

### Chapter 31

I left the office unable to believe what had happened, but it had been amazing.

I decided to take a taxi to get home faster to see my son. When I arrived, he came running to me all smiles, with his slightly stuffy voice happily shouting "mommy." My son filled my heart with love.

Mel hadn't arrived yet. I chatted a bit with Lygia, she was truly wonderful, had already prepared everything, including dinner, and Peter had already taken his medicine.

"Lygia, I don't even know how to thank you," I said sincerely.

"There's nothing to thank me for, Cat. Your son is the most adorable child I've ever taken care of. He's no trouble at all, even with this cold. Besides, when Mrs. Moreno Moreno called saying she needed me to look after her grandson, I was very happy - I get very lonely at home."

I smiled at what she said. My friend's mother really did consider my son as her grandson and had made sure he would be well cared for while we worked.

"Mrs. Moreno is a wonderful person. I'm very grateful to Mel's family, they're so good to me," I commented to Lygia.

"But you deserve that kindness, Cat, you're a very special girl."

"Thank you, Lygia."

"Now go take a shower and put on something comfortable, I'll stay with Peter until you're done."



I thanked her and did exactly what she said. When I returned to the living room, Melissa had already arrived and was covering Peter with kisses while he excitedly waved a bag of candy in his hands.

"Mel, you're going to leave this boy toothless with all this candy and chocolate," I said with a smile.

"I'm his godmother, I can spoil him as much as I want," she replied with a huge grin.

"Well, girls, I'm heading out now. Take care of my little one, okay?" Lygia said, smiling at us.

"Oh no, Lygia, won't you stay for dinner with us?" I pleaded like a child.

"Yeah, please stay longer, Lygi!" My son said with an adorable face and cute little smile.

"Oh, my sweet boy, I can't today." She stroked his little face and kissed his cheek, making my heart grow even fonder of her.

"Lygia, I have to work tomorrow, could you come and stay with Peter?" I remembered to ask before she left.

"No need, Cat. I'm not working tomorrow and can spoil my godson all day long. Right? Little one." Melissa said, drawing a giggle from my son.

"Isn't Fred coming this weekend, Mel? I don't want to mess up your plans," I asked worriedly.

"What plans are you talking about, silly? Fred's coming next week because he's moving here for good," she said with a huge smile. "Tomorrow it'll be just me and my little one. And we'll postpone our outing until next week, right, since Peter has a cold. That way we can let



Lygia off."

"Yes, that'll be better, especially since Fred will be here by then. So Lygia, we'll see you on Monday," I said with a smile to our nanny.

"See you Monday then. But if you need me over the weekend, just call." Lygia replied, blowing a kiss to Peter before leaving.

After Mel showered, we had dinner. Lygia had cooked for us and the food was delicious. I put Peter to bed, and while my friend and I were washing the dishes, I started telling her what had happened. When I finished, Mel was looking at me very seriously.

"Mel, I messed up, didn't I? I need advice. How do I fix this? Because when that man touches me, I stop thinking straight."

"Cat, you didn't mess up. What was messed up was your resolution to never be with anyone after getting pregnant. And let's be honest, your boss is super hot! Actually, you're surrounded by gorgeous men, because Patrick, my goodness, he's absolutely stunning!" She said, fanning herself, and I had to laugh.

"Mel, this fire I feel when Alexander touches me, I've only felt it once before, and that was with my son's father. Not even my ex-boyfriend ever made me feel this way."

"Well, friend, if it's that intense, let it happen. Besides, you said he already guaranteed it won't affect your job, and if it does, you can find another one."

"You think so, Melissa? I'm afraid of getting hurt. I think I'm already kind of falling for him, but I know he's way out of my league."

"Oh, stop it, Catherine! Don't give me that 'he's out of my league because



he's rich' nonsense. That's the garbage those jerks from our school put in your head, and you need to forget it. They were all idiots," my friend said seriously. She would get very angry because, as she said, love didn't see bank accounts, and she was right. "Besides, we have to take risks in life. It's better to get hurt than to live wondering what could have been. And this time you don't even have to worry about condoms. Though a child between you and Alexander would be just as beautiful as Peter," she said and burst out laughing.

I playfully swatted her with the dish towel, but I was laughing hard too. After I had Peter, Mel insisted that I start taking birth control. At first, I refused, saying no one would ever touch me again, but she persisted, arguing that I might meet someone or simply have physical needs. I assured her that wouldn't happen because I had no intention of sleeping with anyone ever again. I only gave in when she pointed out that I also hadn't planned on having sex with a guy in a dark corner at a party, but it happened anyway. I was grateful my friend was so persistent and that I finally listened. 1

"Cat, get yourself ready, go to work tomorrow and drive that man crazy all day long. Then after everyone leaves, rock his world so hard that no woman will ever make that hottie forget you," she said, holding me by the shoulders.

"You think I can do it, Mel?" I was laughing and tempted to follow my friend's advice.

"Oh Catherine, you really don't know the power you have! And you've already let the guy go down on you, now stop being silly and get some action, girl." 1

My god, but Melissa was impossible. However, she wasn't wrong. You know what? I was going to take her advice. I looked at her with a naughty



smile and said:

"Help me pick out an outfit?" 

"Woohoo! I'm going to make you look so hot that I doubt that man will be able to work."

She ran her hand along my arm as we headed to the bedroom to choose the look that, according to her, would give my boss a heart attack.

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