

# Chasing My Rejected Wife

## Chapter 8 - Chapter 8: To Give a Great Gift

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In the past three years, she had never paid attention to the news about Rodney. She didn't expect that he had yet gotten married to his mistress, Celia, though.

Elliot sneered, "This Mr. Barron is getting engaged to the Chief Secretary's precious daughter. If not to respect Rodney Barron, then it's to respect the Chief Secretary. Either way, we'll have to give a great gift!"

"Mr. Thomson, then what should we give?"

"What to give? How would I know?" Elliot shifted his gaze to Amber and said, "I'll leave this to you. Go and pick out a gift."

"I... I don't know about this. Mr. Thomson, you should instruct someone else." Amber immediately refused. Naturally, she was unwilling to choose a gift for that scumbag and b\*tch.

"Can't you learn if you don't know how?" Elliot's favourite thing to do was to torture Amber. In his eyes, she was already a 27-year-old woman, but still didn't know how to dress up, make up, and didn't even have a boyfriend. He inexplicably disliked Amber at first sight.

If it weren't for Pierce's sake, he wouldn't have wanted such a woman to be his assistant. On the first day of work, he had reminded Amber that he didn't like women with glasses and also asked her to wear contact lenses when she comes to work. However, this woman dared disobey him and continued to disgust him by putting on a pair of unfashionable black-framed glasses every day.

"Well, since you didn't follow my orders, don't blame me then. I can't reject Pierce, but can't I torture you?" Elliot thought.

Watching Amber's troubled expression, he felt extremely triumphant in his heart. "I'll leave you in charge of this matter. I'm telling you, it must please Rodney Barron, or I'll fire you!"

"Yes, sir." Amber sighed in her heart and reluctantly agreed to it.

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At noon, Elliot was going to meet some customers at the club. Without exception, he brought Amber along with him.

After the business negotiations, it was time for wine and women as usual. Elliot was known as a playboy, and he called for the best courtesans in the club. In the private room, the men began to be restless after drinking a few glasses of wine. Each of them started being naughty with the woman next to them.

Naturally, Amber would not be an eyesore at this moment. She immediately stood up and said, "Mr. Thomson, I'll be waiting for you outside!"

"Go ahead. Remember, don't go too far. If I can't find you, you'll know what!" Elliot responded in a threatening tone.

"I won't be far, I'll just be waiting at the door." Seeing her walk out with her head down, someone asked Elliot, "Mr. Thomson, why did you want such an ugly woman to be your assistant? Don't you feel uncomfortable looking at her?"

"It's unbearable. I can't get an erection when I see her!" Elliot was extremely brutal.

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While the men in the private room all laughed, Amber quickened her pace. Since she couldn't go far. She just stood in the corridor outside the room, on standby for Elliot's orders.

A group of people came in her direction. They were escorting a middle-aged man, who was in high spirits. As Amber saw the middle-aged man, she immediately lowered her head, looking at her toes.

Channing Black had been escorted away, but he had a sense that something was not right and turned around instantly.

His gaze fell on Amber, who had lowered her head down. Although Amber was dressed in an old-fashioned attire, he could recognise her at first glance since she was his daughter. Channing blinked in surprise. He said something

to his secretary, then strode toward Amber and asked, "Amber? When did you come back?"

Amber raised her head and looked indifferently at Channing. "Is there anything, Mr. Black?"

Channing gazed at his daughter lovingly. He was not at all affected by Amber's cold expression. "Where have you been? I had searched for you many times in the past three years. Why didn't you give daddy a phone call?"

"Daddy? My dad died a long time ago!" Amber retorted coldly.

"Amber," said Channing, whose voice was meek and humble. Although he was the honoured Chief Secretary before others, he could never bring himself to be fierce in front of his daughter. "You haven't taken your meal, right? Come, let daddy have a meal with you!"

"Forget it! Mr. Black, you have a wife and daughter at home. Go back and accompany them!"

"Amber!" Channing reached out to hold his daughter's hand. "Please, just have a meal with daddy!"

"Let go!" Amber tried to fling his hand off. However, Channing's grip was too tight, she couldn't loosen it at all. "Mr. Black, don't blame me if you keep doing this!"

"Amber, please!" Channing implored.

"Hah, what's going on here?" A voice suddenly interrupted.