

Chapter 96

After they left, I put my son to bed and went back to the living room to chat with my parents.

"Why didn't you tell us you had problems there, honey?" my father asked right away.

"Because I didn't want to worry you, and because I have a friend who's my guardian angel who helped me find another job just as good," I answered honestly.

"Alexander said you're now working for his friend, but that you'll go back to working with him," my father said.

"I haven't decided yet. We'll see," I replied.

"Cal, we just want you to be happy. I like this young man, he has good intentions, he's serious and responsible. He came here and was honest, owned up to his mistakes. He seems like a good man, and the way you look at him, you're in love," my father hadn't missed a thing.

"Yes, Dad. He is a great man and I am in love," I confirmed.

"Then don't get hung up on silly things," my mother said. "Forgiveness is good for you, understand that. Pride won't get you anywhere. Don't forget that."

"I won't forget, Mom," I smiled at her. "Mom, we ran into Claude at the supermarket today. He looks so strange."

"Oh, sweetie, there are some things in life we're better off without, and you dodged a bullet there..." my mother said.

"What do you mean?" I asked.

"From what I hear, his marriage to your cousin is terrible, they fight all



the time, and now with her pregnancy, it's gotten worse," my mother shared.

"She's pretty far along in her pregnancy, right?" I asked.

"Yes, the baby's due next month. A boy too," my mother confirmed. "Your cousin doesn't know how to do anything, doesn't work, and spends all day on her phone with social media. Now that they're living alone, the problems have gotten worse. The house is a mess, your aunt goes there every day to clean up a bit and cook."

"That explains his wrinkled shirt and unkempt appearance," I commented.

"But he's also a horrible husband," my father said. "He's taken to drinking and started seeing other women. He got a job at the company where I used to work, and an acquaintance told me he's been hanging around with the receptionist, who's apparently only eighteen. Your aunt's husband said he mistreats Kelly, doesn't hit her, but tells her she's fat, calls her a slut, says she's been with everyone before him, that he doesn't even know if the baby is his, all these awful things."

"Well, they deserve each other, I don't feel sorry for them," I said honestly.

"Did he treat you badly, Catherine?" my father asked seriously.

"The usual, Dad. He's a jerk. Like Mom said, there are things in life we're better off without."

I said goodnight and went to bed. The day had been tiring, but I was happy to be with my parents.

The next morning was the same routine - we woke up early, and Peter went to milk the cow with Grandpa and then collect eggs with Grandma. After breakfast, we sat around talking.



It was almost time for Fred's appointment when my aunt burst into the kitchen and started attacking me:

"You're really a shameless woman, Catherine. You barely got here and already went running after Claude. He's a married man and very happy with your cousin."

"Lower your voice in my house, Zilda!" my father immediately said. "And don't speak to my daughter that way."

"You're too blind when it comes to your precious daughter, Anthony. She's nothing but trash who got pregnant and doesn't even know who the father is, and you still defend her."

"Shut up, Zilda," my father said again, getting angry.


"I won't shut up. This whore went running after my son-in-law, throwing herself at him, offering to be his mistress. What trash! Claude told Kelly everything," my aunt was spitting out all kinds of insults.

"Listen here, aunt – actually, not aunt, you're not my aunt, you're just my mother's sister. But pay attention – I never went after that good-for-nothing son-in-law of yours. In fact, it was your daughter who slept with him while he was my boyfriend. But I'm very happy she opened my eyes and I got rid of that piece of garbage," I said very calmly but coldly. "As for my son's father, whether I know who he is or not is none of your business or anyone else's. I'm an adult, independent, and pay my own bills. I don't live off anyone, so I do whatever I want with my life." I took my son and turned to leave, but turned back to her one more time. "I don't owe you even a good morning, Zilda, much less any explanations!"

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