



## Chapter 119

Levy was wearing charcoal gray dress pants with a matching vest. He had no jacket, just the vest over a white dress shirt with rolled-up sleeves and the top three buttons undone, no tie. His clothes were clearly tailored and fit his body perfectly, making it possible to see his muscles outlined beneath the fabric. He wore sunglasses, and his short copper-colored hair was impeccably styled. His beard was neatly trimmed but kept very short, as if he hadn't shaved for two or three days. Unlike his sister, he had no freckles. He was truly a handsome man.

"My goodness! You took my breath away!" Levy said, stopping in front of me. "How is it possible that you're even more beautiful than the last time I saw you, Catherine?"

"Oh, Levy, you're too kind."

He gave me a kiss on the cheek and opened the car door for me, offering his hand to help me in. I sat down, fastened my seatbelt, and watched that handsome man walk around the car with elegance and sit beside me, turning to me with a dazzling smile.

"Ready for a culinary experience? I want you to try something new, and I'm sure you'll love it."

"How bold! I'm curious and excited." I smiled at him.

When we stopped at the restaurant's entrance, I was impressed. It was an imposing building. We passed through an open double iron gate with "Havana" written above it in artistic wrought iron work. The building was surrounded by a lush green garden, and further ahead, a fountain sprayed water with many garden benches around it. The construction was in classical style, with double-height ceilings, a huge veranda full of tables



surrounded by arches and pillars. It had an impressively large solid wood double door. The building was painted orange with white details on the ornamental features, as well as on the ceiling and crown molding. The floor was made of large rustic cream-colored ceramic tiles. Inside, it opened into an enormous hall with large wooden windows like the door, many tables with generous spacing between them. The tablecloths matched the wall colors, and the aroma wafting through the place was splendid. I was amazed.

We chose a table outside on the veranda; it was a beautiful sunny day with a very blue sky.

"I love Latin culture, Cat. And this restaurant is excellent, plus it has this wonderful ambiance."

"Levy, I love it, it's beautiful and so pleasant. I don't think I'll want to leave."

"I'm glad you liked it. Are you familiar with Cuban cuisine?"

"Not at all."

"Then let's order our drinks. You still have to go back to work, but we can have a drink while we wait for our meal?"

"One won't hurt."

"What would you like?"

"Well, you offered me a culinary experience, so surprise me."

He flashed a beautiful smile and nodded, placing the order with the waiter who brought our drinks and menus.



"It's called Papa Doble. Rum, maraschino liqueur, lime, grapefruit juice, and ice. I think you'll like it. I toast to your lovely company." Levy raised his glass.

I smiled at him and accepted the toast. I tried the drink and was impressed – it was fresh and so cold, with little sugar, the sweet-and-sour taste of grapefruit, and the distinctive nutty flavor of maraschino. Simply delicious and perfect for the hot day.

"Oh my god, you started our experience really well," I said after savoring the drink. "I love this!"

Levy was smiling like a boy, his green eyes sparkling.

"Wait until you try the food."

He called the waiter and placed our order. We sat there making small talk. He told me about his trips to Cuba and other Latin American countries, about his fascination with their culture and the beauty of these places.

"Picadillo a la criolla and congri rice. It's a hash of beef and pork with olives, onions, bell peppers, and tomatoes, and the congri rice is simply rice cooked together with red beans. But it's delicious, you'll love it."

The presentation was great and the aroma was mouthwatering. Levy had also ordered guava juice. I tried the food and my eyes widened in surprise – it was divine.

We ate while having a pleasant conversation about how he started his bar with Angel, which was his favorite business among the others he owned. Levy was easygoing, fun, and pleasant. He told jokes and funny stories, making amusing faces. He was truly delightful company.

For dessert, Levy introduced me to Cuban capuchinos, a spongy cone

shaped pastry soaked in sweet syrup. The dough melted in my mouth, making me moan involuntarily.

"Don't do that, Cat. I'm trying really hard not to grab you because you're so beautiful, but the sounds you make while eating are delicious to hear and make it almost impossible to control myself." His green eyes had darkened, and his face was serious, looking seductive.

"Sorry, Levy, but I can't help it. It's delicious!" I justified with a little laugh, and I saw him shift in his chair and clear his throat.


"Keep that up, and I won't be responsible for my actions, and you won't be able to get mad." He leaned close to my ear and kissed behind it, making the hair on my neck stand up. "Well, I don't think you'd be angry anyway." He smiled and winked at me.

We finished our lunch with a delicious Cuban coffee. Levy invited me to walk through the property's garden, which was breathtaking. In the back, there was a small artificial lake with a gazebo right in the center, which you could reach by crossing a small wooden bridge. We walked there and stood admiring the place. Levy leaned sideways against one of the wooden trunk pillars and put his hands in his pants pockets. Finally, he gathered the courage and asked me:

"Are you and Miller really over?"

"Did Virginia tell you what happened?"

"Yes. Do you mind that she told me?"

"Of course not." I was honest with him. "But yes, we're really done. I won't come between him and his son, and that crazy woman wouldn't give me peace if I didn't leave him." 



"I understand. Cat, you know I was interested in you from the moment I saw you. I respected your relationship with Miller, but I warned him that if you two broke up, I'd come after you." I looked at him, understanding where he was going with this. "Here I am. I know how you feel about him, but I'd like a chance for you to get to know me, and who knows, maybe by some stroke of luck, you might fall for me?" He spoke somewhat shyly like a little boy, looking at the ground with his hands in his pockets.

"What exactly do you want, Levy?"

"I want a chance with you. I want to take you to lunch, dinner, dancing, movies, or just sit and spend time with you." He said, looking into my eyes.

"I can do that!" I smiled at him. "But I'm being honest with you - you're handsome, amazing, wonderful company. However, I'm hurt and I love Alexander. What I'm accepting is your company, spending time with you."

"That's already a great start for me." He broke into a huge smile, his eyes sparkling.

Levy fixed his eyes on mine, as if preventing me from looking away. He moved away from the pillar, took a step toward me, ran his thumb across my face, and covered my mouth with his. A soft and gentle touch of lips. I didn't pull away, hadn't expected him to kiss me, and surprise left me motionless. He wrapped his arms around my waist, and I gasped against his mouth as I suddenly felt his tongue meet mine. Levy's kiss was soft, sweet, and sensual; he moved his tongue against mine as if savoring my taste, making me shiver. He pulled back slightly, gently sucked on my lower lip, then ran his tongue over the same spot. Levy stepped back, ran his thumb over my lip, and with a charming smile said:





"Sorry, Cat, but it's inevitable. It's delicious!" He winked at me, throwing back the words I'd said to him at lunch.

I don't even know how I was. Levy's kiss was surprisingly good, made me shiver and feel butterflies in my stomach. I stared at him in shock, but still feeling my lips tingle. I could definitely kiss him again; maybe with time, he could make me forget Alexander. Levy smiled at me confidently, certain he had stirred something inside me.

"Come on, beautiful Catherine, as much as I hate to, I have to take you back to work."

He kissed my hand and, without letting go, we walked to the valets who quickly brought the car around. When we reached the Group Miller building, Levy smiled and got out of the car, walking around to open my door. Before saying goodbye, he told me:

"That was the best lunch of my life! Can we see each other again?"

"Of course! I'm looking forward to your next invitation to take me on new adventures." I gave him a big smile.

"That's good!" Levy smiled and gave me a kiss at the corner of my mouth. "See you soon, beautiful Catherine." He walked around, got in his car, and drove off.