

Susan's Happily Ever After Chapter 1 - 10

Chapter 1 You're the Man I Ordered

Susan Mondragon woke up with aching bones on the king-size hotel bed; when she saw a strange man still asleep next to her, an involuntary chill instantly came over her. Her eyes stared down at the startling hickeys all over her body. Taking a deep breath, she immediately pulled the covers around herself as her mind flashed back to the scenes of the night before.

She had no idea that her husband, to whom she had been married for three years, had been sleeping with her best friend until the latter came to her in an act of provocation. In a burst of outrage, she slapped that little b*tch across the face, but that scumbag of a husband actually slapped her face in return and forced her to apologize to his mistress! In a fit of anger, she went to a bar to drown her sorrows in liquor. However, the more she thought back on her terrible marriage, the more bitter she felt in her drunken haze. Why should I put up with this? Since you scumbag dare to do this to me, don't blame me for paying you back in your own coin! In her mind, she still vaguely remembered how she had yelled, "Get me the most expensive male escort you've got here!"

"Do I need to take responsibility for what happened last night?" The deep and mellow voice of a man rang icily from behind. Having just awoken, Eric Ford was ready to pay off the woman who had taken advantage of his drunken state last night.

Susan stared incredulously at him with apparent disgust in her eyes. "Are you kidding me? Who would want a male escort to take responsibility for this? Are there no other men on earth? Don't try to use this trick to blackmail me, I'm warning you!"

"A male escort?!"

As soon as his words rang out, Susan's wrist was caught in a grip. The man's breath fanned the top of her head; his voice was frighteningly cold. "What did you call me just now? Say that again!"

The dry warmth on her skin felt so amorous that it almost burned her. For some reason, she chickened out somewhat; a feeling of tension gradually knotted her stomach. Flinging Eric's hand away, she got dressed and rolled out of bed, digging all the cash she had out of her handbag before tossing them onto the pillow. "I'm not interested in wasting time with someone like you. Just get lost with the money and don't let me see you ever again."

At the sight of the two crumpled banknotes, Eric impatiently took a deep breath. Zillions of women had tried to seduce him over the years, but this was his first time coming across a woman like this. He was unsure of what she was up to. What does she take me for? A male escort who's in the business of getting laid?

Susan frowned. Obviously, this guy thinks I'm not paying him enough. Just how much does he expect me to pay him for such quality of service? He doesn't even wear a smile on his face. "Don't feel aggrieved about this, because you're only worth this much. You were too rough and made me quite uncomfortable. Also, your attitude is bad. You didn't know how to please a customer at all."

Irritated thoroughly by the sight of the woman sticking her neck out and yelling in front of him, Eric yanked her onto his lap with some force. Upon seeing her subconsciously try to avoid him in a panic, he taunted under his breath in a chilling and bloodthirsty voice, "How dare you talk to me like that when this is all the nerve you've got? Just how many lives do you have to make me please you?"

Sitting on the man's lap, Susan felt as if sitting on the tip of a knife. As she struggled to break free, she raised her hand, spilling the contents of her handbag all over the floor. This made her even more exasperated, and she stood up and broke free of his hold. Then, she bent down and hastily scooped everything on the floor into her handbag, not noticing that she had inadvertently shoved a jade pendant on a black string into it as well. She walked over to the door in her high heels with her shoulder bag in hand. Then, as if to let off steam, she banged the door open and left, not bothering to waste time arguing with this male escort anymore.

As the door flung open with a loud bang, Eric watched her disappear from view with grimness written all over his good-looking face.

When he stepped out of the hotel room, eight bodyguards were waiting at the door in well-ironed suits. Having just arrived, they went up and greeted their boss deferentially when they saw him come out.

With the stony and forbidding air of a man of high position, Eric ordered in a grim voice, "That woman who entered my room drunk last night, find out who she is!" "Roger that!"

Susan had just walked out of the hotel when she saw several cops coming toward her in police uniforms. Thinking she was blocking their way, she deliberately took a few steps back to make way for them.

