

## Chapter 243 Call Me if Anything Happens

Janessa and Rylan returned to their private room to find Alana roaring drunk.

Gordon was sitting beside her, looking worried and distressed.

"How is she?" Janessa asked as she approached. She felt Alana's forehead to check her temperature and covered her with the throw blanket provided with the room. She plopped down beside her friend and sighed.

What could she do to keep Alana from getting heartbroken?

"She'll be fine. What took you so long?" Gordon narrowed his eyes at Janessa's lips as he asked this. They looked a bit red and swollen.

His gaze then darted to Rylan, and his head began concocting a scenario of Janessa and Rylan...

Gordon shook his head to dispel the unpleasant thoughts. He had already told Janessa that they would treat each other like brother and sister, so it was only natural that she would choose Rylan over him.

"Oh, I just lost my way and couldn't find our box," Janessa replied nonchalantly. "It was fortunate that I bumped into Rylan outside." She kept her head down, not daring to look at Gordon.

However, her sudden evasiveness only prickled him, and made him assume that his suspicions were correct.

That didn't mean that Gordon considered Rylan to be good enough for Janessa, but he wouldn't stop her if she really liked the man.

"Well, Alana is piss drunk. I doubt she can drink anymore. We should head home." Ever the gentleman, Gordon didn't drink any alcohol so he could drive them back safely. All he had was two glasses of orange juice.

Now the heavy task of driving was on Gordon.

The drive home was silent and tense, to a degree. After all, the only person who had the ability to liven things up was now passed out drunk. The other three were simply quiet by nature.

Gordon carried Alana upstairs when they arrived, with Janessa following behind and holding their purses. Just before entering the building, she turned to Rylan and said, "You should head home, too. The designated driver has arrived."

"Can't I go in a bit and have a glass of water?" he asked sheepishly. Of course, he knew he should leave; Janessa still had to take care of Alana. But wasn't she too hasty in sending him away?

Rylan wanted to stay with Janessa just a little longer. While she hadn't accepted his feelings for her, she hadn't exactly refused them either. To him, that meant that he still had a chance.

Unfortunately for him, that chance was not coming tonight.

"You'd better go; it's very late." Janessa was firm this time.

She practically pulled him away from the entrance and dragged him to his car. "Get home safely. I need to take care of Alana."

She walked away before he could say anything more, waving as she went.

Rylan could only stare as she disappeared through the doors of the apartment building.

"Sir, shall we go?" the designated driver asked. He was sharp enough to wait until Janessa was out of sight before asking. He didn't want to be scolded for being thoughtless and inconsiderate.

"Let's go," Rylan sighed. He tossed the car key over to the man and slumped into the backseat.

When Janessa got to their floor, she saw Gordon standing at their door, the unconscious Alana still in his arms. Janessa hurried over to open the door for him.

"I'm so sorry! Here, let me take you to her bedroom." She led the way and opened the door to Alana's room.

Gordon gently laid his sister on the bed and tucked her in before walking back to the living room with Janessa.

With the all lights on around the apartment, he was able to take a closer look at Janessa's face. He bit his lip and said nothing.

"Why are you looking at me like that? Is there anything on my face?" Janessa was pretty sure that her lips were no longer swollen by now, but she was still worried that Gordon would ask about her and Rylan.

He might have refrained back at the bar, but that didn't mean that he would never ask.

She was wrong, though—Gordon didn't want to ask about her business, but Alana's.

"Alana was really strange today. Is it because of that boy?"

"That boy?" Janessa shot him a look of astonishment, surprised that he had guessed it right.

But what should she tell him? Should she confirm his presumption or not?

Once again, Gordon beat her to the punch. "I know that Alana fell head over heels for a boy, but mother forced him out of the picture. That's why Alana came to you, right? To hide away? I never asked about it all this time because I believed that you can help her resolve the matter, whatever it was. And if you couldn't, I knew that you would contact me and ask for help."

Something in Gordon's tone felt bold to Janessa, as though he was asserting just how well he knew her.

But she couldn't refute him. He was right, on all counts.

"I thought I could help her, too, but I don't know why she's suddenly become like this." Maybe something had happened, something she didn't know about yet. The only thing she was certain of was that it had something to do with Eric.

The song was the ultimate giveaway.

Alana had never been keen on singing ballads before she met Eric.

After he left, however, it seemed like all she knew were sad and breakup songs.

"Ah, Alana." Gordon heaved a long sigh. "Even though she's usually so carefree, she's utterly devoted to that one guy. She can be too stubborn for her own good. Even if there are a lot of obstacles in her path, she will never give up on what she wants. She'll just remove them all, one by one, no matter how long it takes."

His tone turned somber. He wasn't just talking about Alana, but himself as well.

The one weakness of the Shen siblings was that they were single-mindedly faithful to the object of their affections.

As if it was a foregone conclusion, as if they were born for that one person.

"Perhaps she will learn to let go in the future," Janessa said. She had caught on to his meaning, and her reply was meant for Gordon as much as it was for Alana. She hoped he could let her go, too, and live a good life for himself.

Gordon had to marry a good wife who would take good care of him, otherwise Janessa would never be completely relieved.

They turned quiet then, unable to think of anything else to talk about.

"Alana might mess around tonight," Gordon finally said after a while. "I'll stay in my car downstairs. Call me if anything happens." He stood and headed for the door. Though he was concerned for his sister, he also needed to think about Janessa's reputation.

"It's okay. You go home now. I can take care of her by myself. She's been like this many times during college." A drunk Alana was a piece of cake for Janessa. Surprising as it may be to most people, Alana never made trouble at all.

The most she had done was puke her guts out a few times, but she would always get back to be and pass out.

"All right then. Still, call me if anything happens. I'll drive right over. Just treat me like an older brother, and don't hesitate to ask for anything." Gordon made a point of reiterating their previous conversation, for both his and Janessa's comfort. He had to draw the line—they should be like siblings now, and nothing else.

"Of course. Be careful on your way back and let me know when you arrive home." Janessa offered him a serene smile. She believed that he would eventually find the right person for him, when the time was right.

She saw Gordon off and checked on Alana, then wiped her down and changed her clothes. When she was done, Janessa lay down beside her friend.

The moment she closed her eyes, the image of Rayan flashed in front of her.

Janessa gritted her teeth and tried her best not to think of him, but to no avail. She kept hearing his words, feeling his touch... He laid siege to her mind again and again, and the scenes played out like a never-ending movie.

She tossed and turned as the hours wore on. It wasn't until the crack of dawn that Janessa finally succumbed to sleep.