

Chapter 212

I was sitting with my head down, holding my husband's hand who hadn't woken up yet, even thirty-six hours after surgery. The doctor had just told me he was stable and all we could do was wait when I felt his hand slightly squeeze mine. I lifted my head and immediately looked at him, seeing that pair of violet eyes light up my world again.

"Alexander, my love! Finally..." I smiled at him. "I'll get the doctor, don't move and don't touch anything."

I went to the nurses' station right across from the ICU bed where my husband was, informed them he had woken up, and hurried back to his side.

"My love, I was so scared." I said, holding his hand again.

"So the most visited patient in this hospital has woken up." Dr. Stenio came with a smile and introduced himself. "Alexander, you're in the hospital because you were shot. I'm going to examine you, please do as I say."

The doctor performed a basic evaluation of strength, reflexes, and checked the monitors beside him. Finally, he said he would remove the tube connected to the ventilator and that Alexander might feel some throat irritation for a few days.

"Now tell me, how do you feel?" Dr. Stenio asked after removing the tube from Alexander's throat.

"Alive!" Alexander smiled as he answered with a weak voice. "But in a lot of pain."

"That's normal. You went through a six-hour surgical procedure to



remove the bullet and slept for almost two days." Dr. Stenio began explaining everything to Alexander.

When we were alone, Alexander wanted to know everything that had happened while he was unconscious, and especially what had happened to Joseph.

"Sweetheart, now tell me what happened. Why do I remember seeing you in that office?" Alexander asked.

"Because I wasn't going to hide in a corner knowing you were in danger." I told him very seriously.

"How long have you been here at the hospital?" He asked.

"Don't worry, I'm a responsible mother. I come in the morning, have lunch at home and take care of the kids, and come back in the afternoon. The guys have been taking turns during night hours, but since you're in the ICU, no one can stay too long." I explained. "In fact, if you leave the ICU today, Patrick is coming to stay overnight with you."

"What happened to Joseph?" Alexander winced in pain, but the nurse came in and administered the medicine.

"Joseph was shot in the right thigh by a police officer. The injury was severe and the doctors decided to amputate his leg. He's in the hospital but will be transferred tomorrow to the maximum-security prison infirmary." I told him how things went down and how Joseph broke into our house.

"Finally, this hell is over!" Alexander said and smiled.

"Yeah, Gus and Kai told a lot at the police station." I commented. "Bonfim explained to me that they managed to track all of Joseph's



accounts and front men, but when they got to where he was hiding, they didn't find him. He followed us when we went to the station for me to talk to Claude and was already preparing to break into our house. I was so scared..." My eyes welled up and Alexander pulled my hand to his lips.

"Hey, it's over! Everything's fine now!" Alexander assured me.

By the end of the day, we were in a regular room and the doctor allowed visitors, as long as Alexander didn't get too tired. Obviously, all our friends came to see him and were relieved to see him recovering.

I didn't want to leave his side, but I needed to take care of the children, pump milk for my fantastic quartet, and comfort Peter who was distressed missing his father. I said goodbye and left him in Patrick's company.

During the next ten days that Alexander spent in the hospital, it went like this: I would go in the morning and spend the day with him, and in the late afternoon, one of the guys would arrive, and I'd go home to take care of the children. Peter was going crazy about his father; they would video chat every day, but it wasn't enough for my son.

When Alexander left the hospital, he still needed physical therapy and care. He couldn't hold the children in his arms, which made him very upset. It took a month for the doctor to give Alexander a complete discharge. He recovered well without any lasting effects. During this time, we worked hard, and the misappropriated company resources began to be returned.

The investigations of all crimes had been closed and forwarded to the judiciary, which wouldn't take long to start trying the cases. Many people had been arrested; the scheme that Joseph had set up was enormous. It was really lucky that Alexander and Patrick noticed an inconsistency in



the company's numbers.

Joseph was questioned, and from what Detective Bonfim told us, he had a lot of hatred, envy, and resentment toward Alexander's father—it was something sick, and we could see that when he attacked us in our home.

We were still very scared and worried about everything, so we thought it would be best to maintain security. The nanny who was held at gunpoint by Joseph felt very guilty about everything that happened, but we assured her that she hadn't done anything wrong and that she acted well, after all, her life was at risk. We knew it would take time for things to return to normal and for us to be able to relax.

We decided that Peter would only return to daycare the following year when I would return to the office, and Alexander decided to set up a daycare at the company to serve employees with children. I thought this idea was wonderful because not every mother got the support as I had, whether with nannies or having parents to help. This way, employees would have peace of mind and security knowing their children were well cared for while they worked.

But even though I was on maternity leave and staying at home, I decided to return to work remotely, so Rick wouldn't be overloaded assisting both Patrick and Alexander at the same time. Alexander also worked from home until the doctor cleared him completely.

We had put the fantastic quadruplets to bed and then took Peter to bed. After a tickle war between father and son and many kisses for mommy, Peter finally calmed down and fell asleep, listening to Alexander tell the story "Jack and the Beanstalk."

"Finally, everyone's asleep!" Alexander came out of the closet wearing nothing but boxer briefs on that perfectly sculpted body. I started



laughing. 1

"And the quadruplets are even two months old yet. Imagine when they're all walking and talking at the same time." I said, widening my eyes.

"You're scaring me, my angel." Alexander smiled and lay on top of me, kissing me and running his hand over my body. He turned and pulled me to lie on our sides, pulling me against his body.

"Daddy... Mommy..." Peter ran into the room and climbed onto the bed. Alexander stopped kissing me and looked at me with a very funny face, making me start laughing.

"Patrick is already teaching this boy to interrupt us," Alexander whispered in my ear. "Big guy! Weren't you sleeping?" Alexander asked, settling our son between us. 1

"I woke up, daddy," Peter said with a big smile. "Then I came here for you to tell another story."

"Another one, son? Don't you think it's too late for another story?" Alexander asked very patiently, running his hand through Peter's hair.

"No, I don't think so, daddy," Peter replied super sincerely.

"Peter, let's do this, we'll all close our eyes and go to sleep. No more stories today," I said, trying to resolve the impasse.

"All of us, mommy?" Alexander asked as if wanting to protest.

"All of us!" I responded, snuggling up to them, running my hand across my husband's face, gave my son a kiss, and reached out to the switch to turn off the lights.