

Chapter 364 Someone Is Accompanying Your Drunk Wife

“How about the lady next to Mrs. Faulkner?” Someone pointed at Johanna.

Johanna raised her hand. “I’m single and available! And I find doctors attractive. Feel free to talk to me if you’re interested. We may not become a couple, but we can still be friends! I’d demand a discount if I ever got admitted to your hospital!” She chuckled.

Johanna was wearing a slim-fit sweater and a miniskirt. She had put on a baseball cap and a jacket as well. Her bubbly personality instantly left a positive impression on the people at the table.

Amused by her sense of humor, everyone burst into laughter.

Two young doctors even asked for her number on the spot.

Timothy sneaked a glance at Johanna while lounging on the chair and puffing at a cigarette.

After that, they all headed to a karaoke bar, where Johanna once again charmed the crowd with her voice and her ability to liven up the mood. Not only that, but she could also hold her liquor.

Everyone was impressed with her talent for singing and how good she was at drinking games. Even when she lost the game, she would pick up her glass and gulp it down without hesitation.

Her cheerfulness had gingered up the gathering.

On the other hand, Genevieve lost interest after two rounds of the drinking games. She sat by a corner and munched on her pistachio while playing with her phone.

It was almost eleven o’clock at night.

I guess Armand wouldn’t care if I didn’t return home by tonight.

A young man approached Genevieve and replaced her cocktail with a glass of orange juice. “I heard you had a stab wound. Cut down on the alcohol.”

The private room was dimly lit, so she could not quite see the man.

Genevieve squinted and realized it was Timothy’s junior.

“I’m okay now since I’ve spent a month recuperating in the hospital,” Genevieve said. “I’m sorry I didn’t bring you a birthday gift.”

“I’m glad that you came to celebrate my birthday.” Jermaine Sitler flashed a mesmerizing smile.

Genevieve reached for the orange juice and raised the glass. “Happy birthday.”

“Thank you.”

Jermaine sat across from Genevieve with a couch between them. They were at least a few feet away from each other.

Johanna noticed they were talking to each other from a distance. The dimly lit room further misled Johanna into believing they were leaning against each other.

There was something intimate about the way Jermaine and Genevieve conversed with each other.

Johanna’s eyes darted from side to side, and an idea immediately popped into her mind. She fished out her phone, snapped a photo of Jermaine and Genevieve, and sent it to Timothy.

“Quick! Send it to Mr. Faulkner!” Johanna patted Timothy’s shoulder and ran in Genevieve’s direction.

“What?” Timothy was a little nonplussed.

After noticing the notification on his phone, he picked it up from the table and saw the photo.

Timothy instantly knew what Johanna wanted him to do. He tutted in annoyance and forwarded the photo to Armand.

Upon seeing how Johanna goaded Genevieve into drinking her cocktail, Timothy thought for a bit and sent Armand another text message: Your wife is drunk, and a young, good-looking man is accompanying her. She’s not going home tonight!

In less than a minute, Armand texted back: Where is she?

Timothy sent Armand the location.

Meanwhile, Johanna continued to persuade Genevieve to drink. “Hey, Genev, try this cocktail. It’s pretty good! Besides, you shouldn’t just drink orange juice on Dr. Sitler’s birthday.”

Jermaine stopped Johanna right away. “It’s okay. She should avoid drinking alcohol since she had an injury.”

Johanna waved her hands and replied casually, “Nah, it’s all right. Genev is fine now. Instead of hiding here and drinking fruit juice, she should drink some booze with us! Today is your birthday, but we came empty-handed. So we must drink three glasses of alcohol as punishment. Come, Genev!” Johanna raised a glass and chugged it.

Genevieve did not know why Johanna had come to disturb her since the latter was enjoying the time of her life with the other guests.

But she still downed two glasses of alcohol.

When she was about to pick the third glass from the table, Jermaine snatched it away. “That’s enough. You’re still a patient. You should watch your health. I’ll drink this on your—”

All of a sudden, a tall man barged into the private room.