

Chapter 31

"What did he say?" Henry asked. He thought he caught the name Iris.

Lester shook his head. "I can't tell. Let's go."

Henry nodded.

In the middle of the night, Stanley threw up, filling the room with a foul stench.

His mouth was parched. He felt like a stranded fish, nearly drowning in thirst.

"Water, water..." he mumbled.

In the past, whenever he got drunk, Iris would stay by his side the whole night. She would pour him water when he was thirsty and comfort him if he felt unwell.

He had never felt this terrible before. He felt like he was dying.

In the morning, the maid arrived to clean the house. Since Iris wasn't around, he had hired a maid to handle the chores.

Half-asleep, he opened his eyes to see the maid mopping the floor. Frowning, he recalled the way the stale smell in the room had nearly made him pass out the night before.

He couldn't believe he had spent the night in such an environment.

"Open the windows for some fresh air," he croaked, his throat dry and

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hoarse.

The maid hurried to comply, and fresh air wafted in, helping to disperse some of the odor.

"Throw away the bedding," he instructed, getting out of bed still clad in yesterday's clothes. The wrinkled clothes stuck to his body, making him feel very uncomfortable.

"Yes, sir," the maid responded.

He staggered to the bathroom for a shower. After cleaning himself and drinking some water, he finally felt somewhat revived. Making his way to the dining room, he saw that breakfast was ready – hot milk, toast, and fried eggs. He sat down, frowning, with no appetite.

The maid emerged with the dirty bedding, and Stanley said, "You should have made tortellini soup for breakfast."

In the past, whenever he got drunk, Iris would make tortellini soup for him in the morning. The tortellini, filled with meat and nutmeg, made for a comforting meal that always warmed him up after a night of drinking. He had gotten used to having a warm bowl of tortellini soup every time he had a hangover.

"I will next time," the maid replied.

His stomach was empty, so not eating anything would make him feel terrible, but eating the breakfast the maid made would make him feel terrible too. He wanted something warm. Even though the milk was heated, it had already gone cold.

He reluctantly nibbled on a few bites before heading to work. Before stepping out, he instructed the maid, "Clean the house properly."

The foyer was too dirty for his liking, making him feel uncomfortable. It had never been this dirty before.

He was used to returning to a spotless home. Each morning, he would wake up to fresh and inviting air.

Now, however, everything looked dirty to him. He felt like nothing in the house was wiped. For a clean freak, this situation was particularly distressing.

"But I clean the house every day," the maid assured him.

Stanley felt his annoyance rising but said nothing as he left in silence.

After finishing work at four in the afternoon, he left the law firm and found Fiora waiting for him outside.

He did not sleep well the previous night because he was drunk. He had also skipped breakfast in the morning, so his stomach felt unsettled. Although he managed to grab a bite at noon, he still did not look too good.

"Are you sick?" Fiora asked, linking her arm with his.

Stanley pulled away lightly and replied, "No, I'm fine."

Her disappointment was evident as her empty arm fell away. Pouting, she fell into step beside him.

"Should we go shopping today?" she asked. Last night, she had thought of many places to visit, but nothing seemed particularly interesting. Shopping would allow her to spend time with him even if they didn't end up buying anything. She would be happy to just hold hands and stroll together.

"Whatever you want," Stanley said, opening the car door for her.

Fiora slid into the passenger seat, intentionally not fastening her seatbelt. She blinked at him with a sweet smile. "Normally, in TV shows, a boyfriend would help his girlfriend fasten her seatbelt at times like these."

Stanley was speechless.



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