

Four Weeks and A Baby by Monica Vansa

Chapter 5 Let's Stalk Your Boss

The dinner ended in frustration and jealousy for Paige. She didn't even accept a ride from Finn and took a taxi straight home. Opening the door to her apartment, Paige declared the dinner was a disaster.

This she said to her longtime friend/flatmate who was sitting on a couch and watching TV. "All I kept thinking of was him. Can you believe it? I think I am going insane."

Seeing Naomi come out in her bra and pant, Paige paused in her tantrum to frown at her. "Wait, don't tell me you just had sex here?" Naomi was something of a sex freak. She liked to pick up guys, bring them home and have sex with them. Up until today. Paige had never understood why she did that.

"Of course I did." Naomi scoffed, blowing her gum.

Paige gave a rueful shake of her head. "I leave you for one minute, and you go and have sex with someone. Who are you?"

A secret smile spread across Naomi's face, and she laughed. "Same old me, and girl, what's your problem. Why are you mad? What has your boss done this time? Ah, that you couldn't get him out of your head."

Just like that Paige remembered what had made her frustrated in the first place and moved over to the couch to pull her heels off, flinging her handbag on the next couch in frustration.

Their living room was cozy, with cushions placed on the opposite side of each other and a centre table. Warm colors painted on the wall. Thick velvet curtains hiding the windows along the wall, leaving a shy peak of the night. It was small yet homely.

"I can't believe he asked me to book a suite for him. A suite!" If it was possible to die of jealousy, I would have died today! Oh, God!

A little frown appeared on Naomi's face, and she folded her hands under her breast. "I don't see the problem. You have booked suites for him in the past. What's the difference now."

"You don't see the problem?" Paige stared at her like she had gone crazy and Naomi carefully took a seat opposite her a centre table separating the two of them.

"The suite was for him and a woman!"

“How can you be so sure?”

“Because I heard a feminine voice in the background and his husky voice was so out of breath.”

Finally, catching on to what Paige was saying, Naomi’s mouth hung open. Oh my God, you...you don’t think they are going to have sex do you?”

“Of course they are going to. Why else will he book a suite? It can’t be to watch TV or to... to admire the decor.” Paige waved her hand in the air. “At the rate things are moving, I am going to have to quit my job, and I did hate to do that. It took me a long time to get it.

“Then you don’t have to.” Cried Naomi.

“I’m afraid there is no other way, if I continue like this I am going to be reduced to a jealous and unhappy woman and I would hate to see myself like that. I mean it’s been seven months!”

“I know.”

Paige shook her head from side to side and leaned back on the cushion. “Of all the men I had to fall in love with why didn’t it have to be Leonardo, why couldn’t it be someone I can approach, someone who is in the same level as me Finn would have even been better but no it had to be Leonardo. The one man who is so out of reach I can barely do nothing. I can’t do this anymore,” Paige announced, burying her head in her hand. “I have been pretending that is not bothering me with hopes that if I thought like that, that it would actually happen but all this time I have just been deluding myself.

There was a catch in her voice as she said, “I don’t think I can bear being this close to him, yet out of reach. I can’t. I just can’t.”

Naomi stared at her. Sometime during her outcry, Naomi had gone quiet and so when Paige looked up to judge her friend’s reaction to her little outburst. She was unprepared for the determined and strange light she saw in Naomi’s eyes.

Then out-of-the-blue she asked. “What’s the address of the club you said your boss liked to visit?”

Paige stared at Naomi, wondering what that had to do with anything or what she wanted it for, but gave it anyway. “Seven Dials,” She murmured, reaching for an apple on the table and munching.

“Seven Dials,” Naomi muttered, absorbing the words. Paige stared at her. Her hand resting on the arm of a cushion had curled and her mind seemed to be working on something. Although her expression hardly changed, her face had taken on a faraway

look as though she was thinking and anytime she wore that expression it was never good. It meant she was up to something.

But what?

“You know what we should do?” Naomi’s voice filled the little space in their living room.

Paige shook her head, her eyes wide.

“Let’s stalk your boss.”

“What! Oh! we are not!” Dropping the apple on a tray.

“What’s the worse that can happen? You get in there, flirt with him, talk with him, just do something.”

“We’re not doing that,” Paige said with finality.

“Why?”

“He is my boss!”

“Oh please is not like you are in the office where he can order you about. Look any loose words that come out you can pretend you were drunk and didn’t know what you were doing?”

“Ah, easier said than done, and you forget one thing. He might not be there. Remember I booked a suite for two duh.”

Naomi smiled. “You are considering this.”

“Of course am not.” Even as she said this, she knew she was lying. Like Naomi said, what’s the worst that can happen. “Okay, let’s do this,” Paige announced, getting up from her seat and fanning her self with her hands.

“You are acting like you are going to the war front?” Naomi chuckled.

Paige turned to her. “You don’t know how bad it is.” This she did while wiping her hand on her pencil skirt. God, now her palm was sweating. What else would happen? Swoon? “What if he’s not there?”

“If he’s not there we have fun, have a couple of drinks, and come back.”

“Very well.”