

Later that evening...

Virgil paced the length of his room, his forehead furrowed in a frown. He kept seeing Elise in Luke's arms, him holding her close. I am so done with this. He snarled to himself and marched from the room.

It seemed like forever before he arrived at the Cliff House. He pressed the buzzer to Elise's apartment a little too forcefully. The door opened a few moments later. "Hi, Virgil! Come in!" Elise said cheerfully.

He followed her inside, the smell of chocolate filling the room. "You're baking?"

She nodded. "Yes. After the past few days, I need something chocolate." She opened the oven and peered inside. "I made a double batch of brownies so I can share with my fellow chocoholics upstairs." Closing the oven, she turned and wiped her hands on a towel. "Will is as bad as I am! And we all know about Luke's addiction." She chuckled to herself.

Virgil scowled. "Oh, yes, we can't forget Luke," he muttered sarcastically.

Elise looked up, surprised at his tone. "What?"

Virgil's hold on his temper finally snapped. "Every time I turn around it's 'Luke this' and 'Luke that'. I am so sick of hearing about him!"

She stood staring at him, a look of surprise on her face. "Virgil, what are you talking about?"

"I'm talking about all the time you and he seem to spend together! Hell, today I saw you in his arms! He always seems to have his hands on you and you never seem to mind!"

"He's my friend!"

"Sure, sure he is," Virgil muttered.

Elise threw her hands up in the air, exasperated. "I don't understand where this is coming from! Luke and I are friends! Like brother and sister. You know, like you and Tin-Tin."

"It didn't look like brother and sister to me on Mateo," he snapped.

"Were you spying on me?" She marched over to him, hands on her hips. "Just what are you saying, Virgil?" she asked, ice dripping from every word.

He met her angry glare with one of his own. "I think I've made myself perfectly clear."

"Are you..." She took a deep breath. "Are you accusing me of something?"

"Why? Do you deny it?"

"Deny what?!"

He glared down at her, his eyes flashing with anger. "Deny that you and Luke are a little more than friends."

Elise's face turned white then red. "I think you'd better leave before we both say something we're going to regret later."

"Fine with me, I have nothing left to say." He turned on his heel and stormed out the door.

Elise stood shaking for a moment, then sat on the couch. She wrapped her arms around herself, rocking back and forth as the tears flowed down her cheeks.

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