

## Chapter 60

Alexander's POV

After talking to Henry, I was thinking about the best way to convince Melissa to help me. Then I remembered her boyfriend. The best way to reach Melissa would be through him. They were Catherine's best friends, and I needed them to trust that I was their friend's happiness.

I grabbed my phone and dialed the number Henry had given me. She answered quickly.

"Hello?"

"Hi, Melissa. How are you? This is Alexander Miller. Can I talk to you for a minute?"

I heard a sigh before she spoke.

"Alexander. How did you get my number?"

"I'm a businessman, Melissa. I have ways of getting any information I want."

"Too bad you couldn't get the information that Cat never cheated on you before trashing her, huh!"

Damn cheeky girl! Henry warned me about this.

"I bitterly regret that, Melissa."

"Yeah, right. So, Alexander, let's be clear with each other? Don't try to sweet-talk me because I know exactly what you want, and the answer is no, I won't help you get Cat's forgiveness."

"I know," I said slowly. "But I'd like to talk to you in person, Melissa. I hurt your friend, and I feel I owe you an apology too. Could we have dinner tonight? Of course, with Fred too, please."

I noticed she was confused, and I took the opportunity to convince her.

"It's just dinner, Melissa. You won't be betraying your friend."

"Fine, Alexander. You make the reservation, and you pay. Send me the restaurant name and time, Fred and I will be there."

She hung up, and I punched the air – she agreed. I would go to this dinner prepared to convince her. I called Patrick to come with me; two heads could think better than one, and my Catherine wasn't happy with him either, he also needed to make amends. I made the reservation and sent a message to Melissa.

Patrick and I arrived at the restaurant a bit early. We ordered whiskey and right on time, we saw Melissa and Fred walk in.

"Good evening, you idiots," Melissa greeted us with a scowl while Fred tried to hide his smile.

"What can I say, you're absolutely right," I agreed, standing up to greet them.

"Are we in that much trouble?" Patrick looked at Fred questioningly.

"Look, I know these two very well. Catherine has self-respect, thankfully. She might forgive you guys, but it won't be easy, and if it's up to Melissa, they'll make you suffer," Fred replied, scratching his head.

"Then we'll face our crusade and go through this ordeal," I said confidently, looking into Melissa's eyes.

"We'll see about that!" Melissa retorted skeptically.

The dinner was very pleasant as we talked about other things. Fred was really a great guy, going out of his way to attend to his girlfriend. He was very talkative, intelligent, and pleasant company.

I understood why Melissa and Catherine were such good friends - they were equally intelligent and sharp-witted. Melissa had everything to be a spoiled daddy's girl, but she was very down-to-earth, aware of her place in the world, and not arrogant at all. It was clear that she didn't discriminate against people based on their social class, skin color, or personal choices.

After we ordered dessert, Melissa couldn't hold back anymore and brought up the subject.

"Come on, Alexander, you didn't invite us to dinner just to make small talk. And I came because I was curious to see how far your nerve would take you. Tell me, what do you want from me?"

"Melissa, I want to apologize to you. I hurt your friend, and that hurt you. I was unfair and hasty..."

"You were arrogant, pretentious, and a complete jerk!" Melissa snapped, cutting me off. "And you too, Patrick."

"Melissa, you're supporting your friend, aren't you?" Patrick asked, and she nodded. "Well, I'm supporting my friend too, who's like a brother to me. He felt betrayed, and that upset me. But we were wrong, and you're absolutely right, we were unfair to Catherine. We should have investigated first."

"Melissa, I'm deeply sorry, truly. I love Catherine in a way I never

imagined I could love anyone. I'm desperate. Please, forgive me and help me fix my mistake. I'm willing to spend the rest of my life begging for Cat's forgiveness," I pleaded.

"You crushed my friend, Alexander. And you, Patrick, you were the final nail in her coffin." Melissa was hurt and made that very clear.

Fred took his girlfriend's hand and, looking into her eyes, said:

"Mel, they messed up, but who hasn't? Remember when we first started dating and you believed I was cheating on you because Leticia told you she was seeing me? You didn't give me the benefit of the doubt. Later you found out it was all set up, and we worked things out. That was a second chance for us. I think Alexander deserves a second chance, and Patrick too, by extension."

"It's not the same, Fred. What happened between us was child's play compared to what these two did to Cat. Alexander said she belonged in the gutter!" Melissa was furious, and she had every right to be.

"And you called me a worthless son of a bitch. Mel, when we're angry, we say things we shouldn't," Fred spoke patiently. "Everyone deserves a second chance. And you're not thinking about Cat, about how much she's suffering."

"Of course I'm thinking about Cat, Fred. She's suffering because of them. I won't let them hurt her anymore."


"But don't you think her love for Alexander might be stronger than this? That it might be harder for her to lose him forever than to forgive him?" Fred was advocating for me; without trying, I had gained an excellent ally. I was optimistic about getting Melissa's help.

"Fred, are you seriously standing up for these two idiots?" Melissa asked indignantly.


Melissa was a trustworthy and loyal friend. I was glad Catherine had someone like that in her life, someone who would defend her tooth and nail.

"I'm advocating for our friend's happiness. I'll just tell you one more thing - have you considered that he might be the love of her life, the only one who could make her happy?"

Melissa huffed and lowered her eyes to the dessert in front of her.

"I don't know, Fred. Maybe you're right, but I can't help - I would be betraying Cat. Besides, this clown already has the best ally in the world and hasn't even realized it. Peter is the easiest path to Catherine's heart," she said as if I were an idiot who couldn't see the obvious. 

"Melissa, I would never use Peter to win Catherine over. That would be low. I genuinely feel something very special for that boy, I can't even explain it, but I feel a certain connection with him, probably because he's the son of the woman I love..." I spoke with complete sincerity.

"You wouldn't be betraying Cat, Melissa. You'd be helping your friend find happiness," Patrick caught her attention. "I would do anything to see Alexander happy. And if you include me in the forgiveness package, you and Cat will get the best and most loyal friend, I promise." 

Melissa looked at each of the men seated around the table and sighed tiredly.

"I might be getting myself into trouble, and I might really regret this, but alright, I'll help you guys. Only because I'm tired of seeing Catherine

suffering, and I can tell you truly care about Peter, Alexander."

"You won't regret it. I'll make your friend very happy," I said, holding her hand.

"You better, because if you mess up again, I'll crush you like a bug," Melissa threatened. "And I'm going to want another slice of that strawberry pie too."

"You can have the whole pie if you want," I said, smiling broadly.



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