

Chapter 93

On Friday, Melissa, Peter, and I caught a flight to Bellwood. When we arrived, Melissa's family driver was already waiting for us and drove me to my parents' farm, where they were expecting us. I said goodbye to my friend, and we agreed that she would come to see us the next day.

"Sweetie!" My mother came running to hug me, already in tears.

"Mom, I missed you so much!"

"And where's grandma's baby? Come here, my little darling!" My mother took Peter from my arms, and I took the opportunity to hug my father.

"My daughter, it's so wonderful to have you both home!"

"Thanks, Dad. It's really good to be here."

"Let's go inside, it's already dark. Tomorrow you can explore the farm." My father was clearly excited about the farm.

We went inside, and my mother already had dinner on the table. We sat down and had the meal together. How I missed being with them. Peter fell asleep in grandma's arms, who put him to bed and then joined my father and me in the living room.

"So, Catherine, how's life in the big city?" My father asked with a smile.

"It's really good, Dad. I've made lots of friends. It's different from here. Most people don't care whether you have money or not. I also don't feel like people judge me for being a single mom, you know, like they did here. Sure, there are some bad people who judge, but I've made great friends. Peter has lots of aunts and uncles now." I happily shared.

"That's wonderful, Cat," my mother said. "We miss you, but your place isn't here anymore. We can see you're happier there."

"But I miss home, miss you both," I said sincerely.

"And we miss you too, but you need to live your life, not ours," my father concluded.

"And among all these friends, hasn't any boyfriend appeared?" My mother asked with a curious smile. "You're so beautiful and young, sweetheart."

"Well, Mom, there is someone, but it's complicated."

"It's always complicated for you women, even when it's not, you make it complicated," my father said, smiling. "Your mother and I started dating in secret, you know, some kisses, movie dates, but she wouldn't let me make it official. I was always in love with her, still am, and I wanted to marry her. So one day, I showed up at her house without her knowing. She wasn't there, but I told her father I wanted to date her and that my intentions were serious," my father said proudly.

"You didn't really do that, Dad?!" I said in disbelief. My parents had never talked about how they met and started dating.

"Yes, I did. And when she came home and saw me sitting in the living room with her father, she was furious. Your grandfather stood up and said to her, in that typical way of his, 'Selina, this young man wants to date you. But I'm warning you now - If you date, you have to marry, and I won't accept a long courtship.'" My father imitated my grandfather and laughed.

"I was so angry with your father that I didn't say a word. I went to the

kitchen, grabbed a broom, came back to the living room, and chased him out with it," my mother said, laughing while my father roared with laughter.

"I was in love, and after she did that, I was even more certain I would marry this feisty woman. And I did!" my father said triumphantly.

"Why did you chase him away, Mom?"

"Because I didn't want to get married. Your aunt was already married, and her husband treated her terribly. He was a chauvinist who wouldn't let her go anywhere and always had a different mistress. Now look at him, with that innocent face – nobody would guess all the trouble he caused when he was young," my mother said with disgust. "I didn't want to go through that, so just like you, I swore I'd never get involved with anyone. Then your father showed up and ruined my plans."

"That turned out well, didn't it, Mom?!" I smiled at her.

"Yes, your father was very persistent, and I ended up marrying him."

"Sweetheart, if the guy is good and you like him, nothing else matters. You shouldn't throw away happiness," my father advised. "Does he get along with Peter?"

"Peter adores him. And he does everything that boy wants," I said with a silly smile on my face.

"So what's the problem?" my father asked.

"It's complicated, Dad. Can we talk about this later? It's getting late," I asked.

"Of course, honey, whenever you want. Let's go to bed then. Tomorrow I

want to show you and my grandson around the farm," my father said, standing up and kissing the top of my head.

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