

Trapped In Paradise

Volume 3 Chapter 13 / Chapter 518: A Bunch of Drunks!

Alcohol can't solve any problems, but at least it lets people temporarily vent the frustrations they've been bottling up inside.

Of course, when the next day comes, the problems that need solving will still be there.

Ning Chu sat off to the side on a small stool, one hand supporting her cheek and the other covering her aching lower abdomen as she watched the others drink around the table.

She let out a long sigh.

She wanted to join in too instead of sitting there like an outsider, but with her period in full swing, all she could drink was the hot water Wen Yang had just boiled for her.

As a succubus with an unusually sensitive constitution, severe menstrual cramps could even make her faint from the pain. She really didn't want to take that risk.

"You really don't want a bride price?" Wen Yang turned around and quietly asked.

"Nope. What's the point of that?"

"I'm worried Auntie might think it'd be embarrassing if we didn't have one..."

His future mother-in-law was indeed someone who cared a lot about appearances, but Ning Chu still shook her head.

"When we actually get married, if you don't have any money, is my mom supposed to squeeze cash out of your bank card? Or what, break us up like Shaoqing's family wants to do?"

Thinking about it, Wen Yang felt that his future mother-in-law didn't seem like that kind of person.

"Besides, by then you'll be some big shot earning over a million yuan a year~"

His little succubus had as much confidence in him as ever.

He smiled and played along.

"That's true. By then I'll buy you a villa and hire a few maids to serve you."

"Promise? I want monster-girl maids~"

"Keep dreaming. My family's maids are all middle-aged aunties."

Wait a second!

We're a couple joking around about the future—why are *you* butting in, you shameless bastard?!

Ning Chu glared angrily at Zhang Shaoqing.

"If you don't know what to say, then shut up! Just wait until you're passed out drunk—you're going to regret it!"

At the very least, she was going to draw two dicks on his face!

A knock came from outside.

The grilled fish Zhang Shaoqing had ordered had arrived.

Normally, food delivery wasn't allowed in the dormitories. Unfortunately for the school administration, the delivery drivers were all remarkably resourceful. The iron fence outside the dorm had been broken and repaired so many times it was practically decorative, and there were even makeshift ladders built from junk piled up beside sections of the campus wall.

Ning Chu hurried to open the door and awkwardly carried the large tray of grilled fish back to the folding table.

"The grilled fish is here~"

The marinated snacks they had brought earlier had already been completely devoured.

Wen Yang cleared away the empty beer bottles from the table and lit two alcohol burners beneath the fish to keep it hot.

"Give me a piece first!"

Holding disposable chopsticks and a bowl, Ning Chu stared at the fragrant grilled fish with longing eyes, practically drooling.

"Don't rush. Wait until it starts boiling."

"Fine..."

She swallowed and reminded Wen Yang, "Don't drink too much. Otherwise I'm just leaving you here."

"Don't worry."

He told her not to worry, but before they had even started eating the fish, Wen Yang already looked half-drunk.

The entire dormitory lacked a single person with decent alcohol tolerance.

Before they'd even finished one case of beer, all three men already had rosy cheeks and glazed, tipsy expressions.

With a *click*, Ning Chu's attention shifted to Zhang Shaoqing.

Her eyes locked onto the cigarette dangling from his mouth.

"I'll go smoke outside, okay?"

The stare made his scalp tingle. Muttering under his breath, he stood up.

"Women are such a pain."

Even when Ning Chu had still been a man, he wouldn't have wanted to sit in a sealed, air-conditioned room breathing secondhand smoke.

She had already argued enough with Zhang Shaoqing today and couldn't be bothered to continue.

Instead, she simply rolled her eyes.

The character setting she'd created herself back when writing the story...

Now she could only suffer the consequences.

As the night grew deeper, the grilled fish was eaten clean, even the vegetables disappearing without a trace.

Only a little broth remained.

The folding table was a complete mess.

Beside it sat two empty cases of beer, while bottles and cans littered the floor.

"Come on! Let me chug another bottle!"

"Where's the booze?! Why are we out again?!"

Waving an empty bottle in the air, Zhang Shaoqing shouted incoherently.

Wang Jie had become exceptionally well-behaved, his head hanging low.

Meanwhile, Wen Yang had collapsed backward into Ning Chu's lap.

"Drink a little less..."

The situation had developed far beyond Ning Chu's expectations.

She had originally thought that one case of beer would be enough to get everyone pleasantly buzzed.

