

Chapter 2

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I never expected that the words I had spent so long preparing would result in an outburst of laughter, with a few people even slapping the table.

“Hey Evelyn, this is a bit much, don’t you think? We talk about everything here. I even joke about my wife being fat. What’s the big deal? Hahaha.”

The laughter in the room kept rolling in, as if turning one’s wife into a joke was something to be proud of.

I replied flatly, “What’s so impressive about mocking your wife? To be honest, it just shows how weak you are!”

As soon as I finished speaking, Zayn slammed his hand down on the table with a loud bang. He pointed a finger at me, his voice harsh. “Don’t go too far! So what if we talk about it? You can’t even handle your minor problems being mentioned? Let me tell you, all my friends know about that stuff!”

After venting, Zayn turned to comfort his friends, catching his breath. “Don’t mind her, she’s just being unreasonable...”

Then he glared at me and gestured for Lucy to take me back to my room.

Lucy pulled me along roughly. “Stop acting crazy, okay? Get back to your room.”

I raised the kitchen knife I was holding and pointed it at her. “I’m not going anywhere unless Zayn apologizes to me!”

Lucy froze, her face turning pale. She immediately let go of my arm and stepped back in a hurry.

The others, still drinking, turned to look at the now-silent Zayn.

“Just apologize, or she might actually do something crazy.”

“Didn’t you say she was timid? Looks like she’s not so meek now, huh? Hahaha.”

“Zayn, come on, just apologize...”

Everyone thought I was joking and didn’t take me seriously. They even treated me like the evening’s punchline.

In the midst of the noise, I slammed the knife down onto the dining table loudly, and several plates and utensils crashed to the floor.

Clang.

The room went completely still. Everyone held their breath, backing away from me as if I were a live wire.

My expression remained calm.

“Apologize.”

Seeing that I was serious, Zayn’s face immediately shifted to panic.

“Fine.

“I’m sorry.

“Is that good enough for you?”

As soon as Zayn apologized, the men in the room let out a collective sigh of relief. They grabbed their coats and stood up to leave.

“Uh... we’ve got some things to take care of at home. Let’s call it a night...”

“Yeah, yeah, let’s do this another time.”

“Alright, we’re out.”

As the last of the guests left, Zayn’s anger returned, and he gave me a vicious look. “What’s wrong with you? Are you happy now that they’re gone? You’ve really embarrassed me.”

He glared at me again before turning around, slamming the door as he stormed off to his room.

Lucy, still shaken from earlier, looked around at the mess in the room. Her usual harsh tone was gone. “Let’s just clean this up, alright?”

I turned to her with a slight smile, pulled the knife out of the table, and handed it to her.

“You clean it up. I’m done.”

Leaving the mess behind, I grabbed my coat and walked out of the house.

Honestly, I hadn’t felt this light in a long time.

It was already past one in the morning. There were hardly any taxis on the street, and those that were there were all full.

I decided to walk home. It was only about a thirty-minute walk, and it wasn’t until I was halfway there that I realized leaving this house wasn’t as hard as I thought.