

Chapter 3 Drown In Sorrows

Chloe wanted to force Elena into a corner.

However, if the latter was disobedient, then she didn't mind using a crooked approach.

Hearing Chloe's words, Andrew's eyes lit up.

Initially, he had been racking his brains, thinking about how to clean up the mess, but Chloe's suggestion enlightened him.

That's right. As long as Elena turned a blind eye to his affairs, everything would be fine!

Sure enough, hooking up with Chloe was the best decision. She always prioritized him first and never caused him any inconvenience.

"Serve him together? Are you trying to disgust me to death?" Elena was so repulsed by her words she wanted to throw up. "I never knew you could stoop so low. What makes you think that after everything, I'd still want this trash?"

Elena's words stung Andrew, and he immediately leaped to his defense. "Who do you think you're calling trash?"

"Still asking?" Elena glared at him fiercely.

"Andrew, please, calm down," Chloe urged, her voice laced with concern. "Elena is angry right now, but her words mean no harm. You have to be tolerant."

Under Chloe's coaxing, Andrew quietened down.

This scene, however, stung Elena's eyes, intensifying the hurt across her face.

"One is trash while the other is as low as a gutter. You two are really a perfect match," she mocked bitterly.

Wiping her tears, she looked at Andrew with determination. "I want a divorce."

"No, Elena. Listen to me. You can't divorce Andrew. He really loves you." Chloe tried to persuade Elena.

She tightened her grip around her, her long nails digging into Elena's flesh.

Elena felt pain from her hold and flung her away. "Get lost."

"Ah..."

Elena had barely pushed her, but Chloe landed on the ground with a loud thud.

"Bitch, how dare you!"

Smack!

A sharp slap landed on Elena's face before Andrew rushed to help Chloe. "Are you all right?"

Chloe clung to Andrew and cried miserably. "Andy, I'm so scared. I really didn't mean it."

Andrew comforted her gently. "Don't worry. I'm still here." His furious gaze then landed on Elena's disheveled figure as she stood rooted on her spot.

He grabbed her arm and flung her forcefully outside the apartment. "Get away from my sight. If you stay here for another minute, it won't be just a slap."

Initially, he felt guilty towards her and was unwilling to blow things up.

However, this damned woman did not appreciate his kind intentions and refused to stop.

Did she still believe he was the same naive guy from the past?

He, Andrew Elliot, was now a managing director at Elliot's Corporation and the only heir to the Elliot empire!

In his position, he could easily take care of ten such women like her. How audacious of this woman of an unknown origin to challenge him?

Elena fell on the floor, her back hitting the wall.

She looked in a daze as her 'husband' slammed the door ruthlessly on her face and went to accompany his lover.

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The cool night air wrapped around Elena as she walked aimlessly through the empty streets.

Her mind was clouded with emotions, replaying fragments of her life with Andrew like a broken film reel.

Images of their happy times flashed in her mind.

The smiles, the promises, the hopes for a beautiful future together.

And now everything felt like a cruel illusion, mocking her for her stupidity.

With each step, Elena felt the weight of her shattered dreams pressing down on her shoulders.

And then, as if a dam had burst inside her, the floodgates of grief and despair burst open, consuming her whole.

In the middle of the street, Elena collapsed to her knees, her body trembling with hysterical sobs.

"Why!" Elena screamed. "Why did you do this to me?"

Tears streamed down her cheeks, mingling with her heart-wrenching cries.

Her husband's betrayal crushed her spirit, leaving her bewildered, lost, and shattered.

Even now, she couldn't understand where it had all gone wrong.

The surrounding street continued its chaotic rhythm, oblivious to her pain. However, at that moment, Elena's headache echoed louder than the city's clamor.

Unknowingly, the young woman found herself in front of the prestigious "Azure Haven".

Unlike the regular clubs, this place was exclusive only to the upper echelons of society.

The place was tightly guarded, and even a fly could not enter without permission.

The atmosphere was bustling as Elena made her way inside the club.

She took a seat at the bar counter.

Her mind was in a mess and she needed to divert her attention somewhere else in case she lost control of herself once again.

And what could be a better way than to drink in your sorrows?

Elena sank into the high chair of the elegant bar.

Her eyes darted from corner to corner, but there was no sign of the bartender anywhere.

It was then that her gaze fell upon a figure leaning against the wall at the other end of the bar, shrouded in shadows.

There seemed to be an air of mystery about him that drew Elena's attention like a moth to a flame.

She rose from her chair and took a seat opposite him. "One Vodka Martini, please," she cleared her throat, breaking the silence.

But there was no response.

The man remained engrossed in his phone, seemingly oblivious to her presence.

Vexed, Elena tapped lightly against the table to draw his attention.

"I said one Vodka Martini, please," she repeated, her voice tinged with annoyance.

The man finally looked up from his device, his brows raised in mild amusement.

The lady in front seemed to have mistaken him for a bartender. However,

"Coming right up," he replied, a small smirk playing on his lips. He set aside his phone and moved behind the bar with ease.

He rolled up his sleeves, revealing a string of polished and smooth black Buddhist tassel beads on his wrist.

The stark contrast between the dark beads and his fair skin further added to the mysterious allure that surrounded him.

His movements were fluid and practiced as he skillfully mixed the liquids.

As he prepared the drink, Elena's gaze never left him and two words surfaced in her mind 'Immortal Demon'.

The man in front of her exuded a roguish aura, his tall frame casting a commanding presence. His lips were thin and looked very sexy.

Elena felt entranced by his bewitching appearance.

It wasn't her first time seeing a good-looking person, but this man was different from anyone she had encountered before.

He was handsome, no doubt. But he exuded a hint of evilness that came deep from his bone.

No matter how she looked at him, he didn't seem like a bartender.

The man slid the cocktail across the bar towards her, the chilled glass stopping just in front of Elena.

Yet, her gaze remained glued upon him in a daze.

The man chuckled and knocked lightly on the counter table.

The soft sound brought Elena back from her reverie, and she instinctively reached out to take the glass.

However, the man had yet to withdraw his hand.

Their fingers collided, and Elena's nails inadvertently brushed against his hand.

The coolness of the touch sent a jolt through her body like a current of electricity, catching the two of them off guard.

Startled, Elena hastily retracted her hand, causing the drink to spill onto the man's hand.

"I'm sorry," Elena apologized, a hint of fluster appearing on her cheeks.

"It's fine," the man reached out for a tissue placed nearby, wiping the few stray droplets off his hand.

"By the way," the man began, with a hint of mischief in his eyes. "I'm not the bartender."

Elena froze.

A flush of red crept up her neck, and she immediately cursed in her head.

Tonight was definitely the unluckiest day of her life. How could she make such a stupid mistake?

"I-I'm sorry. I thought..." she trailed off, not knowing how to explain to him.

"It's alright," he said, before taking a seat at the empty chair next to her.

Still reeling from her embarrassment, Elena swiftly downed the contents of her glass.

The first sip burned down her throat, bringing a fleeting sense of numbness.

She suddenly raised her hand and patted her chest.

The man who was pouring himself a drink was taken aback by her movements and knitted his brows. "Is it not good?" He asked.

That couldn't be.

He had confidence in his skills and dismissed any problem with the drink.

Elena raised her gorgeous dark blue eyes to look at the man.

The alcohol had taken its effects as the corner of her eyes turned red, giving her a seductive charm.

She shook her head and replied. "It's just that... my heart is fluttering."