## **Chapter 18 Exes Scolding Each Other**

As the president of Frost Corporation, getting called a pervert was obviously not a great feeling. But it was different when Erin said it, and he didn't feel anger. Chandler quietly said, "I'm not a pervert to you, right?"

Erin looked at him. This man was definitely ridiculously good-looking. She thought about the women gushing over how hot the president was, and an unspeakable image crossed her mind, making it hard for her to continue eating.

Chandler had no idea what she was thinking about, and as he watched her struggle to swallow her food, he thought of that time in the break room.

His eyes glistened, and his tone was compromising when he spoke. "I won't force you like

that time in the break room ever again."

Just thinking about that time made Erin's face flush as red as a tomato. The risotto in her

mouth suddenly tasted bad, and she ran to the breakroom. Chandler could hear her retching in the toilet from where he sat on the cuch. His expression soured. He threw his cutlery on the table and decided that he wasn't going to continue eating either.

After rinsing her mouth, Erin walked out of the breakroom only to find Kyle in the office,

with Chandler nowhere to be found.

She eyed the boxes of food on the table and asked, "Kyle, where is the other assistant, Mr.

Frost?"

She still didn't know Chandler's full name. She could only remember his last name from

their first encounter. Since he said that he was the secretary to the president, surely it wouldn't be wrong to address him as the other assistant.

Kyle's expression shifted slightly, and he answered, "He left."

"Oh, then I'm going home too." Erin picked up her bag and left.

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Kyle watched her silhouette slowly fade away and thought that the president treated her quite differently. He decided that he was going to be much nicer to her in the future, but only with small gestures.

After Erin had left, Kyle dialed an internal number for the cleaners to come to tidy up the

office, especially the bathroom in the breakroom. That had to be specially sanitized. After all, Chandler only left because he couldn't stand the smell when Erin went in to throw up. ...

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Once she was outside the building, Erin walked to one side to wait for her ride.

With her monthly income of eight thousand dollars after tax, she was able to afford the

occasional private car ride, so she booked a ride to Holly's high-end apartment complex. The two had the whole two-thousand-square-foot duplex apartment to themselves and lived pretty comfortably.

Once she got into the elevator, she looked at her monthly expenses on her phone. She had

made an investment in an online shop managed by her cousin, May Chapman.

May was in her third year of university and didn't have many lessons. She'd also just moved

in with her boyfriend, so they managed the online shop together, including buying and selling the goods. If they couldn't ship out the products in time, they would recruit a few of their classmates and pay them a small amount as part-time fees.

Erin saw that the profits from this month had increased by two thousand dollars compared to

The income from the online shop combined with her salary meant that she would earn 20 to 30 thousand dollars, which was considered quite good for a white-collar worker in the city.

Even though the cost of living here was higher, she could still set aside a large sum of money

for savings. During the year she and Ian were separated, she hadn't spent much, and her accumulated savings were up to 200 thousand dollars.

Divorce was nothing to be afraid of; bankruptcy was much worse.

Erin thought of the five million dollars that she spent and didn't feel even a shred of regret. It

last month and instantly felt much better.

was still better than letting Ian give it to that home wrecker, Tracy.

Just then, the elevator doors opened. As Erin stepped out into the corridor, she heard the

sound of people arguing. When she paid close attention, she realized the voices belonged to Holly and her ex-husband, Eugene.

Erin hesitated, wondering if she should go in. Judging by how loud their voices were, it was

"Holly Green, I'm warning you! You will not tell Grandfather about our divorce or I'll never let you go!" Eugene was already halfway out of the front door.

clear that the door wasn't closed, and the whole building was filled with the sound of their

In the house, Holly threw a glass vase at him and screamed, "Fuck off! Don't ever let me see you again!"

Eugene dodged the vase, and it shattered into a million pieces on the ground. It was sheer luck that he didn't get hit. He yelled back at her, "Crazy bitch!"

slow.

Seeing that he was about to leave, Erin quickly turned to duck into a corner, but she was too

"Erin? Is that you?" Eugene smoothed down his hair with his hands, and the rage in his eyes seemed to simmer down.

Feeling awkward, Erin turned around slowly and said nothing.

He walked toward her. He was six feet tall and towered over Erin. He apologized to her,

saying, "About last time at the hotel, I'm sorry. I drank too fucking much that night."

Forget it! It's already over, just leave." Erin turned to face her best friend's ex-husband and her suitor at university. She really didn't want to deal with him.

screaming, "Eugene Hall, are you going to fuck off or not? Don't make me call the cops on you!"

Eugene didn't even get to reply before Holly was running out of the house barefooted and

Erin ignored him and walked toward Holly

Eugene looked at her impatiently, then turned towards Erin. "I'll buy you a meal next time as

Once Eugene had left in the elevator, Erin saw that Holly's feet were bleeding and gasped, "Holly, you're hurt!"

an apology."

from the storage closet.

only suck in a breath in pain.

an infection."

"Okay."

blind idiot.

shard embedded in her sole. She was so preoccupied with yelling at Eugene that she hadn't realized that she was hurt.

Holly looked at her feet. She must've stepped on the shattered glass, and there was a glass

"Ouch, that fucking hurts! Fuck that bastard Eugene." Holly bent over in pain and balanced her weight on one leg. Erin helped her into the house quickly.

Once they were in the house, Erin made Holly sit on the couch and took out the medical bag

Holly had already propped up her injured foot on the coffee table, and Erin bent down to inspect the wound. Thankfully, it wasn't a deep wound, but she still said, "Holly, why don't we go to the hospital?"

way worse before, and I didn't even go to the hospital. Get the tweezers and pull out the glass from my foot. I'll handle the rest."

"No, you won't. Just sit down and let me handle it."

Erin stopped hesitating and used the tweezers to remove the glass from her feet. Holly could

Holly gave a dismissive wave. "Forget it; it's so late. Don't worry about it. I've been hurt

"Hold on, let me get some alcohol to disinfect it."

Holly knitted her eyebrows in pain. "Bring it on. I can handle it."

bag to prevent the cleaners from getting hurt.

Ten minutes later, they were done with disinfecting and bandaging.

Erin took an anti-inflammatory pill. "I'll go get you a glass of water. Eat this so you don't get

After passing Holly the glass of water, Erin started working on cleaning up the glass shards on the floor and tossed them into the trash can. She even tied up the glass shard in a plastic

Holly lay down on the couch and watched Erin work. She forced a laugh through her pain. "Ian really is blind. He had such a good wife, yet he still went for another woman. What a

Erin looked at her briefly before finishing cleaning up. Once the floor was clear of glass shards, she sat next to Holly and said sadly, "Don't you know? Men only want what they can't have. Men are shit."