

Chapter 64

Oh my God, when Alexander and I were left alone at the table, I felt like a teenager at those school parties, the one who sat with the boy and didn't know what to say. I was so nervous.

"Listen carefully, Catherine. You might be angry, but you're mine, and I won't let any man get close to what's mine. You leaving the house with that piece of cloth wrapped around your body, showing more than necessary of your sexy little body, I might tolerate, but dancing with another man, my dear, you won't do that again," Alexander said with his face very close to mine, staring into my eyes.

"You're very wrong, Mr. Miller. Nothing here belongs to you! And yes, I'm angry, I'm furious, so don't you dare provoke me!" I stared back without backing down.

That cocky man flashed an absurdly sexy smile, and his eyes sparkled.

"Hate and love go hand in hand. You're mine, Catherine, it's just a matter of time until you forgive me and come back to me," he said and kissed the tip of my nose.

I snorted in anger. How arrogant! As I looked away, glancing over his shoulders, I noticed a woman with silicon breasts almost popping out of her neckline, swaying her hips like they were broken, wearing extravagant makeup approaching our table and leaning over Alexander, practically rubbing her breasts against him.

"Hey, handsome, dance with me. I don't think your little sister will mind," the brazen woman said, and I felt a crazy surge of anger.

I looked at Alexander, who was motionless, looking the woman up and



down as if considering dancing with that floozy. Oh, hell no! I didn't know what came over me, whether it was the anger I was feeling or the drinks, but I stood up, leaned over the same way, facing her, and said:

"What makes you think he's my brother? Go scratch somewhere else, because this hottie has an owner, and that's me."

I noticed Alexander's eyes moving from her to me. The woman looked at me mockingly and, smiling while gesturing and showing off her body, said:

"And you really think he'll give up all this for a plain little girl like you?" And leaning down to whisper in Alexander's ear, she said: "I'm all woman, and I can take you to paradise, handsome. Don't leave me hanging, come with me, I can do anything you want."

At that moment, my blood boiled. What a clueless tramp! And Alexander just sitting there saying nothing. I was going to send this whore packing and then rip his head off.

"Listen here, you devil's draft, turn around and walk back to the whorehouse you came from before I pluck all your feathers right here in the middle of this room." I was looking furiously at that whore. It had to be the alcohol talking.

Alexander was laughing like an idiot, having fun. I was staring at that vulgar woman with blood in my eyes and smacked him on the head, which made him laugh even more. But suddenly he stood up, pulled me by the waist, pressing my body against his, and after giving me a quick peck, looked at the woman and said:

"You really think that having the most beautiful woman in the world by my side, I'm going to fall for your cheap roadside pickup line?" He

flashed a beautiful smile. "You're nothing but a vulgar little woman. Please leave and don't bother me or my woman again." 1

"See you never, tramp!" I said, giving a little wave.

Alexander turned his back on her and hugged me. I watched that tramp storm off and smiled triumphantly, only realizing what I'd done when I heard Alexander whisper in my ear:

"You have no idea how beautiful you look when you're jealous!"

I tried to break free from his embrace, but he held me tighter, and my legs felt like jelly. Just a light touch from him was enough to make me stop thinking.

"The woman I love, who just claimed me as hers, won't refuse to dance with me, will she?" he said, pulling me onto the dance floor, and I couldn't resist him.

The band started playing "Lento" by Daniel Santacruz. I loved that song, and I couldn't resist dancing with Alexander, who pulled me by the waist against his body and led me around the floor like a professional. As we danced sensually, I felt his body pressing against mine to the seductive rhythm of the music while he sang the lyrics in my ear. God, it was torture having to resist this man - I was completely surrendered and filled with desire. 1

The band seemed to be working against me, playing several bachatas in a row for couples to dance to. We danced at least five more songs pressed together in that sensual rhythm. I didn't want that moment to end.

The band switched to a more upbeat rhythm and we returned to our table, Alexander possessively holding my waist. Our friends were all staring at



us, and the girls were fanning themselves. When we sat down, Alexander pulled my chair closer and put his arm around my shoulders. I gave him a stern look.

"What?" he asked with the most innocent face, placing a kiss on my shoulder. "Don't you want to keep... what did you call her again? Oh right, devil's draft. Don't you want to prevent her from trying to take what's yours again?"

"Alexander..." I tried to speak, but he interrupted me with a kiss.

He kissed me with urgency and need. It was a kiss that took our breath away. It was intense, irresistible, and delicious. I wrapped my arms around his neck and returned the kiss. I was defeated for the night.

When we pulled apart, his eyes were shining. I didn't waste time - he hadn't won the war yet, hadn't suffered enough, and wouldn't convince me so easily. So I said:

"You're not forgiven!" He looked at me confused. "But we're here, and I won't deny that you drive me crazy. So we'll have fun tonight. But it's just for tonight. I'm not forgiving you, and I'm not getting back together with you."

I kissed him again with the same voracity he had kissed me.

"We'll see, Catherine. But if that's what you want tonight, you'll have it. I'll do anything you want," he said, yielding to my terms.

"Great!" I downed my drink and stood up. "Now let's dance, handsome!"

We went to the dance floor, leaving our friends completely confused. After dancing several songs with Alexander, we returned to the table, and the girls pulled me to the bathroom. They wanted to know what was



going on. I explained the situation – that since he was there, I'd enjoy the night, but I wasn't forgiving him, I'd make him suffer – and they laughed a lot.

The night was incredible. We danced, had fun, and talked. We had formed a really fun group. Patrick was using all his charm to win over Virginia, and she was quite enchanted.

When we left the bar, Fred and Melissa offered to take Virginia home, but Patrick grabbed her hand and said:

"Don't worry, folks, I insist on taking this beautiful redhead home. You all go get some rest."

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