

**"A MUSEUM FULL OF ART, AND YET HE WAS LOOKING AT HER"**

I woke up earlier than usually, a er arriving from the airport to Lucas house in an instant old memories came flooding back, bieng in this house a er I learned of Noah's infidelity, though the memories came back the feeling didnt, the feeling of pain and anger was replaced with a feeling of a strange calmness, thankfully Lucas did not pester me, once we got in the car, and to his house, I suppose he was just as tired as me, I woke up quite earlier than I usually do, which is around 6 or 7 just to have time for myself before my work at 9, I didnt know what time usually started work, and since it being 4:30 I probaly had a lot of time to kill before Lucas woke up, I know for a fact CEO's pick there own time when they do there work unless there is a board meeting, I should know by being perviously being married to one and friends with another that they balance there time di erently than regular workers, who like me work 9-5

I was quite hungry, so I made my way down the steps of the house not much has changed over the year, I pushed the thought away saving it for another time, I was surprised by myself that I still remember my way to the kitchen

With my phone in hand, I put on some music and started looking for the things I would need, thankfully Lucas's kitchen appeared to be stocked with all the kitchen utensiles but food one the other hand was a di erent story, he did have bread and eggs, cheese, butter, but no signs of any canned goods or meat besides lunch ham that was served to kids in school

Does this man not eat in his own house? I said to myself

I guess I'll make do with what I have found, I began cooking making some for Lucas as well for when he wakes up, even though I didnt ask to stay here, and most definitely wouldve prefered to stay in a hotel mainly because I do not trust myself to be alone with him, he did welcome me and is letting me stay her so the least I could do is cook him food

I decided to make an egg and ham sandwich, I grilled the bread, fried the egg, added ham, simple, quick and easy, as I finished up cleaning any crumbs, my body swaying along the beat to Rhianna a

I smiled at my work and turned to place his sandwich on the counter for later, with my food in my other hand to eat at the counter, only to be met with Lucas's figure standing by the wall with a smile plastered on his face

I let out a yelp, startled "did your mother ever tell you its rude to lurk"

"She did, but she also said always take a minute to admire a good view"

"Take a good look cause that is all your gonna get"

"Is that a challenge"

"Quit smiling"

"Why must you be so against smiles, smiles are a way of expression of happiness and I am very happy I just got to watch you little dance" a

My cheeks flushed "you perv"

"Thats your fault" he smirked "you cooked?"

With a raised brow I replied "No the elephant did, of course I did, who else"

He didn't reply at first he only smiled shaking his head at first before taking a seat then saying "thank you for the breakfast sandwich"

"No need for thank you, think of it as my thank you to you for letting me stay with you" I started, Cooking was the least I could do, but then I remembered he didnt have much to cook with so I added "but if I am gonna be staying here I hope you wont mind if I stock up your fridge with food"

"We could go to the store later" he said as he took a bite of his sandwich "you wanna go out a er breakfast"

"What about work?" I ask curiously, as I took my seat

"You just got here and you already want to get to work" his smile never leaving his face as he leaned forward towards me, my eyes couldnt help but wander to his lips, which had crumbs on the corners

"I dont like wasting time"

"Time with me will never be a waste" he replied with a wink

"Cocky much?"

"Is spending time with me such a bad thing"

yes. I wanted to reply, I didnt trust myself alone with him and I am only here for work I must keep things professional

"I didnt fly all the way here to spen time with you, I came here for work, and I dont think Tanner will be too thrilled if he hears instead of working I have been out and about with you be unproductive" I rant, admist my rant I didn't realize I had lean forward to clean the bread crumbs from his lips using my thumb, it brushed past his lips, and as I finished it dawned on my, my face instantly heated up, he only looked at me just as surprised as I was, I cleared my throat trying to push back the lump that was forming, before saying "I'm sorry I dont know what came over me" a

"Love, you are always welcome to touch my lips, preferably with your own" a

"Go get ready where something casual"

I raised my brows at him "what did you have in mind?"

