

## Millionaire Hubby and Bargain Girl

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### Chapter 1

Calvin had cheated on me with a college girl. I did not know her real name. She had only used her username, Lily Rogers, on the account my best friend had shown me.

In the picture, she looked as soft and innocent as her name, Lily—a symbol of purity and freshness. She sat with her eyes closed, making a wish in front of her birthday cake.

I saw Calvin kissing her forehead, looking so gentle, and I felt sick inside.

The picture was taken at a restaurant near a college town just two days ago.

That was the day of our seventh wedding anniversary.

I had planned a fancy dinner at a Michelin-starred restaurant but ended up alone on the hotel rooftop all night, drinking a super expensive bottle of wine by myself. I did not even touch the fancy appetizer.

I waited a long time, and finally, Calvin called to say he had to meet with an important client.

It was weird. In seven years, Calvin had never missed our anniversary. No matter how busy he was, he would always find a way to be with me.

I once teased him, "Won't spending time with me affect your work?"

He looked at me lovingly and said, "You're more important than work."

He broke a promise for the first time in seven years. I finally knew why. It was not that work mattered less than me, but something—or someone—else had mattered more.

A few days later, I found out the girl's real name—Ella Rogers. She was the new intern at Calvin's company.

The word was that Ella did not even have the right qualifications for the job.

Calvin's company was large, and interns had to go through multiple selection rounds. Ella's performance in the group interview was far behind that of her competitors from the same batch. She should have been eliminated early on based on the rule of only one spot per group.

However, Calvin showed up, took one look, and bent the rules—two spots per group, not one. He nudged HR to make sure Ella got in.

It turned out that Ella's work was just as underwhelming as her interview.

Right off the bat, I overheard coworkers griping about her.

"Ella can't even get printing and scanning right, sends out the wrong stuff to clients without asking, and now we've got a mess on our hands," Ryan from marketing grumbled. "I told her a zillion times to let me check the important stuff, but she never listens."

"Totally," Winston said. "She's got a bad attitude, never pays attention, and when she screws up, she's nowhere to be found. What was HR thinking?"

Ryan looked stressed. "What can you do? Interns aren't on the hook for much. I'll drag her along to apologize to the client, and then HR can show her the door."

"Shh, keep it down," someone cut in. "She's Mr. Lawson's pick. HR can't touch her. Forget the apology—it's on us. Whenever you're looking for her, she's off with Mr. Lawson."

"Why does she get to have special perks when we're all part of the same team?" Winston grumbled, unable to hide his frustration. "Mr. Lawson is married, right? I bet she's the other woman!"

Just then, I walked into the marketing department. The chatting coworkers went silent when they saw me, but Winston still spilled the beans about Ella not pulling her weight at work.

I remained composed and said, "If she messed up, she must face the music."

I headed upstairs to Calvin's office, and Ella was right next to him, just like everyone said.

### Comments (1)