



## Chapter 68

### Alexander's POV

When Catherine and I collapsed exhausted onto the bed, the sun was already shining in the sky. We made love for a long time - I kissed her, touched her, loved her, every inch of her body. We gave ourselves completely and shamelessly to the love that consumes us, because now I'm certain that the same love that makes my heart race and takes my breath away, she feels it too.

I fell asleep with my beloved Catherine in my arms, exhausted from the pleasure we'd given ourselves and the happiness of being together. But I was euphoric - she was in my arms again, so sleep didn't hold me captive for long.

However, when I woke up, reality hit me hard. My happiness didn't last long. I woke up alone in bed, jumping up to look around the room, clinging to the idea that maybe she was in the bathroom or the kitchen, but I found a note on my nightstand.

I picked up the note with trembling hands - she was gone.

"Alexander,

You awaken my body in a way that no one else ever could. Last night was unforgettable, but it was our goodbye. I will always love you, but I can't forgive you.

Catherine"

Impossible woman! My eyes burned with tears I couldn't hold back. She had left me, rejected me again. The words she left in the note caused me immense pain and for a moment stole all my hope of winning her back.



I read and reread that note several times, and just when I was about to give in to despair, my eyes fixed on that small part where she said she would always love me. And that's what I held onto. I would never give up on her, I couldn't, I didn't know how, it was impossible.

Since she loved me, she would forgive me eventually, no matter how long it took or what hell I had to go through. I got out of bed and looked for my phone, finding it in the living room thrown on top of my clothes from the night before by the apartment door.

I grabbed my phone and called Patrick. He answered on the third ring.

"What's up, brother? How was your night?" he was in a good mood.

"It was incredible and she left without forgiving me. I need to gather the guys, I need help."

"Alright, want me to call them?"

"Yeah. Get Henry, Rick, and Fred together and meet me at the Social Club in an hour. Can you do that?"

"Of course I can, brother. See you there."

I turned off my phone and went to take a shower and get ready to meet my friends. I was about to embark on a crusade to win back Catherine's forgiveness, and they would be my soldiers.

An hour later, I arrived at the Social Club where my friends were already seated, waiting for me.

"I hope I didn't mess up anyone's plans," I said while greeting them.

"Relax, Catherine beat you to it," Fred said with a smile.



"What do you mean?" I asked.

"She woke Mel up and said she needed to gather the girls urgently. According to Mel, they were going to have lunch somewhere and support Cat. I don't get it, you two left the bar together last night," Fred said, looking confused.

"Mel called Tess too. She told me the same thing and rushed out. Right when I was about to get the whip..." Rick said with dreamy eyes.

"We don't need details about your perfect little life, Rick," Patrick said, making everyone burst into laughter. "And you, Henry, aren't you going to complain that Samantha ran out too?"

"Oh, I wish I'd been that lucky," Henry sighed. "And what about you and Virginia?"

"I only got her phone number and nothing else."

"You guys got tangled up with some tough women, huh?!" Fred mocked. "Let me tell you something, Alexander better get Cat's forgiveness soon, or before we know it, even our perfect little lives will be shaken up, Rick. These girls stick together like glue, believe me!"

"That's exactly why I called you guys, I need to come up with a strategy! Melissa is supporting me, but I need more help." I spoke as if I were chairing the most important business meeting.

"My God, Alexander, you're so naive!" Fred said, putting his hand on his forehead.

"What do you mean?" I didn't understand his comment.

"You really think Mel is helping you?" Fred asked as if he couldn't

believe me. "She's making you grovel! And she's already told Cat everything. Haven't you noticed that everything she's had you do is send messages and gifts to Cat? She hasn't set up a single meeting between you two. Yesterday, I was the one who told Henry where we'd be. She's not trying to convince Catherine to forgive you, she's encouraging Catherine to punish you!"

"Son of a gun! She's playing me?" I was incredulous.

"You bet she is! I love my girlfriend, but she's impossible and downright Machiavellian when she's upset with someone! And she'd never do anything behind Cat's back." Fred said with a smile while the others were laughing their heads off. Great, I'd become a joke. "After we left the restaurant that day, she was triumphant, said she was going to teach you a good lesson. The first thing she did was tell Catherine everything."

"And here I was thinking I had an ally!" I couldn't believe I'd been fooled by a girl much younger than me.

"You have no idea what she and Catherine put me through when she thought I'd cheated on her. But at least she realized you really care about Peter, that's good." Fred gave me this information, and it really was something positive.

"So what do I do?" I asked, unsure whether to keep following Melissa's lead.

"You're going to do everything she tells you to, because you really need to grovel and because if you cut her off or let her know that you know, she'll rip out my tongue and eyes and fry them in boiling oil." Fred said seriously. "But you won't just do what she says. I'll help you, but she can't know about it."



"Well, then it's time to devise a parallel strategy," Henry concluded.

"I think we need to go out more as a group," Patrick said. "That way, Alex, while you're crawling back for Catherine's forgiveness, Henry and I might have better chances with the girls, and Fred and Rick can please their ladies."

"That's a good idea," Rick chimed in. "Especially since none of them will do anything without the others' advice and support."

"Are you serious?" Henry looked at him in disbelief. "You mean we now have a damn girlfriend club where they'll only date us if the others approve?"

"I have a girlfriend, and Rick has a wife. You guys just have women driving you crazy," Fred mocked us. "But that's how it is. Melissa says it's part of female solidarity. Women support each other. And it's going to be way worse than that."

"How could it be worse?" Patrick was curious.

"If one of them gets pissed at one of us, all the others get pissed too and will punish all of us," Rick explained, and seeing our confused faces, he clarified, "For example, Catherine is hurt by Alexander, so all of them are mad at Alexander and will punish each of us because we're Alexander's friends."

"You two," Fred pointed at Henry and Patrick, "won't get what you want until Catherine forgives this idiot here," he said, pointing at me. "Mel and Tess will blackmail us into telling everything you do and say, and support Cat in anything, including kicking your balls, and if we don't comply, they'll go on strike, my friends."





"So you two are like their spies?" Henry couldn't believe the organized society those girls had formed.

"Right now it's us. In the future, the next time someone screws up, it could be any of you or us," Rick agreed. "The important thing is that we'll have to feed them information in small doses. We don't need to tell everything, but we need to be well-rehearsed to tell the same story because they'll torture us to get what they want, and they'll cross-check information with each other." 1

"I think I get it," Patrick scratched his head. "Man, managing a big company is easier than dealing with a woman."

"Yeah, my friend, this week I learned that women are a luxury item!" Henry said with raised eyebrows.

We laughed hard at the expressions on everyone's faces. At least I was establishing a really good group of friends who would support me. That eased my feelings a bit.

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