"Thats for me to know and you to find out"

-----

I went up to my room getting ready, a er my shower I threw on a black turtle neck and some fitted black jeans and some high heeled boots, they were wedges so it wouldn't be uncomfortable later on, I gave myself one last glance before heading down the steps

As I neared the bottom, Lucas was already there leaning against the wall, looking quite handsome in his attire, but as I took a good look a frown formed on my face

"You have got to be kidding me" I say drawing his attention, he li s his head towards me his brown furrowed together for a brief moment, untill he saw what I saw, he broke out his signature pearly white smile

"now love if I didnt know any better I'd say you wanted to match with me" he comments as he tilts his head towards my attire, we were both wearing black as if we were attending a funeral

"Go change, we look like were about to attend a funeral"

"We look good, come come" he urges as he grabs my hand "I hope you brought some sunglasses and a hat"

"of course it pulls my outfit together" I say showing him the hat I had in may canvas bag

"Good, we wouldnt want any pestering hawks interrupt our little date"

"Date?"

"Work date" a

-----

A er driving for quite sometime, a er parking he surprised me by taking my hand, and leading me down the busy streets of NewYork, the feeling was nothing out of the ordinary, it felt like something I had always done, something that I had never stopped doing. It felt like I never le at all, I felt at home, hold my partner's hands, stolling down the city for our date, and then a er enjoying another evening walk back to our home.

Only this wasnt my home, not anymore, I was holding my partner's hand, business partner's hand that is, and for a weird work like date as he put it.

"Hey love are you just gonna be staring at your feet fir the entire time, or are you gonna look up and see where we are" He says, breaking me from my train of thought as he always does

I was unaware we had came to stop, and that I really was staring at my feet, I tilt my head, making eye contact with a tall church like building, I looked back at Lucas to find him smirking

I swear if this man is playing with my emotions again by bringing me to a church I will end him

"Its not a church dont worry, if I was planning on taking you to a church I wouldve made you put on a white dress" a

I glanced at him, glaring at him "how professional of you" I mock

"What can I say I am a professional guy"

"If its not a church then— oh my butterscotch its an art museum" Inearly began shouting with joy, he chuckled at my reaction, grabbed Lucas's had pulling him towards the entrance, thank goodness I brought my sketchbook "Lucas this is actually the smartest things you have done since we have been reunited"

"And that is actually the first compliment you have given me since we've been reunited"

A er literally dragging Lucas in, we began looking around, I was lost in the art takingg in each piece, there was something about art that calmed me, that took me to another place, the way it is expressed, and how artists put their emotions on the canvas, I didnt have that ability I lacked the creativity essence, but the art was inspirational to apply into the hotel, I was drawing sketches, very brief, and writing notes of what I thought should be incorporated in our project, a er awhile I stopped taking notes and sketches and just began admiring the art

I was so lost in the moment, that I didn't realize I had been holding Lucas's hand

How long have I been holding it?

I began slowly to remove my hand, but he only squeezed my fingers together, locking our hands together

What was this man game this timewondered to myself

I didnt think much of it, as my eyes caught a art piece that intrigued me, it was a city, crowded, black and white, but the only things that wasnt black and white was the man and the women who were holding hands, and the trail behind them was colorful, the way it was painted was welldone, it was artworks like these that really spark my love for the arts. A story told in a form of a picture, each person could have their own interpretation of it

"Isnt it beautiful?" I commented, my eyes still on the piece

"Indeed" he replies every so so ly, facing towards him, he lips with looking upwards, my eyes locked with his how long has he been looking at mej didnt know how long we were standing there, but when we finally carried onwards through the museum there was something calmer and pleasent about the both of us. that I couldnt quite pinpoint

Maybe Lucas isnt a terrible I once thought

-----

HELLO YOU GUYS I AM SO SORRY I TOOK FOREVER TO UPDATE BUT HERE IT IS WHAT ARE YOUR THOUGHTS? I MADE THIS CHAPTER A BIT LONGER FOR YALL ALMOST 2000 WORDS I USUALLY TRY TO KEEP UNDER 1500