

## Chapter 135

Patrick and I joined Alexander and Rick for a quick meeting. Alexander had received a call from the New York clients, and they needed to travel.

"The clients are very satisfied with the partnership, but they've asked us to go there. They want to extend the contract, but they want to do it in person," Alexander explained.

"Alright. When are we going?" Patrick asked.

"Tomorrow," Alexander informed. "Rick's coming with us, but I'd like Catherine to join us too. It's important for her to meet the clients and be aware of the negotiations."

"I agree," Patrick nodded. "What do you think, Cat?"

"Look, I think I should stay. These clients request a lot of information, and you might need something from here, like last time."

"That's true," Patrick agreed. "We managed to close the contract faster thanks to Catherine's efficiency in gathering information."

"Yeah, you're right," Alexander sighed. "Well, then Catherine stays. And takes care of everything while we're away." He smiled at me.

"It will be my pleasure, gentlemen," I agreed. "And how long will you be gone?"

"At least a week," Alexander confirmed.

We arranged everything necessary for their trip. We spent the day gathering documents, and they briefed me on all the schedules I would need to manage in their absence. By the time we finished, night had

fallen. I said goodbye and wished them a good trip.

Only after I was home and had put Peter to bed did I remember my phone was on silent. I picked up the device and turned the sound back on, checking my notifications.

In the girls' group chat, Virginia had asked about me, and Sam informed them I'd been in meetings all day. There was a message from Melissa saying she would sleep at Fred's apartment. There was also a message from my parents that I quickly replied to. And there was a message from Levy:

"Counting the seconds until I see you again. I miss you."

I smiled at that message; Levy is always sweet to me. Levy was still in California, but he sent messages every day and some nights even made video calls. He was thoughtful and fun, easygoing as always. I was about to reply when a call came in from Levy himself. I answered with a smile.

"Hi, stranger! How's California?"

"Beautiful and sunny. But it's no fun without you." Levy was always flirting.

"Well, then you must be bored."

"Very!" He smiled. "How are you, beautiful Catherine?"

"I'm good. Had a busy day today, my phone was on silent, so I didn't see your message earlier. Sorry about that."

"No need to apologize. Are you very tired?"

"A little, why?"

"Because I'm here at your building's entrance and just wanted to say hi."

"Are you serious?" I smiled at the possibility of seeing him.

"Yeah, I am. But if it's not a good time, I understand."

"Come up, I want to see you too."

"Alright."

We hung up and I quickly changed clothes, putting on white shorts and a loose lilac tank top. I went to the living room and waited by the door.

When the elevator opened, Levy came out carrying bags, dressed casually in jeans and a black t-shirt. He was somewhat tanned and even more handsome. He saw me and gave me a huge smile.

"Catherine, you shouldn't do this."

"Do what?"

"Wear shorts. Your legs are spectacular!" His compliment made me blush.

"Don't be silly, Levy!"

"I'd be silly not to admire them. How do you get more beautiful every day?"

"As if." I stretched up to him as he kissed my cheek and we went inside.

"Make yourself at home. Can I get you anything?"

"Two wine glasses and a corkscrew. I brought some wine for us to drink while we chat a bit. I promise my visit won't be long." Levy was

thoughtful in everything.

I went to the kitchen to get the wine glasses and corkscrew. When I returned, I handed them to him. Before opening the wine, he gave me two bags.

"This one is for Peter, and this one is for you," he said, pointing out which bag was mine.

"Levy, thank you. You shouldn't have bothered. Peter can open his tomorrow," I said, putting the bag aside and opening mine.

"I hope you like it," Levy said as he picked up the bottle to open it.

I opened the bag and took out a box. Inside was a beautiful short dress with nude lining and sheer overlay, all decorated with crystals, featuring a deep V-neckline and long sheer sleeves. It was absolutely luxurious. I was speechless.

"Do you like it?" Levy looked at me with a beautiful smile.

"It's wonderful, Levy. But I can't accept it."

"Of course you can. It's a gift. And I'd love for you to wear it tomorrow when you go dancing with me. What do you think?"

"I think that's a great idea," I said and took the glass he offered me. But I felt a twinge of guilt as I remembered something. "Levy, I know you're trying to win me over, and I've been honest with you so far."

"Yes, and I appreciate your honesty. But unless you've gotten back together with that idiot Miller, I'm not going to stop trying," Levy smiled.

"I haven't gotten back together with him. But there's something I want

you to know."

"Tell me, you know you can tell me anything."

"How do I say this..." I was apprehensive, afraid Levy would think I was promiscuous, so I chose my words carefully. "A few days ago, something happened."


"You had a moment of weakness and got together with Alexander?" Levy was direct. I confirmed by nodding. "That doesn't surprise me. Look, Catherine, you made it clear to me that you still love him. I think what happened is normal, it's natural that you two had a slip-up."

"I feel bad about this. He's engaged, and you don't deserve what I did. I feel cheap."

"Cat, you're not cheap. My opinion of you hasn't changed. You being with Alexander doesn't change anything for me, since you're still broken up. Besides, you're not mine, so I can't demand faithfulness from you. However, that doesn't mean I'm not jealous. Because I'm dying inside."

"I'm sorry."

"Stop that. I shouldn't have been away for so long," he said with a smile.

"But now, maybe I can show you that you could fall in love with me." He ran the back of his fingers across my face. 

Setting his wine glass aside and taking mine from my hands, Levy moved toward me carefully and gently, and when he was very close to my face, he whispered:

"Catherine, may I kiss you?"

I swallowed hard and nodded. Levy kissed me with his usual gentleness,

but with longing and passion. My lips trembled for a moment as I felt his moist lips touching mine. His lips were gentle and hungry, making me feel all his emotions pouring out for me, all the affection he felt. I gave in to his kiss, which was always delicious. His soft and relaxed lips, and his tongue moving masterfully in my mouth, demanding to lead mine, left me in a puddle of confused feelings. My heart was racing and, at that exact moment, Levy shook my certainties. 1

"I felt that, Cat," he said with certainty about what he had achieved. "My chances are really good." He smiled and kissed me again.

He lay on top of me on the couch, our bodies pressed together, and without words, a magical moment emerged, taking me to a state of total well-being. Each movement of his lips on mine, each meeting of our tongues, made me float in a sea of sensations. That kiss created perfect harmony between us, I felt his wonderful and sweet lips and the delicious taste of wine, which took me on an enchanting journey with someone I had learned to admire and care for deeply, and, for a moment, maybe I could forget everything else.

Levy and I stayed there on that couch, between kisses and caresses, for some time, until he looked at me and said:

"I better go, it's late and we have to work tomorrow." He sat up and pulled me onto his lap, giving me another quick, light kiss. "So, my beautiful, are you mine now?" he asked with a smile.

"Levy, we're getting to know each other. If you're asking if we're dating, the answer is still no."

"Really?" he asked with a smile. "I gave it my best and I'm still just a friend?"

"Levy," I laughed at his jest. "I'm not going to start a relationship with you when I still have feelings for someone else. But I enjoyed being with you, maybe we can kiss more often."

"Oh yeah?" Levy flashed the most beautiful smile in the world. "Can I kiss you again?"

"Yes, you can. Including tomorrow, when you take me dancing and I'm wearing my new dress," I teased him.

"I'll do that!" He gave me another kiss. "Now I better go."

I got off his lap and walked him to the door, getting one more kiss before he left.



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