

Four Weeks and A Baby by Monica Vansa

Chapter 3 Jealousy Does Taste Like Hell

“Well?” Leo prompted, and Paige clenched her eyes shut. When she opened them, Leo was looking at her in confusion. Several lines appearing on his forehead. He might not know it, but when he had leaned over her chair a few minutes earlier Paige had felt her heart stop and then start suddenly with a pounding, she feared he would hear. It was a mess, and she worried he would notice how stiff she was mostly because she was trying to stop herself from turning and hugging him.

This was close to the fantasies she had had of him in her head which somehow never happened in real life and was also the first time she had ever gotten this close to him ever since she started working for him. And ever since she fell in love with him. Not for lack of trying on her path, but because situations like this rarely appeared.

“Paige!”

Her head snapped in his direction, and she squeezed her face, and before Leo knew what was happening, she was looking like an adorable and pitiable girl. “I’m sick.”

“You are?”

Paige rested one hand on her stomach. “You see, I have been having this urge to throw up all morning and I feared I would do it all over your desk and computer.” She lied.

He appeared panicked, and he eyed his desk askance. “Are you pregnant?” His brows furrowed.

“Of course not!”

“Then can you... Are you sure you can work?”

“No am alright, and I can work,” Paige drawled loving what she was doing “But you see the urge comes from time to time, and it’s better to throw up in my office than all over your desk and computer.”

His eyes flashed. There was something about the way he looked at that instance that almost made Paige blow up in laughter. His expression had veiled, and he stared at the desk with disgust and Paige could almost imagine him shuddering at the sight of his mahogany desk covered in puke.

Well, that serves him right.

For a second he looked undecided, staring between her and the desk. Paige could almost feel the wheels turning in his head as he looked like he was thinking. And then with one glance at her, he waved her away with one hand.

Paige stepped into her office and dropped into her seat, breathing out a sigh of relief. For a moment there, she hadn't known what to answer him. He might not have known it but leaning behind her like that wasn't a thing she could sit through quietly. Because not only was she reacting to his nearness but was also getting excited, and it was only a matter of time before all the tale sign showed, and he reads meaning into it.

The rest of the work was finished in her office. He called her many times into his office to clarify some things and by the look on his face, it was clear he wasn't happy about it. And by the time Paige was finished with her boss, she was already late for her date with Finn. Finn was the guy who was trying to date her and is a rocket science professor at UCLA.

Even though Paige was in love with her boss, she knew there was no way a relationship could ever develop between them. There was a thin line between fantasy and reality. But that doesn't mean she didn't get jealous anytime she saw him with other women. And he knows how to pick them. Beautiful women. In fact ever since she fell in love with Leo, she had come to realize what a jealous person she was. Never had she thought she was capable of such jealousy.

Paige left the building at 4:55 pm, flagging a taxi to take her to the restaurant where she was meeting Finn.

The first time she met Finn, and he had desired for a romantic relationship with her, she had told him she had no romantic interest in him and when he had asked if she was dating anyone, and she said no. He had suggested they continued seeing each other. Which Paige had agreed, but should have cut off when she noticed his feeling for her was growing deeper. However anytime she brought it up Finn always found a way to sidestep it. He was always good at that and good at making her feel safe and loved too. A feeling she one day hoped to wring from Leo. Besides, it was not like she hated the guy. She just didn't love that was all.

She should have cut it off a long time, but she was selfish as this was the first she had come to a relationship in seven years.

The first time she had tried to sever the relationship, Finn had disagreed. "If there was nothing wrong, there is no need to break it off." But in her mind, everything was all wrong. Sometimes she gets the feeling Finn knows she has her heart out for someone else and is probably waiting for her to miraculously fall out of love with that person and fall in love with him. If it can happen, she did like that. Finn was a nice man and sweet too.

Whereas Leo was the man she loved but could never have. They were many obstacles in their way, and they were way out of league and out of level with one another, though it didn't stop her from wanting him.

The problem was that she couldn't even approach him and tell him she was in love with him because of the insecurity of her past. She will never feel like she was good enough. Steams from a bad break up with her ex in college. Who was very rich and after getting into her pants told her she would never be good enough for him? What can a poor girl like her offer him? His words, not hers.

And here she was in love with another rich bloke, only now the feelings were ten times stronger

"I'm sorry am late," Paige muttered as she reached their table in a fancy Spanish restaurant Finn did discover newly. He was sitting over at a table facing the window at one corner.

"There is no problem I didn't wait too long," Finn said rising from his seat. He pulled her chair out for her, and she sat down smiling. Typical Finn, a gentleman and caring too. He was the lean type with kind eyes and an attractive stubble on his chin. Black hair and green eyes.

"You look beautiful today." This he said while sitting down.

"I do?" Paige purred, placing her hand on her chest. "Aww, well thank you, but I can hardly believe you reasons being I have been working all day with my boss without a moment's rest. And theirs no way I could still look pretty after that. Well, that's by the way," she said, waving off the rest of the word with a hand and a smile. Finn returned the smile.

But, at the mention of her boss name, Finn's expression shuddered and went quiet and turned the menu over to her to choose her food. Paige picked a Patatas Bravas with extra toppings of chorizo and chicken and returned the menu to him. He picked the same, added a bottle of wine and returned the menu to the waitress.

"So when are you coming away with me for the weekend," Finn asked. He had gotten a week off from the university and wanted her to spend the weekend with him in a little cottage he rented in Santa Barbara. He had popped the question sometime last week, but Paige was withholding her answer. She didn't know. With them not dating, agreeing to spend the weekend with him was like silently agreeing she was his girlfriend, or he was her boyfriend. Besides, Paige was still holding out for Leo. Maybe there was still hope for her.

She knew rejecting Finn would make him sad and moody. And that was why she placed her hand on his hand when she said, "I don't know Finn, maybe next time." To liven his

mood, however, when she saw the light that entered his eyes at her touch she cursed her self and discretely retracted her hand.

He said nothing but stared at her for a long time before his wounded expression changed, and he nodded his head.

Their food came, and he launched into a discussion. Telling her about a science project at the University half of which entered from one ear and left through the other as Paige was busy daydreaming about Leo and how close she had been to kissing him today.

This pattern continued for the next twenty minutes until the ringing tone of her mobile phone interrupted them.

“Whose that?” Finn asked, taking a napkin to his lips as she fished her phone out of her handbag.”

Paige frowned. It was her boss. Unlike the other bosses, she knew Leo hardly called her aside of office hours. He was that reasonable. That he was calling her now meant he badly wanted something. She smiled and put the phone to her ear.

Meeting Finn’s careful gaze on her, she muttered, “My boss.” He had stopped eating his food and his fork was discarded on top of his food, watching her.

“Hello.” Paige’s singsong voice filtered through the air.

“Paige,” the voice on the phone was dark and rough. “Book me a suite in one of the finest hotel and make sure it’s damn pretty.”

Paige felt her hands tighten on her phone as she heard a feminine voice whisper his name. So he was with someone.

Relax, she told herself. It might just be a friend or a friend’s sister who got stuck in something or was injured. Yes, that’s it.

However, when his next words arrived, it sobered her up. “And Paige buy a pretty dress in size 6 and send it up to the suite.” The phone disconnected. Paige tasted bile in her mouth. When will she ever learn?

Her face had lost all color. As she dropped the phone in her handbag. Finn asked if she was alright, and she shook her head and managed a small smile and said she was.

Even as she said that she wondered if she was trying to convince Finn or herself because she could swear she could taste jealousy on her tongue. And fuck, it tasted like hell.