

Chapter 270

The end of each month was often the busiest time for the finance department, and everyone had been working overtime for days in a row.

"Ah! It's finally done! We finally don't need to work overtime tomorrow!"

"The end of each month is hellish!"

"I'm so tired."

Everyone leaned against their desks in exhaustion when Xander came out of his office and asked, "It's still nine, so is anyone interested in having a gathering?"

"Yes!" The others who had been lying down like corpses instantly stood up energetically.

Their shouts startled Anne.

'I thought they said they were exhausted? Are they sure?' she thought to herself.

Anne did not want to join the gathering and desperately wanted to go home for a shower, but

before she could say anything, Xander said, "Anne, I've sent you the address. Half of them are going with you, and half will follow me."

Excited, the others immediately pulled Anne onto her feet. "Let's go!"

Anne complied with resignation.

A gathering had to be lively, and so Xander had booked a private room in an exclusive bar. Once he told the others that he was paying, everyone went wild.

Anne did not want to drink, but there was no way she could get away because her colleagues would force it down her throat. If she continued to refuse, her female colleagues might start forcing alcohol down her throat by mouth, so eventually, Anne gave in.

'Oh my god... Why do they have to drink so much every single time?' she thought.

Xander simply watched as she suffered and grinned cunningly from afar.

When she questioned why no one had forced Xander to drink, the others said, "Director is too

good at drinking. None of us is his match!"

'So they decide to target people who can't drink instead?' she thought to herself as she snuck outside.

"Anne, are you trying to run again?"

With her hand on the doorknob, she turned and shot them a tipsy smile. "... No, I'm not! I'm just going to the bathroom. Be right back."

She went outside and stepped into the bathroom with both her hands on her heated cheeks.

She wanted to leave, but running yet again did not seem wise. However, she could not bring herself to return to the room either. Anne stared at her own reflection through the mirror and saw her own reddened face and teary eyes.

After using the toilet and washing her face with cold water, she realized that she was drunk.

She left the bathroom and saw the bench outside, so she decided to rest for a while before returning to the room to avoid drinking.

She sat down on the bench and dazedly fell to her

side, slowly drifting off to sleep. Her curves were exposed from the tight dress and white shirt she was wearing, completely unaware of how seductive she looked.

Anne lost all sense of time but at one point felt someone touching her on the face. Thinking it was one of her children, she grabbed the hand and muttered, "Stop that, Charlie..."

Shocked, Anthony narrowed his eyes dangerously, thinking that 'Charlie' was a new man that she was seeing.

Anne shivered instinctively and opened her eyes to look at the man before her dazedly, feeling dizzier when she noticed his shadow looming over her.

"An...Anthony?" She got up slowly. "What were you doing to me? Are you a pervert or something? Can't you just leave me alone when I'm drunk?"