

Chapter 14 A Chance Encounter on the Streets

Erin took advantage of Ian's shock and pushed him away with all her strength. She clutched the collar of her ruined blouse and ran out of the room. Tracy was standing at the entrance of the bedroom with a set of keys in her hands.

Ian got up and felt a pang of regret. Why the fuck did he give Tracy her own set of keys? He brushed past her and rushed after Erin.

He roared at Erin's disappearing form, "If you don't return my money you can forget about the divorce!"

Erin had left, and Ian was annoyed just thinking about Tracy! If it weren't for her today, he would've been able to fuck Erin. Just thinking of the fresh hickey on Erin's body angered him to no end. He was going to find out who that bastard was!

Ian stomped upstairs.

Tracy apologized when she saw him. "Ian, I'm so sorry, did I disturb you two?"

She despised Erin. How dare this bitch come back and seduce her man!

"Tracy, didn't I say that I wanted to be alone today?"

His tone was reprimanding and filled with annoyance, and Tracy's eyes immediately filled with tears. "I just missed you so much, that's why I came to see you but I didn't know she would be here too."

She looked so pitiful and wronged, worried that Ian would be angry because of this. His expression softened a little, and he walked toward her to gently wipe her tears.

"Silly girl, you're already my secretary so you'll see me at the office tomorrow. Did you really miss me that much?"

"But I really missed you. I lose sleep when I can't see you."

Tracy's tears had already stopped. She knew that Ian did not like it when she kept crying and whining, so her pitiful act could stop now. Her words aroused him, and he pinned her to the wall. Soon, Tracy's moans and the occasional scream rang out from the villa.

Erin, who had been standing at the front door, covered her mouth with her hand with a tear-stained face. Just once, she hoped that Ian would forget about Tracy and chase after her instead. But he never did.

She was so naive to think that Ian wanted to fuck her because he still had feelings for her. But once Tracy showed up, he went to her instead. Erin had utterly given up, he was just playing her.

In the past, before their relationship fell apart, he was at least respectful and loving toward her. Now, his attitude toward her was disrespectful, heartless, and violent. It was as if she were just a common whore. Erin listlessly walked out of the villa and not even two minutes later, the heel of her shoe broke.

She laughed at how pathetic and desolate everything was, and she yelled at the sky, "Go on, make it rain as well!"

Funnily enough, it actually started raining heavily five minutes later. Erin took off her high heels and dumped them in a nearby trash can. In the heavy rain, she was the only one wandering the streets. Luckily, before she left she was able to grab a windbreaker. At least, she could cover up her body so no one could see how pathetic she looked.

She walked barefoot to the bus station and sat on the bench. She watched the rain as a few buses passed by, but she didn't get on any of them. Erin thought of the moments between her and Ian when they were still in university. There were beautiful memories, but there were also ones where they argued about everything. Though she was drenched to the bone and looked so pitiful, her dignity was still fighting ferociously to maintain her stance.

At this moment, a black Maybach drove past. Chandler glanced at his rearview mirror. It was a rainy day and his vision was impaired by the heavy rain, but he could still so clearly see her. Looking at the small silhouette that looked like it was about to be drowned by the relentless heavy rain, he could not help but feel a twinge of pain in his heart. He chalked this feeling up to pity.

He made a U-turn and stopped his car at the side of the road. However, that did not seem to get her attention. Chandler had no other option. He got out of the car and took out a pure black artisan umbrella before taking dignifying steps toward her.

Erin only raised her head when she saw a pair of familiar leather shoes appear in front of her and saw Chandler looking at her. His gaze was deep, and he was standing in the shadows so she could not see his expression well.

"Get in the car." His tone was commanding.

Erin's anger from before had already dissipated and she just calmly said, "Not now okay? I'm really not in the mood to deal with you."

He was annoyed, his presence here was clearly fortuitous but all she said was that she can't deal with him? However, since she had been crying so much, he decided that he wouldn't take it to heart. He got her to her feet with one arm.

"My patience is limited."

Erin who was barefooted stood no chance against his strength and she was quickly shoved into the passenger seat of his car. He locked the doors before she could protest. Chandler didn't look at her. However, he turned around and threw a tissue box at her. He coldly said, "Wipe yourself down."

The car was soon speeding along the busy streets. Erin stared at the tissue box and then at him.

"I'm really not in the mood tonight," she pleaded.

He interrupted her, "Just shut up, I won't touch you! Wipe yourself, your whole body is wet. Don't dirty my car."

He was worried that she would catch a cold but he couldn't seem to say that.

Erin sniffled. "Why did you even let me come in if you were so worried about me dirtying your car?"

His expression was frosty, but he said nothing. Once she had finished using a whole box of tissues, a suit jacket was suddenly thrown at her.

"Put it on."

She raised her head to look at him. She didn't know why, but that gesture warmed her heart, and she put on the jacket without hesitation. Her whole ice cold body started to warm up after putting on the jacket. Watching the sweat bead on Chandler's forehead, Erin glanced at the AC buttons in the car and realized that Chandler had turned on the heater in the middle of summer!

"Thank you," she said sincerely.

Chandler just kept looking straight ahead and Erin took this opportunity to steal another glance at him. His side profile was incredibly attractive and she was suddenly overwhelmed by the urge to kiss his cheek.

Her cheeks burned as her heartbeat quickened. Erin scolded herself for being so shameless. How could she even think of doing that? Erin closed her eyes. Just a glance at his side profile dredged up such treacherous thoughts in her. She turned her face and stared out of the window.

The warmth in the car made her feel drowsy, and she eventually fell asleep. Hearing the even breaths coming from the passenger seat, Chandler, who was initially going to send her home, had a change of heart. For some reason, he brought her back to his villa. He drove into the garage but she still had not awoken from her sleep. Eventually, he lost his patience and pushed her with his hand but she would not wake up.

He paused then put a hand on her forehead. He was shocked, she had a fever!

"Bringing you home was a fucking mistake! Why didn't I just leave you on the streets?" he grumbled to himself. And yet, he was already walking to the passenger seat.

He opened the door and carried her out of the car. After he laid her down in the bedroom, he immediately made a call.

"Kyle, call Dr. Louise and tell him to come to the villa. Just say that someone has a fever."