



## Chapter 27

### Alexander's POV

During the ride, I noticed that Catherine was very tense and worried. Whatever it was had changed my assistant's mood.

When we arrived, she jumped out of the car running, and I followed right behind her. She looked at me as if wanting to ask what I was doing, and I hurried to answer:

"I'll go with you. I don't know what the emergency is, but you might need help."

She didn't say anything, just nodded. When we entered her apartment, a lady came to meet us.

"Catherine, I'm so glad you're here, I was about to call you," the woman said worriedly.

"Where is he, Lygia?" Catherine asked anxiously.

"He's in the bedroom, and his fever's gotten worse. I was just getting him some water," the woman replied while I wondered who the hell was 'he.'

Catherine rushed down the hallway, and I couldn't help but follow. When I entered the bedroom, I saw her pick up a child and say sweetly:

"It's okay, my love. Mommy's here."

Mommy? She's a mom? My head was spinning as I watched the scene. How did I not know she had a child?



The lady entered the room and said:

"I think it's better to take him to the doctor. It might be nothing, but fever in young children could mean anything."

"Yes, I'll take him, Lygia. I'm going to put warmer clothes on him. Could you pack his bag for me?"

"Of course, dear. I'll get his clothes for you."

I stood there motionless, watching their interaction, still stuck on the thought "but she has a child?" Suddenly, Catherine's voice snapped me out of my daze.

"Alexander, thank you so much for bringing me, but I need to take my son to the hospital."

I blinked twice at her before saying:

"Let's go, I'll drive you both."

"Alexander, you don't have to. I can get a taxi."

"No way, Catherine! Let's go!" I said firmly, making it clear the decision was already made.

I left and helped them get into the back seat of the car. I drove as fast as I could to the hospital, watching Catherine's worried expression in the rearview mirror. I dropped them off at the hospital entrance and went to park. When I found her inside the hospital, she looked at me as if she was seeing a unicorn.

"What are you doing here?" she asked, confused. 1



I sat down calmly beside her, looked at the sleepy little boy clinging to his mother's lap, and met her eyes before saying:

"I'm not going to leave you two alone!"

She looked at me with tears in her eyes and thanked me.

"So, Cat, when were you going to tell me you have a son?"

She looked at me confused and then understood:

"It's not a secret, I would never hide my son. In fact, Mariana knows him, but the subject just never came up."

"Mari knows him?"

"Yes, the day we declined dinner with you guys was because we were having dinner at my house with Mel and Peter."

I looked at her surprised, with a smile beginning to form on my face.

"Your son's name is Peter?"

"Yes, Mr. Miller, this is Peter Vergara. This little man is the sunshine of my life." She replied smiling with motherly pride.

"What a coincidence, Peter was my father's name," I said with a hint of nostalgia. "Why did you choose that name?"

"Because Peter means rock, stone, and my son is my rock. He gives me strength every day to keep going."

"That's beautiful, Cat! You know, after my parents died, I decided that when I have my first child, he'll be named Peter, as a tribute to my father. He was my rock, Catherine."



She looked at me tenderly and placed her hand on my face, saying:

"Your father raised a great man. I'm sure he's at peace."

Those words really brought me comfort. But I was overcome with a curiosity I didn't usually have – I wanted to know about her son.

"Cat, what about Peter's father?"

"He doesn't know Peter exists. It's a long and embarrassing story. Can I tell you later?" she looked at me with pleading eyes.

"Of course." I smiled and put my arm around her shoulders.

The doctor quickly called us in, and I made sure to go in with her, carrying her purse and the bag with the boy's things. The doctor closed the door and asked us to sit while he went through the routine questions. Catherine answered everything calmly.

The doctor asked her to place the boy on the examination table and turned to me:

"Come closer, dad, you can watch the examination up close too."

Catherine looked embarrassed and was about to speak, but I jumped in first.

"Oh, right, doctor. You know how it is, we get so worried we freeze up sometimes."

The doctor smiled at me indulgently and said:

"I know what you mean, I'm a father of five, all teenagers now, but even being a pediatrician, I still get scared when they get sick."



Catherine watched the scene in confusion. She kept staring at me while the doctor examined her son. It was actually quite funny, and I almost laughed at the situation, but I wasn't going to correct the doctor's assumption and embarrass Catherine.

After the examination, the doctor called the nurse and requested a blood test, explaining it was just a precaution, but what the boy had was just a stronger cold.

Since Catherine had mentioned he had started daycare, he probably caught it from another child, and now that he would be in contact with other children, he would be more exposed to childhood illnesses, but it was normal and she just needed to stay alert.

He verified that the boy's vaccines were all up to date and that the medical history sent by the pediatrician from their previous city was very complete, praising her for taking the initiative to get the medical history when she moved to give to the new pediatrician. Catherine was an efficient mother, had everything in order, and even while working all day, knew every detail.

The doctor said he would contact her as soon as the test results came in, but the boy couldn't go to daycare until he was better to avoid spreading the virus, ending the consultation. We thanked him and left.

"Alexander, thank you for everything. You can't imagine how much you helped me today."

"Don't thank me, Catherine. You're going to tell me the whole story about your son. Now come on, I'll take you both home."

We drove in silence. I stopped at a pharmacy and, despite her protests, took the prescription from her hands and bought the medications. When





we arrived, she was surprised once again because I didn't leave. We entered her house, and Melissa came running.

"Friend, what's wrong with Peter? Why didn't you call me? I just got home from work and saw your note."

"It's just a cold, Mel. Sit down, Alexander, make yourself comfortable. I'm going to give my son his medicine and put him to bed. I'll be right back. Help me, Mel?" she said to her friend, who was looking at me with a little smile on her face.

They went inside, and I sat down. The apartment was very beautiful and had a lovely view. When Catherine returned, she was wearing a long navy blue dress and looked tired.

"Alexander, would you like some coffee?"

"Catherine, you're tired. I should go now since Melissa is home and you won't be alone. If you need anything, call me."

I brushed my fingers against her cheek and walked toward the door.

"Thank you for everything, Alexander," I heard her say. I turned around and smiled at her.

I went home with millions of questions hammering in my head. I felt a familiarity with that boy that could only be because I was involved with Catherine. While she held him in her arms, his eyes remained closed, but his little face had something familiar about it to me, something that awakened a feeling I couldn't discern. But I didn't understand why I was so restless. Why did I feel such a need to not leave them alone? Why was I so curious about this boy? Who could be the father of her child? My head was spinning with many questions and no answers.