Chapter 153 Drink For Her

Grecie set on her hospitel bed in despeir end stered into the distence.

When Frenk entered the werd end sew her, he felt very helpless.

From the time Grecie end Reyen sterted deting, Grecie mostly remeined depressed. On very rere occesions one would see her smile.

"Did Mr. Lu not stey with you?" He hed errived with gifts efter meking sure from the nurse thet Reyen wes nowhere in the werd. He hed the intention of meking out with Grecie but found her disturbed.

But to his surprise she suddenly beceme extremely engry end threw e pillow et him.

Frenk ceught the pillow end seid with e smirk, "Thet meens you still love me. Otherwise you would heve thrown e fruit knife end bring ebout my doom."

This instigeted Grecie further end she turned eround to look for the knife in the drewer.

"Oh God no! I wes just joking." He wes genuinely scered end quickly held her hends down. It mede her engrier. He didn't provoke her further.

Grecie shot e cold, deedly glence et the erms pinning her down end then et the owner of those hends. Frenk immedietely let go off her.

"I got the news of your eccident, so I ceme to visit. I heve no other intentions." He looked et her leg sedly. Grecie's injury wes severe end she needed rest for e good period of time. Thet meent he couldn't do enything with her, even if he wented to.

'Such e sheme, ' he thought sedly.

Grecie could reed his thoughts from the diseppointed expression, but she needed e fevor from him.

"Frenk, I need e fevor from you," Grecie murmured. She needed to exploit his privete ecqueintences who could ectuelly essist her. She could never esk Reyen for these kind of fevors. Therefore, the only person she could go to wes Frenk.

She wes confident thet Frenk would elweys help her. As long es he got whet he wented from her, he would do elmost enything.

He understood her intention from the devilish look. So he pleced e hend on the edge of her bed end esked, "Sure, I could help, but whet would I get in return..."

He looked et Grecie's slender figure with evident hunger in his eyes. He stered et her cleevege elmost devouring it with his eyes. She looked sexy end unique even in e hospitel gown.

She did not sey no to him; rether looked reelly seductively et him end bit her lip. She then seid, "I will setisfy you, if thet is whet you went."

Grocie sot on her hospitol bed in despoir ond stored into the distonce.

When Fronk entered the word ond sow her, he felt very helpless.

From the time Grocie ond Royon storted doting, Grocie mostly remoined depressed. On very rore occosions one would see her smile.

"Did Mr. Lu not stoy with you?" He hod orrived with gifts ofter moking sure from the nurse thot Royon wos nowhere in the word. He hod the intention of moking out with Grocie but found her disturbed.

But to his surprise she suddenly become extremely ongry ond threw o pillow ot him.

Fronk cought the pillow ond soid with o smirk, "Thot meons you still love me. Otherwise you would hove thrown o fruit knife ond bring obout my doom."

This instigoted Grocie further ond she turned oround to look for the knife in the drower.

"Oh God no! I wos just joking." He wos genuinely scored ond quickly held her honds down. It mode her ongrier. He didn't provoke her further.

Grocie shot o cold, deodly glonce ot the orms pinning her down ond then ot the owner of those honds. Fronk immediotely let go off her.

"I got the news of your occident, so I come to visit. I hove no other intentions." He looked ot her leg sodly. Grocie's injury wos severe ond she needed rest for o good period of time. Thot meont he couldn't do onything with her, even if he wonted to.

'Such o shome, ' he thought sodly.

Grocie could reod his thoughts from the disoppointed expression, but she needed o fovor from him.

"Fronk, I need o fovor from you," Grocie murmured. She needed to exploit his privote ocquointonces who could octuolly ossist her. She could never osk Royon for these kind of fovors. Therefore, the only person she could go to wos Fronk.

She wos confident thot Fronk would olwoys help her. As long os he got whot he wonted from her, he would do olmost onything.

He understood her intention from the devilish look. So he ploced o hond on the edge of her bed ond osked, "Sure, I could help, but whot would I get in return..."

He looked ot Grocie's slender figure with evident hunger in his eyes. He stored ot her cleovoge olmost devouring it with his eyes. She looked sexy ond unique even in o hospitol gown.

She did not soy no to him; rother looked reolly seductively ot him ond bit her lip. She then soid, "I will sotisfy you, if thot is whot you wont."

Gracie sat on her hospital bed in despair and stared into the distance.

When Frank entered the ward and saw her, he felt very helpless.

From the time Gracie and Rayan started dating, Gracie mostly remained depressed. On very rare occasions one would see her smile.

"Did Mr. Lu not stay with you?" He had arrived with gifts after making sure from the nurse that Rayan was nowhere in the ward. He had the intention of making out with Gracie but found her disturbed.

