

Chapter 15: A Drunkard

"We are going to sit here all night if I do not have the answers," declared Demetri Frost, his tone firm and unwavering.

As an uneasy silence settled over the conference room, the collective sighs of the team members were drowned out by the weight of their impending task. They had braced themselves for an all-nighter, but with the looming pressure of the Demon's presence, the prospect of returning home seemed increasingly non-existent.

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Demetri Frost wasn't known for his leniency, but his expectations were rooted in a pursuit of excellence that matched his own.

Among the few courageous directors who dared to seek favour, subtle glances were exchanged in the direction of Ian Frost and Seb Frost. Oblivious to the pleading looks of their subordinates, the two men focused intently on the files spread before them. They had no intention of crossing their brother when he looked like that.

Resigned to their fate, the team continued scrutinizing their reports, combing through each detail in search of the elusive mistake. Abruptly, the low vibration of a cell phone echoed through the room, causing startled jolts among the occupants. Eyes darted around, speculation rife as to who among them had dared to bring a phone to the sacred conference room. After all, they would have to bid goodbye to them.

And then, as if in slow motion, the Demon himself made a move, reaching for his phone. A hushed realization swept through the room; it was none other than the Chairman's device. Both Ian and Seb exchanged a look. It was a well-kept secret that only they possessed their brother's private number. So, who was the one calling him?

Straining to catch a glimpse, Ian leaned forward, his eyes widening as he read a single alphabet saved as the contact name. A contact name! Someone other than them also had Demon's number and that person also had their

contact saved? Ian's attempt to glean more information was cut short as Demon swiftly answered the call, his voice a low rumble.

"Hmm?"

Seb and Ian strained their ears, attempting to discern the words of the caller that prompted their brother's already formidable countenance to darken further, his icy demeanour turning glacial.

"I will be there in 10 minutes," he spoke sharply before standing up abruptly.

As the others stared in shocked silence, Demon gave the instructions, "All of you have thirty minutes." And then he was gone.

A ripple spread through the room. Could it be the ex-chairman who had the gusto to call Demon away from the conference room? However, the speculation did not last long. After all, they had been given a thirty-minute reprieve but if they dared to slack, they would be forced to pack.

Ian and Seb on the other hand had no qualms about gossiping about their brother. Ian had already messaged Demetri's driver for updates about the location while Seb had been consulting the Frost Mansion's butler to confirm if their grandfather had summoned Demetri.

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Demetri dismissed the driver and drove to the small bar where Nora was sitting, so out of it that she had no idea where her home was. At least that's what he had been told by the woman who had called him from the bar.

Reaching the neighbourhood, Demetri sighed. At least the girl had chosen a relatively safe place to get drunk and drown her sorrows. As Demetri marched into the private bar, he was immediately spotted by the woman who had contacted him. "Mr Husband?" she said.

"Excuse me?" Demetri asked through clenched teeth. The woman immediately realized her mistake, blushed and apologized, "I am so sorry, sir. I forgot to ask your name, and Miss Nora has your number saved as 'Mr Husband'. We had to move her to a private room. There was a scene involving her... it wasn't her fault, but we thought it prudent to shift her so that

she would be safe. Your wife is too beautiful and alluring. The two men wanted to woo her and fought among themselves. Thankfully, she announced that she was married and the matters did not escalate. I will take you to her now."

Demetri followed the woman quietly, wondering what he was going to do with his rowdy drunk wife who had even caused possibly caused a scene in the bar just because she was sitting there. He should have questioned the attorney if the woman was a slush. Unexpectedly, as the door to the private room was opened, he encountered a beautiful voice singing, "I wish you would love me again. No, I don't want nobody else..."

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The voice seemed to be full of pain, yet there was an ethereal quality to it... It took him a moment to realise that it was his wife who was singing the song. Well, it seemed she was drowning her sorrows about her ex-fiance.

The concierge interrupted the singing softly and spoke, "Miss Nora, someone is here to pick you up."

Nora looked up and squinted as she stood up, swaying on her feet. She questioned, "Who are you?"

Demetri inhaled slowly, reminding himself that the girl was young and too drunk at the moment to understand anything. He spoke patiently, "I am your husband."

Her lips set in a pout, Nora squinted so hard that her eyes were almost closed as she stumbled and came to him, almost falling on him. As Demetri swiftly caught her by the arms, she smiled up at him sleepily and cocked her head, "What a handsome husband. You are much more handsome than my fiance. I am so lucky..." Nora muttered drunkenly as she quickly let go of herself and slumped against Demetri.

With a sigh, Demetri picked her up in a bridal carry and walked out of the private room. With a small shriek at the sudden movement, Nora threw her arms around Demetri and buried her face in his shoulders.