

REBORN, REAWAKENED, REKINDLED

Chapter 9

Chapter 9 I was taken aback. Did Stella really hire some prostitutes to hang out with us? Drunk as a skunk, I moved closer to one of the men, "Guess we'll see if I can tolerate loneliness." After saying that, I turned and walked away. I wasn't really into these kinds of men, especially those who seemed to have ulterior motives. Stella was not far behind me, doing who knows what. When she saw me walking towards her, she immediately ran back to her original spot. "I can't hold my booze. I need to go home and sleep." I held my head, feeling a bit woozy. If I got drunk, my mom would give me an earful. "I need to go too, have to work tomorrow, ugh." Alicia also got up, clearly not a fan of her job. Stella pouted, "It's still early, and you're all leaving. It's no fun if I'm here alone. Fine, off we go!" She paid the bill, waved goodbye to the hot guys, and the three of us left. We each called a driver and prepared to leave. Stella, grinning like a Cheshire cat, said, "Rena, do you think Neil will be jealous seeing you out drinking with hot guys?" "Don't mention him, he's bad news." I was already in the car, waving at Stella. "Bye-bye!" She seemed inexplicably cheery as she drove off in her BMW. I told Bailey to start the car and closed my eyes to rest in the backseat. Near home, a sudden brake jolted me awake. I jumped, "Bailey, what the hell are you doing?" "Ma'am, it seems to be Mr. Whitmore's car." Bailey pointed to the Bugatti parked across the road.

Why was Neil on my way home? I rubbed my temples and prepared to get out of the car, "Okay, Bailey, you take my car home. It's late." "Alright." Bailey, a good driver, quickly turned the car around and left. It was just a five-minute walk to my house from here. I by passed the Bugatti and prepared to walk home. Neil got out of his car and stood in front of me. He looked furious, his

eyes burning with anger. "Explain this!" Neil opened Instagram and showed me a photo. It was a picture of me teasing a man outside the bar's restroom. In the photo, I was walking toward the

man, looking very intimate. Upon closer inspection, the photo was posted by Stella. She even captioned it, [There are plenty of fish in the sea. Our Rena can always switch her love interest.] "Pfft!" I couldn't help but laugh, "She does have a point." "Irene!" Neil called my name, his face icy. "Didn't you say we could do our own thing? Why are you questioning me now?" I retorted. Neil scoffed, "Sure, we can do our own thing, but who said you could broadcast it?" I had almost forgotten, Neil and I had mutual friends, and Stella was one of them. Whatever she posted on social media, Neil's friends would see. If they didn't get along with Neil, they might've taken this opportunity to ridicule him. What man could stand this kind of provocation? Especially a high-ranking man like Neil. No wonder Stella was looking so smug tonight. She wanted to make Neil angry on purpose. "Okay, next time I'll tell Stella and the others not to post it online." I was feeling a bit dizzy and didn't want to argue with Neil. I just wanted to go home and get a good night's sleep. After saying that, I turned to leave, but Neil grabbed my hand. It felt like he was about to crush my hand, there was no cushioning flesh, and I couldn't help but scream in pain, "Ouch..." Then I quickly lowered my head and bit his arm. Neil must have been startled by my sudden reaction. He didn't immediately shake me off but let me continue to bite him. His arm muscles were firm, and it felt good to bite. "Are you crazy?" Neil finally thought to shake me off. He grabbed my neck and pulled me away like a small dog. There was a clear bite mark on his arm, showing my teeth marks. I silently looked at Neil, feeling a surge of pain in my heart. I had liked him for so long, but I had never left a mark on him. But Bonnie had left many hickey marks on his neck, which I had seen several times in my past life. They must have been lovers at that time, in the throes of passion. Leaving a bite mark was a way to make up for my regret. "Neil, you

have no right to question me. The number of women linked to you in gossip exceeds the number of fingers. Shouldn't I care about my dignity? Aren't there people laughing at me behind my

back?" I wiped the corner of my mouth, tasting a faint metallic blood taste. I must have bitten Neil hard enough to draw blood. Neil replied coldly, "Isn't that what you asked for? Did anyone force you to agree to marry me?" Of course not. At that time, if anyone disagreed, I would've even threatened them. I had hoped that time would foster love, believing that one day Neil would be moved by me and would fall in love with me. "Yes, it's my own fault. But people change. I want to be free now, not bound by my own wishful thinking. Is that okay?" I asked him. "No! Neil's answer was still cold. You chose this path, you should bear the consequences." "Neil, believe it or not, do you know that in the near future, you will propose a divorce to me voluntarily. You will hope that I disappear from your world forever?" I suddenly asked. A year was not too long or short, enough for us to gamble. Neil looked at me coldly. "Irene, what kind of daydream are you having?" He was so vengeful, willing to hurt himself just to hurt me I sighed, "Ah, why don't you believe it? Just wait and see, you will definitely let me go in the future. I drank too much tonight, I need to go home and sleep, you should leave too" "You'll go back to Sterling Estates to sleep." Neil, like a hawk capturing a chicken, effortlessly shoved me into his car Did he not want me to go back to my own house? I strongly opposed, 'No, I don't want to go back to Sterling Estates Open the door!' Neil glanced at me, ignoring my objections. The car quickly left my house and headed towards Sterling Estates. I was pissed off, glaring at Neil, "Take me back, I forgot something! "What thing?" he asked, nonchalantly Chapter 9 "My pills." I was really frustrated. I just wanted to take some supplements. Why was it so damn hard? "Do you have some serious illness?" He really sucked at small talk. No wonder so many people wished him bankrupt, especially those who were suffocated by his authority

I chuckled, "I'm not sick. I just think I'm too skinny. I want to improve my digestive system and gain some weight." Something seemed to strike Neil, his already icy face turning even gloomier.