Instead, three men carrying heavy burdens in their hearts had ended up drinking as though they couldn't stop.

When they were being warned, they all answered obediently enough. But once they started drinking, none of them held back in the slightest.

Ning Chu lowered her head with a bitter smile and looked at Wen Yang, who was leaning against her chest.

His head felt incredibly heavy, pressing painfully against her chest.

"Wake up? Don't fall asleep."

She gently shook his shoulder.

"I'm really going to leave you here and go back by myself, you know?"

"Mmm..."

Wen Yang only mumbled in response, his eyes still tightly shut.

Helpless, Ning Chu shook him again.

"Get up already! You're crushing me!"

No longer worrying about his comfort, she struggled to lift his head off herself and then swept the clutter from the folding table onto the floor with one hand, allowing Wen Yang to collapse face-down onto the tabletop instead.

"Drunkard!"

Finally freed, she let out a sigh of relief and stood up with her hands on her hips.

Looking at the three drunks in front of her and the disaster zone surrounding them, her head began to ache.

How had she suddenly gotten the idea of suggesting that Wen Yang invite these two out for drinks?

Now she was the one left to clean up the aftermath...

Fortunately, none of them became loud or troublesome when drunk.

Wang Jie had already climbed into bed on his own and started snoring almost immediately.

Wen Yang was unconscious on the table.

Only Zhang Shaoqing remained awake.

At that moment, he was sitting there with a vacant expression, repeatedly tilting an empty beer bottle toward his mouth and pouring nothing but air down his throat.

"Where's the beer~? Why's there no more beer..." he muttered in confusion.

Gone was his usual carefree, shameless demeanor.

In fact, he looked a little stupid.

Like someone whose intellectual development had been tragically interrupted.

Ning Chu wasn't in a hurry to clean up.

Instead, she pulled out her phone and took several photos of everyone.

Especially Zhang Shaoqing.

These were precious blackmail materials!

A few years from now, if they ever got together for dinner again, she could pull out today's photos and laugh at them.

Ten or twenty years later, if she ever met their children, she could show their nieces and nephews just how ridiculous their fathers had looked.

And even after Zhang Shaoqing was buried someday, she'd burn the photos and send them along to him!

"Alright... time to clean up."

Putting away her phone, Ning Chu grabbed a broom and dustpan.

She smacked Zhang Shaoqing lightly on the shin twice.

"Get into bed. Stop sitting here getting in my way."

"Oh~ Why are you acting just like my mom..."

"Don't take advantage of me. I don't want an unfilial son like you!"

Every time Zhang Shaoqing called her "Mom" or "Dad," Ning Chu somehow felt like she was the one getting the short end of the stick.

The room was a complete disaster.

After half an hour of work, she finally managed to gather all the empty bottles and takeout containers, tying everything into garbage bags and leaving them beside the door.

"Wen Yang, I'm heading back, okay?"

Standing beside the folding table, she shook his body lightly as she spoke.

It was the middle of summer, so she wasn't worried about him catching a cold.

Sleeping face-down on a table wasn't ideal, but once he woke up in the middle of the night, he'd probably climb into bed himself.

After all, there was no way a tiny succubus like her could carry a six-foot-three giant onto a bunk bed.

Yet the moment she spoke, Wen Yang groggily opened his eyes.

"Let's go back together."

"Can you even stand?"

Ning Chu carefully supported his arm and immediately started nagging.

"I told you not to drink so much. The more you drank, the more you wanted. I couldn't stop you."

"Look at this now. You're so huge—how am I supposed to get you back?"

"My stomach already hurts today, and now I have to take care of a drunk too."

Wen Yang seemed not to have heard a single word.

Instead, his unfocused eyes simply stared blankly at Ning Chu's face.

"Why are you staring at me like that?"

Her cheeks reddened slightly, and she awkwardly looked away.

"Ning Chu..."

His voice was slurred.

"If you stay with me, I promise you'll never regret it..."

"I'll make lots and lots of money in the future. Spend as much as you want!"

"I'll show your Mom that your judgment's better than hers!"

The blush on Ning Chu's face deepened.

Even the irritation in her voice softened.

"You really drank way too much. You're not allowed to do this again."

"And it's not like I'm interested in your money anyway..."

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Link for character illustration:

<https://drive.google.com/drive/folders/1IxOucqi87ss3bmqfO9zI2gYiM1Gy8Hz2>