

The Dark Secret of the CEO by Sofia de Orellana Chapter 2

Episode 2

Luz was young, yes, but with excellent curves, part of her father's Latin heritage, and pale skin, her mother's heritage. Her height was the reflection of her grandmother Melisa, which means, it was not enough to pass the meter sixty.

But if Luz had something, it was that she didn't like being forced into anything, that for her was totally unforgivable and what Rafael had just done made him deserve, at least, a slap in the face and his indifference for several days.

She pushes him away from her and does what she had in mind, taking the boy's face and dignity with a slap that could well be heard in Washington. He looks at her with wide eyes, with one of her hands on her blow, because it is obvious that she has hurt like hell.

-Who do you think I am?! – She tells him standing up. I never gave you the confidence or the message that you could kiss me against my will.

-Luz, please... I didn't mean to offend you, I'm really interested in you... I love you.

"But I'm not interested in you that way," she tells him in a tone that could be as hard as stone, but she softens it when she sees the boy's face. Raphael, I am very young. I know what I want from life in terms of my studies, my future work, but not in terms of love.

"I have no plans to be in a relationship now and for a long time. Please...

-I understand, forgive me – he approaches her with his hands raised, as a sign of surrender -. But I want you to know, I love you, I see you as a strong girl, that she

can get anything she wants. Let me be by your side, even as a friend. If you change your mind later...

-I think you better give me my check and get out of here, before they start talking about me.

Rafael just smiles and walks around his desk to hand Luz the check, she takes it and puts it in her bag.

-Forgive me, please, I promise that it will never happen again, not without first asking your permission to do so.

-Okay – she says relaxing her body -, now I'll go out because there are sure to be several outside waiting for their check.

She leaves the office and goes straight to the bathroom, where she wets the hand with which she slapped Rafael. Because hitting someone in the moment is very liberating, but the pain that leaves...

-Damn, I think I overdid it – he opens his eyes, thinking that he didn't even notice his boss's face -. What was she thinking?! Now I could say goodbye... I have to go apologize for my attitude.

He leaves the bathroom and returns to the office, but everyone is already gathered outside, receiving instructions from Rafael.

-When we get there I will tell each one where to go, the space is large and we will have to cover it with enough dedication. They must take care of their language and their manners, these people are not those crazy young people that we are used to serving. We'll have public figures, the press will probably be on the spot, and the last thing they want to do is get in trouble.

They all nod and go to the vehicles ready for transportation, but Luz approaches Rafael and takes his arm, he turns to her with his usual smile... and a very red mark on his left cheek.

-Oh my god... forgive me, Rafael. I lost my hand, I...-her words came out in a rush, the tears were accumulating in her eyes, but he stopped her by taking her hands-.

- Calm down, it's fine. I deserve it – she smiles at him and directs her towards one of the mini buses-. And never, ever in your life apologize to a man for forcing you to do something you didn't want to do, okay? – she nods -. Now, come on, up.

She climbs a little calmer, but conscience is not something that leaves you out of the blue. The two minibuses leave the venue for the event center, plunging into the afternoon traffic.

An hour and a half later, Luz received instructions from Rafael, who seemed somewhat grumpy and nervous, something that was unusual for him. She felt guilty for his humor, it was probably not one of her best presentations to take that blow there, on the cheek.

But he allowed himself to look around a bit as he listened to instructions for the night to come, which promised to be as hectic as events of this kind.

The venue was a fairly large event center in the center of New York City. It consisted of a three-story building, where the last one was open and ready to dance almost in the open air, a large garden and a pool area.

She was asked to take charge of the second level, along with four other boys. She was nervous, because this time Rafael would not be with her and that scared her a little, because those overly affectionate gentlemen always appeared looking for something more than a glass of whiskey or a sandwich.

She couldn't help having that pang of shame, it was likely that he didn't want to be around because of the incident in the afternoon, but contrary to all her thoughts, the boy approaches her somewhat worried and tells her without hiding what is happening to him.

-Luz, if you have a problem with any of the men, ask one of the boys for help – she takes his hands and smiles, trying to give him confidence -, -I have to take care of the garden, because apparently the guests will be there more important. But I promise I'll sneak out once in a while to see how you're doing.

-Don't worry, everything will be fine – she tells him to try to reassure him, although she herself is a bundle of nerves -.

-Ok, but if anything happens and the guys don't do anything or aren't around, you run to me, okay?

-In agreement.

-Now go with the boys, take care of yourself and see you in a couple of hours.

Luz advances with firm steps to the elevator, together with her colleagues, at the precise moment that a black Mercedes with tinted windows parks in front of the building. Two men with different masks get out of it, one is wearing a pretty silver-grey mask, encrusted with tiny diamonds that outline the contour of the eyes.

