

## Chapter 425 A Drunk Jennifer

Anthony's POV:

The banquet celebrating peace and harmony was still underway. Everyone was in a tizzy of excitement. Jennifer was delighted to see everyone rejoicing, so much so that she even joined in on the revelry. She drank a lot and even though I tried to dissuade her, she didn't listen. Although werewolves were physically stronger than most human beings and a little alcohol consumption during pregnancy wouldn't hurt anybody, I couldn't help but worry about her.

"Jennifer, stop drinking!" I shook my head at Jennifer helplessly. It was the fourth time she had asked the maid to bring her a cocktail since the banquet began.

"Oh, Anthony, I think I can do it!" Jennifer waved her hand casually and ordered the maid, "One more glass."

"You're going to get very drunk, Jennifer." I didn't expect Jennifer to be so high-spirited today. In truth, I had no idea that she could drink so much as I had never seen her drink so much before.

I had no choice but to give in because she kept on insisting for another drink. I decided to follow her around and keep an eye on her in case anything out of the ordinary were to happen.

The celebration banquet at the royal palace didn't come to an end until the evening.

Jennifer and I also drank a few more glasses with others in celebration of victory and peace. Although it was just a cocktail with low alcohol content, any werewolf would get drunk after that many drinks. Fortunately, I was sober the whole time.

Jennifer was noticeably inebriated as I caught her staggering a few times when she walked past me.

Jennifer's POV:

Just as the banquet was about to end, I began to feel dizzy.

"Jennifer, you shouldn't have had so much to drink." Anthony helped me up with a frown. He tried to persuade me not to drink too much today, but I was too excited to take his words seriously.

I felt a little embarrassed because I firmly believed that a few cocktails couldn't get me drunk.

"All right, that's enough. You've had a lot to drink today. It's best if you go and get some rest now," Anthony insisted. Then he turned to our friends who were still singing and dancing. "I'm sorry, everyone. Jennifer needs to get some rest. I'll take her back to her room. Please enjoy yourselves."

"Thank you, Mr. Jones. Please take care of Jennifer. After all, she is pregnant." As soon as Amelia's voice rang in my ears, I tried to open my weary eyes, only to find that she had two heads.

Elizabeth's face was a little blurry. "Anthony, you should take Jennifer back now. Keep an eye on her. What if something happens to her?"

"Okay, I will take good care of her. Don't worry," Anthony said as he held me in his arms.

Leaning against Anthony, I felt like I was burning up from the inside. "I'm not drunk. I just need some fresh air..."

Anthony pulled me out of the banquet hall.

"Anthony, what are you doing? I'm not that drunk. I want to drink more!" I shouted. "Why are you making such a big fuss? I'm not even drunk yet."

Why didn't Anthony listen to me? He said he would always listen to me. I just wanted to enjoy a few cocktails. In my drunken stupor, I shook off his hand and said, "I want to go back and drink. I want to drink!"

"Can't you see how drunk you are already?" Anthony sighed. "Stop it, honey. You are pregnant."

Suddenly, Anthony touched my forehead to check my temperature and I noticed his eyes widen almost immediately. "Jennifer, you're burning up! Damn it! I'll be right back. I'll call the doctor to give you a check-up. I hope you don't have a fever."

"I don't have a fever!" I retorted angrily. "I'm fine! How could I catch a fever out of nowhere?"

"Well, I'll be the judge of that, Jennifer." Anthony suddenly picked me up on his shoulder without as much as a warning.

I wiggled and yelled with all my might as he started walking, but my efforts were in vain. When I came to my senses after a while, I found myself in the soft embrace of a comfortable bed.

"Jennifer, don't go anywhere. I'll get the doctor." Anthony's voice came from above my head.

I shook my head repeatedly and said, "I forbid you from going anywhere! I just had a few cocktails. It's not a big deal. Why do I need a doctor? All I wanted to do tonight was celebrate with you."

