



Chapter 85

When we arrived at the karaoke bar, the place was completely packed. Levy gave our names at the door, and a friendly staff member led us to a reserved table near the stage, promptly calling a waiter over.

We sat down and ordered our drinks. There was a couple on stage singing Kid Abelha's "Intimate Painting" completely off-key, but everyone in the bar was singing along and encouraging them to continue. It was a very laid-back atmosphere with incredible energy - everyone was laughing, singing, dancing, clapping, whistling, as if they were at the greatest show on earth. The place was beautiful, with dim lighting, and the band was truly sensational.

We had barely sat down when Virginia already signed up for a song and started forcing everyone at the table to do the same. When it was my turn, I stalled by saying I was undecided about which song to choose.

"Oh no, Catherine, don't even start. You're getting up on that stage tonight," she demanded.

"Okay, Vi, but give me a minute to choose the song," I replied.

The night was going well, super fun, and Levy was being incredibly attentive and flirtatious. All the girls had already gone up to sing, and so had the guys. Levy said he was waiting for me. Virginia had a beautiful voice and wasn't the least bit inhibited on stage.

I was having a great time until I heard someone start singing and the commotion of women shouting "handsome, hot stuff, come sing at my place," creating quite an uproar. That voice, melodious, slightly husky, and perfectly in tune, was singing:

"No quiero separarme de ti / Ni siquiera un momento / No quiero perder el tiempo / Tu sabes que te quiero a morir / Que no soy de espavientos / Y que me gusta lento"

When I turned to look at the stage, I saw Alexander there, singing. No way! What a coincidence! Had he seen us? My question was answered when he came down from the stage while singing, pulled me by the waist, and started dancing with me as he sang. People around us exploded in applause and shouts of "lucky girl," "beautiful couple," and so on.

Alexander led me in the dance, singing as if making a declaration. I was trapped in his arms and completely frozen. For a moment, my mind went blank - nothing else mattered except being in his arms. I wrapped my arms around his neck, and we danced, just like we did at the bar. My heart was racing, and I was breathless. He had a beautiful voice; it was delightful to hear him sing.

I closed my eyes, and it felt like I was in a dream full of promises of a happy future. When the song ended, I thought I would wake up, but Alexander held me tighter and whispered in my ear:

"Let's get out of here, come with me, my love."

For a moment, I almost left with him to wherever he wanted to go, but in a split second, I remembered Levy and our friends - I couldn't do this, Levy didn't deserve that. I pulled away from Alexander's arms and said:

"No! I can't just leave."

I returned to the table with my heart racing, not even noticing that Alexander was following me. When I reached the table, I saw Rick, Henry, Fred, and Patrick. What was this? How was it possible in such a



big city to run into each other again at the same place? I never thought they'd be into karaoke. Levy stood up and pulled out the chair for me to sit.

"Miller. Are you following me?" Levy asked, seeming amused, but there was something behind that provocation, perhaps the beginning of irritation.

"Get over yourself, Levy, you're not my type. But you're trying to get your hands on what's mine," Alexander responded, full of himself.

"I wouldn't be so sure it's yours," Levy teased further.

"And can you ladies explain what you're doing with these guys again?" Henry asked, crossing his arms and staring at Samantha.

"Darling, I don't have to explain anything to you!" Samantha replied with a smile.

"But you have a lot of explaining to do, wifey," Rick spoke angrily to Tess.

"Honey, I went out with friends to have fun. And I told you," Tess responded with a mischievous smile at Rick.

"No, no, you said you were having dinner with your girlfriends - females, all women. Then I find you at a bar all smiles with Levy and his little group," Rick wasn't satisfied and didn't hide it.

"Well, Melissa, you're in the same situation as Tess. Care to explain?" Fred seized the opportunity.

"Oh Fernando, stop right there. I went out with friends to have fun. There's nothing wrong with that," Melissa shut him down immediately. "But I really want to know how you gentlemen ended up here. Start



explaining, because I'm sure none of you like karaoke."