However, the young cop with sharp eyes thought she was about to run away, so he rushed over and caught hold of her shoulders at once. "Susan Mondragon, someone has turned you in for hiring an escort. Please come with us."

Susan's eyes widened in horror at his words. A voice in her heart said, I'm finished...

Chapter 2 The Mistress Is Pregnant

In the interrogation room, Susan's palms were sweating out of nervousness. She feared that she would be asked to confess to the steamy details of her crime, which she found

embarrassing to describe. She had been detained all night, and the more she thought about this, the more furious she was. Inwardly, she was certain that it must've been that f*cking hustler who turned her to the police because he was unhappy with the payment he received.

Midway through the interrogation, the young cop knocked on the door and came in.

“Susan Mondragon, your friend’s here to pick you up. Come out and sign the papers.”

Susan’s heart went cold when she came out of the interrogation room to see Rachel Lynwood standing at the end of the hallway. “Why are you here?”

“How can I miss such an important high point in your life? You’re really something, Susan. You went out and spent money on pleasure when your husband didn’t touch you. Is that how thirsty and cheap you are? Tsk, tsk.” Rachel clicked her tongue without hiding her disgust.

Susan looked all confused. “What are you talking about? I don’t understand what you’re saying. Don’t you dare cast a slur on me! Where’s your proof?”

Rachel’s smile froze on her face. I wonder how this damned woman can get so lucky!

Last night, she saw in the bar with her own eyes how Susan had asked for a male escort.

Immediately, she called the police, but who would’ve known that they would take so long to arrive? Not only did they fail to catch Susan in the act, but the hotel’s security footage from the night before was said to have been erased, too. “You know in your heart whether you’ve done it or not. Seriously, I don’t understand why you still won’t get divorced even at this point. Are you still hoping that Andrew will come around and love you again? Stop dreaming! He’s never been faithful to you both emotionally and physically.”

Susan let out a sneer from her throat at Rachel’s provocation. “You can’t wait for me to get divorced from Andrew, huh? You’re never going to replace me as his wife as long as I’m still alive!” She had already lost hope for this dysfunctional marriage, but she wasn’t

willing to let this pair of cheaters get their own way either.

“I’m pregnant now. I can wait, but the baby in my womb can’t.” Rachel stroked her small baby bump with a look of motherly love on her pretty face.

All at once, Susan, who had previously been able to put on an air of superiority, looked as if being grabbed by the throat. “When was it?”

“It’s almost three months old now, and it’s a boy. Actually, I wanted to tell you long ago, but don’t they say it’s better to wait out the first trimester before sharing the news of a pregnancy?” Rachel’s lips curved smugly at the mention of her baby. “But things are different now. I’m going to be a mother, and Andrew told me that he really wants this baby. As long as you take the initiative to ask for a divorce, he’ll surely agree to it. After all, I don’t want my baby to grow up with a single parent since this would be unfair to

him. Resent me or hate me all you want, but the baby is innocent,” she said, softening her voice on purpose as tears fell from her reddened eyes.

Looking at the beautifully weeping woman, Susan concealed the surging emotions in her eyes. “You two really have no sense of shame. You think you’re innocent? Why didn’t you feel innocent when you got pregnant with a little b*stard in bed?!” She didn’t want to face Rachel’s revolting face anymore. She wondered why things had turned out this way. Ever since the beginning of her marriage, she had never thought she would get divorced one day. How laughable that the vows of eternal love exchanged during her wedding were now broken at the hands of a woman!

Unable to repress her despair any longer, she couldn’t help but crouch down on the roadside in tears as soon as she stepped out of the police station.

A black Bentley pulled over to the curb nearby. Timothy Holton, Eric’s special assistant, rolled down the car window and was startled to see the woman sobbing on the roadside. “Mr. Ford, the lady crying over there seems to be the person you’re looking for.”

