

Chapter 4 Threatened

At 3 am, Erin unlocked the door to her home and walked into the living room. She saw a pair of snakeskin heels that didn't belong to her. Sure enough, Tracy was here. Erin took her shoes off and walked barefoot into the kitchen. Five minutes later, she silently pushed the bedroom door open and padded inside with a pail full of dirty water.

Seeing Ian and Tracy wrapped around each other with her own eyes made her feel like her heart was being ripped to shreds. Hatred filled her eyes as Erin lifted the pail and splashed the water all over them, making them instantly jolt awake.

Ian almost peed himself when he saw someone standing before him. After wiping the water from his face and getting a clear look at who it was, he roared, "Are you fucking nuts, Erin? What the hell did you pour on me?"

Beside him, Tracy immediately pretended to be afraid when she saw Erin. "Ian, I'm scared she'll hit me..."

He turned to her and wiped her face with the sheets, saying consolingly, "Don't worry. I won't let her lay a hand on you!"

Erin couldn't help sneering when she saw how Tracy remembered to keep Ian's attention on her despite looking like something the cat had brought in. "I wouldn't resort to physical violence—it's just going to dirty my hands!"

Ian gave her a repulsed look. "I have nothing to say since you already know about this. Let's get a divorce."

"You're a heartless ingrate, and you stole my line. Make sure to split our assets equally!" After that, Erin turned to leave. She didn't want to spend another second in their presence!

Ian chased after her in his birthday suit. He grabbed her by the arm and said mockingly, "Has your greed addled your brains? Do you even remember who bought this house and the cars? I did! How dare you demand I give you half of what I worked for! The only way I'll agree to divorce is if you leave without a penny to your name!"

Erin's heart twisted so painfully that she could barely breathe. She looked up at him and said, "Fine. You can take everything!"

Her calm decisiveness shocked Ian. He didn't expect her to agree so readily...He thought she'd kick up a fuss. Wasn't she even going to shed a tear at the sight of him in bed with another woman? Ian wasn't too pleased by this discovery.

Erin took advantage of his distraction to shove him away and flee. Tracy, who had been eavesdropping on their conversation, was delighted by this turn of events. A victorious smile curved her lips—they were finally getting divorced!

In the wee hours of the night, Erin sat in a taxi, her face tear-streaked. Suddenly, she wanted nothing more than to get hopelessly drunk. She wore a shirt and jeans she borrowed from Holly, and her heels were placed beside her feet. The taxi driver asked, "Miss, have you decided on a destination?"

She said, "Take me to the food street on Miner Road."

...

40 minutes later, Holly hurried over to Erin's table. She plopped herself down in the chair and called out to the stall owner, "Four more bottles of beer for table four, please!"

"Are you deliberately trying to get me drunk, Holly? I've already had two beers..." Erin's face was red. She stared at her beer bottle before taking a huge gulp.

Holly grabbed a kebab from the pile on the table and dug in. "I can tell from how you look that it won't be easy to get you drunk tonight. Haven't you heard that some liquor makes you more lucid the more you drink it? I know exactly how you feel right now, so drink as much as you want. Also, feel free to cry. I'll be with you every step of the way!"

Erin stared into the distance. Tears leaked out of her swollen eyes again as she mumbled, "Ian wasn't like this when we were in university, you know. Back then, he'd blush whenever he talked to me...I was raised by a strict mother. As far back as I can remember, she's told me time and time again that a woman's chastity means the world to a man. She said that my father was disgusted to find she wasn't a virgin, and their marriage eventually ended in divorce. That's why I insisted on waiting until Ian and I were married to have sex; I didn't let him do anything throughout our relationship..."

Holly listened silently as she chewed her food. She knew her best friend was in terrible pain, but she had nothing to make it better. Perhaps alcohol was the only thing that could temporarily keep the pain at bay. Getting drunk wasn't the worst feeling in the world.

Erin smiled mockingly. "He was so frisky when we were dating, yet he refused to lay a finger on me after we got married. He started spending more and more time outside, and things between us slowly started to deteriorate."

Holly was surprised when she picked up on Erin's underlying meaning. "Wait, don't tell me you and Ian have never slept together?"

"That's exactly what I'm saying." Erin downed the rest of her beer.

Holly was rendered speechless and was about to probe more when Erin's phone rang. Erin answered it and yelled drunkenly, "Who the hell do you think you are, calling at such a godforsaken hour? Are you out of your mind?" Then, she hung up and burst into laughter. "Holly, let's drink some more!"

Holly's heart ached when she saw Erin having trouble remaining upright. "Babe, I think you've had enough. Let's go home, okay?"

At this moment, Erin's phone pinged. She'd received a text message. She'd kept her phone on since storming out of the villa in hopes that Ian would apologize to her or beg her for forgiveness...it seemed she was out of luck. She didn't recognize the number, and the message read, "Come to our rendezvous spot right now."

Erin muttered, "Who the hell is this?" She was about to turn her phone off when the other party sent her a photo. She was instantly shocked into sitting up straight. Whoever was texting her sent her another message. "I'll spread this all over the Internet if you don't come over."

"Erin, what's wrong? You don't look so good right now." Holly glanced at her phone.

Instead of answering her, Erin grabbed a bottle of water from the table and poured it over herself. Holly yelped, "Fuck, what's gotten into you?"

Erin felt more alert now. "Holly, I suddenly remembered I have something important to do. I'm gonna get going!" She staggered to her feet as she spoke, pulled a few notes out of her purse, and threw them onto the table.

Holly grabbed her by the arm, looking worried. "Who could be looking for you in the middle of the night? Is it Ian? Erin, don't give in to him! If you forgive him this time, he'll make even bigger mistakes in the future! It's not going to do you any good!"

"Holly, this isn't about that. Look, I really have something to do, so you can head home first, okay?" Erin's tone was a little cold, and she looked steely.

Holly let go of her. "At least tell me where you're going. How about I go with you?"

"No, it's fine. Really."

In the end, Holly had no choice but to watch as Erin got into a taxi and sped off into the night.

...

Half an hour later, Erin stood before the hotel room looking tipsy. She took a deep breath before ringing the doorbell. The door swung open after a short while to reveal a handsome man with nothing but a towel wrapped around his waist. Droplets of water were still dripping from his hair. He said, "You're faster than I expected."