

Chapter 83

Levy's POV

Having lunch with the girls was great. They're beautiful, smart, and fun. Messing with those three guys was wonderful. All in all, it was a very enjoyable lunch. But I was really interested in Catherine – she's one unique woman.

Ever since I met Catherine at my bar, I was enchanted. My sister already warned me not to get my hopes up because she's very much in love with Miller, who apparently keeps messing things up with her. So, maybe I have a chance.

Miller's reaction when I mentioned Catherine's son was visceral, as if I was trying to steal his child. It was really weird because I know Catherine is a single mom and the kid's father disappeared without a trace. And when that jerk started putting pie in her mouth, I wanted to punch him until he was knocked out cold on the floor, but I controlled myself.

After lunch, I went back to the office, but I really wanted to see Catherine again. I needed to find ways to run into her more often so I could get closer and make her notice me. I sent a message to my friends' group chat.

"What do you guys think about inviting the girls to do something tomorrow night?"

Everyone quickly responded with enthusiastic agreement. Each of us had an interest in that group of friends. I sent a message to my sister.

"Hey shorty, the guys and I want to invite you and your friends for something tomorrow, including Tess and Samantha. What do you think?"

Her response came quickly.

"What kind of plans?"

I hadn't thought about that. I consulted the guys, and Leonard made a suggestion that, according to him, the girls would like. So I sent it to my sister.

"We thought about taking you all to dinner at Le Soufflé and then having fun at that karaoke bar with the live band. What do you think?"

Fifteen minutes later, her response arrived.

"It's settled. I'll go with you, and the girls will meet us there at eight. Make the reservations; the karaoke place gets packed on Friday nights."

"We can pick up the girls," I insisted.

"They'll meet us there," Virginia said firmly, leaving no room for argument.

Perfect, I was already eager to see the beautiful Catherine again. I made the reservation at the Karaoke place and Leonard made one at Le Soufflé. Then I started a video call with the guys.

"It's all set, and I've made the reservation. They'll meet us at the restaurant tomorrow at eight," I heard the guys cheer. "But I'm curious about something, Leonard. You're interested in Tess, but she's married. Are you thinking of being her lover?"

"No way, I don't play that kind of role. But sharing is something that interests me, and you guys know that," Leonard replied. He had unconventional sexual preferences; he liked sharing a woman, saying that the pleasure two men could give a woman was surreal and made her



more receptive, consequently giving him more pleasure too. "You should try it, it's intense pleasure and excitement!"

"Not my thing, friend. I confess I'm very selfish," I said laughing.

"Look, I won't deny it to you guys, if that hot Melissa told me she wanted me and her boyfriend to be her slaves, I wouldn't say no!" Angel said, making us laugh.

"Man, I don't get it. Anyone who sees you with that tough guy pose and your size would think you're the typical dominant type, but you love being bossed around by a woman," Michael shot back.

"Ah, my friend, there's nothing more exciting and pleasurable than a woman who knows what she wants and takes control," Angel concluded with a sigh.

"My God, they haven't even given us a chance yet, and you're all here with your fetishes. And I'm warning you, Luke, my little sister is traditional and innocent, so don't try to lead her astray because I know the kind of stuff you like. If you date her, you'll have to accept a traditional relationship," I said, warning my friend.

"Man, even you don't believe your sister is 'traditional,' let alone innocent. Wake up, Levy, Virginia is a woman now, and a beautiful one who has every right to choose how to live her sexuality," Luke said, and the guys burst out laughing.

"Ah, enough! I don't even want to hear it. She's my little sister and always will be. So behave with her," I replied.

We talked for a while longer; there were quite different tastes and preferences among us. We made plans for our night with those beautiful



women and said goodbye.

I was anxious about the following night, about being able to meet Catherine. Now it's just waiting until I see her again. That was the hardest part – waiting.

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