The dignified man resting in the back seat opened his eyes and looked over at the woman crouching on the roadside. His black eyes narrowed at the sight of her tearful appearance; she looked aggrieved, totally different from how she had yelled at him and ordered him around last night.

“Mr. Ford, should I get that lady into the car?”

Eric slowly straightened the cuffs of his shirt. Several scabbed fingernail scratches were visible on his arm; it was clear at a glance that these were made by a woman. He ordered indifferently, “Go to the office first. She’s not in the right state to talk to anyone yet. Just wait a little longer.”

Chapter 3

“Enough! Stop knocking already! Would it kill you to take the keys out with you? And yet you have to wait for someone to open the door for you, you high and mighty slacker! Am I your servant or something?!”

Susan changed into her slippers and entered the house while ignoring Jocelyn Dixon, her mother-in-law’s, sarcastic remarks. “Where’s Andrew?”

“He’s busy working at his office, of course! He’s unlike you, who lives the idle life of a spoiled princess and waits to be fed by my son without making a single dime on your own!”

Susan turned a deaf ear to Jocelyn's taunts. She was already used to the latter picking on her for not making any money, even if the Baileys didn't need her money at all.

Throughout the three years of her marriage, Jocelyn had ordered her around like a free maid every single day. When did she ever have the opportunity to go out hunting for a job? She had to get up before dawn to make breakfast for the whole family and prepare three meals for them every day without fail. Moreover, Jocelyn was fussy and very particular about what to eat and wear, so every meal had to contain at least six dishes. These dishes mustn't be too salty or too bland, nor must they be all vegetables or too heavy on the meat; they had to be nutritionally and proportionately balanced, and they had to be different from one day to another. Jocelyn was even harder to please than a queen mother.

She had put up with all of this to preserve her hard-won marriage, thinking that she was devoting herself to her family. It wasn't until Andrew cheated on her that it finally dawned upon her that the sacrifices she had made for this family were nothing but a joke. I treat them like my family, but they treat me like a free housekeeper!

In the evening, hearing a knock at the door, Jocelyn immediately put down the remote control and yelled toward the bedroom, "What are you doing, shutting yourself in the room? Come out and make dinner now! Oh, what a wretched life my son's living! He's had a long day working out there, yet he doesn't get to have something warm to eat when he comes home. I really wonder how you can qualify as his wife!" The next instant, her face broke into a smile as she opened the door for her son. "Why are you back so early today? You should've called in advance. I just bought some catfish that she's going to grill for dinner. Aw, look at you! You've lost so much weight working these days. I wonder how someone's been taking care of you."

Susan heard every word she said, but she didn't come out of the bedroom. Instead, she continued with her packing to get ready to move out today.

A sullen-faced Andrew returned to the bedroom from the living room. Before the

bedroom door even closed, he yanked Susan, who was sitting on the bed folding up her clothes, up and flung her to the wall so hard that she let out a groan of pain when her thin back hit the ice-cold wall. “You’re really something, Susan. How dare you fool around out there?! Don’t forget who you are!”

“Who I am, eh?” Susan sneered. “If you can’t stand it, why don’t you hurry and divorce me? Your Rachel can’t wait to take my place!” She felt a surge of vengeful pleasure at Andrew’s furious questioning. I got bullied by this family because I was too compliant. I sleep-walked through everything and lived with my eyes shut. I’ve never been more conscious than right now! Taking a deep breath, she took the divorce papers she had prepared beforehand out of her handbag. She had signed the papers and was waiting for Andrew to sign them.

Andrew felt his temples tighten as he took the divorce papers. “You’re really something now, huh? You’re the one who begged to marry me in the first place, so now you deserve to bear the consequences!” he replied. “You may go wherever you want once Grandpa’s dead! I’m warning you, Susan, if you dare to upset my applecart at this juncture, I’ll never let you off for this!”

