171 Chapter 171

[Song Recommendation: Billie Eilish - All the Good Girls Go to Hell.] 1

"He's not going to carry me?" Erin asked. "I mean, I'm barely covering myself right now, and I'm using a high heel! Do you think that I'm going to walk to that cabin? Oh hell no!"

The burly men looked at each other and replied, "How about I carry you inside, Miss? Surely you don't mind, right?"

Erin looked at the burly man who offered to carry her.

He wasn't bad looking at all.

In fact, his strong arm must've felt good for her.

So she nodded, "Alright, carry me to the cabin. Don't worry about Mr. Grant, I will tell him that you two are just doing your job. He's 100% obedient to me."

"... sure, Miss."

Henry was sitting at a mahogany table with a private candlelight dinner set prepared for Erin. He wanted it to be perfect so Erin

wouldn't suspect a thing.

'Ah, I can't wait for this to be over with. I want to spend the night with my Kitty. Maybe we should spend a few days more in the cabin, just the two of us,' Henry thought.

He imagined all the good things he'd do with Kate, which got him antsy.

His beautiful imagination was soon shattered when the cabin door opened, and he saw Erin being carried by one of his bodyguards. She was wearing nothing but a piece of dress that was so short it served more as a bikini.

And he knew that Erin wasn't wearing anything underneath.

How would he know?

Well, her dress was lifted when she got princess carried, exposing her bare butt, much to Henry's disgust.

"Okay, put me down now," Erin said.

The burly man put her down and excused himself, giving time for Mr. Grant and this bitch, knowing that her fate had been sealed the moment she sat on the same seat with the boss.

Erin grinned when she stood in front of Henry. She noticed his eyes were looking at her from head to toe, and she thought he must be hungry to have sex with her. 3

"Mr. Grant, why are you looking at me like that?" Erin asked. She blushed as she rubbed her thighs together, ensuring Henry knew what she wanted.

Henry kept silent for a while before he pointed at the chair at the other side of the table, "Please sit, Miss Ross. I've prepared a romantic dinner for us. We can do what you want later."

"Um, okay," Erin sat at the chair and lifted the food cover. She saw a warm steak, and she couldn't help but frown.

"A steak?" She asked.

Of course, she loved a good steak.

But this was supposed to be a romantic dinner. It would be hard for her to act elegantly while eating a big steak. 1

"Yes, is there something wrong, Miss Ross?" Henry asked. "Do you not like the food that I prepared myself?"

"Y—You can cook, Mr. Grant?"

"Grilling is every man's specialty. We are all good at it," Henry replied. "That's why I want to make this special. It's a steak that I made with my own hand, and I also prepared a wine that I've been saving for a while just for the two of us."

Erin glanced at the glass of wine next to her plate.

"You're doing so much for me, Mr. Grant," Erin murmured. She never knew there would be a perfect man like Henry Grant, who went as far as preparing everything just for their romantic candlelight dinner.

'He's also listening to everything I want, and gave me a lot of money! Oh gosh, I MUST marry him no matter what. I think I can at least stay one year without cheating on him! He should be grateful for that!' Erin thought. 2

Thus, Erin and Henry ate the steak in silence.

Erin kept stealing glances at Henry, who was busy with his steak. Her cheeks reddened, seeing how handsome Henry was.

The light around the room was dimmed to give that intimate feeling, but the candle in the middle of the table was enough for Erin to draw out Henry's facial features.

He was truly a man personally sculpted by God. His facial feature was enough to smite everyone, including Erin.

And the fact that he was filthy rich made him even more handsome.

'I can't wait to have him,' Erin thought. 'I will be the next Kim Kardashian, hihi.'

Thus, Erin tried her best to eat the thick steak elegantly.

Erin didn't know why her steak was well-done because it was difficult to cut. But she guessed that Henry also had the same well-done steak as her.

"What's wrong, Miss Ross? Is there something you don't like?" Henry asked.

"Um... Mr. Grant, do you like a well done steak?" Erin asked.

"Indeed, I like my steak properly cooked, and I expect my girlfriend to enjoy the same taste as I do," Henry said. However, he was currently eating medium-rare steak.

He just wanted to ridicule her a bit since he couldn't do anything to hurt her right now.

"Do you not like what I make, Miss Ross?"

Erin's lips twitched, and she replied, "I—I like it! I will eat anything you make, Mr. Grant!" Erin insisted.

Thus, she struggled to cut a very chewy and thick steak.

She ate at least half of it until she gave up because her jaw was aching after chewing so many times.

Henry finished his steak first. He put his utensils down and stared at Erin, whose face was red because she had munched on chewy steak for too long.

"You can stop eating now, Miss Ross," Henry said. "It seems that you don't enjoy it much."

"I—I enjoy it! I swear!" Erin insisted. But then she choked on the meat and quickly drank the wine, much to Henry's satisfaction. 4

Erin drank until the wine glass was empty. She felt her throat burning, but it was a normal reaction after drinking a lot of strong wine for a short time.