

Drunken embarrassment

Elizabeth POV

“How dare that b***h,” Elizabeth scoffed, wine sloshing over the side of her glass as she made wild hand gestures.

“Not t-to mention Vittoria,” Rosemary slurred, taking another sip of her wine. Elizabeth huffed in agreement. They’d taken refuge in her room, taking a few more bottles of wine with them.

They’d both thrown pillows from the bed on the lush carpet, and were splayed out on the soft fabric, both shoeless.

“But I have to say....you and Mr. De-Licious do have some chemistry, alright.” Rosemary giggled.

“Mr. De-Licious?” Elizabeth burst out laughing.

“Yeah, that’s the nickname the maids have for him,” she explained, giggling.

“It is tting,” Elizabeth nodded with a smirk, but it disappeared when she remembered the night she’d just had.

“Or Mr. De-Mommasboy,” She grumbled, causing Rosemary to spit out her wine.

“I swear, when I walked into the kitchen, you guys were moments from ripping each other’s clothes off,” Rosemary continued, causing Elizabeth’s chest to clench painfully.

“Yeah, I thought we had a connection, silly me,” She guffawed.

“I wish I had that kind of connection with someone,” Rosemary sighed deeply. “But, you know,” She waved a hand over her body.

Elizabeth looked at her with a puzzled expression on her face. “Um, no, I don’t know,”

“I don’t have a body like you or Vittoria,” she said, making a face when saying the b***h’s name.

“What? First off, no one has a body like Victoria, I mean, does the woman even eat, and second, girl, I wish I had curves like you.” Elizabeth gushed.

“Stop,” Rosemary snorted, blushing slightly.

“No, I mean it! Look at those boobs, not to mention that ass. People pay money to have an ass like that,” Elizabeth continued her drunk rambling, causing Rosemary to giggle.

“Why don’t you ever dress up?” She asked, gulping down the rest of the wine in her glass before generously pouring herself another one.

“I don’t have dresses.”

“WHAT?!” Elizabeth shouted.

“Shhh, keep your voice down,” Rosemary whispered, or at least that’s what it sounded like to Elizabeth.

“No dresses?!” Elizabeth gasped dramatically, eyes wide as if she’d just heard the most scandalous thing in the world. She quickly put down her wine glass, knocking it over in the process, and grabbed Rosemary’s hands, trying to pull her up. “We have to x this! Come on, I have the perfect dress in mind.”

“Lizzie, I don’t think anything you have will t—”

“Nonsense! We’ll make it work.” Elizabeth declared, wobbling a bit, dragging Rosemary towards her tiny closet. After rummaging through it, she pulled out a tight, shimmery, red dress that looked about two sizes too small, holding it up like it was some kind of holy grail.

Rosemary eyed it skeptically. “I don’t know if I’ll t in that...”

“Rosy, this is a Sabrina Lorenzo! One size ts all... or at least, that’s what the label says.”

Rosemary squinted at the impossibly tiny dress. “Are you sure it’s not one size ts dolls?”

Elizabeth doubled over with laughter, Rosemary quickly joining her, stumbling and nearly falling. “Fits dolls!” She shrieked with laughter, before waving her hand dismissively.

“Oh, hush, it’ll stretch. Besides, Sabrina Lorenzo’s dresses are magic. Trust me. You’ll be a knockout.” Elizabeth said, a mischievous glint in her eyes as she pushed Rosemary onto the bed. “First, we need makeup. Can’t have you going out there all natural when this dress screams sultry goddess,”

With that, Elizabeth grabbed a random makeup bag and started swiping eye shadow across Rosemary’s eyelids, her tipsy coordination making it look more like nger painting than professional makeup.

“Hold still!” Elizabeth giggled as she accidentally smudged the lipstick, making Rosemary look more like a clown than a glamorous diva. “Oops,” She laughed, Rosemary laughing along.

“I feel so beautiful already,” Rosemary dramatically gushed.