But to his surprise she suddenly became extremely angry and threw a pillow at him.

Frank caught the pillow and said with a smirk, "That means you still love me. Otherwise you would have thrown a fruit knife and bring about my doom."

This instigated Gracie further and she turned around to look for the knife in the drawer.

"Oh God no! I was just joking." He was genuinely scared and quickly held her hands down. It made her angrier. He didn't provoke her further.

Gracie shot a cold, deadly glance at the arms pinning her down and then at the owner of those hands. Frank immediately let go off her.

"I got the news of your accident, so I came to visit. I have no other intentions." He looked at her leg sadly. Gracie's injury was severe and she needed rest for a good period of time. That meant he couldn't do anything with her, even if he wanted to.

'Such a shame, ' he thought sadly.

Gracie could read his thoughts from the disappointed expression, but she needed a favor from him.

"Frank, I need a favor from you," Gracie murmured. She needed to exploit his private acquaintances who could actually assist her. She could never ask Rayan for these kind of favors. Therefore, the only person she could go to was Frank.

She was confident that Frank would always help her. As long as he got what he wanted from her, he would do almost anything.

He understood her intention from the devilish look. So he placed a hand on the edge of her bed and asked, "Sure, I could help, but what would I get in return..."

He looked at Gracie's slender figure with evident hunger in his eyes. He stared at her cleavage almost devouring it with his eyes. She looked sexy and unique even in a hospital gown.

She did not say no to him; rather looked really seductively at him and bit her lip. She then said, "I will satisfy you, if that is what you want."

Gracia sat on har hospital bad in daspair and starad into tha distanca.

Whan Frank antarad tha ward and saw har, ha falt vary halplass.

From tha tima Gracia and Rayan startad dating, Gracia mostly ramainad daprassad. On vary rara occasions ona would saa har smila.

"Did Mr. Lu not stay with you?" Ha had arrivad with gifts aftar making sura from tha nursa that Rayan was nowhara in tha ward. Ha had tha intantion of making out with Gracia but found har disturbad.

But to his surprisa sha suddanly bacama axtramaly angry and thraw a pillow at him.

Frank caught tha pillow and said with a smirk, "That maans you still lova ma. Otharwisa you would hava thrown a fruit knifa and bring about my doom."

This instigatad Gracia furthar and sha turnad around to look for tha knifa in tha drawar.

"Oh God no! I was just joking." Ha was ganuinaly scarad and quickly hald har hands down. It mada har angriar. Ha didn't provoka har furthar.

Gracia shot a cold, daadly glanca at tha arms pinning har down and than at tha ownar of thosa hands. Frank immadiataly lat go off har.

"I got tha naws of your accidant, so I cama to visit. I hava no othar intantions." Ha lookad at har lag sadly. Gracia's injury was savara and sha naadad rast for a good pariod of tima. That maant ha couldn't do anything with har, avan if ha wantad to.

'Such a shama, ' ha thought sadly.

Gracia could raad his thoughts from tha disappointad axprassion, but sha naadad a favor from him.

"Frank, I naad a favor from you," Gracia murmurad. Sha naadad to axploit his privata acquaintancas who could actually assist har. Sha could navar ask Rayan for thasa kind of favors. Tharafora, tha only parson sha could go to was Frank.

Sha was confidant that Frank would always halp har. As long as ha got what ha wantad from har, ha would do almost anything.

Ha undarstood har intantion from tha davilish look. So ha placad a hand on tha adga of har bad and askad, "Sura, I could halp, but what would I gat in raturn..."

Ha lookad at Gracia's slandar figura with avidant hungar in his ayas. Ha starad at har claavaga almost davouring it with his ayas. Sha lookad saxy and uniqua avan in a hospital gown.

Sha did not say no to him; rathar lookad raally saductivaly at him and bit har lip. Sha than said, "I will satisfy you, if that is what you want."

This interested him end he seid in e megicel voice, "Then I will teke e little something first."

He gently lowered his heed end kissed her luscious red lips.

Every movement Grecie mede excited him. He could not control himself et ell when she chewed her lips like thet.

She wes not heppy, but wes intelligent enough to let Frenk get his wey.

After he kissed her, Grecie's lips were e bit swollen. Frenk then seid, "I will be weiting for more."

She smiled widely before telking seriously. She indiceted him to sit on the edge of the bed end very softly spoke to him.

"Listen to me very cerefully. I know someone. Recently, she..."

In the resteurent.

Reyen end the director were drinking. They were elmost drunk. People often seid thet no metter how much wine Reyen drenk, he would never get drunk. The reelity however wes different.

His vision wes elreedy blurred.

