

Married at First Sight [On-Going]

Chapter 4535

Maddox couldn't talk Romina out of drinking. On top of that, when someone offered him a toast, Romina stepped in and drank on his behalf.

Worried that she might get drunk if this kept up, Maddox tugged at her arm. "Romina, let's head back. Let's go tell Mr. Lacroix we're leaving. It's getting late."

"Has River left yet?" Romina suddenly asked.

"I'm not sure. I haven't seen him around in a while," Maddox replied, then added, "Romina, you've been drinking pretty hard tonight. Are you doing this because of River? Whether he's here or not, what difference does it make to us? If he hasn't left, are we supposed to stay just because of him?"

Did Romina care that much about River?

Maddox had sensed there was something unusual between them. Still, he wasn't upset. He and Romina weren't officially dating. They were just giving things another shot. If it turned out they weren't a good fit, they could always just stay friends.

"He's going to go complain to my grandpa," Romina mumbled. "I went out earlier, poured wine on him, and kicked him."

Maddox blinked. "...You should've cut him some slack. It's Mr. Lacroix's event—he went through a lot to make this happen. Let's just hope River doesn't come in to stir the pot."

Romina huffed, "He's so annoying. I swear, I want to stuff him in a sack and beat him up."

Maddox chuckled awkwardly. "...Mr. York is fine with everyone else, but somehow, he brings out the worst in you—and you in him. I think you two just show each other your worst sides."

Romina replied without hesitation, "If I don't show him my bad side, what do you expect me to show him—my gentle side?"

Maddox had no response to that.

Romina muttered, “Why don’t you go check if River’s still here? If he’s left, we’ll go. Or if Grandpa Lafond has already gone home, then we’re good too.”

She was clearly worried River might really run to her grandfather and start complaining. As long as Grandpa Lafond left, she could relax.

“He’s probably staying here tonight,” she added. “He and Mr. Lacroix love chatting. On weekends, he’s never at home—always out visiting people. He complains we’re never home, but look at him—same thing. Like grandfather, like grandchildren.”

“Alright, I’ll go see if River’s still around.” Maddox nodded and left.

Half an hour later, he returned.

Romina’s face was flushed red—she was clearly drunk.

Maddox rushed over and steadied her as she stumbled. “Romina, I was only gone a little while. How many glasses did you drink? You’re completely drunk!”

Her aunt had warned him: when Romina got drunk, she liked to flirt with handsome men.

Tonight’s event didn’t have many young people—just a few bosses who brought their kids to mingle. But River was still outside, admiring the moon.

That’s right—River hadn’t left. He was still sitting out there, quietly enjoying the night sky. He turned away anyone who approached, politely asking to be left alone.

Though his clothes had dried from earlier, the smell of alcohol still lingered on him. Not because he drank too much, but because Romina had poured a drink on him.