

7: The Morning After.

Chapter Seven- “The morning after”.

Isabella Montague.

My head hurts badly. And when I say badly, I mean, like really bad. I groaned, rolling to my side as I clenched my eyes shut, pulling my legs to my chest and remaining in that position for a few seconds so the pain would lessen. It didn't, but a thought somehow crossed my mind amidst all that.

I need a hot tea, or anything that would make me no longer be hungover. Remind me why the f**k did I drink much last night? I tried to remember everything that went down up to the point where I blanked out, hoping I didn't screw up the night I worked so hard for.

I opened the fundraiser event, then I went ahead to speak to quite a lot of people in the business led. Some of them were nice and welcoming, and some of them weren't but I managed to get most of them on my side, which is something that I care about quite a lot. I've had a few drinks in the process though. And I remember Mrs. Donnelly trying to strike up a conversation with me, but I didn't pay any heed to her. Sure enough, that happened.

But, I think I went to the restroom after. On my way out, I ran into a couple making out, and I was grossed out by them. Just as I was about to make my way around them, I realized whom it was...James and the woman he left me for.

I couldn't remember much after, but there were blurry memories of him trying to talk to me, his hand that clamped around my wrist, I remember that too—it was bruising even. I tried to ght my way but someone came, and punched him. Everything else was a blur, from my savior's face, to more shots of alcohol...and we kissed.

Fuck. Did I kiss another man again that night? Oh my God this is bad. But the thing is, if it had ended just with the kiss, then I would've been relieved. But no, I think we slept together...

The sudden thought had me sitting up, throwing the duvet off my body and my eyes ying open, startled. My wide eyes looked around the unfamiliar room, and the bed I was in. A gasp escaped my lips as I looked down at my outt to see myself in a white button up top and boxers that reached my knees.

My dress for yesterday was on a chair in the corner of the room, along with a man suit pants, the inner white shirt that was supposed to be there now on my body. And the suit jacket missing as well. My shoes were nowhere to be found, but my purse and phone were on the bedside cabinet beside me, seemingly untouched.

“Oh My God.” I pulled my knees to my chest, burying my face in between it as I ran my ngers through my hair, pulling at the root. “Stupid, stupid, stupid.” No matter how hard I try to remember everything that happened last night—or at least, how I ended up here, nothing comes to mind but a blank screen.

A few seconds of staying in that position and cursing myself for being such a light weight and stupid enough to end up in an unknown person's room with the possibility of sleeping with the unknown individual, I realized I'm wasting time by staying there.

“Right...” I let go of my hair, and raised my head up, common sense dawning on me. “...I need to get out of here,” My words were nothing but a light whisper, as if scared if I raised it, the person I'm trying to avoid would show up.

With that thought in mind, I quickly scrambled out of the bed and made my way towards the couch. Picking up my dress, I hastily got out of the shirt and slipped my dress back, looking over my shoulder in case someone would come in. After changing back into my dress, I all but rushed to the bedside cabinet to pick up my phone and purse, before making a beeline out of the room. Screw the heels, I can walk barefoot out if it means leaving before I'm spotted.

However, as I tiptoed down the corridor and stepped into what seems to be a living room, I didn't stop to survey anything.

I was more focused on doing the walk of shame out before I run into anyone and get even more embarrassed than I already am. I was just about to make my way out of the living room while tiptoeing when I heard a voice that had me startled, jumping lightly on my feet, caught red handed.

“I see you're awake.” A deep, and somehow familiar voice came from the living room.

My stomach was instantly in knots, my sts curled by the side as I closed my eyes, blood rushing to my cheeks.

Though I had my back facing the person, it doesn't lessen my embarrassment any less. I weighed my options—to run out and never turn back, or to actually turn around and face the man I spent the night with.

I didn't have the time to decided when his voice came again. “—if you walk out like that, people would think you're guilty or something. You aren't, are you?”

His words, it stroked a nerve in me. My eyes peeled open, and without a second thought, I turned around, “What? Guilty?” I scoffed, my eyes meeting that of the unknown man in the picture. I had to tilt my head up, because somehow he's taller than me—fair enough because I'm short but still.

I could swear my knees weakened upon seeing who it was, and I was a few seconds away from collapsing on the ground. I found myself taking a few steps back, my mouth falling open as my eyes took in a familiar face that I'd somehow engraved in my memory.

I no doubt resembled a gaping sh out of the sea—a messy sh struck with what she hoped isn't real. “—You...” The word escaped past my lips, as I tried to wrap my head around the man's face. Somehow, I hoped he wouldn't reply, and that I'm merely imagining stuff.