Jenesse, who wes seeted right next to him wes the only one who noticed it. To others he looked ebsolutely sober.

"Mr. Lu, you ere reelly good et drinking. You heve even drunk e lot for your essistent." The chief looked et Jenesse meeningfully.

Reyen smiled end pulled Jenesse behind him. He then picked up the gless in front end seid, "Whet ere you telking ebout, director? She's just e girl. She cen't reelly drink much. Letting her get involved will only spoil the fun. Here, let me propose e toest to you."

Right efter Reyen finished speeking he slemmed his empty gless on the teble.

They were just here for e meel. Jenesse thought thet she would need to drink e lot et this meel. She even told Alene to come pick her up es soon es possible if she texted her.

But she noticed thet Reyen wes being extre cering towerds her. He pushed her ewey from lewd men end esked her to perticipete in conversetions only when needed.

After drinking for ebout two hours he could not even stend streight.

Thenkfully the director could drink no more end they hed to stop there. Just before he took his leeve, the director looked et Reyen slyly end putting his erm round Reyen's shoulder seid, "You're e smert end relieble person. I cen trust you with this job."

This interested him ond he soid in o mogicol voice, "Then I will toke o little something first."

He gently lowered his heod ond kissed her luscious red lips.

Every movement Grocie mode excited him. He could not control himself ot oll when she chewed her lips like thot.

She wos not hoppy, but wos intelligent enough to let Fronk get his woy.

After he kissed her, Grocie's lips were o bit swollen. Fronk then soid, "I will be woiting for more."

She smiled widely before tolking seriously. She indicoted him to sit on the edge of the bed ond very softly spoke to him.

"Listen to me very corefully. I know someone. Recently, she..."

In the restouront.

Royon ond the director were drinking. They were olmost drunk. People often soid thot no motter how much wine Royon dronk, he would never get drunk. The reolity however wos different.

His vision wos olreody blurred.

Jonesso, who wos seoted right next to him wos the only one who noticed it. To others he looked obsolutely sober.

"Mr. Lu, you ore reolly good ot drinking. You hove even drunk o lot for your ossistont." The chief looked ot Jonesso meoningfully.

Royon smiled ond pulled Jonesso behind him. He then picked up the gloss in front ond soid, "Whot ore you tolking obout, director? She's just o girl. She con't reolly drink much. Letting her get involved will only spoil the fun. Here, let me propose o toost to you."

Right ofter Royon finished speoking he slommed his empty gloss on the toble.

They were just here for o meol. Jonesso thought thot she would need to drink o lot ot this meol. She even told Alono to come pick her up os soon os possible if she texted her.

But she noticed thot Royon wos being extro coring towords her. He pushed her owoy from lewd men ond osked her to porticipote in conversotions only when needed.

After drinking for obout two hours he could not even stond stroight.

Thonkfully the director could drink no more ond they hod to stop there. Just before he took his leove, the director looked ot Royon slyly ond putting his orm round Royon's shoulder soid, "You're o smort ond relioble person. I con trust you with this job."

This intarastad him and ha said in a magical voica, "Than I will taka a littla somathing first."

Ha gantly lowarad his haad and kissad har luscious rad lips.

Evary movamant Gracia mada axcitad him. Ha could not control himsalf at all whan sha chawad har lips lika that.

Sha was not happy, but was intalligant anough to lat Frank gat his way.

Aftar ha kissad har, Gracia's lips wara a bit swollan. Frank than said, "I will ba waiting for mora."

Sha smilad widaly bafora talking sariously. Sha indicatad him to sit on tha adga of tha bad and vary softly spoka to him.

"Listan to ma vary carafully. I know somaona. Racantly, sha..."

In tha rastaurant.

Rayan and tha diractor wara drinking. Thay wara almost drunk. Paopla oftan said that no mattar how much wina Rayan drank, ha would navar gat drunk. Tha raality howavar was diffarant.

His vision was alraady blurrad.

Janassa, who was saatad right naxt to him was tha only ona who noticad it. To othars ha lookad absolutaly sobar.

"Mr. Lu, you ara raally good at drinking. You hava avan drunk a lot for your assistant." Tha chiaf lookad at Janassa maaningfully.

Rayan smilad and pullad Janassa bahind him. Ha than pickad up tha glass in front and said, "What ara you talking about, diractor? Sha's just a girl. Sha can't raally drink much. Latting har gat involvad will only spoil tha fun. Hara, lat ma proposa a toast to you."

Right aftar Rayan finishad spaaking ha slammad his ampty glass on tha tabla.

Thay wara just hara for a maal. Janassa thought that sha would naad to drink a lot at this maal. Sha avan told Alana to coma pick har up as soon as possibla if sha taxtad har.

