

Chapter 11 : The drunk wife

Ivanna

"Come inside," his eyes burning at me.

"I want to meet my dad. It's been more than a week since I talked to him. Why didn't let him in?" I bark, almost sobbing. Despite staying away from Dallas I used to be continuously in contact with dad and this is the first time I have had no contact with him.

"Get inside, Iv. I won't repeat," his voice is harsh and I fucking don't care.

"He's my dad," my voice breaks.

"And you may not forget the rules in the contract. Huh?"

"What about you? You always break the rules and keep touching me," I snap, glaring at my hand which he's still not leaving.

"Because I'm bad, right? You're a good girl. You shouldn't do the same as I do," he whispers near my face as my eyes fill. I don't know what to think about this man. He's so damn confusing, weird and heck! Whatever he is, I hate him.

"I hate you," I bark in tears and jerk my hand from his grip, rushing back inside the hall.

Christian

I purse my lips, letting out a deep sigh and staring at her rush inside.

"Is everything alright?" Kane appears from somewhere after witnessing the entire thing.

"Hmm. Just make sure he doesn't roam around the villa again," I shrug and look over, wriggling my eyebrows.

I can see Ivanna inside, grabbing a drink from the waiter. He has crossed her path abruptly. Her body language says that she's on the peak of outrage as she gulps the entire shot.

"Dammit!" I gasp under my breath. "Who told you to arrange drinks here"

"Are you okay? Don't we arrange it for every function?" Kane exclaims when I notice Ivanna properly.

"This time we should not," I rush inside towards her when she walks up to the counter and grabs another shot.

This girl has gone mad for sure.

"The whole tray," she shouts at the server. "Are you deaf?"

And her voice says she's almost drunk with just two shots. She can't handle much. The server looks behind at me nervously as I shake my head, glaring at him.

"What? Whom are you looking at?" She screams again. "Give me the damn tray or else I will slam these glasses on your head"

The poor server looks terrified.

"Ivanna!" I grumble, gripping her arm and pulling her back at me. With her simmering eyes, she shoots me a glare. "What are you doing? Leave this"

I snatch the empty glass and bang it aside.

"Leave me," she struggles to get away. "I want it"

"How much do you want to drink, huh? You can't even handle two shots. Now, stop throwing tantrums and shut your damn mouth," I tighten my grip around her fair delicate arm which I don't want to.

I don't intend to hold her even a bit rough because she just feels like a smooth doll.

"Leave me," she rants, punching on my chest as I find Colton along with his men trying to come. I glare at them not to come over there.

They aren't used to seeing this. Even if anyone tries to come near me, they are always ready to tackle the situation.

"Ivanna, stop screaming for God's sake," I look around. Thankfully, the hall is big enough for the guests not to spot us. Colton has already vacated the drinks area as soon as Ivanna came up.

"Why? Are you scared that they'll see us? And your fucking reputation will be doomed? That's what I'll do. I'll show you

"I'm not a good girl at all. I'll ruin you, you brute," she is uncontrollable.

Having no other choice, I hold her tightly and carry her in my arms. My eyes dart on her rosy face. Even when she's drunk, she looks beautiful. Is this girl ever going to look less beautiful?

She keeps throwing her legs and hands as the guards surround us, the lights are deemed and the music system buzzes aloud. Kane may have done all the arrangements so I can move back to the room with her.

I carry her near the room and ask the guards to leave as she keeps screaming at the top of her lungs.

"I'll ruin you. I'll scream in front of your stupid guests and media. I'll tell them how you married me. I'll break all the stupid rules. You'll see how bad I am, you stupid jerk"

My lips twitch into a smile at her.

"What?" She halts, her lips shivering as she stares at me with her hefty eyes.

"You're cute," I giggle.

Her cheeks rise and she starts punching me again.

"Don't flatter me. I'm not gonna stop. I'll scream," she yelps as her drowsy eyes almost close shut.

"You need to relax now," I say in a calm voice and throw her

on the bed.

Her eyes get completely shut now as she mumbles something that I can't even understand. She squirms on the bed cutely.

Everything she does is cute!

I can't stop staring at the beauty in front of me.

Christian, you need to stop now. I tell myself. Staring at her like this isn't gonna end well for me since I'll have to control myself. I turn off the lights, keeping the blue lights on at the corner and lean towards her. My face is just an inch apart from her when I pull the blanket over her.

As I strive to go, her gentle palm rolls around my arm as she pulls me on the bed, closer to her. I can see her pretty eyes opening half as she looks intensely at me.

"You're here?" She mutters in a tipsy tone.

