## **Chapter 19 Putting On A Show Together**

"Yeah, men are all shit. Most women will meet at least one scumbag in their lifetimes." Holly grabbed a nearby pillow and settled down more comfortably on the couch.

Erin raised her eyes to look at Holly. "Aren't you and Eugene divorced? Why was he here?"

Holly, who had been staring at the ceiling, turned to look at her. "He told me that it's his grandfather's 80th birthday next month, and he needs me to put on an act with him so his grandfather doesn't find out that we're divorced. His grandfather is an old-fashioned man and definitely won't allow our divorce." she said hopelessly.

"But your divorce has nothing to do with his grandfather!" Erin was surprised.

Holly smiled bitterly. "It's not just his grandfather; we haven't even told our own parents about it."

Erin's heart sank. Her divorce was also the same—she hadn't told anyone besides Holly about it yet, not even her parents.

But her situation was worse than Holly's. At least Holly had managed to get a proper divorce

and was a free woman now. The same couldn't be said for Erin. The issue of the five million dollars was giving her a splitting headache.

"Where were you last night?"

At Holly's sudden questioning, Erin mumbled, "Oh, I met someone from our university yesterday and completely lost track of time, so I slept at her place."

Holly shot up and narrowed her eyes. "Liar! Do you really think I'm that dumb? Didn't you

go to pick up your suitcase last night? Where is it, then? Don't tell me you got back together

with Ian?"

Erin said helplessly, "I really can't hide anything from you. I did sleep over at someone else's house yesterday, but it wasn't at Ian's. I don't want to talk about why I don't have my

suitcase, but I will never go back there again. It's not a big deal; I'll just buy new stuff. I

left."

Holly could guess what had happened based on the hurt flashing in Erin's eyes. She probably had a fight with Ian, so Holly didn't ask her any more questions.

already took out my passport and account books, so it's not like there's anything important

"Before you came home, you said that you were sick. You don't look so well; I'm already doing much better, so go rest now."

Erin stood up. "I'll help you up the stairs."

After Erin took Holly upstairs, she came back downstairs to take a shower. She took another

disabled."

"Okay, let's go."

dose of cold medicine before she turned the lights off and settled into bed. She glanced at her phone, but there was no message from that man, so she was finally able to get some sleep.

After a good night's sleep, Erin felt much better the next day. It really was great being young;

her body could recover from illnesses so quickly. She went upstairs to check on Holly and

was about to ask her if she needed any help.

Holly said, "No, just go to work. I called a secretary from my dad's office to take care of me today."

Erin nodded in relief and was just about to leave when she remembered, "Oh right, how was your mom? Was she hurt really badly?"

"It's no big deal. She only strained her back and needs to rest for a month, but she can be discharged from the hospital later in the afternoon."

Holly put her hands together in a mock prayer. "I'm begging you, just leave! It's not like I'm

"That's good. Then I'm really going to go now." Erin was still worried about Holly.

"Okay, I'm going to head out now. I'll buy you some good food on the way home tonight."

It only took Erin five minutes by foot to reach the subway station. Just as she got on the

subway, she got a call from Ian.

"Erin, let's have dinner together tonight. My mother is here." Ian spoke into the Bluetooth receiver as he was driving.

Erin was unphased. "So? Deal with her yourself. I would rather die than go."

"No. She doesn't know about our impending divorce, and she'll definitely want to stay for the night. What would she think when she realizes that we don't live together?" His tone was

laced with anger.

She paused. Her ex-mother-in-law wasn't great to her, but she also didn't give her a hard time. It was just that now, with the tension between her and Ian, she really didn't want to put

"Just tell her that I'm working overtime."

Ian was annoyed. He was using his mother's visit as an excuse to get her to stay at his house,

but she was being so uncooperative!

few stops away, so she decided to take a taxi.

the elevator.

and a pair of long legs.

up an act with him.

"Which bastard are you fucking out there for you not to want to return home?" His tone was dripping with sarcasm.

Ian, of all people, had no right to mock her. Erin was furious. "How could you say that with

a straight face? Think about it—who is it that actually doesn't want to come home? While you and Tracy were fucking around, did you ever think about me?"

couldn't deny that he was the one who'd cheated first.

He sighed, "Can we just stop talking about that? I told you, you're not completely innocent in this matter. Is there any benefit in bringing up the past?"

In the end, that was the true root of the problem. Even if Ian had absolutely no shame, he

conversation!"

Ian guessed that she didn't want to return the five million dollars, so he coldly said, "I've

"No. There isn't. If you had finalized the divorce earlier, we wouldn't even be having this

said it before. Return my money, and I guarantee that I'll sign the divorce papers."

Hearing him bring up the five million dollars again and again made her angrily cut the line.

Ian kept his eyes on the road and smirked. "There's no way it would be so hard to fuck you just once."

Luckily, she saw a passenger get off the taxi once she exited the station. She contemplated the idea of getting her own car once she was seated in the taxi, since it would be much more convenient. In the past, she'd use the BMW at home to commute to work, but now that car belonged to Ian. Though they weren't divorced yet, she was a woman of her word, so Ian

Erin kept her phone away and immediately got off the subway, uncaring of the looks the

other passengers were giving her. She'd gotten off way too early, and the company was still a

dollars that were rightfully hers. Still, if she were to ask for more, he'd be even more bothersome.

After reaching the office, she hadn't even had ten minutes on her computer before she got a text from Chandler. "Come up."

She sighed and numbly wondered if she was cursed. Of all the companies in the world, why did he have to be in the same company as her?

Erin ignored the message and continued working. She had a lot of work to do today; a

owned the car and the house. To make matters worse, he even wanted back the five million

she received another message from Chandler. "Do you want to see your pictures up on the company's internal website?"

She clenched her fist but didn't dare to hit the table just in case Caleb popped out and lectured her about damaging public property. She placed her phone into the pocket of her

shorts and walked toward the break room, pretending to get a glass of water, then snuck into

designer had just given her 20 images to retouch before the day was over. 20 minutes later,

As expected, Kyle was there to greet her. She admired the man. Was acting as a lookout for his friend really a good idea?

Erin was dressed in black from head to toe and stood outside the president's office. As her

work attire today consisted of a pair of shorts, her long, pale legs were on full display and

looked very sensual. Although she was only five feet two inches, she had a flawless body

She walked into the office and saw Chandler in a dark-coloured suit, perched lazily on the couch with coffee in one hand and a set of newspapers in his other hand. Erin scanned the office. Chandler had such a carefree job—he treated the president's office like his own once

the president was out.

She asked with an unpleasant tone, "What do you want now?"

He looked up and asked casually, "How's your cold?"