

Chapter 8 An Entangled Mess

Ian's heartless words dragged Erin back to her painful reality. She didn't expect him to act so quickly; was he that desperate to officially be with Tracy?

"Why aren't you signing them? You agreed to this without hesitation, didn't you?"

Ian sharply detected how much pain Erin was in. She put up a strong front, but he didn't miss the slightest hint of tears in her eyes. Erin averted her gaze from the divorce papers and looked into his eyes. She already knew the answer but still wanted to hear him say it.

"What exactly went wrong? Why did you betray me? Was there even an ounce of sincerity in your promises and vows to me?"

Tears streaked down her face at this moment, but she didn't bother hiding them. Ian got up, pulled a cigarette out, and gave her a complicated look before lighting the cigarette.

He took a deep drag and blew out smoke circles before saying calmly, "I'm not the only one at fault here, Erin. Don't think you're innocent in this—you tested me time and time again when you refused to let me touch you, giving me that bullshit about proving how true my love for you was if I could just wait until we were married. Who the fuck brainwashed you into thinking like that?"

Erin felt dejected. She didn't say a word and continued listening to him.

He took another drag and continued, "I remember when my dad passed away shortly after we graduated. After the funeral, I felt terrible and craved your warmth, hoping you could help me prove I was still alive. As always, you rejected me and even threatened to break up with me if I were to force myself on you. I'll never forget that night."

There was a sense of desolation in him, and Erin felt like she'd traveled back to the night he was talking about. Back then, she still believed in her mother's brainwashing and strongly opposed premarital sex. She and Ian had dated for two years in university and had a mutual understanding that they'd marry after graduation, but she had never once agreed to sleep with him before then. To tell the truth, she'd always felt bad for making a hot-blooded young man hold himself back time and time again.

"Is that why you betrayed me?" Her tone was calm, but there was no hiding the need for an answer.

Ian turned to stare at her, sounding displeased. "Yes."

She asked angrily, "Then why'd you still marry me?"

He sneered. "I wanted you to have a taste of your own medicine!"

His answer shattered her heart. It turned out he'd already fallen out of love with her when she was wholly prepared to give herself to him, physically and mentally.

"Ha, I was such a fool! Why didn't I see right through you?"

Erin walked to Ian's desk and picked the divorce papers up. She wiped her tears and went through them seriously. It was per their earlier agreement—she'd leave the marriage without a penny to her name. The two villas and three cars they shared would all belong to Ian. Once she was sure everything was in order, she got ready to sign.

Without looking at him, she asked, "Do you have a pen?"

Ian returned to his desk and flung a fountain pen specifically meant for signing contracts on the desk. Erin bent down to sign the papers; the collar of her shirt fell open to reveal bruises and lovebites scattered across her chest.

"Wait a minute!"

She straightened up and looked at him emotionlessly.

"What now?"

He grabbed her by the arm.

"Who did you see last night?"

She faltered in the face of his questioning, then sneered. "Does that have anything to do with you?"

He let out a disparaging laugh. "Of course! You're still my wife before the divorce is finalized! Did you cheat on me with another man? Answer me!"

Erin was speechless from her fury. Ian had betrayed their marriage first, yet he was shamelessly accusing her of repaying the favor!

"Let go of me, Ian! There's nothing between us anymore!"

Her distance and apathy made Ian feel resentful. Erin was his first love and wife; their marriage was coming to an end, yet he'd never had sex with her. This was an insult to his pride as a man! He abruptly threw his arms around her and dragged her to the sofa, pinning her down.

"Let go of me!"

Erin was panicked. She was nauseated by the thought of him just having fucked Tracy. Ian's handsome face was twisted hideously.

"Let you go? I have to fuck you at least once before we get divorced!"

"Ian, you've lost your mind! Let me go!"

Erin struggled with all her might, her face red from the exertion. However, her panic and repulsion made him more determined to have her.

"You're still my wife, so I have every right to fuck you. It's also your duty!" As he leaned close to her ear, he noticed hickeys behind her ear as well, and he pounded a fist on the couch. "Who the fuck were you with?"

For some reason, his rage brought her vindication.

"What, are you jealous? You fell out of love with me long ago, didn't you? Besides, your mistress is right outside. Why don't you go have your wicked way with her?"

Erin decided to get back at him verbally since she couldn't break free of his grip.

Ian forced out through gritted teeth, "I'll ask you one more fucking time, Erin—who's the bastard? I'm gonna beat the shit out of him!"

How dare the fucker sleep with his wife! Erin burst into such hysterical laughter that she was in tears.

Ian gripped her jaw tightly and asked menacingly, "What are you laughing at?"

Her laughter slowly faded, and her eyes turned icy.

"Stop acting like a rabid dog, Ian. Let me go so I can sign the divorce papers; we can end this on a nicer note!"

Ian gazed into Erin's eyes—eyes that he'd once been madly in love with—and noticed they were different from usual. She'd always been beautiful, but now, she was in full bloom.

"We can talk about that once I've fucked you."

He was gripping her jaw so tightly that she couldn't escape, but she did her best to stop him from getting his way. As she struggled, she finally found an opportunity to knee him in the groin with all her might! Ian bellowed curses as he rolled on the ground in agony. Erin took the opportunity to scramble to her feet, grab the divorce papers from the desk, and bolt out the door. When the door swung open, she saw Tracy seated at the secretary's desk. Had Ian transferred her here so quickly?

Erin didn't say a word as she strode out of the building. When Tracy saw Erin's wrinkled clothes, she immediately ran into Ian's office to see him struggling to get onto the couch. He was still letting out a stream of expletives, albeit not as loudly as before.

"Ian, what happened to you?"

This was the most humiliating moment of his life.

He turned to glare daggers at her and roared, "Who permitted you to come in here? Fuck off!"