

Chapter 58

Alexander's POV

Patrick and I took Mari to the airport. I felt a certain melancholy about her departure. This woman was like a mother to me and had been by my side my entire life. I would miss her, which is why I arranged for her to spend one week per month here with us.

"Alexander, I had lunch with Catherine and Melissa today," Mari said, holding my arm. "Peter sent you a message."

"Oh really, Mari? I'm so fond of that kid! What did he want you to tell me?" I said, smiling because my little friend had remembered me.

"He said he wants you to come play with him," Mari relayed the message, making my smile grow even wider. "Boy, Cat is really hurt, but don't give up on her."

I hugged Mari and assured her I wouldn't give up. Mari told us she met Melissa's boyfriend and that he's a good guy, and she told us about the lunch and how my Catherine was doing. I was going crazy missing her. It has been two days since I've heard anything from her.

Mari boarded her flight and Patrick and I left the airport. When we got in the car, I said to him:

"Want to meet Peter?"

"What do you mean?"

"Well, he invited me to play."

"Then let's go play with Peter."

"But first we're going to stop at the mall, I want to buy something for him," I said as I started the car. 1

When we arrived at Catherine's building, I recognized the doorman, the same one from the other day. He looked at me and broke into a huge smile, saying:

"Well done, young man, being persistent!"

"I'm following your advice," I smiled at him.

"Then pretend you came in behind a resident and that I wasn't at the front desk. Go on now." He pointed to the elevators. 1

The door was opened by a tall man with a big smile, who I figured must be Melissa's boyfriend.

"Yes, gentlemen, can I help you?" he said very politely.

Before we could answer, Peter got up from the rug and came running, shouting my name as he jumped into my arms, squeezing me with his little arms. My heart skipped a beat at this gesture. I really love this kid!

"Ah, I understand. Please, come in. I'm Fernando Molina, Melissa's boyfriend." He introduced himself formally, extending his hand to greet us.

"The famous perfect boyfriend!" Patrick greeted him as we introduced ourselves. 1

"Seems I've earned that title around here," Fred responded sheepishly. "But come in, the girls are inside, I'll call them."

We went in and I gave Peter my present and introduced Patrick. We sat on

the floor and Peter got excited when he opened the present and saw it was a locomotive with a complete train track set to build. He was jumping and clapping his hands excitedly.

"My God, Alexander, are you competing with Mel and Fred to see who can spoil my son more?" I heard Catherine's voice behind me.

When I turned to look at her, she was stunning in a simple white dress. My chest tightened and my eyes filled with tears. Without thinking, I stood up and hugged her tightly, easing some of the longing I felt for her. When I let go, I saw that her eyes were also wet.

"I'm sorry, but I miss you," I told her honestly. "Well, Mari gave me Peter's message, so I came and brought Patrick because we were together."

"Catherine, I hope you don't mind," Patrick greeted her.

"Not at all, Patrick. Make yourselves at home," she responded very kindly as Peter pulled her away to see his new toy.

Melissa entered the room and watched the scene with obvious amusement. Peter wanted to assemble his toy, so we decided to do it in his room, where it could stay set up. Patrick, Fred, and I were led to the bedroom with Peter pulling my finger with his tiny hand.

While we assembled the toy, we took several photos, wanting to preserve that moment. After everything was put together, we started playing, and Peter let out little laughs. He was such a happy boy!

Catherine appeared at the bedroom door and called us to eat. They had ordered several pizzas. After dinner, Peter jumped into my lap, telling me stories in such an entertaining way until he fell asleep. Catherine went

with me to the bedroom to put him to bed. I laid that beautiful little boy down and kissed his head. He always moved me!

When we left the room, I grabbed Catherine's hand, pulling her against my chest.

"Which one is your room?" I whispered in her ear. "Tell me, or I'll go into any of them."

She pointed to the room on my right. I pulled her inside and closed the door. I held her tight in my arms and kissed her. A long kiss, pouring all my love into it. I needed to make her feel how much I loved her. I needed her to forgive me and come back to me. When I pulled away from her lips, I said:

"Cat, forgive me. Come back to me. I'm dying every day I'm without you. And I already miss Peter terribly. Please, come back to me," I pleaded with her again. 1

"Alexander, I can't," she replied with tears falling down her beautiful face.

"I won't give up. You'll remember how good we are together. I'll prove to you that I'm sorry and that I'll never fail you again, and I know I'll earn your forgiveness." I kissed her lightly and left the room.

I arrived in the living room wiping my eyes and found our friends laughing and chatting animatedly. I wanted all of this in my life. I wanted Catherine in my life. I would find a way to make her forgive me.

"Patrick, it's time for us to go," I said to my friend who noticed my sadness.

We said goodbye and left. I told Patrick what happened and that she

rejected me again.

"And you're going to give up?" Patrick asked.

"No way! More than ever, I'm determined to win her back," I assured him.

"Good, because she's the right woman for you. But seriously, what an amazing kid Peter is," Patrick said.

"He's incredible, isn't he?!" I said proudly.

"He is. And he looks so much like you, have you noticed? Even the eye color. And he's so attached to you, it seems like you have a connection," Patrick emphasized the last part.

"Yeah. I really feel connected to this boy. I want to keep visiting him, even if it takes Catherine a lifetime to forgive me. I don't know, but I feel something for him that I can't explain," I told my friend, not understanding this deep connection with Catherine's son.

"Yeah, I noticed," Patrick looked at me thoughtfully.

"Well, let's get some rest since we've been slacking off at work," I said and drove toward my friend's house to drop him off before heading home to sleep.