

Chapter 2 Stolen Shirt

I subconsciously tightened my grip on the juice glass. I had not expected myself to have such potential to shout like that. It was normal that Jasher could not recognize my voice because even I had felt it unfamiliar.

Hiram nudged Kelvin and said, "You are amazing. You lied to us that you wanted to go to your room to catch up on sleep! I did not expect you to mess out with women on the second day after you returned home."

When he played with a glass with his slender fingers, a shadow was cast on his thin eyelids. Then, he said in a drawling voice, "The woman was dull and troublesome."

Hearing this, I suspected he didn't care about my presence at all. Or maybe he had made the comments to me on purpose.

"How troublesome was she? Was she a virgin?" Hiram asked in surprise.

Kelvin smiled and raised his eyebrows in silence. But I understood what he meant. I was troublesome because I was Jasher's girlfriend. And I had made him sleep with his friend's woman.

Jasher interrupted, "Come on! Watch your mouth! Alice is here."

Hiram wanted to maintain a good image in front of me, so he said with a smile, "Alice, don't get me wrong! Jasher and I have never messed around with women. We are loyal men. Only Kelvin is playing



the field! We will persuade him to change."

Kelvin sneered, squinted at him, and said, "Please fix me up with someone who can make me constant in love."

While speaking, he glanced in my direction. But I suspected it was my illusion.

"Didn't your parents..."

Meeting Kelvin's cold gaze, Hiram swallowed the words on the tip of his tongue.

Seeing this, I guessed his parents had arranged blind dates for him. He was such a playboy, so I doubted whether he would obediently get married.



When we arrived at the church in the afternoon, Hiram introduced all the bridesmaids to Kelvin and said as long as he liked any of them, he would try his best to help him chase after her.

But Kelvin did not need his help at all. Since he had appeared, the bridesmaids except Karida had all been looking at him. And that b*tch was staring at Jasher only.

All the men were wearing similar suits, but Kelvin still looked eye-catching in the crowd as if having special effects. If he had not thought it was too troublesome, he would have been the best man instead of Jasher today.

Although Kelvin and Jasher had both been selected as school hunks in the past, Jasher had had more supporters in the

beginning. But Kelvin had overtaken him at some time.

Jasher asked, "What's the matter with your shirt?"

The men had a dress code, so the others were all wearing a suit and a shirt, but Kelvin was wearing a casual T-shirt under his suit jacket.

"My shirt was stolen by a thief."

I was close to them, so I could hear their conversation. Hearing Kelvin's answer, I realized the so-called "thief" was me.

And I couldn't help blushing with shame. Taking it away without asking was indeed no different from stealing. After having sex last night, I had felt too embarrassed

to speak to him and wanted to leave before he came out of the bathroom. He had a lot of clothes, so I had thought it was fine to borrow the shirt.

"What?"

Jasher didn't understand what he meant. But he didn't explain.

When the wedding was about to start, Jasher and Karida went on stage to liven up the atmosphere as the best man and bridesmaid. They cooperated well and caused everyone to laugh and applaud. I couldn't bear to see the annoying scene, so I went out of the venue.

If I hadn't seen their filthy chat records and intimate photos on Jasher's mobile phone, I would be laughing and applauding in the crowd now.

Jasher and Karida had a love affair, but I had thought they were simply good friends. It must make me look stupid.

After sitting on the toilet for five minutes, I cooled down and washed my hands. When I walked out of the lavatory, I saw Kelvin.

He was standing on the balcony outside the bathroom with his face toward the inside and his back against the railing. His crisp dark suit set off his tall and straight figure. He was wearing a silver steel watch on his strong left wrist, holding a lit cigarette between his index and middle fingers, and swiping his phone with his right hand.

Under the cloudy sky, he looked gloomy as if in a bad mood.



Hearing me open the door, he raised his head. This move exposed his protruding Adam's apple, making him look sexy.

After his deep blue eyes met mine, he soon lowered his head and continued to look at the phone.

I had wanted to leave quietly but remembered one thing, so I could only say, "I borrowed your shirt. I did not bring it with me today. I will return it to you tomorrow after washing it."

When Kelvin raised his head again and stuffed the cigarette into his mouth, the thin white smoke slowly flowed out between his two thin lips. He frivolously looked at me and said, "This dress is not bad. It's better than the one last night."

Looking down at my wrap dress, I was

surprised to hear he preferred this style. After all, it was not sexy. But I didn't understand why he suddenly commented on my dress. I returned to the subject, saying, "How do you want me to deliver your shirt? By mail or..."

"I don't lend things to people for free."

When Kelvin narrowed his eyes, the flying smoke seemed to stir up slight ripples in the depths of his eyes, but they instantly disappeared without a trace.

Finally, I understood his intention and was amused when asking, "Didn't you say I'm dull and troublesome?"

Kelvin raised his eyebrows and said playfully, "You have good hearing."

"Thank you for your compliment." I reciprocated the courtesy, saying, "You have a mean mouth."

Kelvin squinted at me when the cigarette between his fingers quietly burned. Then, he contemptuously said, "No matter how dull you are, I can make do when in a hurry."

My smile froze. But when I realized I had taken the initiative to seduce him last night, I accepted his evaluation and turned around, intending to leave without rebuttal.

Vaguely, I heard Jasher calling my name, sounding as if looking for me.

Before I could respond, Kelvin suddenly wrapped his arms around my waist from behind and pulled me into the lavatory.



Then, he pressed me against the wall,
looked down at me at a close distance,
and asked with a half-smile, "Do you
want to play?"