimaced.

"Yeah, I guess that's better," he agreed. "But what if we want to have another child?"

I looked at him and seriously considered killing him. Our friends started laughing.

"Let me tell you something, Mr. Miller, until you get a vasectomy, you're not touching me." I rolled my eyes.

"I'll schedule the doctor tomorrow!" Alexander assured. "Now, let's get to what matters. Let's draw lots for the babies."

"Oh no, no chance, because you always promised I'd be godfather to your first child. Due to circumstances, Melissa stole my godchild, I might file an appeal against that, but until then, I'll be August's godfather. He was born first this time, so that's settled," Patrick decided and already took August and his bottle.

"Look, let's do it this way, since Patrick threw his little fit, we'll let it slide," Henry said. "Come on, Rick, let's be surrounded by mini-Catherines."

Everyone took one of the girls, and that's how they decided who would be godparent to whom. In the end, they agreed that they would all be honorary godparents to all the babies.

We were laughing and chatting when Bonfim came in with his wife. They came to visit, and Bonfim took the opportunity to update us on the investigation.

"The woman who tried to kidnap your baby was hired by Joseph for the job. But she didn't tell much; the only thing she said is that Joseph hired her through someone called Joker. We've gone through all criminal records, and none of the jokers we have registered match the person in the hospital security video," Bonfim was clearly frustrated. "It's like we're in a maze. We get close, but we can't catch him. And another thing, Alexander, our suspicions were confirmed - it was Claude who sabotaged your parents' helicopter on Joseph's orders," Bonfim said.

"And how did you confirm that, Bonfim?" Alexander wanted to know.

"I spoke with Catherine's parents. They confirmed that Claude wasn't at his own wedding reception the entire time. And a janitor at the airfield remembers seeing him there and even asked if he had run away from the wedding," Bonfim explained. "But honestly, the evidence is weak. I need his confession. Due to the time that's passed, I couldn't find security footage. I'm looking for other witnesses, but I need to strengthen the evidence."

"Is he willing to cooperate?" Alexander asked.

"Well..." Bonfim scratched his chin. "That's where the problem lies."

"He won't talk," I concluded.

"Actually, he said he'll tell everything, even how he and Joseph met, but you have to talk to him, Catherine. He insists on speaking with you," Bonfim dropped the bomb.

"Absolutely not!" Alexander immediately got stressed. "My wife is not going to talk to that idiot."

"Alexander, if he doesn't talk, even if he's prosecuted for your parents'

murder, the chances of conviction will be minimal. He'll only answer for his participation in Peter's kidnapping. And he could get out very quickly, since he's a first-time offender, has a clean record, and a fixed residence. Not to mention he might know how to find Joseph," Bonfim explained. "Believe me, I don't like this either, but I need Catherine's help."

"I'll go," I said straight away.

"You won't!" Alexander shot back.

"And who's going to stop me?" I taunted him.

"Catherine, I'm your husband," Alexander was furious.

"But not my owner," I told him. "I won't stay quiet if I can help put the people who killed your parents in jail. This isn't up for discussion. Bonfim, you can set it up, just let me know what I need to do."

Bonfim looked at Alexander as if asking for permission. Alexander was fuming with anger.

"What? It's too late now. Just set it up. But make sure it's done in a way that's safe for Catherine," Alexander had no choice.

"Alright. I'll arrange everything and let you know tomorrow. Thank you, and I'm sorry for asking this," Bonfim said, somewhat embarrassed.

"It's okay, Bonfim, I know you wouldn't ask if it wasn't the only possibility," Alexander sighed. "I just want all of this to be over soon."