



## 52 The Source Of Entertainment

"How strange, I noticed you right away even among all these young ladies parading in front of me in their compromising bikinis, Mrs. Ashford." 1

Einar stopped in front of her and offered her one of the glasses which Amelie eagerly accepted. She then shot him an offended glare and pouted, "If that was your attempt to give me a compliment, I'm afraid you failed to deliver it, Mr. Ingvarsson." 1

Einar laughed. "Frankly, when I learned that you were coming, I was hoping to see you wear a bikini as well. You live to disappoint, Mrs. Ashford."

Amelie frowned. "Now you're just being gross."

The man hid his satisfied grin behind the glass and with another gulp, finally asked, "Then what brings you to the pool? I would jump in if you will."

Mrs. Ashford looked down at the transparent

water glistening under the myriad of tiny lightbulbs hanging over it and smiled at the people relaxing on the inflatable doughnuts with colorful drinks in their hands while the other half of the pool was filled with people playfully splashing one another with water.

"I don't know how to swim, I never learned."

"You never learned how to swim?" Einar nearly exclaimed as he found that statement weird. Then, as Amelie only nodded at his question, he took another sip from his glass, dropping the subject altogether.

Amelie found herself wanting to talk a little longer. "What brings you here, Mr. Ingvarsson?"

The man shrugged his shoulders and moved his bright blue eyes over the party crowd.

"I got bored from all the work I was doing, then I suddenly received an invitation. I asked my assistant to find out who this Kyle Marshall was and apparently, the fella likes a good old scandal; I came here in hopes of some entertainment."

His answer made Amelie let out a soft chuckle.



"You look somewhat intimidating, Mr. Ingvarsson but underneath all this stoic demeanor you are just a bored old lady looking for gossip and drama, aren't you?" 1

At last, Einar stretched his lips into what Amelie perceived as a genuine, joyous smile and she couldn't help but notice that compared to all his condescending grins, his real smile looked stunning.

The man nodded. "You got me, Mrs. Ashford, once again I'm impressed."

Amelie laughed and looked around again. "So, have you been able to spot any potential drama here? I'm sure you have some kind of a superpower that alerts you when the gossip is about to be born."

Einar walked around her and stood behind her back, his musky perfume enveloping them both like an invisible cape. Then he carefully wrapped his long fingers around her chin, and Amelie could immediately smell the scent of tobacco mixed with something herbal lingering on his skin. Not used to being so close to him, her heart began to pound against her ribs and she



was afraid that he would feel how her skin was gradually getting hotter.

Fortunately, Einar seemed to have ignored her embarrassment; instead, still holding her chin between his fingers, he slowly turned her head to the left where a small company of people was gathered, and said quietly, "Do you see a tall young man in a black shirt with brown curly hair?"

Flustered, Amelie couldn't force herself to say anything and only nodded. Einar leaned a little closer, his lips leveling with her ear, and continued, 1

"His name is Jonathan Radcliffe. From what I've gathered, he is twenty-four years old and is a writer. Moderately successful, but nothing truly popular to make him worthy of being invited to this party unless he was friends with Mr. Marshall himself. Which he isn't."

Amelie turned around, forgetting how close they were to one another, and their noses almost touched. The sharp glow of Einar's blue eyes sent tingling chills down her spine and she took an awkward step away from the man in an



attempt to create a somewhat appropriate distance between them.

Understanding her embarrassment, Einar smiled and stood next to the woman while Amelie moved her eyes back to the curly-haired man and asked, "Do you think he is just a party crasher?"

Mr. Ingvarsson shook his head. "No. My guess is that while he is not friends with Kyle Marshall himself, there must be someone else equally or more important he's friends with which got him invited tonight."

"I wonder who that might be..." Amelie wondered out loud.

"Would you like to join me in watching the guy? Just like you said, my gossip senses are telling me that he will be the one to provide us with some entertainment tonight."

Amelie looked at Einar's face and almost burst into laughter once she realized how serious about his suggestion he actually was. It was truly funny that a man of such an intimidating aura had a childish side to him. 1





"Yes, I suppose it's not such a bad idea. Something tells me I will be bored to death if I stray away from you."

Thus, they moved a little closer to the gathering of their target and equipped themselves with more drinks while they waited for something interesting to unfold.

To ensure that their waiting time would not be completely dull, Einar initiated a conversation about Amelie's interest in his language and culture which Mrs. Ashford gladly accepted. They were so engrossed in the discussion that they almost completely forgot that they were at a party and had a mission in mind when suddenly, their attention was caught by a loud commotion right near the pool.

Einar turned to the source of the noise and smiled, "Here comes the entertainment." He took the woman by her hand and dragged her closer to the source of "entertainment."

The entertainment, in this case, was none other than Samantha.

"Is she arguing with that young writer?!" Amelie rounded her eyes as she noticed that they were



indeed involved in a rather heated conversation. In the end, Johnathan clenched his fists and splashed his drink right into Samantha's face.

The yard instantly echoed with a wave of shocked gasps from the guests who noticed the drama and before the new commotion could subside, Johnathan pushed Samantha with both hands, causing her to trip and fall right onto Amelie, pulling them both down into the pool. 4

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