

A. Nocturne's 242

Chapter 242 A Long Story

The night was going exactly as Ann had hoped it would. Lexi had been correct in her initial assessment of Aoife, she really was a dark horse.

The Bellevue alcohol barely seemed to touch her and as the omega's brought across the third bottle of the evening, the mood was high.

"Honestly though, I think there's a lot of people who would kill to be in your position," Aoife gushed as Lexi snorted in disagreement.

"Then they can have them, seriously. Having one guy watch your every move and try to tell you what you can and can't do was unbearable enough, but now I'm supposed to have two? Well, that's just plain rude" She moaned as she scowled at her glass.

Aoife laughed.

"I'm sure it will get easier. You just need the grumpy, stiff one to accept that it is what it is, then everything will work out, you'll see."

"Grumpy and stiff...? Allen? No... he's already..." Lexi frowned