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Matt was dumbfounded after realizing that he was fucked. 1

He had lied to his mother for so long, telling her that he had successfully become a director and had been raking in cash, even though the truth was far more pathetic.

He had failed to be an actor and was now too old and unfit to become a fresh actor in Hollywood. He also couldn't hold a candle against so many fresh young faces with backing, ready to snatch any role he could land.

And thus, he had been using Kate's money to pamper her mother, hiding the truth from her.

"Haha, what a useless piece of shit," Erin rolled her eyes. "You seriously have no use, Matt. What are you going to do now? You know that Kate would definitely block our credit cards, right?" 1

Erin sneered, "You're unemployed, and I doubt that you'll find any job anytime soon. So what are you going to do now?"

Matt gulped.

He had no weapon against Kate. In fact, he had been relying on Erin using the blackmail method to pressure Kate so they would do whatever they

wanted her to do.

"I—I will try to find Kate and tell her to stop this tantrum. Of course, she won't be cruel enough to let me starve, right?" Matt said, 2

Erin couldn't help but feel disgusted by this pathetic bastard. She couldn't even understand herself.

"Why did I let him fuck me before? He's too fucking pathetic!" Erin cursed. "Ugh, I can't wait to have my threesome with Henry and Michael. That would definitely erase all of his traces inside me! I deserve to be with a better man, a man who is powerful, rich, and handsome like Henry or Michael!"

Thus, Erin clicked her tongue and said, "Don't you see the bruises on my face? Kate is cruel enough to hurt her own harmless little sister who does no wrong. Do you think she will spare you instead?"

"But you know that she won't be able to divorce me, right?" Matt insisted. "After all, she will have to split all of her assets with me fifty-fifty if she decides to separate!"

"Well, she can always let you starve in here," Erin rolled her eyes. "Geez, you should be smarter like me. Do you think that Kate will be kind enough to you? She might just let you starve and

die here, and you won't be able to claim any of her assets if you died, right?"

Matt gulped nervously. He nodded helplessly, knowing that Erin was right, "T—Then, what should I do, Erin? You know her the best, since you're her sister. Go try to persuade her to go back, or she can just find any men she likes. It doesn't matter to me as long as she will still give us money." 1

Erin sighed, "Alright, I will find a way to help us both. Don't worry, we won't lose our only cash cow."

Matt was relieved because Erin seemed to be willing to help him. He was completely helpless right now, and he felt pathetic for it. 3

He had been reduced from a prideful man to a pathetic, failed man who couldn't earn any money.

Well, of course, he would have earned money by working a regular job.

But why would he work a regular job when his wife—who was supposed to be lower than him—had a high-paying, prestigious job as a Chief Editor?

He'd feel even more degraded and didn't want a handsome burger flipper.

"Thank you, Erin. I know that you always have your sister in check. You're a lifesaver," Matt said.

Erin scoffed.

She looked down at Matt as she realized she had no use in keeping this kind of useless bastard.

'Do you really think that I will save you? Hah! I will save myself instead!' Erin sneered in her heart. 'I will definitely marry a handsome, rich man like Henry Grant, and live a life of the rich. I will use his money and power to become an influencer! I will be the next Kardashian!' 4

'And you? Well, you can stay with my sister. Though I doubt that she will take you back,' Erin couldn't help but grin as she imagined Matt dying alone in this apartment out of hunger. 'Besides, once I married Henry, I would definitely fire my sister. It would be the best revenge, so you pair of husband and wife can die poor, while I will be the most popular influencer plus celebrity, complete with a handsome and rich husband and beautiful children.' 4

'Hihi, I know I'm very smart.' 4

Erin imagined her life as Henry Grant's wife, living in a mansion, surrounded by maids who would do anything that she told them to do. She had investigated—well, used Google search to find Henry's family.

There wasn't much information about himself, but his family was well-known as an old-money family since the 1800s. So Henry was guaranteed to be one of those men who was born as an elite.

'Ah, Erina Grant, that's a good name to have,' Erin thought. 'Well, if he doesn't want to marry me, then I can always ask him to find me one of his friends. I bet he has plenty of young, rich, and handsome men who will be queueing just to spend a night with me.'

"Well, I'm going to my bedroom to take a bath and rest. I have to keep compressing these bruises," Erin got up and went to her bedroom.

Well, it wasn't really her bedroom.

It was Kate and Matt's previous master bedroom. But since Kate left the apartment after catching Matt and Erin making out on the sofa, Matt had become a bit distraught and uncomfortable staying in the empty master bedroom, so Erin took the place for herself whenever she planned to sleep in this apartment, after all, this apartment was hers now, right?

Fortunately, Kate didn't take everything in her closet when she left.

So Erin could get some of Kate's expensive evening dresses and even a few pieces of jewelry she left.