

Chapter 58

Jason watched in disbelief.

"Ouch..." Iris groaned, struggling to get up.

The food container had fallen to the ground, rolling to a stop against the wall.

Jason walked over and, like lifting a small child, grabbed her arms and pulled her up.

"Ouch, ouch!" she cried out. She had twisted her ankle, unable to put any weight on it. "I can't stand..." she said helplessly.

In response, Jason lifted her into his arms. The sudden movement caught Iris off guard, and she instinctively wrapped her arms around his neck, her mind going blank in surprise.

In the elevator, the space felt cramped and the air stagnant. Their bodies were close, breaths intertwining, creating an oddly intimate atmosphere. If it weren't for the alcohol still clouding her mind, Iris would have wanted to find a hole to hide in to avoid the embarrassing situation.

"What floor?" his low voice broke the silence.

Iris felt a bit more sober by now, but considering the situation, she could only pretend to be drunk still. She stammered, "S - Sixth floor."

Jason pressed the button for the sixth floor, and the elevator began its ascent. Fortunately, they arrived quickly. After he stepped out, Iris immediately tried to get down, and he set her down gently.

She bowed her head, fumbling with the key to open the door. The more anxious she was, the harder it was to insert the key.

Jason asked, "Do you need help?"

"No, it's okay," she quickly refused.

After several failed attempts, she finally managed to unlock the door.

"Thank you, Mr. Just," she said, still avoiding eye contact. After going in, she quickly closed the door behind her.

She limped towards the couch, her ankle throbbing. Kicking off her shoes, she collapsed onto the couch. Thoughts of their close contact flooded her mind, and she felt a wave of embarrassment wash over her. Rolling onto her side, she covered her face with her hands and rubbed hard, silently vowing never to drink again.

Though the alcohol had initially made her drowsy, she no longer felt sleepy. She tossed and turned on the couch, struggling to fall asleep.

She had a restless night. She finally dozed off as dawn approached, only to be jolted awake by her alarm.

It was time to get up and go to work.

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Jason was going out that day.

"Do you want me to drive you?" she offered.

Jason glanced at her. She looked exhausted. She clearly did not sleep well

last night.

"My life is precious; I can't trust it in your hands," he replied, walking towards the car with the keys.

Iris stared at him, incredulous. Was that really necessary? She hadn't slept well, but she still felt capable of driving. She opened the back door and slid into the back seat.

Jason looked at her through the rearview mirror. "Our destination is pretty far. You can take a nap. Don't come to work looking that tired again, or other people might think I'm overworking you."

Iris ran a hand through her hair. "It won't happen again."

Jason started the car. The journey was indeed quite long. Before Iris knew it, she had fallen asleep. She was oblivious to the passing time and didn't wake up even when they arrived at the destination. Jason did not wake her up either.

The gentle breeze flowed through the open sunroof while she remained asleep in the car. When she finally stirred, she found that Jason was gone, and the car was parked in a quiet area.

She got out and stretched. Leaning against the car, she took out her phone to call Jason, but he returned just as she was about to dial.

He glanced at her, his expression indifferent. "Did you have a good sleep?"

"

Iris wondered if she looked silly when she slept. She couldn't help but sigh. She kept embarrassing herself in front of him.

"Mr. Just, why didn't you wake me up?"

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"I did, but you didn't wake up," he replied, handing her a cup of coffee.

Iris accepted the coffee, "My sleep was that deep?"

Jason seemed to be recalling something. After a moment of silence, he nodded.

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