

Chapter 16

Glancing at the time, it was already past two o'clock in the morning.

Didn't he get off work with Jessica?

How did he end up going drinking with Tom and the others? According to Tom, Jessica wasn't even there.

I tried to call again, but his phone was already turned off. It had probably run out of battery.

I had no choice but to get changed and head out. I took a taxi to their usual gathering place, a private club. 1

When I arrived, most people had already dispersed.

In the private room, only Tom and Jack remained.

There was Ryan, dressed in a designer suit, his long legs crossed, sleeping soundly on the couch.

As soon as Tom saw me, he looked helpless. "Charlotte, I don't know what's gotten into Ryan today. He kept drinking with Jack, and we couldn't stop him."

I could vaguely guess why.

He still stubbornly believed that there was something between Jack and me.

Perhaps all men were like this. They could do as they pleased, but would never tolerate even the slightest possibility of their wives betraying them.

Even if this possibility was nothing but baseless suspicion.

I apologized to Jack, who sat elegantly beside us. "Jack, are you okay? I brought some water. Do you want some?"

He had probably been forced to drink quite a bit and was in a little bit of a daze.

"Okay."

Jack regained some consciousness, looking up at me with flushed cheeks and bright eyes. He was like a primary school student waiting for candy.

I passed him a bottle of water. "I'm really sorry for causing you to be like this."

"Don't even get me started. He didn't know what he was doing. Ryan kept pouring drinks for him, and even though we tried to stop him, he just drank everything in one go!" Tom complained. Before I could say anything, he handed me the car keys. "Can you drive?"

"Yeah."

I walked over to Ryan, ignoring the smell of alcohol, and tapped his face gently. "Ryan, wake up. Let's go home."

Ryan furrowed his brows, irritatedly opened his eyes, and when he saw me, he suddenly smiled foolishly, "Honey."

As he spoke, he even grabbed my hand.

His hands were dry and cold.

Tom laughed even more foolishly, feeling quite proud of himself. "Charlotte, you see, it was a good thing I didn't call Jessica. Otherwise, she would have been furious."

In the corner, Jack remained silent, his head was slightly lowered. 1

I wanted to pull my hand away, but the drunken man had more stubbornness than when he was sober. I couldn't move him at all.

I had no choice but to let it be.

After helping him into the car, I turned to deal with Jack, who was also drunk.

As I sat in the car, the first thing I did was roll down the window.

I used to not mind the smell of alcohol, but today, I couldn't help but feel nauseous smelling it. 1

The roads were clear at this hour.

I had been woken up in the middle of the night, and coupled with the events of the day, I was burning with anger. I suddenly stepped on the accelerator and brakes a few times.

Ryan seemed to dislike the bumps, muttering irritably, "Gary, slow down!"

"No way." The words slipped out of my mouth.

"Ugh..."

"Don't throw up." I instantly felt goosebumps all over my body.


"Ugh..."

"Swallow it!" 1

I was so annoyed. Since I was little, I had always been afraid of seeing

people throw up and couldn't stand the sound. Now that I was pregnant, I disliked it even more.

Without a doubt, if he threw up, I would immediately throw up as well.

"Hiccup..." 

After hearing him burp and quiet down, I was finally able to relax.



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