

## Four Weeks and A Baby by Monica Vansa

### Chapter 7 A Martini For The Girls II

At their continued gaze at the man, he propelled towards them. Taking their stare as interest.

He was one of those big men with sleeked back hair and a cheeky smile that always looked like they had a secret joke they were laughing at.

He reached them and positioned his body towards Paige, and it was more than clear where his interest lied. "Can I get you, ladies, a drink? On me."

Paige started to say no however Naomi turned to the man, all smiles and sweet. Extending her hand. "Hi, I am Naomi and this is Paige and yes, we would love that drink."

"Any preference?"

"A Martini, please."

He turned to Paige, and she said something indecipherable and scrunched her face, but that didn't deter the man. He smiled at them and returned their greeting. "I'm Joe." Taking both their hands and shaking it.

As soon as he turned to the bartender. Naomi focused her attention on her. "Girl, what is wrong with you? Everyone knows you don't say no to a free drink. Who are you?"

"Well, in my defence I didn't want it."

"So?"

Joe turned to them then with their drinks in his hand, Naomi happily collected hers while Paige toiled with the butt of her glass."

"So you guys regulars, or is this your first time here? Because if you are regulars, I swear I did remember a face like that."

That cheeky smile again. Though his question was phrased to both of them, it was clearly obvious he expected Paige to answer it. Big guy was seated near her and was staring at her with those warm eyes. Paige scowled. And now his eyes were running up and down her legs, ending on the hem of her gown.

Paige crossed her legs, hoping her disinterest will throw him off. Instead, he grinned and leaned closer to her. Paige sighed. "It's our first time here," she said, scanning the club.

On one balcony, she spotted a guy making out with a girl. On the dance floor, people were dancing to the beat of a song, which seemed to vibrate from all angles.

Drinks flowing across the tables just as the bartenders could make them. There were drunk people, happy people, dancing people and conversations were hard to hear over the loud thumping music.

When she turned to one balcony, she thought she saw a man in a blue suit watching her, but wasn't exactly sure because he had his glass to his lips and the dull lights in the club didn't let her see his face.

Call it instinct or what, but there was something about that man that seemed familiar. Paige waited for him to lower his glass, only to discover it wasn't anyone she knew. Disappointed, she started to turn away and the man behind the blue suit guy turned. Paige paused in her track as a wave of desire, longing, happiness, and shock all mixed into one well up in her and freeze her to her seat. It was Leonardo. And he was staring at her overall those crowds of people.

His gaze lingered and Paige turned pink as she watched him button his suit and turn towards the stairs. Only then did the tension leave her body.

What? What just happened? Paige turned to see where he was and where the stairs led to, only to discover it was to the dance floor and to where she was. Surely he couldn't be... Could it be that he was... Paige turned bright pink and grabbed her drink and gulped it down in one gulp, wiping her hand with the back of her hand. "I think Leonardo is coming this way."

"He is?" Naomi queried, pulling her gaze away from the barman she was flirting it. Only to say. "He sure is."

Joe followed their gaze too. "Who is coming? Some guy you girls came with?"

They ignored him.

From the tone of his voice, he didn't exactly sound happy.

"And now he is here? That's it. Am officially nervous."

Naomi threw her a look. "Don't be ridiculous. You should be happy."

"What if he is not coming here? And he is just passing by."

“Well, from what I can see there is no exit behind us. So he can’t just pass us by. Unless he is coming here for a drink. Which I think is not bad. You can’t fault a man for wanting a drink, can you?”

Paige shook her head. Her eyes still pinned to Leonardo. Just a glimpse of the hard, masculine planes of his face set off a fire in her, and she turned to her glass for another gulp.

By now Joe was getting annoyed they were talking over his head and without including him in the conversation and opened his mouth to protest, but Naomi stopped him right in time. “Alright big guy, thank you for the drink. You tried, but my friend isn’t interested. Now see you next time.”

“What?” Big Joe was clearly surprised. But as Naomi was saying this, she already had him standing up and was propelling him towards the dance floor and out of their way.

In his surprise, Joe didn’t realize what was happening until he turned to look at Paige.

“No, don’t look,” Naomi cried.

“You will never leave if you do. We all knew where this was going to end. Nowhere. But look at the bright side. There are many fishes in the ocean.”

Those were the last words Paige heard before they were out of view, and she turned in her chair facing the bar. Her fingers gripping the edge of the stool. Her body a turmoil of emotion, and her hand had begun to sweat, and she rubbed it repeatedly on her red dress, all the while willing her beating heart to stop.

No sooner had Naomi returned to the barstool that Leo appeared before them dressed in a black suit which accentuated his long legs. The top buttons of his shirt open, revealing a bit of his olive skin, and those dark eyes of his which had caused a riot of emotion in her earlier were pinned on her, unleashing an army of butterflies in her stomach.