

Chapter 15 - A Fallen Woman Expecting True Love

For a person who had experienced a failed marriage, it was complicated to see the red marriage certificate again.

People say marriage that marriage is a walled city, which makes someone admired and someone desperate. However, it's not up for me to decide whether I should marry him or not. This really made me feel uneasy.

But there was a hidden expectation in my inner heart. I looked forward to a new relationship and a new marriage. I hoped these things would let me and my child say goodbye to darkness and return to light.

So, at that time, I kept my head down, with tears in my eyes.

"Can't you look happier? Give me some face." Jacky said to me when he saw I didn't speak for a long time.

"When taking photos, you said you want to keep the bag for me. So, I gave it to you. At that time, you stole my household registration book?" I stared at him.

"That's not stealing. It's taking." The corners of his mouth rose slightly, and there was an iconic smile on his face.

"So as long as you want to do anything, you will definitely do it, whether others agree or disagree? No matter what others think?" I said.

He frowned and thought, and then gave the answer, "Basically."

I was speechless hearing that. Then, I put my marriage certificate and household registration book

back in my bag. Suddenly, I found that my act of putting my marriage certificate was very careful, like caring for something very fragile gently.

It was the first time for me to eat with Jacky. Although the man in front of me was my husband in terms of law, I was still not familiar with him. I had been watching him secretly.

He would peel shrimps for Lucas carefully. His slender fingers were so smart that after a few turns, he finished the work. Then he made them into small pieces and slowly fed them to Lucas.

I looked at all of this quietly. Jacky was luxuriously dressed, wearing a top brand. His sculpted facial features were nearly perfect. When he smiled at Lucas, he exposed his white and neat teeth. At that time, the coldness on his face would all be hidden, which made him gentle and friendly.

I liked his smile and warm face very much. Unfortunately, he rarely smiled to me.

After eating, he accompanied Lucas for a while and then we went back. Lucas was tired after that, and he fell asleep in the car.

I took a bath and got changed after getting home. Then, I saw him swimming. His strong body rolled back and forth in the water. When he saw that I was on the balcony, he stopped and waved toward me.

I shuffled downstairs. Every time I approached him, I felt uneasy. But at that time, I started to have inexplicable expectations.

He climbed out of the pool, took a bath towel around him, and lay down on the next chair. Then the servant brought the wine.

The wine was foreign wine and the brand I don't know. When the light-yellow liquid was poured into the glass, it quickly volatilized to give off strong alcohol taste. This wine had a high ABV.

He motioned me to sit down and toasted, "Let's celebrate our wedding."

When he raised his glass, he didn't face me, but looked upstairs. But I obviously went downstairs, and I was beside him.

I was stunned for a moment. But I still raised my glass and drank a glass of wine.

That wine was really strong. But because it was good wine, it's not the kind of violent spicy, but made me feel it's nice taste. The wine was spicy all the way to my stomach, making me kind of painful but happy.

I was a woman who could drink alcohol. Every woman who had a hard time should try to drink alcohol. Because in those helpless and depressed days, alcohol can temporarily anesthetize, allowing us to temporarily escape the dim reality.

When having the second glass of wine, he finally raised his glass toward me. This also let me make sure that he didn't want to drink with me for the glass of wine just now. He wanted to drink with someone in his heart. I didn't know who that person was. I didn't even have the qualification to feel lost for that.

When he saw me drinking quickly with my head upward, his eyes flashed, asking me: "Can you drink?"

"I can drink a little." I answered softly.

He didn't speak any more and reached out to pour himself.

I stood up and said let me help him pour the wine.

I picked up the bottle and poured the wine into the delicate glass. He looked at me quietly, thoughtfully, and then suddenly murmured, "You can drink?"

Then his eyes gradually became estranged.

I didn't know if he was disappointed about the fact that I can drink, or if he was sad because the person who had raised his first wine to could not drink? So, he despised me because I can drink?

I can drink alcohol, but it didn't mean that I can drink a lot. After a few cups, I started to be drunk.

I told him that I couldn't drink anymore and I wanted go back to the room. He waved his hand lightly, beckoning me back to the room.

I went back to the second floor and looked at him in the shadow of the lights. He was still drinking alone.

I was so drunk and confused that I felt I knew this person before.

Under the strength of alcohol, I quickly fell asleep quickly after returning to my room. When I was half asleep and half awake, I felt difficult to breathe. I opened my eyes, and found that the person pressed on me was Jacky.

I closed my eyes, allowing him to do anything he wanted.

In his crisscrossing craziness, it seemed that I went into the heaven with a blank mind in my head. I was very happy. In a trance, I heard him saying a person's name around my ear. It was not very clear. It seemed to be 'Nan' or 'Lan'. But I was sure that was not my name.

At that time, I was very high. So, I didn't mind too much.

Finally, the making-love ended in sweat.

After that, I sobered up a lot, feeling content and tired. I really felt the newly-married sweetness.

However, Jacky got up and took his clothes in the dark, walking straight out of the room, and then he closed the door gently.

Those short sweet moments disappeared instantly. My heart went cold.

