

Chapter 2 Show Pity For Her

Erick's sudden change in behavior today made sense now. He had even touched Alicia, something she found both exciting and confusing. Initially, she was thrilled about this new development in their relationship.

But soon after, she felt like she was putting on a show for no one.

"You did this out of pity for me, right?" Alicia asked, her voice trembling. Her face lost all color. Her hands, tightly gripping her clothes, clenched into fists.

The warmth she had felt from their intimate moment earlier quickly vanished, leaving her feeling cold and hollow.

She wondered if Erick had been intimate with her just to get her to agree to let Michelle move in.

To Alicia, this felt like the ultimate insult.

Erick, looking a bit impatient, put out his cigarette in the crystal ashtray. "Why do you keep resisting? Michelle is your sister. How long will you avoid her?"

"She may be my sister, but she nearly killed me. Do you expect me to see her every day and remember how close I was to death?"

Alicia's voice surged uncontrollably.

She was sure she looked terrible at that moment. In the past, she had done everything to be the perfect wife for Erick, even giving up her career to care for him, all in the hope of winning his love.

Alicia knew Erick was a man of pride. Being forced into a marriage with her was like a constant annoyance to him.

Yet, she had hoped that, with time, he might start to have feelings for her.

Now, she realized how naive she had been.

He was unaware that three years ago, she nearly lost her life in a car crash caused by Michelle, resulting in a three-month hospital stay and leaving her dependent on a wheelchair for months. He didn't know about the nightmares that haunted her every night since, making her wake up screaming. Nor was he aware of how rainy weather brought pain to the scar on her leg.

Her life had been filled with such struggles, day and night.

To him, Michelle was just a poor girl who had to leave her country due to his jealous wife, a woman he saw as hysterical and resentful.

It was them who had pushed her to the point of hysteria.

Erick looked at her with a cold, sharp gaze, so different from the warmth and gentleness he had shown just moments before. But this time, Alicia stood her ground, her lips pressed tightly together, her eyes burning with firmness.

She had been backing down for years, yet she still had her limits.

She couldn't stand to see Michelle enter their house and get close to her husband right in front of her eyes.

She just couldn't.

"I think you've got it all wrong." Erick lifted himself slowly, walked by her, shed his bathrobe, and got dressed with a seamless grace.

His profile was striking, as if carefully crafted by an artist, but the cold blankness in his eyes made him seem even more mysterious. However, his words were clear and straightforward.

Erick's words were firm and unyielding. "This is my house. I have the final say. It's not up for debate. It's just how it is."

As he fastened the last button of his shirt with precision, Erick turned to face Alicia.

It was as if all the heated moments from before were just figments of Alicia's imagination.

Alicia felt a crushing sensation in her throat, like invisible hands were squeezing tightly, making it hard for her to breathe. She watched Erick move closer, step by step, a sense of unexplained fear washing over her.

Without realizing it, she stepped back until Erick reached out and held her chin firmly.

Their eyes met, and Alicia's heart began to race.

Then, out of nowhere, a loud commotion broke the tension. Their maid burst in, announcing, "Mr. Ellis, Miss Singh is downstairs!"

Miss Singh? Was that Michelle?

Alicia tensed up suddenly. She noticed Erick respond promptly, hurrying to the window to check outside.

Curious, she joined him, and that was when she caught sight of the scene below.

It was a stormy mess, with lightning cutting through the sky, thunder booming, dark clouds hanging low, and rain coming down hard. Trees were bending in the wind, and there, right at the entrance of their villa, stood Michelle. She was soaked through, her hair plastered to her face, yet she stood firm.

She looked both pitiful and appealing.

Alicia glanced at Erick, who was right next to her, his eyes wide with shock. He turned around abruptly, ready to race downstairs in an instant.

Despite the lingering warmth in her body, Alicia felt a cold shiver.

She spoke through her gritted teeth, her voice steady but firm. "If you step out that door today, it's over between us."