Love's New Bloom

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Chapter 1 Heartbroken

It was 10 pm on a summer night. A beautiful woman in a body-hugging dress and exquisite makeup sat in a hotel room at one of the city's five-star hotels. A cigarette wisping pungent smoke dangled from her trembling fingers, showing how unstable her emotions were at the moment. She was eavesdropping on a conversation going on in another hotel room that she'd bugged, and it made her heart twist painfully.

The conversation was between a man and a woman. The woman said, "Ian, you've been coming to me so frequently that I'm on the verge of collapse..."

The man said, "Don't tell me you're unhappy about this."

The woman giggled. "I'm ecstatic!"

"She's going on a business trip tomorrow, so you can come over."

"Ian, I'm curious about something. Back then, Erin was known as the belle of our university. Don't you love her anymore?"

Ian said, "She's worse than a sex doll. We've been married for a year, but I haven't even laid a finger on her. That's what she deserves for acting all high and mighty and leading me on! I'm not even interested in her anymore."

The woman gasped. "That's terrible. What's the point of your marriage, then?"

"Who cares? It's all she deserves. Alright, let's stop talking about her..."

Erin Lane couldn't bear to listen to the rest of their conversation. She removed the earbud and stared blankly at the floor as she recalled how her husband, Ian Sloan, had mumbled another woman's name in his sleep. "Tracy, you're gorgeous..."

classmate from university? They'd lost contact after graduation, though. How did she and Ian know each other?

The following day, Erin asked another friend for Tracy's number. Then, she invited Tracy

over under the guise of wanting her to come up with a design for their bathroom because she

This had shocked the grogginess out of her. Tracy? Was he talking about Tracy Brown, her

wanted to renovate it. Tracy had come over that afternoon, and Erin took the opportunity to peek at her phone while she was in the bathroom. It was locked, so she couldn't see its contents, but the fact that it had automatically connected to the Wi-Fi was enough to make her heart sink.

Erin couldn't remember how she'd sent Tracy on her way, but she recalled how she'd

scoured Ian's bank statements. Over six months, he'd gone to the same hotel 86 times...Now that Erin had a location, she tracked down the hotel room he'd reserved permanently and secretly bugged it. And now, she'd heard the truth.
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Where to? Where could she go? At this moment, she recalled how her best friend, Holly

Erin got into a taxi after leaving the hotel. The driver asked, "Where to, miss?"

Green, had dragged her to the city's most renowned private club when she was drunk out of her mind. "Take me to No. 1, Evergreen Avenue, please."

"Twilight?" The driver was obviously surprised. Erin returned his surprised look with a level

gaze. Her heart felt like it had been soaked in acid; she was in so much pain she could barely breathe, and her chest felt unbearably heavy. She pressed a hand to her chest hoping it would help soothe the pain, but it didn't help in the least. Tears rolled down her face, ruining her makeup.

Half an hour later, the driver turned to look at her. "We're here, miss."

Erin returned to her senses and dazedly tugged a few hundred-dollar bills from her purse.

makeup.

"Keep the change."

The driver thanked her profusely, then watched as she stumbled into the club. "What a pity.

Such a pretty woman, here to ruin herself..."

Erin walked into the club, made a beeline for the front desk, and slapped a debit card on the

counter. "I have five million dollars here. Get me the most handsome man in this club!"

The receptionist sized her up and said politely, "Welcome, miss. Are you referring to Mr.

Dunn?"
"Yes, that's right!" Erin whipped out some wet wipes from her bag and removed her

while I make a call? It'll only be a short while." As Erin turned to leave, the receptionist secretly snapped a photo of her side profile and sent it to the owner of the club, Sean Dunn.

The receptionist frowned slightly. "Miss, why don't you take a seat at the lounge over there

a photo of such an ugly woman! You'll be out of a job the next time you pull something like this!"

"I'm sorry, Mr. Dunn, but...she has five million dollars..." The receptionist couldn't resist

He immediately called the receptionist and growled, "What the hell? How dare you send me

giving it a shot at the thought of the commission she'd earn from Erin's money.

Sean wasn't at Twilight at the moment. Instead, he was in his office. His tone turned frosty as he said, "I heard from Jamie that you're new. I'll give you one more chance instead of

firing you, and I'm warning you: I'm the one picking the women, not the other way round!"
He hung up right after.

The receptionist was about to explain to Erin when she saw Erin stand up and walk toward a man walking out of the nearby elevator.

He looked to be about 27 or 28 and was about 6'2". He wore a dark, fitted suit. His broad shoulders, toned waist, and long legs made Erin's blood rush to her head. The man was also unbelievably handsome. She gulped and trained her gaze on him, but her question was directed at the receptionist. "This is the most handsome man in your club, right?"

This was only the receptionist's second day of work, so she didn't recognize the man. She was about to say he wasn't one of their staff when he stopped her with a single glance. His domineering aura immediately made her shut up. He walked to Erin and appraised her bare face—it wasn't half bad. "Hello, you can call me Mr. Frost."

The man smirked when she stuttered nervously, and he looked her up and down. He leaned close to her and whispered into her ear, "Is this your first time here?" His velvety voice made her knees weak, and he wrapped an arm around her waist to hold her up. He gazed deeply

"Hi, I...I'm Erin Lane. I have...I have five million dollars!"

into her eyes, making her feel like he could see right through to her soul.

Erin's face was beet red. "Yeah..."

"Do you want to leave with me?" His tone was nonchalant.

She subconsciously thought about Ian and Tracy; her heart twisted painfully again. She'd

given her marriage her all, yet all she'd gotten in return was heartache and betrayal. What was the point of keeping herself chaste for him? Erin had originally come here with the intention of licking her wounds alone, but her rage and humiliation won out over her

rationality. A few seconds later, she nodded.

The man smirked. "Come with me, then." He left with Erin in tow.

The receptionist gaped at them, only returning to her senses when the black Maybach sped off into the night. She hurriedly called Sean again and was almost in tears when he answered

"What? What are you talking about?" Sean was lost.

the phone. "Mr. Dunn, someone stole your business!"

"A stranger just took one of our customers away with him!"