

Chapter 27 Getting Drunk

*****Erika's POV*****

The phone didn't stop ringing.

I hissed angrily and kept it far from me. I didn't bother picking it or checking the caller ID again. (2)

Alex was just so stubborn, calling me just to berate me over Serenity's current situation, as though it was my fault. An angry hiss escaped my lips again.

"It's okay, Rika. You'll be fine." Paula patted my hand.

"Don't allow yourself think about him, darling. He's not worth it." Kat added.

And they were right, but I could barely control the anger. It was as though it had forcefully unleashed itself after so many years of being calm and almost subservient.

"Yes, I know."

"Let's talk about something else." Kat opened the second bottle of wine and filled our wine glasses.

I downed mine in seconds, I caught the look on my best friends' faces.

"What?"

"You downed that in seconds." Kat pointed out, looking quite surprised.

I shrugged, I had always been the wary drinker of the three of us. Paula was the normal drinker but Kat was the crazy drinker, gulping everything that is remotely associated to alcohol.


I needed that shot of intoxication coursing through my veins, I wanted to forget everything I had gone through. Everything I was struggling not to remember but Alex would not let me forget.

"That, I did." I stood and ignored the incessant buzzing of my phone.

"He's annoying me. He should stop calling me." I eyed my phone in annoyance, pacing my room.

"Just ignore it, he'll get tired and stop calling." Paula advised.

"Or you can blacklist his number, he would not be able to reach you." Kat suggested.

Her suggestion was a quite the problem solver but something was holding me back from actually going through with it. I sighed and went back to the bed. "Pour me another glass." 

I extended my empty glass to them, specifically Kat. She was the one holding the bottle, she poured into my glass. "Don't gulp it down" She warned.

"Yeah" And I did gulp it.

"You realize your alcohol tolerance is not high. Soon, you'll begin acting up." Paula stated, taking a gentle sip of her own wine.

"Of course, I do know and that is why I want to get drunk." I could feel myself getting there already. I just wanted to sleep it off.

"I'm quite surprised she's not fully intoxicated and laughing like a loon already, especially after taking the first bottle with us." Kat said.

"Another one." I extended the glass again, my head was getting light, my eyes were beginning to close, it was exactly what I wanted.

"No." Paula snatched the glass out of my grip. "Go to bed and sleep it off."

"Sleep what off?" My words were beginning to get slurred.

"The amount of alcohol you have taken into your system, you need to sleep it off." Paula was keeping the glass out of my reach as I struggled to get hold of it.

"Give me back my wine glass, I want to drink more." I whined.

"No, you can not drink more. Go to bed, Rika." Kat firmly ordered.

"No, this is my room and you both will not tell me what to do." I eyed the

both of them, determined to get my glass from Paula.

"Yes, we can and we will. Go to bed." Kat insisted in that same firm tone.

"You're not my mother." I told her, quite upset.

"An established fact, but I am your best friend and I am that for a reason." Kat countered.

"Another established fact." Paula supported.

I groaned in frustration. "The both of you are just so infuriating."

"That's what best friends can become when it's time to do the right thing." This was from Paula. She had stepped out of the bed and was holding the glass higher, I was trying to reach it.

That would have been very easy if I was not inebriated and struggling to keep my balance. I understood what my friends were trying to do and though, I really appreciated it, they would not understand.

I was tipsy, not as drunk as I wanted to be yet. I could still think of him, picture him in my mind's eye and I did not want that. I wanted to be so drunk that it would be impossible to think of anyone, especially him. So wasted that all I'd do was sleep off as soon as my back touched my bed.

That was what I wanted. Naturally, I was not the bottle kind and just as Paula had said, I had very low tolerance for alcohol so I was easily intoxicated, unlike Paula and Kat who had high tolerance.

"I don't need you two to be infuriating, I just need you to be supportive." I folded my arms when Paula was being tenacious, and stubbornly holding on to my glass.

"We are supportive." Paula claimed.

"Which is why we do not want you anywhere near this glass anymore. At least, not for today." Kat put in.

They were ganging up against me. These two supposed best friends of mine were teaming up against me. Two against one, was it? I hissed and moved away from them. My back rested against the headboard,

one of my pillows on my lap.

"Don't be like that." Paula had this glint in her eyes, she was trying not to laugh.

"Give me back my glass."

"That will not be happening. We understand you want to drink to forget everything but we can not let you keep drinking especially when you have low tolerance for it." Kat stated, refilling her own glass, her gaze locked on mine. She too was teasing me and she was trying not to laugh too.

I laid down on the bed, my back to them. I was going to fall asleep eventually but I woke up and had to suffer from the pain that Alex's memories brought.

The door opened suddenly and I rolled lazily to stare into the face of my stepbrother looking so harried and angry. "Where the hell did you leave your phone?!"

"Calm down Jace, what is it?" My brain was aware of what was happening. I wasn't that drunk.

"No, Erika. I can't calm down because there is trouble!"

Chapter Comments

3 >



 Watch Ads to Get 8 Vouchers