

Evershining Stars, Everlasting Love –

Chapter 13 Wine Party

I finally got a job, working as an order operator for a logistics company.

Although it wasn't a well-paid job, it was enough for me. I hadn't told

Vince that I got the job. The logistics company had two shifts, the day shift and the night shift which allowed employees to return home after 2 o'clock. I had negotiated with them about this, and I had told them that I would join in only if they could accept the fact that I wasn't able to work on the nightshift.

I didn't know why their boss accepted and agreed to employ me, but I did know that I couldn't waste my time anymore and I had to get a job soon. Otherwise, I had to live on air.

I had dealt with orders all day. And I got along well with my colleagues.

They were all nice and were glad to instruct me when I asked them questions.

At 6 pm, I knocked off. I took the bus to the station and walked two hundred meters to get back to my apartment. When I open the door, I was startled to see that Vince was sitting in the living room.

It was a little dark in the autumn night. However, he didn't turn on the light. He seemed to like darkness which conformed to his serious and taciturn characters.

I turned on the light, glanced at him, and put my handbags down. After taking off my flat shoes and putting them away, I asked, "What's wrong? Why are you pressing your lips?"

"Where did you go?" He asked in a deep voice laced with slight irritation.

"I didn't go anywhere." I looked at him and answered seriously. I knew that he wanted me to behave myself at the apartment all the time so that he would be able to see me when he came over here.

Vince rose from his chair and moved toward me. A sense of compulsion pressing against me, I took a step back and asked again, “What the hell is wrong with you?”

“I’ve waited for you for an hour,” Vince said as if he had suffered a lot of grievances. It’s just an hour and I didn’t do this on purpose. I had to work and feed myself. It’s impossible for me to wait for him 24 hours a day.

Of course, I wouldn’t tell him those words to his face. Considering his feelings, I yielded first, “Well, when I ask you to go out on a date in future, you are granted a delay of two hours as my punishment, double the time you waited for me, okay?”

“You are extremely sweet today.” Vince swept his finger over my nose tenderly and I looked up at him, a small smile broke out on my face.

“I am always sweet, and you just knew it?” When I finished, I immediately noticed that something strange was shimmering in his eyes.

“I’ll make sure of that myself after tasting.” He said and kissed me. His lips pressed hard onto mine and sucked. Slowly, he released me and sighed contentedly, “Well, indeed sweet.”

I rolled my eyes at him, thinking that he should be so humorous.

“Nance, go and put on the dress. I want to take you out.” Vince said, pointing at a delicate gift box on the table. I took one look, then turned around and looked at him with a confused look.

“Where are we going?”

“To attend the wine party held for the 20th anniversary of the Ouyang Group’s establishment. I want to attend with you.” Hearing those words, a dark shadow fell across my face. I shook my head and rejected, “No.”

“Afraid to meet Jerry?” Vince questioned.

He was right. I’ve slowly taken him out of my heart and tried to forget him since I left him so many days ago. Time almost healed all my sorrows. I must be a fool to attend the party and meet him again.

“No.” I denied it. I was not afraid. I just didn’t want to see that guy.

“You are my companion and I want you to be the most charming woman at the party.” Finishing his exaggerated statement, Vince looked at me, lips curling into a smirk, confidence flashing in his eyes.

I looked at him silently and had no idea how to reject him.

Vince grasped my hand tenderly and picked up the dress on the table. I was tugged downstairs by him like this and got in his car. He had arranged a visagiste for me and even a diamond necklace.

I was dressed up beautifully. It was the first time in three years that I had been so graceful and fashionable.

I looked at myself in the mirror. The string course of the high-waist, light purple fishtail dress perfectly graced my posture, the long thick hair hanging down the shoulders. Besides, the fair complexion and fine features served as a foil to the brilliance of me.

I had to admit that I should be so radiant.

When I was in a trance, two large hands crossed my waist from behind, folding together in front of my abdomen. Vince wrapped me and tapped my shoulder tenderly with his lips, looking at himself and me in the standard mirror.

“You’re perfectly beautiful,” Vince praised in a low voice.

Looking at him in the mirror, I smiled. Women indeed loved men’s compliments, and Vince knew women’s hearts well.