

Chapter 21 Are You Drunk

Mia

I knew they weren't going to forgive me if I stopped them from getting some action tonight. It wasn't like I cared if they got laid or not or who they slept with but I figured that I wouldn't have to welcome any unwanted visitor in my bedroom if they got laid and well fucked.

I knew what the women were doing. They wanted to get close to me to gain the boys' attention. I snorted. If only they knew that I had no say in who the triplets would like. It wasn't like they would ask for my opinion and I also didn't care to give it.

I felt uncomfortable with their fake show of love after a while and was already thinking of a reason to leave after the birthday celebration. The friends of the boys invited me to join them for a drink, and I had no choice but to stay.

After that night in high school that I had joined the boys to drink and ended up getting raped by an unknown person, I had stayed off alcohol but tonight I was breaking my promise to myself.

The boys were getting social with the rest of the party, having fun while I was left behind being bored out of my wits by women who wanted them.

I wondered why they had bothered to invite me to the party if this was how they were going to behave. This had to be another of their naughty ways of getting back at me.

Few minutes later, I was already getting tipsy and I went in search of the triplets. I wanted them to take me home but they were surrounded by various beautiful women.

"I would like to go home now." I said as I got to them.

"Please excuse us." The boys said to the ladies with them.

The ladies hissed, giving me dark looks as I walked away. One of them pushed me and I rocked on my feet.

John laughed as he caught me in his arms. "Are you drunk?"

"No, I'm not." I snorted, pushing myself off his arms.

"She seems drunk." Jack laughed.

"Easy." John grinned as he helped me to stand right.

"I want to go home." I insisted.

Jack smiled. "No, you don't, sweetheart. You are drunk and you don't want to get home in that state. You really have a low alcohol intolerance."

I rolled my eyes at them. "I don't want to be reminded of how bad of a drinker I am. Will you just get me home?"

"No, the night is just beginning."

I frowned at the boys. Were they kidding me? I said I would like to get home, they were telling me that the night was still young. Who gave a damn about stuff like that?

Being here and getting mad at them surely did wonders for my clarity. I felt like I had forgotten that I was tipsy earlier and my eyes got clearer than it had been some minutes ago.

Anger was really something. I could swear that the alcohol was out of my system with the way I was mad at them. I thought that felt good and glared at them more. I hated being drunk and if this was a way of getting the booze out of my system then I believed that it was nice.

Moreover, I didn't need much motivation to be mad at the triplets, just being with them was enough to make my blood start boiling.

"I want to get home." I hissed at them.

"You are still drunk." Quinn said. "Do you think your mum would like to see you wasted?"

I snorted. That was a ridiculous excuse and we both knew it. "Or you don't want me to go home because you are afraid of what your dad would do if I went home drunk? We both know that he would scold you for not watching over me and letting me get drunk."

Jack scowled. "Okay, Miss smarty-pants and know it all. Since you know so much, why don't you find a way to get yourself home without asking for our help?"

John nodded. "Good idea. We wouldn't have to answer why you got in drunk. We could easily say that you ignored us as always and went off on your own to get drunk and left without informing us."

Quinn grinned. "I think that is better. See you at home, sister."

I scowled harder, my face burrowing into many deep lines. They were taunting me as usual. I should have insisted on the driver bringing us here and waiting behind for us before we left home. I should have known that nothing good would come out of them being at the wheels but they had promised not to be too late and mum had told me not to stress the driver and let Quinn drive all of us instead.

I shouldn't have trusted them at all. Those sly bastards.

I sniffed, trying to get my emotions under control. I wasn't going to break down and cry in front of these idiots. I had a nasty habit of breaking down into tears when I was stressed but this wasn't the time for that. I wouldn't live it down if I started crying.

Those sly bastards. I said again in my head and couldn't remember the last count on when I had said that thing. It felt like I was saying it as an anthem and one of these days, I was going to say it to their faces and damn the consequences of what they would do to me.

They needed to know that they were bastards.

"Give me the keys and the rest of you can find your way home. How about that?" I grinned at them, extending my hand for the keys.

Quinn snorted. "Why would I let you drive yourself? You are drunk."

I snorted at him. "Do I look drunk?" I asked, my eyes wide as I glared at him in anger.

He sighed, realizing that I was wasn't drunk.

"Okay. You are not." He agreed.

Good. I nodded. They needed to stop telling me that I was.

"Let's just wait for some minutes and then we would go." Quinn said.

"No, I want to go home now." I insisted.