

Chapter 13 Heartless Bastard

Chandler's eyes flashed. "He's gone out for lunch, so now's the perfect time for an illicit affair."

"You are so bold!" Erin was still anxious and kept sneaking glances at the door.

Seeing her not focused on Chandler made him angry. He grabbed her chin with his hand. "You're very bold to not be paying attention to me!"

Erin softened her tone. "I'm really worried, what if someone comes in? We could both lose our jobs."

Chandler got up, picked her up, and walked straight toward the designated break room. Erin felt a sense of familiarity when they entered the break room. She thought of the morning she had woken up in that very same break room and turned pale.

"Don't tell me this is the president's break room."

"No shit."

Her cheeks flushed, and she started to panic. She walked backward and anxiously said, "Don't come over."

Chandler walked toward her and said lowly, "You better service me well."

She wanted to leave, but he was still holding those pictures over her. Half an hour later, she left the president's office with a red face. On the way back to the office, Erin was so angry that she kicked a wall, but all she gained from that was a hurt leg. She limped back to the office.

Chandler watched Erin from the cameras in his office and laughed. "What an idiot."

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Once she got back to the design department, she had already lost her appetite. Just thinking about the events from just now made her quiver in anger.

"Shameless dickhead!"

Erin angrily scribbled on a piece of paper. Eight more times! She just needed to hold on for eight more times, and then it would all be over!

At that moment, Chandler sent her another message. The phone screen showed three words: "That didn't count."

Erin angrily hit the table with her fist. A voice came from behind her. "Erin, please don't bring your emotions into the workplace. Also, you are responsible for any company property that you damage."

She turned around, but Caleb had already left. Erin deflated. She suddenly had this feeling that she would not be able to last in this company. She wanted to quit, but the mere thought of the termination fee was enough for her to give up on that thought.

Frost Corporation had one of the most unique working contracts she had ever seen. The termination fee for leaving suddenly was one million dollars! Besides that, if she resigned amid an ongoing project, she had to pay the termination fee and an additional sum of money calculated from the project's total funds.

She took a deep breath. At times like these, she could only drink coffee. She finally made it to the end of the day and finished everything that was assigned to her, but another designer gave her ten more pictures to retouch at the last minute. They needed to be completed by the next morning.

To avoid disrupting her plans of moving out, she asked if she could bring the pictures home to complete, and the designer agreed. Erin walked out of the office building, but Holly still had not arrived. Five minutes later, Holly called to apologize. She explained that her mother had slipped in the kitchen and needed to be rushed to the hospital.

"Holly, just go to the hospital, I will be alright here! I'll call a taxi when I'm done. Please help me wish your mo well and tell her I'll visit her once I'm free."

Holly said, "Okay, then I'll go now. I'll call you later."

Erin took a taxi to her previous home. It was now 7:30 pm, and she had an hour to pack up. She wanted to get it over with and leave quickly so she didn't have to bump into Ian or Traey. However, her keys could not unlock the front doors. She turned the keys in vain for a while before she realized that Ian had changed the locks in the house. She was just about to call Ian in anger when the doors suddenly swung open.

"Why're you home?" Erin asked when she saw Ian wearing his house clothes.

Ian's handsome face held a hint of mockery.

"This is my house, would it be weird for me to be in my own house?"

Erin didn't reply. She went into the house, took off her high heels, and walked upstairs. She was wearing her work clothes, which consisted of a business blazer and a mini skirt. It was fashionable but it also gave her an air of seriousness.

Ian considered her silhouette. She was truly different after getting fucked. Even the way she walked had a more mature feel. He huffed and followed her up the stairs. Erin walked into the storage room, took out a large suitcase, and pushed it into the bedroom.

She started taking out the clothes that she usually wore and packed them into the suitcase. Ian leaned against the bedroom door frame.

With a mocking tone, he said, "Erin, do you have to be so cheap? These clothes are so old but you're still wearing them? Didn't you spend the five million dollars I gave you? Are you going to just keep all that money and not spend it?"

Her hands that were busy packing her clothes paused. Just thinking of the five million dollars reminded her of Chandler, and thinking of Chandler reminded her of the humiliating events from this afternoon in the break room.

She was immediately annoyed, "It's none of your business what I do with my money."

"Your money? That five million dollars were shares from my company. If you want to have a clean divorce then return the money."

Erin turned around to face him and threw the clothes into the suitcase, "Ian, don't be so unreasonable! When you first established the tech company, I was the one who invested ten thousand dollars into your business. The shares are rightfully mine!"

Ian walked into the bedroom with a cold smile. "Is it? Where are the documents to prove it?"

She was stunned. They had such an intimate relationship before this, who would've even thought of a contract? Of course there wasn't a written agreement!

"Have you no shame? You're so ruthless! I will never give you back the five million dollars!" Most importantly, she had already spent that money.

Ian held up one of her arms and smiled. "To be honest, the divorce papers that you submitted to Mr. Wilson have already been disposed of! Return the five million dollars if you want a new set of divorce papers!"

Erin's blood boiled, and she was filled with regret. How could she have given the divorce papers to Mr. Wilson? Of course he was on Ian's side! What a misjudgment.

She tried to regulate her emotions. "Ian, do you have to be so ruthless? Assets should be split evenly in a divorce. I've already left you the house and the cars. Are you really going to take back the five million dollars as well? Are you even still a man?"

"Why don't we find out if I'm still a man!" Ian was suddenly filled with anger and grabbed both of her hands.

She panicked. "Fuck off! Let go!"

"Erin, it's either you give me back my five million dollars or you let me fuck you! Choose!"

"Shameless bastard!" Erin spat at him.

Ian immediately lost his temper and yanked at her clothes. Two buttons of Erin's blouse clattered to the floor. His expression had also changed completely.

Suddenly, a woman's voice rang out, "Ian, what are you two doing?"