His grandfather Jacob had led a decent life sticking with his wife Vivian through thick and thin, so he hated it most when someone failed to be a good husband. If the Baileys found out that he got divorced for having an affair, they would surely take advantage of this to attack him, thus undermining his position as company president. After all, the Bailey Family had no shortage of heirs!

“What if I insist on getting divorced?” Not wanting to compromise anymore, Susan just wanted to end their relationship as soon as possible.

Slap! Angered by her intransigence, Andrew strode to the bedside and gave her a condescending slap across the face. “How dare you!”

Susan pointed her finger at him while trembling all over with rage. “You’re an animal, Andrew Bailey! I can’t live like this anymore! I want a divorce!”

Andrew never expected this stupid woman, who had always been obedient to him, to have the nerve to start defying him now. I wonder who gave her the nerve to do this. His smile deepened at the sight of her helplessly wretched appearance. “You want to free yourself from this? That’s unless you’re dead, Susan. Bear in mind that no one can save you!”

Chapter 4 Who Would Dare to Save You

Hearing the argument in the bedroom, Jocelyn pushed the door open and came in without knocking. The moment she saw the conspicuous slap mark on Susan’s face, her eyes gleamed with a smug smile.

The smug, b*tchy smiles on the mother and son’s faces dug straight into Susan’s chest like a long thorn. Putting her hand over her swollen right cheek, she felt a warm liquid gushing from her nose. Her cheek was burning, and the pain stung her. This scumbag just slapped me real hard as if to kill me, she thought. Mustering her courage, she stood up and lunged at Andrew, grabbing the collar of his shirt in one hand while gnashing her teeth in anger. “What kind of a man would bully a woman? Andrew Bailey, just wait until I sue you in court if you won’t get divorced! This isn’t the first time you’ve raised your hand to me. You’re not a man!”

Andrew wrenched her hand away in disgust.

Adding fuel to the fire, Jocelyn mocked in a triumphant manner, “Did I hear that right? You want to divorce my son? Susan, why don’t you take a good look at yourself in the mirror? Who do you think you are... You need to be taught a lesson.”

Susan glared daggers at her in desperation. “Who do you think you are, then? You act without dignity despite your old age! You’re full of evil thoughts, and you know nothing despite having lived for so many years!”

Provoked by her attitude, Jocelyn instantly aired her grievances to Andrew. “Andrew, look at how she behaves toward me! Do I deserve to end up being yelled at by someone

younger than me in my old age?” Her eyes reddened, and she wept so hard as if she were going to lose her breath.

Having seen through everything, Susan felt her stomach turn. Jocelyn was always like this; she was a superb actor, acting like a dragon in front of her and a worm in front of Andrew. As long as she was around him, she would either have a headache or a fever, or she would be ill and waiting for him to care about her. At home, she was ill for only one reason—that Susan had pissed her off. Whenever she felt unwell, her dutiful son would call Susan to account.

Jocelyn’s cries further aggravated Andrew’s anger, and he raised his hand high. “What the f*ck are you talking about? Apologize to my mom now!”

“Why should I apologize? Are you gonna hit me again if I don’t? Do that again and I’ll call the police!”

Susan’s timid threats were met with ridicule from Andrew, though. “Call the police? Which of us do you think the police will side with, you or me?”

Susan’s thin and frail body froze. This feeling of helplessness is so distressing... In her heart, she knew that with the Bailey Family’s power and connections in Amwood, even if she called the police, it wouldn’t solve her problem at all.

“Think about what you’ve done wrong today!” Andrew said coldly before helping his ‘weak’ mother out of the bedroom.

Susan stared hopelessly at the mother and son as they left. Trembling all over with rage, she wished she had a knife right now so that she could kill this animal along with herself! Jocelyn’s hand had been clutching her chest the whole time. In the living room, she poured out two aspirin tablets and tremblingly put them into her mouth in front of her son. “Rachel’s baby bump will start showing very soon, Andrew. What are you going to do about it? Judging by the way that woman looks, she might’ve learned about this. This mustn’t get through to your grandpa!”

