

## Chapter 6

### Michelle's POV

After the way Charles stood up for me in front of Brian and supported me when I needed it there is no way I can let go the thought of him. At first it was only lust but now I felt this peaceful sensation in my heart that I could trust him and depend on him like a friend.

When he put his arms around me the other day I felt a bond between us that told me that I can rely on him. When he held me close to his heart I felt so relaxed that I didn't ever wanted to let go of him. I felt safe, I felt exactly how I felt when I was a kid and my father would hold me when I was scared or sad.

I think the reason I am drawn to Charles is that he makes me feel safe, cared for and loved even if he doesn't want to admit it.

"What do you think Kiki, I shouldn't give up on him shouldn't I. He might seem distant now but I am sure he feels the same way about me and may be he will accept me once he sees how much I love him" I asked my cat Kiki who was sitting on my chest while I lie on my yoga mat on the floor.

I was trying to relax my body but the thoughts about yesterday won't go away and instead of relaxing I ended up giving up on my training and started talking to my cat like I usually do when I am sad or frustrated. The best thing about talking to my cat was that like Kiara it will not judge me.

"I can't constantly interpret him during work or text him while he is at the office it would feel like I am forcing myself on him and he would probably tell me to. I need to spend more time with him but I have to make sure I don't disturb or annoy him during work. So what should I do?" I ask my cat who says "Meow" in reply.

I give the matter a little more thought and the answer comes to me. Charles's assistant used to work for my dad and as far as I remember she was quit sweet and understanding if I ask her about Charles schedule and when he takes his breaks I can come to meet him and I am sure his assistant wouldn't mind answering my inquiries if she thinks that I am only trying to help run the business but I have to be careful about this.

I can't let people think that I am attracted to Charles or the rumours would reach my dad. I have to make it seem like we are just friends and honestly It would be an improvement if Charles actually started to treat me like a friend rather than avoiding me. I make up my mind and I have a plan ready in my head.

The next day I make a casserole which is my speciality and pack it for lunch. I have already memorized Charles schedule that I asked his assistant for last night. My plan is to make it seem a friendly jester for him and his colleagues to come bringing lunch so that they won't mind me coming to the office.

It might be a little old fashion but as they say that why to a man's heart is through his stomach. I am dressed in a skin tight Jean's and a corn flour blue half sleeve top. My hair are tied up in a pony tail with a matching blue ribbon.

I reach the office and the employees there greet me with welcoming smiles and kind greetings. I knock on Charles office door and a voice says "Come in".

I enter the room he is busy scribbling through the pages of a thick file "What is it?" he asked without looking up.

His hairs are ruffled and he seems a little distressed. "I brought lunch" I say and he looks up. He is a little surprised to see me "What brings you here" he asks politely but seeming confused.

"Aren't you happy to see me? I ask " It's not that I just wasn't expecting any company" he says reassuringly.

"I know I am just messing with you. Anyway I brought lunch for you. I wanted to thank you for yesterday, for standing up for me I really appreciate it and I thought this the best way to thank you." I say earnestly.

" You didn't have to do that. I only did what any friend would do" "So you think of me as your friend" I ask hopefully.

"I was referring to your dad" he says and I feel a little disappointed which probably shows on my face because he adds hastily " But if you want e can be friends as well though that is as far a I am willing to go" It makes me smile and I say " I am very glad to have a loyal friend like you. So shall we eat" he smiles back and I take that as a yes.

I sit down on the chair in front of him and open the lunch box. The waft of freshly cooked casserole fills the air and I can tell from his expression that he already likes it. "Looks delicious " he says and starts to eat hungrily.

I fill my paper plate too and began to eat. " So when I came in you seemed really troubled is everything well? " I ask.

"It's nothing to worry about, it's just the project we are working on is proving to be more difficult then I thought but I am sure it will work out there is nothing to worry about" he says but I can tell from his face that he is only trying to reassure me.

" You shouldn't push yourself too hard you know, I can tell that you forgot to have lunch because you were busy with that file when I came in. You are not paying attention to your health. I think that you deserve a little break and so does your staff." I say gently.