The other wears a black mask, with gold threads forming delicate filigrees, giving it a sophisticated, mysterious and powerful appearance.

-Well, I managed to get them to move us to the second floor instead of being with the boring old people in the garden... there for me it will be more fun.

-And that's because... – Gerard tries to say, but Dan interrupts him -.

-There are private. If I find a nice girl, which I will, I can go with her to find some intimacy – Dan winks at him, while Gerard rolls his eyes and denies at the impudence of his friend -.

They enter the place, smiling and greeting some of the guests who have arrived so far, where older men predominate, those who feel most powerful.

Dan quickly takes his friend to the elevator, freeing him from some clutches that were looking to plunge him into work, that was not the purpose of insisting that he go to that party. With the desire to do something more for his soul brother, to give him that push he needs and thus get a new woman.

Or that he could at least let off some steam, because this man had been celibate for five years and he could almost smell the frustration that was causing him.

-While this heats up a bit, we can be in the common space, nobody will bother us here, we will only have one or another dirty old man hanging around the pretty girls.

– And we are not those dirty old men?

-Come on, Gerard, we are in the prime of youth, thirty is the new twenty...

-That's what fifty-somethings say, that now they're the new forty and that's how they get older – he says to his friend, accepting a drink from one of the waiters who also wear masks -.

-Just enjoy, if later you don't want to continue, I can order a taxi for you.

"I can order it myself, but I'll give this thing a chance first." He takes a drink from his glass, which he discovers is whiskey. Damn, I took this without even knowing what it was or who gave it to me.

-There are only waiters, don't worry... it's not like they're going to put something in your drink.

And there Dan came up with an idea to help his friend free himself, he just had to find a way to distract himself a little or maybe go for the drink himself.

Yes, beautiful women would arrive tonight, full of desire and wanting to have a good time, without commitments, without expecting anything in return. Her friend just needed another push to end that celibacy and start living again.

People began to arrive, some were easily recognizable, but others not so much. Some came up to greet them and had no idea who they were.

Dan took it upon himself to talk to Gerard about everything that wasn't work, courtrooms and media-related legal disputes.

No, that night was to enjoy, for an absolute and total debauchery. Just like old times, before Gerard married her...

-Give me a minute, I'll go to the bathroom – Gerard says suddenly -. Order me another Martini, they're pretty good.

"Count on it," and he whispers as his friend walks away. This is going to be so much better.

He arranged for them to reserve a private room for him, because his friend was soon going to need to look for any woman to vent that heat he was going to feel. Although if it was not possible to find a damsel, surely they could look for one of the girls who worked there permanently for those purposes.

Yes, because it was obvious that some really hot girls would be available, the kind that he liked to forget his ex's witch.

A waitress walks by, offers him a Martini, and Dan gladly accepts, asking her to bring him some snacks and sparkling water as well.

As the girl leaves, Dan looks around and adds that miracle pill, one that gave him several nights of bingeing. He stirs the drink a bit and when Gerard arrives, he pretends nothing has happened.

The waitress arrives with the snacks and mineral water, asks if they want anything else, but the men refuse. Gerard drinks the entire contents of the glass, without hesitation, while his hands search for a couple of olives.

The place is filling up, the music changes rhythm, the party is turning on and Gerard's body with the environment. He begins to feel uncomfortable, with a warmth that nothing could take away, until he decides that he has to do something, although he doesn't know what.

"Dan, I feel weird... are you sure no one put anything in my drink?" I feel like I'm burning and I don't know how to get rid of that feeling.

-With sex, my friend. Find a girl and...

-Wait, do I have to mess with a woman in a private? Is that your solution? – She tells him annoyed.

-It's the only thing that will help you, because I gave you an aid to release tensions – the man opens his eyes totally incredulous of what his friend is telling him -.

-Did you drug me?!

-It's a natural stimulant, one of those used by grandparents, don't worry...

-Damn, Dan... I don't need that – he says standing up, uncomfortable because of what is happening in his pants -.

-Yes you need it, your mind and your heart want to tell you not to do it, but your body will thank you.

-There isn't a woman who catches my attention – he tells her almost resignedly, it's not that he wants to make a fuss in that place precisely -.

-Fixed – he gives him some keys with a number -. That's your private, a girl will be waiting for you there who will let you do whatever you want.

-You and I are going to talk seriously about this tomorrow...

-Or you could tell me how you feel after such a night, go tiger... no regrets.

Between the frustration of reaching those extremes and that immense heat that is devouring him, he walks to the private rooms, not knowing that everything will change that night, because more than dishonoring his wife's memory, it will be something much worse that will overwhelm him.