When Melissa demanded explanations, Fred deflated and stammered but couldn't answer. We looked at Henry who remained silent, and Patrick was scratching his head as if thinking up an excuse.

"Ricardo, can you explain this? How did you guys get here? I hope there's no skirt-chasing involved in this story, and don't tell me it was a coincidence. Come on, spill it!" Tess demanded from her husband.

"Ah, Tess, you're my wife. You don't think you can just go out without me knowing where, right?!" Rick responded, clearly trying to avoid telling how they found us. Tess narrowed her eyes at him.

"Not going to talk?" Virginia asked, staring at Patrick. "Alright then girls, what do you think about going somewhere else? Maybe your apartment, Luke?"

"I think that's a great idea, Sardines! We can finish the night there," Luke agreed, kissing the back of Virginia's hand.

"Oh come on, Red, stop it. It was Rick's fault, he tracked Tess's phone!" Patrick quickly confessed. My god, he was like a desperate puppy following Virginia, willing to do anything she wanted.

"Damn it, Patrick, you big mouth!" Rick spoke irritably.

"You tracked my phone, Ricardo? Seriously? Again? Even after everything you promised?" Tess was outraged.

"Tess, it was an extreme measure. You know I'm not the jealous type, but you five are giving these guys too much attention. I take care of what's mine. And Alexander was going crazy because of Catherine, I felt bad for him," Rick tried to explain.



"Oh really, and I was the only one going crazy? Each of us was more desperate than the other," Alexander confirmed and crouched next to my chair. "Cat, I go crazy just thinking you won't come back to me. Please, we need to talk."

"You're crossing the line, Alexander. You mess with us and then keep following us everywhere. I don't like this! We have the right to go out, have fun, and have friends," I replied irritably. 1

"Let's do this: we've already had the great pleasure of enjoying a delicious dinner with these beautiful ladies and we're having a lot of fun here, so why don't you join us and have fun too? I think you need it. We're all adults, civilized people who know how to behave, right?" Angel suggested as if there wasn't a territorial dispute going on. "Do you agree, ladies?"

"Well, I guess we can put up with these pains for a while," Melissa spoke for us. "But you, Fred, will need to apologize a lot."

"And you too, Rick, you'll be sleeping on the couch for a few days," Tess declared, making everyone laugh and easing the tense atmosphere.

Alexander and his friends sat down, and the rest of the night went well, with the men teasing each other while we gave more attention to Levy and his friends, which made the others even more frustrated. I ended up going on stage with the girls and singing "Dangerous" by The Frenetics, teasing all those men who went to the front of the stage, applauding and blowing kisses.

By the end of the night, we had all had a lot of fun and were exhausted, happy, and a bit drunk. When we finally decided to leave the bar, there was even a friendly atmosphere among the guys. Anticipating that the mood could be ruined, Melissa quickly said:



"Gentlemen, you've given us a delightful evening! Thank you! But now, we have to go girls, I've already called our taxi."

"No way, you're coming home with us!" Fred objected quickly.

"Not happening. They came out with us, so we'll take them home safely," Leonard countered.

"All of you, quiet!" Melissa imposed her voice with authority. She was a natural leader! "The night was great indeed. But my friends and I will return home by taxi. We're independent and capable women. And neither a boyfriend nor a husband," she said, looking at Fred and Rick, "will take away our freedom to come and go. And you're all sleeping over at my and Cat's apartment."

"Oh, beauty, you're even more gorgeous when you take charge, you know that?" Angel said, flattering Melissa, and we all started laughing.

Our taxi arrived, we said goodbye to the guys, and headed home, laughing at the dumbfounded faces of those ten handsome men who couldn't believe they were actually being dismissed. We all went to our apartment to gossip about the night and think about how to punish those idiots for tracking us. It would be a pajama party, as Virginia had said.

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