It makes him sigh "Is it that obvious? I am trying to look strong for my colleagues but if you can see through me that means I am not putting up a good act and I guess you are right I need a little break along with my colleagues" he say thoughtfully.

" In that case why don't you take them out for a business trip to the beach tomorrow. There is a new seafood restaurant there they would love it. Think of it as a way to refresh everyone's mind and hanging out with friends it will surely lift there spirits." I say enthusiastically.

"I guess it can't hurt to take a break. Thank you for your advice" he say with a smile "Happy to help" I reply cheerfully and we continue to eat while chatting.

The next day Charles arranges for all his employees a trip to the Seaside restaurant and I join them. I am wearing a white sleeveless. My hair are let loose and I have a small white handbag with me. I meet with them at the restaurant.

It is a beautiful place with beach house furniture and a wide open view of the sea. "Hello everyone, I hope you all are enjoying yourselves?" I greet all the employees but I don't see Charles there. I ask

the employees about him and they tell me he is just outside talking to the manager about today's arrangements.

I go to look for him. He is standing by the railing talking to the manager. I approach him as soon as he finishes his conversation with the manager. "So here you are I was looking for you" I say cheerfully.

He turns to look towards me and suddenly he freezes. His eyes look at me from head to toe taking in my appearance and I can see him catch his breath. I blush slightly and ask "Is something wrong?" as he is just standing there staring at me with his mouth partly open. It really pleases me to see him star struck. I am so happy I can fly.

He seems to gather himself and say "I'm fine. You look beautiful today" he says and I thank him. We join the rest of employees and I chat with them while enjoying the food which is exquisite and I have a Pina colada to go with it. The food was delicious.

After lunch we head toward the beach where most of the colleagues enjoy a match of volleyball. While me and Charles walk together on wet sand eating ice creams while the waves collide with our feet. His white shirt is unbuttoned and his sleeves are folded showing his biceps. The wind ruffles his hair and I long to run my fingers through his hair while I steal glances at his biceps and chest.

As we talk we reach a few kids playing football by them selves. One of them a five year old is sitting alone eating ice-cream the other kids playing football and kick in his direction the kid doesn't see the ball coming and it hits his ice cream. The little kid starts crying and Charles noticing this rushes to his side. He picks up the kid in his arms to stop him from crying and gives him his own ice cream.

I came to their side as well. "Are you ok now little one?" I ask and he smiles "Yes, your husband here gave me his ice cream" he says innocently "He is not my husband" I began to say shyly but the kid thanks Charles kisses him on the cheek, climbs down from his arms and goes towards his mother who was calling him.

"What a sweet child" says Charles with a look of awe on his face. "You act like a grumpy oldman but you are really sweet with kids" I say teasingly.

"I am not grumpy I just keep my good side for the people who don't get on my nerves" he says offending me " Does that mean I get on your nerves. I don't know what a sweet, innocent girl like me could have done to get on your nerves" I say amusingly.

" Who told you that you are sweet and innocent, your mere existence is enough to tick people off" he said mockingly a glint of mischief in his eyes.

"You old gas bag" I say and push him. His feet slips on the sand and he falls in the water while a wave washes over him soaking him completely. I through my head back overcoming by fits of laughter.

He grabs my hand and pulls me down also soaking me and we both look at each other and laugh. We splash water at each other and play for a little while before getting out of water. I can see his muscles more clearly now that his shirt is wet and it makes my heart skip a beat as I look in his eyes there is a moment of silence between us in which we stare at each other then one of the employee calls us and the spell is broken. Awkwardly we go back to the hotel together.

When I get home. I constantly think of the time we spent together it is one of my most beautiful memories that I know I will cherish for life. I thought about what that did said "Your husband " and I blush to think that maybe one day he will become my husband.

We would have kids of our own and I could imagine him loving them like he loved that child on the beach today. I know this seems farfetched we are merely friends but that doesn't stop my imagination from running wild. After that I visit him at Office everyday and slowly but surely he starts to open up to me and our friendship grows.