

Chapter 2 A Wrong Encounter

Chandler Frost brought Erin to the most luxurious seven-star hotel in the city—the Grand Empire Hotel. He parked in the underground parking lot and turned to look at Erin, who'd been silent throughout the journey. His eyes gleamed like a panther waiting to pounce on its prey, and his tone was devoid of emotion as he said, "I'll give you one chance to go back on your word. If you've changed your mind, this is the time for you to leave."

Erin was curled up in the passenger seat, trembling slightly. She couldn't believe she'd actually gotten into a stranger's car. Was she really going to go ahead with this? Then, the thought of Ian's heartlessness made her hatred burn away her rationality. "I won't regret this, and I'm not gonna back out!"

"So you've thought this through?"

"Yes, I have!" Erin said firmly.

"There's no turning back now." Chandler got out of the car.

Erin placed a hand on the handle as her heart raced. She took a deep breath before opening the door. Once they were out of the car, Chandler wrapped an arm around her waist before leading her toward the elevator. He pressed the button for the 128th floor—the penthouse suite.

Erin's heart hammered against her chest as they ascended. She sneaked a few looks at him, taking in his sharp jaw and handsome features. At least she had no complaints about his looks. It was too bad he was in this line of work...

Chandler pushed the door open and led her into the room before hanging his suit jacket in the closet. Then, he uncorked a bottle of wine. Erin's heart was almost leaping out of her throat at this point. She walked to the floor-length windows and looked out at the skyline. The view was gorgeous here; this was her first time staying in such an amazing hotel. With that thought in mind, she decided to forget about the past—this was the night of her rebirth!

"Have some wine." Chandler's voice suddenly rang out behind her, making her jump. She saw his tall figure reflected in the window and turned to take the wineglass from him before downing it in one gulp. Chandler had originally wanted to clink glasses with her, but he retracted his hand at her actions. He looked at her with a trace of interest in his eyes and sipped at his wine. Erin wanted to have another glass to calm her nerves, but Chandler took her wineglass away and smirked. "I don't like drunk women."

She avoided his gaze. He was so gorgeous that she felt like she'd climax just by looking at him.

"Are you sure this is your first time? I hate when people lie to me," he said coolly.

Her ears turned red. "You'll find out in a while..."

Chandler took another sip of wine as he admired her looks. He had to admit she was a beauty, with her exquisite features and porcelain skin. She even had a pretty sexy figure. "Go take a shower."

Erin walked into the bathroom and shut the door behind her. She started doubting her decision as she stared at herself in the mirror. Was she being too rash? Then, the memory of Ian's betrayal strengthened her resolve. She had to give him a taste of his medicine at least once before getting divorced! 20 minutes later, she walked out of the bathroom in a white bathrobe.

Chandler had taken his shirt off to reveal a toned torso, almost making her swoon, especially compared to Ian's scrawny body. His pants were still on, and he had his phone in hand, seemingly sending someone a message. He glanced at her and said, "Come here." His every action exuded dominance and power, subconsciously making her obey his command. He put his phone away, stood up, and said, "I'm gonna wash my hands."

Was it because he thought his hands were dirty from touching his phone? This improved Erin's impression of him and somehow soothed her nerves. She sat in a corner, feeling extremely insecure because she was naked underneath the bathrobe.

Chandler soon returned. He swept her into his arms, catching her off guard and making her struggle instinctively. He flung her onto the bed and pinned her wrists above her, saying lowly, "There's no use resisting. I gave you a chance to flee; you let it slip away."

Erin looked like a deer in headlights and watched as he leaned closer to her. His lips were almost touching hers...Now, she truly regretted her decision! "Let me go! I've changed my mind!" Her face was red from trying to break free of his grip.

His warm breath fanned over her ear, but his tone was icy. "It's too late now." Two minutes later, tears rolled down her face from the pain. "It really is your first time...I like that." Chandler buried himself in her without giving her time to get used to the sensation. Eventually, Erin was so exhausted that she passed out. She'd transitioned from a girl to a woman overnight, and the tears she shed tonight were in memory of the youth and love she'd lost.

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Erin woke up the following noon when the sun's rays poured into the room. She turned to look at Chandler, who was still asleep beside her. She immediately got out of bed as discreetly as possible, feeling sore everywhere. Her legs trembled as she staggered to the bathroom to get her clothes. Before leaving the room, she glanced at Chandler's handsome face once more, then silently pulled her debit card out of her bag. She placed it on the pillow beside him, along with a piece of paper telling him what the pin was. Then, she left the hotel.

After hailing a taxi, Erin called Holly. It was Saturday, so she headed straight to a bistro and ordered something while waiting for Holly to arrive. She'd already finished her food by the time Holly got there. Holly plopped onto one of the empty seats and was surprised to see Erin smoking. "God, babe, what's gotten into you? I can't believe you're actually smoking!" Holly was dressed in branded items from head to toe.

Erin blew out a mouthful of smoke and said calmly, "I'm gonna get a divorce."

"Did Ian cheat on you?" Holly asked casually. It seemed she'd long expected this.

"Half a year ago, you told me there was an 80% chance a man was having an affair when he started spending the night outside. I believe you now."

Holly patted her on the shoulder. "I was speaking from experience, after all."

"Be honest with me, Holly—why don't you get a divorce? It's not like you're still in love with Eugene."

Holly nonchalantly grabbed some cigarettes from her bag and lit one, narrowing her eyes as she took a drag. "I may no longer love him, but I've made it my life's goal to spend all his money, and I refuse to give up my position as his wife. This way, those bitches will never become Mrs. Hall!" She sounded pleased, but there wasn't any trace of joy in her eyes.

"Does that really make you happy?" Erin asked.

"This may not be the life I wanted, but I'm filled with resentment for him. There's no way I'll let Eugene Hall off the hook!"

Erin found her obstinance in this to be a waste of her time. Holly and Eugene had long since fallen out of love with each other; their marriage was nothing more than a sham. Her heart ached when she saw the emptiness in Holly's eyes. Then again, she wasn't any better.

A couple of minutes later, Erin stubbed out her cigarette and said grimly, "Holly, I've been meaning to tell you this for some time now..."