

Chapter 2: Wasted

Rosalind did nothing and only gazed at some random spots on the table with an empty look. The server who had brought her coffee approached her.

“Miss, sorry, but we’re about to close. Do you want more coffee or do you want to bring the coffee home?”

Rosalind gasped and shook her head. “No, thank you. I’m sorry for staying too long.”

The server smiled and waved her hand. “Not at all, but since you came near our closing time, I’m so sorry to rush you.” He pointed at the earlier cup. “This one is free.”

“But—”

The server even brought her a packed cup of coffee. “Please receive this as our courtesy and apologize. I hope you will come again.”

Rosalind nodded. “Thank you so much.” She took the packed coffee and walked outside of the restaurant.

The chilly wind blew again. Rosalind shuddered and hugged herself. Yet she kept walking in a random direction. She didn’t want to go home. Alone at home would make her cry all night.

Five years! She wasted five years for someone who didn’t even have a nerve to tell her he didn’t want her anymore.

How long? Her mind kept repeating the same question. How long had Jeremy been cheating on her? How long had she wasted her life trying to be better for him?

The reason she worked so hard to pay her online tuition fee was because she wanted to have a better life. However, the real reason for that was because she wanted Jeremy’s family to accept her well. She wanted Jeremy to be proud of her, but more than that, she was desperate to feel equal to him.

For five years, she had met with Bianca Da Costa, Jeremy’s mother. Bianca was nice to her, but she knew Bianca also expected Jeremy to have a more accomplished woman to be his wife. Rosalind wanted to prove herself to Bianca that she deserved to be with Jeremy. But then, reality slapped her hard on the face.

She was too numb to think. The weather was too cold, and she couldn’t move farther. Her foot brought her to a bar, so she entered the place. It wasn’t packed. Maybe it was because most people would prefer to curl on the bed with thick blankets.

Sitting on a black stool and putting the packed coffee and her handbag on the table, Rosalind nodded at the bartender. “Tequila, please?”

“On the way, dear.” The bartender worked quickly, and soon, he served a glass of tequila to Rosalind. “Here you go.”

Rosalind sipped it a little, feeling her mouth and throat became warmer instantly. She gulped the rest and choked.

The bartender shook his head and chuckled. “It’s not how you should drink it, sweetheart.” Then he stared at Rosalind for a few seconds. “A bad night, huh?”

“Tell me about it.” Rosalind closed her eyes, but her tears threatened to come to the surface. It was too hurtful. After everything she had done, it was useless. Instead of happiness, she only got heart broken. She took a deep breath and opened her eyes, as she didn’t want to cry in a public place. “Another glass, please?”

The bartender nodded. After serving another glass, he said, “Dear, you can let it out. I’ll listen.”

Later, Rosalind told the bartender what had happened. She ended it with, “I just feel like a loser, you know. Knowing that you have struggled so hard to make yourself better only to know it’s for nothing.”

“I know how it feels. But you will find someone better, girl. He doesn’t deserve you!”

Rosalind only gave a dry smile and lifted a hand. “Thanks! Another glass, please?”

“Sweetheart, you don’t want to get drunk. Trust me.”

However, Rosalind shook her head and sobbed. “I have never been drunk before. There’s always a first time for everything, right?”

“He isn’t worth your tears! Get a better man and flaunt it before him! It will be a better way to pay back for what he has done rather than getting yourself drunk and ruining yourself.”

She said nothing. The hurt was too much, and she couldn’t bear it. “Another glass, please? I need it.” Then she closed her eyes, and tears trickled from the corner of her eyes. “I want to get drunk, only this time” Rosalind clenched her fist and punched her chest a little with the top of her fist. “It’s too hurtful I don’t want to feel anything at all” She sobbed and shook her head.

The bartender could only sigh and gave her another glass of tequila. Rosalind gulped it in a move.

“More!”

“Hey, you must stop!”

Rosalind held her head with both hands. “No! I need it.”

“Girl, you have been drunk. It’s time for you to go home.”

“Gi-give me that I need it Te-tequila.” Then she laughed aloud. “Ah, my new friend. Tequila.” She started singing. “Tequila, tequila, tequila.”

Then a man sat next to Rosalind and nodded to the bartender. “Give her another glass. I’ll pay for everything and bring her home later.” He smiled a little, showing a dimple on his left cheek.

The bartender gasped as he recognized the man as he already saw the man’s picture everywhere. With brown hair and eyes and moderate brown skin, the man was quite attractive. The bartender nodded and rushed to pour another glass of tequila for Rosalind. “Yes, sir. Whatever you said.”

“Good man,” the man said.

She took the glass of tequila before her with an unsteady hand. The man beside her held the glass for her and brought the glass to her lips.

“Sip it, baby.”

Rosalind nodded and sipped the tequila. She smiled at the man, though she couldn’t see the man clearly since her vision started blurry. “T-thank you!”

“You are welcome.”

After finishing her fourth glass of tequila, Rosalind closed her eyes and bent her head forward on the table. She fell asleep afterward.

The man stood and whispered in Rosalind’s ear, “Baby, can you walk?” Rosalind didn’t answer, so the man could only shake his head. He reached for his wallet and pulled three pieces of \$100. Next, he put the money on the table. “I’ll bring her home. Keep the change.”

The bartender beamed to see so much money the man gave him. “Yes, sir.”

The man took his phone and called his driver. “Luca, I’ll go home now. Wait at the front door.”

“Right away, boss.”

Later, the man scooped Rosalind and brought her to the door as if he were carrying his bride. The bartender rushed to the door and opened it for the man.

“Sir ... uh, I don’t mean to be nosy, but the girl is our customer too. Do you know her?”

“Yes, of course. She is my future wife,” the man said lightly.

The bartender gasped. “Oh! But she was drunk because of—”

“What she told you is another man who doesn’t deserve her. Not me.” Then the man gazed at the bartender right in his eye. “I’ll take care of her. That’s the only thing you need to know.”