“You do! You are so pretty, Rosy!” Elizabeth said, going all out with the blush. “Now, the hair. What do you think of a sexy beehive?” She asked, grabbing a small comb before she started teasing Rosemary’s hair.

“There!” Elizabeth took a step back, admiring her masterpiece with a proud, tipsy smile, taking a huge swig from the wine bottle—after having lost her glass somewhere. “Now, put the dress on.”

After much struggling, pushing, and pulling, Rosemary nally managed to squeeze into the red dress. It was denitely too tight, clinging to her curves in ways that even made her blush.

“You look... You look like a Goddess!” Elizabeth gushed dramatically.

“I feel like a Goddess,” Rosemary declared, twirling awkwardly in the too-tight dress.

“Come, come look in the mirror,” Elizabeth exclaimed, stumbling as she pulled Rosemary with her.

“Oh! My! God!” Rosemary gasped, looking at herself with wide eyes. “We look like TWINS!” She squealed, jumping up and down—the seams of the dress holding on for dear life. Elizabeth quickly joined in her excitement.

“We’re twins! We’re like... We’re like Thelma and Louise!” Elizabeth’s eyes widened as she shouted the words.

“Lizzie and Rosie!” Rosemary gasped as if she’d just invented running water.

“Liz and Ro-mazing!” Elizabeth added, causing the two women to burst out in ts of giggles.

Suddenly, there was a knock at the door.

Elizabeth stumbled as the knocks continued and pulled it open, revealing Matteo.

“Elizabeth, I wanted to talk about tonight,” Matteo began, pausing when his eyes dropped to her hands. “Is that blood?” He quickly took her hands in his.

“Oh, no, silly, that’s lipstick,” She giggled, pushing Matteo’s chest—smudging his expensive dress shirt in the process, while Rosemary giggled behind her. Matteo’s eyes snapped to her, taking in the scene in front of him.

“Rosemary?” He asked, his jaw dropping.

“Rosemary,” Elizabeth mimicked in a squeaky voice. “I know, stunning, right?” She slurred, “Why don’t you go get your mama? Maybe she can marry the two of you,” she rolled her eyes.

“W-What?” Matteo asked, confusion on his face.

“W-W-W-What?” Elizabeth mocked, getting in his face.

“Elizabeth,” Matteo warned, his confusion turning to annoyance, but she was on a roll, the alcohol in her system making her feel unstoppable.

“Liz, stop throwing yourself at Mr De-Licious,” Rosemary fell to the ground, rolling with laughter.

Elizabeth giggled, falling onto Matteo and grabbing his clothes to keep standing.

“Don’t you mean, Mr De-Mommasboy,” She barked with laughter.

“Okay, that’s it!” Suddenly, Elizabeth was oating in the air, looking at Matteo’s feet. Was he—carrying her?

“Oh my gosh!” Rosemary shouted out from somewhere behind her. “It’s nally happening, you’re nally getting married,” She drawled. “Long live the bride...” Elizabeth heard Rosemary’s sing-song voice echoing down the hallway as she giggled.

Her head spun as she was tossed on a bed—her body bouncing on the mattress.

“Matteo, if you wanted me, all you had to do is ask,” Elizabeth said, stumbling to her feet.

“Tell me you want me,” She whispered, trying to open her dress.

“Elizabeth, stop,” Matteo pulled her hands away from the knot holding her dress together.

“Oooh, you want to undress me?” She giggled. “Go ahead, take off my clothes, you Italian Stallion!” She huskily spoke. Yeah, I know. She’s going to feel grateful she doesn’t remember anything in the morning.

“Elizabeth,” She heard Matteo say, his face close to hers, or was it? She was losing focus.

“I’m going to kiss you now, Mr. De-Licious,” she whispered.

As Elizabeth leaned in for what she imagined was going to be the steamiest kiss of her life, the world spun. Her vision blurred, and the room seemed to tilt on its axis.

“Matteooooooo...” she slurred, blinking slowly, her face inches from his. “Why’re you spinning?”

Matteo groaned, rubbing his forehead. “Elizabeth, you’re—”

And with that, everything went black.