"Yeah," I say, lost in her completely.

"Where have you been, huh?" She complains, pouting. "You know how much I missed you"

I realise she's not talking to me. I can't reply, just stare at her.

"I'm sorry. I broke my promise. I didn't wait for you," her voice comes out as a sob as she comes closer to me. My heart starts beating faster as her warm breath hits me. "But I didn't want to. You know that stupid rich CEO. He left no

choice for me," she grumbles. "I hate him" 1

I don't know why I can't find the hate in her words. It makes me smile warmer as I deep my finger in her deep silky hair.

She hums with my touch while ranting and complaining about me to me.

My phone buzzes but I ignore it for a few times, then pick it up.

"Christian, the guests are looking for you. And Mr Hudson also wants to talk about the latest deal," Kane says.

"I'm not coming. Attend them and say that I'll focus on this tomorrow," I tell him.

"What?" He blurts out but I cut the call and toss the phone aside.

"Hey, tell me you'll take me with you, no?" She grabs my collar, pulling me closer as my body brushes with her.

Lord! This girl is so damn irresistible. I want to touch her so bad, so fucking bad. I wish she weren't drunk. It'll be the height of pervert ness if I do something when she's drunk.

"Tell me," her voice melts in her mouth.

"Yes"

"When?"

"Soon," I tell her.

"Take me now, no?"

"What if your stupid rich brat husband catches us?" I chuckle at her.

"I'll hit his head and tie him with this bed and we'll run away," she blurts out, making me chuckle even wider. She's literally making a plan against me with me. 1

"Why are you smiling? Won't you do it?"

"Yes, I will," I caress her hair.

Making me shiver, she buries herself completely into my arms. My entire body heats up with her existence.

"I love you," she mutters.

My voice doesn't support me as I try my best to speak, spiralling my arms around her tiny torso. She's so warm and smooth that it relaxes me when I hug her tightly, closing my eyes.

"Tell me you love me," she murmurs.

"I love you," I whisper, looking at her drowsy face. She closes her eyes and I can't help landing my lips on her temple.

Ivanna

With the morning sun rays brushing my skin, I squirm on the bed and open my eyes while yawning. My eyes roll around

and then next to me. As usual, I can't find Christian on the bed. He leaves early in the morning.

My head throbs as I grab it tightly. Why am I having a headache early in the morning? I sense myself in the same gown. Didn't I change last night?

Something hits my head as I cover my mouth in tremor. I was drunk last night and then—

I recall every single thing that happened since I wasn't wasted completely.

That conversation, that hug, and that— I said 'I love you' to him? I assumed him my—

Oh, God! No!

I cover my face in embarrassment and frustration for giving so much scope to him. I don't remember what happened after that. Did he— did he screw me? I can't trust him. He can do anything. He just needs a damn chance.

I grab my phone immediately and dial his number only to hear his stupid secretary. Who the hell is she to carry his phone all the time?

"Good morning, ma'am," Nicole says from the other end. 1

"Where's that alien?" I scream.

"Sorry?"

"Christian. Where's he? I need to talk," I groan.

"Sir is in a meeting. Can you please call him an hour later?"

"To the heck of his meeting. Give him the damn phone now. Or else, I'll come there to have my own meeting with him," I shrug.

"Yes— yes, ma'am," her voice shivers.

Five minutes later, I can hear Christian's voice.

"What's wrong with you early in the morning?" He shrugs.

"What happened last night? Did you do something? I don't remember so you better be honest and tell me what the heck have you done? I need to take dang contraceptive pills if you have done something. I don't want any risk" I yell in a breath.

"First of all, you don't need to scream, okay? I'm hearing you," he says in a calm tone.


Obviously, he's calm but I need to panic. I'm scared as hell.

"Are your clothes on?" He groans as I look down at myself. I'm dressed like last night.

"Ye— yeah," I mumble.


"Then how the hell on this earth I can screw you with your clothes on, stupid woman?" He hisses and I feel like dumb now.

My voice dissolves inside my stomach as I stammer to

 +15 BONUS

speak.

"And I'm not an asshole to bang a drunk woman. I can do that when you're completely in the sense. So, stop making me feel like a coward and keep your assumptions to yourself," he cuts the call, leaving me dumbfounded.

What does he mean? He thinks I'll be flattered by him and let him do it. Such an arrogant monster. 

But now I'm more concerned about my family. The way Christian behaved with dad last night is still fresh in my memory. I can't forget it, nor can I forgive Christian for being a jerk to my family.

I'll always hate him.

 Comments

 Vote (6.5k) 