Name: Angeles Belen Yach Ramirez

The dance of the seven veils

-Today is the presentation of the night -Lía tells me next to me, putting on the mask that will cover her face -We have to stand out and get Carlo's attention.

-I know, if we manage to capture him, we will obtain our well-deserved promotion, becoming the next women with the most medals in the entire Interpol headquarters.

-We will be the next agents with the highest charge of medals in history, of course after your great-grandmother who was the last to work for the OSGI (Secret Organization of Interpol Agents).

-Don't remind me of anyone in my family

-Sorry-he apologizes.

-Leave it like that, I just don't want you to mention them again

He nods his head.

"It's time," says Daniel after placing the microphones on the websites-good luck to both-he tells us- and Adira.

-Yes?

-Take care of yourself, Carlo is not an easy person.

-I know, not for nothing I'm about to do the dance of the seven veils in front of the most powerful mobster in Italy.

He nods and walks out of my sight.

-List?

-Yes.

-Tonight gentlemen, we will have the Olympian goddesses dance for you. The beautiful Athena and Aphrodite… presenting the dance of the seven veils for you.

The dance curtains open giving way for me and Lía to start moving their hips from one side to the other, presenting ourselves in front of all those men who come to the “Dorado” bar just to enjoy a show like this.

I corner my hips as I search for the person I am looking for. I find it, his blue eyes are fixed on my gray eyes I lose my breath for a moment when I detail it with my gaze. Lía takes me by the waist still dancing so that we can change places. I perch on the left side moving my hips and shoulders showing how well I dance with the Arabic song in the background.

The sequins resonate with every move I make. I meet again with the gaze of the blue-eyed brunette once I turn around while I continue dancing, I feel the tension that each look he gives me spreads.