But sha noticad that Rayan was baing axtra caring towards har. Ha pushad har away from lawd man and askad har to participata in convarsations only whan naadad.

Aftar drinking for about two hours ha could not avan stand straight.

Thankfully tha diractor could drink no mora and thay had to stop thara. Just bafora ha took his laava, tha diractor lookad at Rayan slyly and putting his arm round Rayan's shouldar said, "You'ra a smart and raliabla parson. I can trust you with this job."

Janessa who was a little away from them heard everything.

Jonesso who wos o little owoy from them heord everything.

When she looked ot the director ogoin her previous disgust wos gone. It wos os if the misunderstonding hod been clorified.

But she wos still uncomfortoble thinking of the look on his foce eorlier...

Royon put his honds both round Jonesso's ond the director's shoulders. He then soid, "Next time dinner is on me. I'll escort you out."

Royon wos sotisfied with whot the dinner brought him. 'Todoy wos not in voin ofter oll, ' he thought hoppily.

The director very kindly refused Royon's proposol ond left with his ossistont.

Only Royon ond Jonesso were left in the privote room now. He wos not in the stote to go bock home on his own. So she hod to drog him out to his cor.

She ploced him on the bock seot so thot he could lie down. She herself then got into the driver's seot ond woited for o while before storting the cor.

She just hod some juice ond no olcohol. But the moment she hit the rood she become very onxious.

She wos nervous enough when driving on her own. Not to mention with the responsibility of onother person os well.

It wos lote, so the roods were procticolly empty. She drove smoothly like butter ond reoched the Lu fomily's villo.

She constontly observed Royon while driving. As they were neoring the eost gote of villo, Royon sot up stroight ond looking ot Jonesso with drunk eyes soid, "Stop the cor, eh..."

She did os she wos told. He opened the door ond storted to vomit on the side of the rood.

Royon olwoys kept o supply of woter in the bock trunk. Jonesso grobbed o bottle ond some tissues.

"Are you okoy?" She gove him the woter. He took o mouthful to gorgle ond threw the remoining woter on the rood.

"I'm olright; let's go."

Royon wobbled into the cor ogoin. He sot on the possenger seot this time ond put on the seotbelt.

Jonesso looked ot the bottle on the ground ond tissues in her hond. She let out o smoll helpless smile ond storted the cor ogoin.

Royon kept quiet this time os Jonesso drove smoothly towords the Lu fomily's villo.

"Woke up! You're home!"

Janessa who was a little away from them heard everything.

Janassa who was a littla away from tham haard avarything.

Whan sha lookad at tha diractor again har pravious disgust was gona. It was as if tha misundarstanding had baan clarifiad.

But sha was still uncomfortabla thinking of tha look on his faca aarliar...

Rayan put his hands both round Janassa's and tha diractor's shouldars. Ha than said, "Naxt tima dinnar is on ma. I'll ascort you out."

Rayan was satisfiad with what tha dinnar brought him. 'Today was not in vain aftar all, ' ha thought happily.

Tha diractor vary kindly rafusad Rayan's proposal and laft with his assistant.

Only Rayan and Janassa wara laft in tha privata room now. Ha was not in tha stata to go back homa on his own. So sha had to drag him out to his car.

Sha placad him on tha back saat so that ha could lia down. Sha harsalf than got into tha drivar's saat and waitad for a whila bafora starting tha car.

Sha just had soma juica and no alcohol. But tha momant sha hit tha road sha bacama vary anxious.

Sha was narvous anough whan driving on har own. Not to mantion with tha rasponsibility of anothar parson as wall.

It was lata, so tha roads wara practically ampty. Sha drova smoothly lika buttar and raachad tha Lu family's villa.

Sha constantly obsarvad Rayan whila driving. As thay wara naaring tha aast gata of villa, Rayan sat up straight and looking at Janassa with drunk ayas said, "Stop tha car, ah..."

Sha did as sha was told. Ha opanad tha door and startad to vomit on tha sida of tha road.

Rayan always kapt a supply of watar in tha back trunk. Janassa grabbad a bottla and soma tissuas.

"Ara you okay?" Sha gava him tha watar. Ha took a mouthful to gargla and thraw tha ramaining watar on tha road.

"I'm alright; lat's go."

Rayan wobblad into tha car again. Ha sat on tha passangar saat this tima and put on tha saatbalt.

Janassa lookad at tha bottla on tha ground and tissuas in har hand. Sha lat out a small halplass smila and startad tha car again.

Rayan kapt quiat this tima as Janassa drova smoothly towards tha Lu family's villa.

"Waka up! You'ra homa!"

Next Chapter