"Please just listen to me, my girl," Anthony said as he was about to leave.

"No, Anthony! Don't go! I'm fine. I don't need to see a doctor. It's not that serious." I grabbed his arm and acted like a spoiled brat.

"Jennifer, listen to me..." Anthony rubbed his temples in exasperation.

"I don't want the doctor to ruin our night!" My voice rose as the effect of alcohol gradually came over me. My consciousness and vision both started to blur and I felt a burning desire for Anthony's touch. I pounced on him like a tiger. "I'll show you just how good I am today! I'm going to force you!"

As soon as I finished my words, I reached out my hands to take off Anthony's pants.

"Jennifer!" Anthony looked at me incredulously. "Don't move. I'm afraid you'll fall... If you want my pants, I'll take them off for you, okay?"

"I don't want your pants! I want what's inside your pants!" I clutched at his pants and pulled them down as hard as I could before he could even react.

"Ha-ha!" The scene was a little funny. I began to laugh on the bed. "Anthony...Anthony doesn't wear pants! Ha-ha!"

"You turn into a devil after a few drinks." Anthony stood in his underpants, sighing, as he shook his head at me.

My eyes went below his stomach, and when I noticed his big bulge, I licked my lips and swallowed hard.

I decided to do what I had said just now. I wanted to force him.

Before Anthony could say anything, I quickly grabbed his underpants and ripped them with both hands before slipping his big penis into my mouth.

"Oh my God! Jennifer, don't bite me!" Anthony's voice trembled with fear.

I winked my eyes at him mischievously, but of course, I wasn't going to bite him. I swallowed his penis whole until I choked. Then I spat in my palm before rubbing his flaccid penis with both hands until it was hard and fully erect.

"Jennifer..." Anthony sat on the bed and pulled my hair back. "Honey, you've never been this lively at oral sex before. It seems like I should get you drunk more often."

As I was doing blow job for Anthony, I took off my clothes and pressed my belly against his belly. "I want to be on top. Lie down!"

I rubbed my body against his and his penis throbbed in my palm. I rubbed it against my pussy before slowly sliding it inside me. It was so big I thought it was going to pierce my belly.

"Jennifer, don't get too excited. I'm worried about the baby!" Anthony put his hands on my waist and smiled bitterly.

"I want you inside me, Anthony!" I didn't want to waste any time. "Tonight, I'm going show the king who the boss is!"

"Yes, yes, oh yeah... Oh, my God! Go slow! I can't stand it!" Anthony groaned.

I twisted my hip slowly and my body trembled as he got deeper. "If you can't hold on, then what kind of a king are you?"

"I don't think a king should be judged by those terms..." Anthony grabbed my hips with both hands and thrust harder.

I gasped as I felt that Anthony's penis all the way through. "Ah, ah, I feel so good!"

The big bed creaked and our breaths became short. I had to brace my hands on the wall as he drove himself deeper until we both cried out of pleasure and came together. I couldn't even catch my breath as Anthony turned my sweaty body over and hooked his knees outside of my legs, pressing his penis against my wet pussy.

"It's my turn to show you, who is boss, my queen," Anthony said in a deep voice as he smirked at me.

"What... Hmm..." Before I could utter a word, I felt Anthony nibbling my ear and licking my neck. I trembled and looked at him coyly.

"Where would you like me to kiss you? Here? Or here?" Anthony kissed me all the way before taking my nipple in his mouth and cradling my other breast in his palm. "Do you like that?"

"Only kids make choices. I want them all! Ahhh! Anthony, lick me! Fuck me! Fuck me!" I began to scream and my nipples turned hard in his mouth.

"I love you so much, babe!" Anthony pushed my knees up higher and shoved his hard penis inside me. "Talk dirty to me! The more you talk dirty, the harder I want to fuck you! My sweet babe, I want to fuck your brains out!"

"Damn it, Anthony. Your dick should be conferred to the rank of general!" I shouted breathlessly. "It deserves a military medal."

