



Chapter 52

Alexander's POV

I sat stunned in that room, watching Catherine run out after kissing me as if she couldn't live without me. I stared at the door in confusion for a moment.

It wasn't until Patrick and Henry walked in that I started thinking clearly again. She had kissed me, she had returned my kiss. And I knew her body – she trembled in my arms. She wanted me just as much as I wanted her. I smiled with that certainty and was even more determined not to give up on her.

"Catherine bolted out of here like lightning, Alexander," Henry commented.

"She loves me. She's angry, hurt, but she loves me," I said, smiling.

"Alright, Romeo, but what happened?" Patrick was always so curious.

"We kissed. And what a kiss it was. I'm sure she loves me. I'll never give up on her," I told my friends.

For the rest of the afternoon, I tried calling Catherine. She rejected all my calls until the last time when it went straight to voicemail. But she wasn't going to get rid of me that easily.

I left the office determined to go to her house. We needed to talk. She was going to hear me out, even if I had to shout from the street. She needed to tell me what she felt, to let out all her anger so she could forgive me.

I remembered that Peter loved building blocks, so I stopped at the mall and bought a huge set for him. I missed the kid. When I first met him, we

got along great and spent a long time playing together. He's so intelligent, clever, and very outgoing. I had promised to come back and play with him again. I wanted to keep my promise, so I bought the toy.

Passing by a chocolate shop, I decided to go in and buy a huge box – maybe they could help sweeten my Catherine's heart.

When I arrived at her building, I identified myself at the front desk and told the doorman to let her know that if she didn't receive me, I'd stay in the street shouting her name. The gentleman looked at me amused and commented:

"You really messed up big time, didn't you, young man?"

"You have no idea."

"Can I give you some advice from a more experienced man?"

"Of course."

"Ask for forgiveness in proportion to the mistake you made. Be persistent. Catherine is a good girl, worth fighting for." He patted my shoulder and called her apartment, delivering my message in an amused tone. "You can go up. But I'll warn you, she's very angry."

"I'll follow your advice. And try to calm the beast with chocolates."

I left the doorman laughing and headed to the elevators. When I reached her apartment door, I had a ridiculous idea, but it made sense. As the doorman said, I would start asking for forgiveness in proportion to the foolishness I had done. I had been a clueless idiot with her, so I would be a clueless idiot begging for her forgiveness.

I rang the doorbell and quickly got down on my knees, put on my best



abandoned puppy face, and held the bag with the chocolate box in front of my face.

When the door opened, I heard Melissa's laughter coming from inside the apartment and heard Catherine's voice:

"Oh my god, Alexander! Don't be ridiculous!" She grabbed the chocolate bag from my hand, looked at my face, and rolled her eyes. "I won't refuse the chocolates, but this doesn't mean anything."

She turned her back and walked into the apartment, leaving the door open. I heard Peter shout my name and run into my arms before I could get up. I melted hugging that kid. How could I love a child so much when I'd only seen him twice? But of course, he was Catherine's son, the love of my life, it was logical that I would love him, he was part of her.

"Peter, my little buddy, I missed you! How are you?" I asked, completely focused on that beautiful boy.

"I'm good, Alexander. And you?" He looked at me with those big eyes that reflected the color of my own eyes and a huge smile on his angelic little face. "Are you coming to play with me?"

"Of course I am. I said I would. And look what I brought for you." I said, handing him the wrapped present.

"Is it for me?" he asked with sparkling eyes. I got so emotional with him at that moment.

"Of course it's for you. Shall we open it?"

"Yeeesssss!" He shouted excitedly. "Come, Alexander, come." I stood up and entered, closing the door.



"Low blow, Alexander!" Melissa said, dying of laughter.

Peter was already on the floor opening his present, and I joined him, sitting on the floor near Catherine's legs as she sat on the couch with chocolate in her hands. I glanced at her sideways and noticed she was emotional watching her son so happy. 1

"Look, godmother, it's a building set!" Peter exclaimed happily, showing his new toy to Mel.

"Sweetie, what do we say when we receive a gift?" Catherine reminded him.

He left the box with Melissa and came running to me with open arms, throwing himself into my lap and hugging me.

"Thank you, buddy! I really liked it. But I liked it more because you're here!" Peter said with his little head on my shoulder.

I was hugging that boy, my heart overflowing with love and joy, and before I knew it, I was crying. This kid had the same power as his mother - making me fall in love and getting me emotional! Melissa looked at me and smiled.

"Can we play, Alexander?" Peter asked when he pulled away from our hug.

"If mommy allows it," I said, wiping my face.

"You can play after dinner, but first we're going to eat. I'll set another place at the table," Catherine said, getting up, and I held her hand.

"Are you inviting me to have dinner with you?" I asked with a smile.



"Seems like my son already did," she replied, looked at me briefly, and headed to the kitchen.

When she left, Melissa leaned forward, looked into my eyes as if searching for something, and said:

"You really care about Peter!"

"More than I can explain," I answered seriously.

During dinner, Peter talked a lot, told us countless stories, made us laugh – he was truly an amazing child. Afterward, we played on the living room rug, and it was so much fun. It felt like that time with him had relieved all the stress from the past few days and given me new energy.

He said goodbye with more hugs and went to bed with Melissa. Catherine sat down and finally said:

"Thank you for what you did for my son today. He was very happy."

"I could do more every day," I said, giving her assurance that it would be perfect for us to be together.

"Don't use my son, Alexander," she warned me.

"I would never do that. Peter is captivating, Catherine. I'm absolutely enchanted by him. And I didn't bring him a present and play with him to get your forgiveness. I'll earn your forgiveness another way," I said with conviction.

"You're very sure I'll forgive you. In fact, you're always very sure about everything," she said with sadness in her eyes.

I was sitting on the carpet, then I knelt in front of her and took her hands

that were crossed in her lap, kissed them gently, and spoke calmly:

"I'll spend my whole life begging for your forgiveness if I have to. But I know what you feel in my arms, I felt you today, your heart beats with mine, Cat."

I ran my hand across her face and she sighed. I brought my face closer to hers and continued looking into her eyes:

"I love you, Catherine, and I won't give up. No matter how much I have to crawl, how much I have to beg, I won't give up."

I gave a warm kiss to her lips, kissed her hands again, and whispered in her ear:

"Please come to the party tomorrow. Forgive me, I'm begging for your forgiveness."

"You didn't trust me, Alexander. You didn't even want to hear me out. You didn't give me the benefit of the doubt either. You attacked me cruelly, humiliated me, drove me away. So, you'd better go on with your life and leave me alone. I won't come back to you."

My heart shattered into millions of tiny pieces. I got up and left, desperate with pain. As I left the building, I took out my phone and called Patrick. When I arrived at his house, Henry was already there. My friends listened to me and drank with me again.

