

Chapter 97

I waited for the guys at the gate and got into the car before Alexander could get out to help me.

"What's wrong, angel?" Alexander asked after Fred drove off.

"My mother's sister made an unpleasant appearance. But I'll tell you later, I don't want to stress about it now. Good morning to you both." I forced a smile.

Peter chatted the entire way, even telling Alexander how he stuck his tongue out at the "witch," which made everyone laugh.

At Melissa's house, we were warmly welcomed. Her parents were crazy about Peter and kept insisting they wanted another grandchild, but Melissa wasn't interested in that yet.

After lunch, Mr. Larson called Alexander and Fred to his office to discuss business. Melissa and I did the same thing with her mother that we did with mine, filling her in on all the details of our life in Paradise Port.

When we said goodbye, Melissa left home with her suitcase ready since our flight was that evening. We were taking Peter for ice cream before going to my house to get my things. Then we'd stop by Fred's place before heading to the airport.

"Godmommy, ice cream?" Peter said, pointing at the ice cream parlor as we got out of the car.

"Of course, little one, let's get some ice cream." Mel replied, and he clapped his tiny hands in celebration.

Fred put his arm around Mel's shoulders as she held my son, and



Alexander took my hand. We chose an outdoor table, and as soon as we sat down at the ice cream parlor, I heard Kelly's voice behind me:

"Well, if it isn't the slut who got pregnant and doesn't know who the father is. And look, the little bastard!"

"Never refer to my girlfriend or my son like that again, ever!" Alexander stood up, his anger palpable.

When I turned around, I saw my cousin Kelly standing there open-mouthed and wide-eyed, accompanied by two women I knew well - her friends.

"You're dating this slut? Well, you should know she's still chasing after my husband! Just yesterday she was begging him to be with her, saying she'd even accept being his mistress."

"Clearly you don't know what a tramp Catherine is, handsome, but I can tell you everything." One of them approached Alexander, putting her hand on his arm.

"Take your hand off me immediately." Alexander growled. And looking at my cousin, he didn't hold back. "I assume you're the cousin who betrayed Catherine in her own bed. I'd say you're the real slut here. And obviously, these desperate friends of yours are just like you. But let me tell you something - your husband didn't tell you the truth because he was the one who cornered my girlfriend at the market. If you don't believe it, go ask the manager there." 1

"Who do you think you are to talk to my wife like that?" As if things couldn't get worse, Claude showed up looking for trouble and seemed drunk. 1

Alexander just laughed in disgust. 1

"I think you two deserve each other!" Alexander said, looking them up and down. "But to answer your question, I'm Catherine's boyfriend and her future husband. And I suggest you leave and stop bothering my family."

"Wait, he's the bastard's father." Claude concluded, getting more agitated. "You said you didn't know who the father was, Catherine. Now you show up with this pretty boy who looks just like the brat."

"Don't call my son a bastard!" Alexander raised his voice, clearly angry. "Don't you dare address my family again, don't even look at my Catherine or my son ever again."

"So you're really his father?" Kelly asked, surprised.

"Of course he is, look, the kid is his spitting image!" Claude concluded.

I couldn't even find my voice to speak, this was turning into a circus. I looked at Melissa, who was radiating hatred. Fred had taken Peter inside the ice cream parlor to distract him. I was starting to feel short of breath, and Alexander was facing this like he was ready to kill someone.

"You should worry more about your own life than mine, Kelly." I managed to say, gathering what little calm I had left.

"How is this possible? You got pregnant, said you didn't know who the father was, and instead of throwing you out, my aunt and uncle supported you. And that rich girl over there, she makes sure that boy wants for nothing and keeps protecting you. Then you manage to go to college and leave with a dream job. When you come back, you have this gorgeous boyfriend who's clearly loaded and turns out to be your kid's

father. How does everything always work out for you? And look at me, stuck with a drunk husband who's full of mistresses, a kid I didn't even want, and living in this horrible little town," my cousin spat out angrily. 1

"You reap what you sow, Kelly," I replied.

"Kelly, honey, this gold digger trapped him with a baby, and this poor fool fell for it," one of her friends said venomously.

"Don't even start, you wannabe snake!" Alexander quickly interjected. "Catherine doesn't need to trap anyone with a baby. Besides, she's the most honest woman in the world, and you're just a bunch of jealous, bitter people. Do us a favor and get lost."

Alexander took my hand, kissed my cheek, and called Mel:

"Let's go inside, girls. I want to have ice cream with my son."

We turned our backs, but Mel would never miss a chance to throw shade. She looked straight at the unpleasant quartet and said:

"Die of envy! Kiss my shoulder, bitches!" She flipped her hair back theatrically, kissed her shoulder, and followed us into the ice cream parlor.

After sitting down and drinking some water that Alexander handed me, I took a deep breath and tried to calm down. I looked at Alexander and asked:

"How did you know I ran into Claude at the market yesterday?"

"That's small-town life, my angel. You end up knowing everyone. Mr. Agenor is quite an interesting person. After we arrived, we stopped at a bakery before going to your house - Fred mentioned your mom loves



dulce de leche-filled donuts, and I wanted to impress my future mother-in-law. We met Mr. Agenor there, and when Fred introduced me, he immediately said it was good for people here to know you had someone to protect you. You know how it goes, my angel, one thing led to another, and Mr. Agenor told me everything. And I just want to kill that creep of an ex-boyfriend of yours. I don't understand how you ever dated that lowlife. " Alexander looked at me in complete disbelief.

"If I had found a perfect boyfriend like Fred, you wouldn't have had the chance to show off by saying you're my future husband," I said smiling, and watched his smile grow enormous on that handsome face.

"I guess I'll have to thank that jerk!" he said and gave me a quick peck. " Now, let's get some ice cream!"

After leaving the ice cream parlor, we went to my parents' house. The visitors had already left, so we could spend a little more time with them before leaving. Melissa made sure to tell my parents about what had happened and how Alexander defended us, which made my parents fall even more in love with him.

After leaving the farm, we stopped by Fred's house. His mother had prepared some snacks for us. We stayed there briefly and called a taxi to the airport.

When we got home, my son had been asleep for a while, and Alexander once again insisted on putting Peter to bed - it seemed he was really enjoying doing that. When we left the bedroom, I took the opportunity to make an invitation.

"Stay here tonight." Alexander looked at me with a growing smile.

"Are you serious, my angel?"



"Very serious. Stay. We had such a good weekend, I'd like to make the most of it," I said while he wrapped his arms around me.

"Won't Peter find it strange to see me here in the morning?" He asked, concerned about my son's reaction, which I found adorable.

"He'll probably love seeing you first thing in the morning."

"And can I take him to daycare?" Alexander asked as if it were something really special.

"Well, you'll have to fight me for that one, buddy!" Fred said, patting Alexander's shoulder. "I'm the godfather, and I'm staying here tonight too."

"Tomorrow I'll take Peter to daycare, Fred. You have more chances to do this than I do," Alexander argued.

"You boys can figure that out tomorrow. Now let's get some rest because I'm dead tired," Melissa ended the discussion and started pulling Fred toward her room.

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