

Chapter 95

We finished shopping and returned. Melissa helped me with the bags and we entered the house calling for my parents. We were putting the bags on the counter when Peter came running out and I heard him shout:

"Alexander! You came!"

"Of course I came, little buddy, I was missing you so much!" I heard Alexander's voice and my knees went weak.

When I turned around, the two were in a tight hug, my mom with a huge smile, my dad with a surprised look, and Melissa standing open-mouthed watching Fred walk towards her.

"What does this mean, Fred?" She asked seriously without hugging her boyfriend.

"We couldn't stand being away from our girls. And especially from Peter."
"Fred answered naturally.

"But I didn't tell you where I was going?" Melissa was angry with her boyfriend.

"You and Catherine going away for the weekend together? There's only one place in the world where you two would go, Mel!" Fred said smugly.

I couldn't speak. I was too shocked. My parents invited everyone to sit around the table. Alexander came to me with my son in his arms and gave me a kiss on my forehead.


"Hi, my angel, I can't stay away from you for so long," he whispered and smiled.

We sat down and my father immediately said, trying to hide his smile:

"Daughter, this young man says he wants to date you, and I didn't even need to say anything because he said he wants to marry you and doesn't want a long courtship."

Remembering my parents' story, I got up, grabbed the broom, and was already shooing Alexander away, but soon a small pair of violet eyes stood up and stopped in front of me.

"Mommy, don't do that to Alexander." My son said with an angry little face and everyone started laughing.

"That's right, buddy, tell mommy that I really like her." Alexander crouched near my son and whispered in his little ear without taking his eyes off me. 

"Did you hear, mommy? He likes you very much." Peter repeated, and it was adorable to see my son defending that idiot.

I couldn't help but laugh and picked up my son. Alexander hugged us and said:

"My angel, don't be mad, I just missed you both."

"But I asked you for some time, Alexander." I tried to stay angry without success.

"But it's been a week already. I can't take it anymore." Alexander said, holding me tighter in his arms.

"Come on, daughter, put the young man out of his misery." My father said and my mother agreed.

"Yeah, Cat, looks like the clown already has a fan club." Melissa said and everyone laughed hard.

We sat back down and my mom served snacks while we chatted. Alexander and Fred had arrived shortly after we left, so he had plenty of time with my parents, telling them everything that had happened, convincing them that he was sorry and loved me. My parents were charmed by him.

"But there's something that's bothering me," my father said. "And I have to say it. How is it, Catherine, that Peter looks so much like Alexander? Even the eye color..."

"Yes, dad, they do look alike, but Alexander isn't Peter's father if that's what you want to know," I answered my father, understanding what he was asking.

"Who said that?" Alexander spoke up, and everyone looked startled. "I may not be his biological father, Anthony, but I intend to legally adopt Peter as my son as soon as your stubborn daughter accepts. I love that boy, ever since I first saw him, it's something I can't even explain."

"Well, that's something only Catherine can decide, but I'm happy that you care about taking care of my grandson and not just his mother," my father said, stroking his chin. "But you two do look very similar..."

My parents invited Alexander, Fred, and Mel for dinner, and while the men were having an animated conversation, Melissa and I went to help my mother prepare dinner.

"Honey, your boyfriend is very handsome and very friendly," my mother said.

"Yes, he is, mom. And he's really good with Peter," I said, feeling giddy.

While we prepared dinner, Mel told my mother about how our life was going in Paradise Port. My mother was very excited and laughed at the things Melissa was telling her. Dinner continued in this same atmosphere of laughter and tranquility. It felt so good to be home.

"Alexander, are you sure you don't want to stay here with us?" my father asked after dinner.

"Thank you very much, Anthony, but since I came without telling Catherine, I've already settled at Fred's house, and it wouldn't be polite to his parents," Alexander thanked him courteously. "But next time I'll accept your hospitality, I'd love to stay here with you in this peaceful and beautiful place."

"Our house is your house, young man!" my father said cheerfully.

"Anthony, Selina, are you sure you won't join us for lunch with my family tomorrow?" Melissa asked plaintively.

"We can't, dear, we're having visitors. Maybe another time. But Cat will go with you," my mother thanked her for the invitation.

"Well, then we should get going. We'll pick you and Peter up around ten tomorrow morning, Cat," Fred said.