

My Baby's Daddy Is Mr CEO by Kelvin Iwuchukwu Chapter 2

Chapter two

"One more bottle," the already tipsy Arianna ordered. She was feeling drowsy but that didn't bother her.

The young, male bartender looked at her and scratched his head. He had already given her four bottles and yet she was requesting another, the alcohol had already gotten to her.

"Ma'am, are you sure about that? You look pretty drunk to me"

Even though it was his duty to serve drinks here, he kind of hated it when people get too intoxicated, especially when they were young frustrated girls like Arianna.

"Give her what she wants, you are not the one paying for it," a good looking man in black suit instructed the Bartender, he appeared to be drunk too.

The bartender sighed, he could have easily refused this young lady but now that this Mr. is involved, it is impossible, only a fool would go against him.

He quickly got another drink for Arianna which she accepted with her unstable hands.

"Thank you." Arianna smiled and opened the drink almost immediately, she did not care to request for a glass cup.

"Don't thank me; I could see you needed it. But why would a young lady like you be in this state?" He asked, while drinking a bottle of Budweiser.

They were both drunk but he was in a better state of mind than Arianna. She looked up to his face and chuckled, although she was tipsy, she could still notice he had attractive grey eyes, with his black hair styled in a comb over haircut.

"He said... He said it's over. Hahaha," she laughed and covered her mouth with her palm. She was clearly under the effect.

"Oh, he must be pretty foolish then," the young man replied and laughed like a drunkard.

"What about you? You don't look... too good yourself," she asked.

With that, they initiated a conversation which they both knew where it was heading to. Arianna was too drunk right now to care, her boyfriend had left her after all, and there was no wrong in what she was doing.

"So how about we make each other happy? Miss Fleischmann's." he asked with a smirk.

"That wouldn't be a bad idea Mr. Budweiser," she chuckled. She was thirty percent in control of what she said right now, the rest was the voice of alcohol, she had let it arouse strange desires in her body.

"Pay the bills," she spoke in a calm yet cold voice, undefined emotions flaring in her eyes. Thanks to the Vodka she had taken, the stranger didn't need to try hard; his job was already made easy.

The half drunk fellow did not need any more invitation, the message was clear. Quickly he brought out his wallet and paid for their drinks, the next moment he was drawing her by the arm to the hotel opposite the club. This was going to be a very fun night.

Arianna woke up in the morning with a headache, her environment smelled really nice. Just as she was trying to understand where she was and how she got there, she heard the sound of a phone ringing; she looked to her left and saw a white company smart phone that was ringing on top of a bedside table.

Since she was the only one there, she guessed the call was for her; she stretched her hand and took it, making sure that the white blanket covering her did not leave her body.

"Hello, who is this?" She asked, while rubbing the sleep off her eyes.

"Ma'am, this is the receptionist, I wanted to inform you through this wake up alarm call that your current payment for twelve hours has expired, would you like to stay another twelve hours for just a hundred dollars?"

Arianna's eyes widened the moment she heard that and if there was any sleep in them before, they fled immediately.

"No! No!" she objected loudly. Where the fvck would she get that amount of money?

"Okay ma'am, we would be expecting you to check out in the next thirty minutes, thanks for patronizing us."

The receptionist hung up and Arianna dropped the phone with a slack-jaw. How the hell did she end up here? She looked at herself and noticed she was completely naked under the white blanket.

Just then, she remembered the guy from last night. She had a one night stand with a stranger and she doesn't even remember if they used any form of protection. She doesn't even know his name or where he lives, how could she be so reckless?

She found her clothes and handbag lying carelessly on the floor, she picked up her handbag to see if its contents were intact and everything was there.

"Thank goodness that at least, he wasn't a thief," she muttered and sighed.

But how can such a good-looking man be a thief anyway? And even if he was one, what would he steal? A little cell phone and a few bucks. Ha! She was just being silly.

She checked her phone and saw forty missed calls from Rosie. Gosh, her best friend must be so worried about her. She quickly climbed down from the king size bed and got dressed in her red strapless gown.

She always took alcohol whenever she was upset but she never got drunk. This was all Dave's fault, he had ruined her life in one night. Arianna walked out of the room boldly scripted "Room 208."

She was on the third floor and yet she can't remember how she got to that point. She made use of the elevator and checked out with the receptionist downstairs. From the little view she had, the hotel was really beautiful. Mr. Budweiser must be quite rich to bring her here, but he didn't even have the decency to make a proper introduction of himself or at least drop a note before he left. What did he take her for? A slvt? She was really angry right now but she also had herself to blame.

The both of them were adults and he did not force herself on him, her mistake was having too much to drink. Arianna boarded a taxi that would take her home; she lived with her childhood friend Rosie who was also a graduate.

The both of them were still jobless but Rosie earned a few bucks from her boyfriends or man friends as Arianna would call them, that was what they lived on and that made Arianna feel guilty, she needed to find a job fast.

The cab driver got to a bus stop close to her house and she came down, and then walked into the street. It was still difficult to believe that Dave had broken up with her, but it no longer hurt like last night, perhaps the drinks and one night stand was what she really needed.

Arianna arrived at Rosie's apartment and took a deep breath before knocking, she had no doubts that her best friend would be mad at her. Just like she expected, the door opened and she came to face an angry looking Rosie on the inside.

"So... does anyone know how to pick calls anymore?"

She giggled inwards at the way her best friend twists questions. It was ridiculous.

"It's a long story Rosie," she muttered and walked in while Rosie closed the door and followed behind.

The apartment only had one bedroom, one sitting room, a bathroom, dining and kitchen. It was large enough for the two of them and they shared the same bed, except on nights when Rosie would come back with one of her boyfriends, then Arianna would have to convert the sitting room to a bedroom by joining the two couches together.

Arianna got to the bedroom and slumped onto the bed, the alcohol was still in her system.

"Alright, now tell me the long story because I have all day long," Rosie said and folded her hands with a frown settled on her eyebrows.

"Here is what happened, I..."