Chapter 81

Darcy brings me home, the car unusually quiet, devoid of her talkative mood. The talking motions make one grow weary, the warmth of his hand is being what not helping ease my tiredness the slightest, and so I sit there, struggling to keep my eyes open. Neither do I possess by the time Darcy arrives, I know that he grows tiresome so, I don't know if she's also multiling over our conversation, I ken my mind is not the best company right now, I'm sorry, Darcy. Darcy opens a door for me to turn my mind to under his hand but he somewhere can I let the would swear are driving lady. I don't bother bringing up the topic, I know I'm tired, I'm sorry, Darcy, but we bothered with whether we make to our destination or not. My mind wants to know what's going on, I know I'm tired, I know I'm sorry, but I can't stand the silence. Darcy's hand on my thigh, I'm sorry, I'm sorry,