

Four Weeks and A Baby by Monica Vansa

Chapter 8 A Drunk Girl In The Club

“Paige, what a surprise to see you here.” His eyes rested on her from her curly blond hair to the tip of her heels, and he seemed surprised by what he saw there.

“I didn’t think you were the party type,” Leo said, taking a seat near her, and Paige almost swooned as he had taken the seat vacated by Joe. And why was he sitting near her? Paige felt she might have a heart attack.

The only time her boss had ever been this close to her was that time at the office when he was leaning over her to point at something on the screen, and now he was so close to her, she could actually count his lashes. Paige blushed, and he raised a brow, seeming amused by her behavior and ordered for a drink.

His drink arrived, and he raised the glass to his lips. “Well,” and watched her through the rim of the glass.

“My friend and i...we—er—discovered this club newly, so we decided to come check it out.”

At the mention of ‘her friend,’ Paige realized Leo didn’t know who she was talking about and shifted, so Leo can see Naomi and did a quick introduction.

Once again his eyes rested on her and Paige could swear it lingered on her face and then that look of surprise entered his face again.

“Well, since you girls are here I’ll introduce you to the classic Seven Dials experience. Come.” As he said this, he was already out of his seat and heading towards the VIP, his strides long and powerful.

As soon as he was gone, Naomi turned her around and smiled. “Ooh, someone was so happy they could barely get a word out.”

“I did say something.” Paige blushed.

“That,” Naomi did a perfect imitation of what Paige had said, ‘My friend and i...we—er—discovered this club newly, so we decided to come check it out.’ is what you call a word. Girl, I expected you to bat your lashes at him, twirl your hair around and flirt outrageously with him and not just sit down there and act cute. You have to work if you want something.”

“I wish it was as easy as you make it sounds.”

"It might be, only you are not trying. Now hurry up I think we are losing him," Naomi whispered.

Leonardo made everything go smoothly. They passed through bouncers who stood in front of the VIP room as though they were just strolling to the grocery store, and soon they were inside.

And it was smaller than the main attraction downstairs but more exclusive. They were fewer people there, and they didn't have to squeeze past people here, so they could pass and the color in there was a deep blue with white couches, some curved, some straight. A curtain held up in an intricate style. And here the barmaids served.

He turned to them then buttoning his suit. "Order anything, I'll take care of the bills." And then he was gone.

"Woah, did you hear that," Naomi exclaimed. "I think I have fallen a little in love with your boss too."

Paige threw her a sharp glance and Naomi stepped back, laughing. "Joking, I was only joking." When she was a good distance away from her, she said, "Girl you are quite the jealous one."

"I can't help it," Paige answered with a small smile, but soon a look of worry appeared on her face, and she bit her lips as she spied Leonardo with some other women sitting on one couch and felt jealousy well up in her.

This was madness, she told herself. She wasn't even dating him, so why was she so jealous. Was that even possible? Of course, Leonardo didn't know how seeing him like this with other women killed her. Paige turned to Naomi to complain but found out her friend was gone.

Paige bit her lips and looked around. "Well, what was she going to do now?"

She just can't stand here ogling a guy who wasn't even hers. Get a life, her mind screamed at her. Sighing Paige stepped into the dance floor grabbing a passing drink gulped it down in one go and told the barmaid the bill was on Leonardo. Well, it actually felt good to say that. Feeling lighter and full of energy, Paige trudged onto the dance floor intent on enjoying herself.

Leo pulled his lips away from the woman he was kissing and scanned the VIP room for his personal assistant. The last time he had seen her she was standing isolated in one corner, but now hm.

Who would have thought his P. A was capable of such moves? She was on the dance floor dancing with a guy in glasses. Something about the way she kept throwing her hair from right to left got him intrigued, and he watched her and almost laughed when she missed a step. Then he noticed it wasn't because the space was cramped or that her heels had disappointed her.

The woman was drunk. And on further scrutiny, his suspicion was confirmed. Cursing, Leo lifted from his seat and headed towards the dance floor his strides long and powerful. In his experiences, women like her were easy prey in a club like this.

If only he didn't bring her to the VIP room, then he wouldn't have to worry if something happened to her. Now all he did was feel responsible for her. Damn, he should have kept his mouth to himself, but when he had seen her blushing in the bar, he had thought why not let her have a little fun. He would admit he was a little curious how she was when out of the walls of his office, and now he knew.

Stepping into the dance floor, Leo grabbed her by the arm, halting her next move and the man she was with turned to protest, but he told him she was his girlfriend that sent him the other way.

He guided her on the dance floor and out of the VIP room. At the secret corridor, he held her shoulders and gave her a rattling of her life. "Paige!" He called.

The corridor was dim, brightened only by a blue light and deserted, and it was just the two of them there.

"Paige."

Another shake and she opened her eyes and stared at him, and then a struggled smile came to her lips and she said, "Leo." In a way, a child would talk if they have just been woken from sleep and before Leo knew what was happening, she had hugged him.

His eyes opened wide, and he stood stiff and still. And when he looked down at her, her eyes were closed and there was no mistaking the smile on her face. He wondered if she was just drunk or playing a trick on him. He pulled her away from him searching for any sign of mischief, but the woman he was holding was clearly drunk and could barely hold herself up. Sighing, his expression softened.

"Why is everywhere spinning?" She muttered and then grabbed his arms, which were holding her shoulders. Feeling the strength. "Hmm."

Was it stupid to say instead of being concerned about her state of mind? He was more concerned about how adorable she looked at the moment.

Cursing, Leo reached down and carried her in his arms and exited the club wondering where her friend was.

Not knowing her address Leo couldn't take her home and continue with his night, and besides it would be unfair for the friend because she might be looking for Paige

Outside he dropped her in his limo and went to search for her friend unhappy that they have ruined his perfect night.

He found her with her tongue shoved down a bartender's throat and brought Naomi back to his limo. "Give your address to my driver, I am assuming you live in the same place with Paige."

Naomi shook her head and stared at him. There was a wide look to her eyes after he told her Paige was inside the limo. "How did she get there?"

Leo's expression shuttered, and he turned the other way. "I carried her."

"You carried her?" He felt the woman wanted to say more, but he shut her off when he entered his limo. Besides, his face at that point was unapproachable.

Inside, Paige had already laid down as if it was her bed. After adjusting her, so she was resting her head on her friend's lap, the ride home started. In which Naomi kept darting him strange glances.

Strange in the sense Leo didn't know what it meant. Leo scowled, did she think he had molested her friend he would never do that?

When they arrived at their apartment, he scrapped a piece of paper and asked her to give it to Paige it was an instruction for her. His cousin was coming to California, and he wanted her to send someone to pick him up. Naomi collected it and asked for help in carrying Paige inside the house, and he blatantly refused. This was where his chivalry would end.

But as he watched her struggle to get Paige to their apartment, he felt like the worst sort of man, but he did nothing to help either.