Andrew comforted her, “Don’t worry, Mom. I know what I’m doing. Just count the days

until you have a grandson.”

“It’s maddening just to think about it. That woman’s just a madwoman with no manners whatsoever! I’ve been so kind to her all these years for nothing. Ah, I feel another headache coming on... Son, it’s all because of you that I’ve put up with that woman’s bullying. I can swallow all kinds of abuse for your sake, you know,” Jocelyn said, her lips twitching as tears ran down her cheeks.

Andrew couldn’t stand the sight of his mother looking so aggrieved. He uttered angrily through clenched teeth, “If she dares to disrespect you ever again, I’ll teach her a lesson—”

Chapter 5 You Took off Your Own Pants

That night, Susan wandered the streets in the piercing wind like a lost soul. Having left home in a hurry without even having a coat on, she stood on the roadside in a thin chiffon blouse while trembling all over with cold. Her heart was being torn apart with frustration and despair. Right now, life to her was like a pot of mush with a bunch of rotten seafood thrown in.

Sitting in his car, Eric looked at the thin and lonely figure nearby before having his chauffeur pull over to the side of the road.

Squatting on the roadside, Susan realized something urgent: she actually had nowhere to go after leaving the place she had called home.

A deep and mellow male voice rang above her head. “Why cry like this? Are your tears so worthless?”

Susan looked up confusedly with teary eyes, only to see that it was actually the male escort she had slept with the other day. She had been unable to vent her emotions in the first place, so she flew into a rage at this very moment. “It’s you again? You still wanna turn me in to the police? Get out of my face, you f*cking hustler!”

Eric stood on the step behind her with one hand in his pocket while looking down at her. “Turn you in to the police? Why? Because you took off my pants?”

Susan wiped her tears away with her hand. “Still acting dumb, huh? I got taken away by the cops as soon as I left the hotel that day. Who else could’ve done that if not you? You were just unhappy with the money, weren’t you?” she replied. Then, she didn’t forget to add, “Also, you’re the one who took off your own pants that night. I had nothing to do with it.”

Eric’s eyes lowered slightly. He was impressed by this woman’s reasoning; if he wanted

to take revenge on someone, he would do way more than just turn the person in to the police.

Feeling extremely depressed, Susan didn't want to tangle with this male escort anymore. She stood up in an attempt to leave, but she had cried too hard and squatted for too long that her legs were numb when she stood up. Before she could stand up straight, she almost lost her footing. Instinctively, she had no choice but to cling to the man next to her to prevent herself from falling over.

Steadying her in his arms, Eric joked with a chuckle, "Throwing yourself into my arms again, huh? This isn't a hotel room, though. It's hard for me to go along with you."

Susan hurriedly pushed him away in disgust while recovering from her heartache. "What the hell do you want?! I don't believe it's a coincidence that I bumped into you here. Are you following me, you hustler? I'm gonna complain to your manager that you've been harassing one of your customers!"

Seeing the woman put on a bold front with a wary look on her face, Eric let out a chuckle and replied softly, "You're right that it's not a coincidence. I have a jade pendant that went missing that night. Maybe you took it away?"

Susan knitted her brows as if hearing a joke. Are male escorts nowadays so lacking in morals? "I didn't take anything from you. Is everyone in your profession so unscrupulous as to try different ways to ask for money? How despicable and shameless."

Eric had been patient just now, but his face involuntarily grew frosty at her remark.

"Everyone in my profession? Just what profession am I in?"

Susan shivered—either from the cold or because she was frightened by the look in the eyes of the man before her. "Seriously, do you want me to make it that clear? You think it's honorable to be a male escort? I don't have any of your stuff. If you've lost it, just call the police. Isn't that what you're best at?" she said before raising her hand to stop a passing cab that wasn't occupied.

However, as soon as she set foot in the cab, the man placed his hand on the car door, preventing her from closing it. Then, his tall figure bent down and got into the vehicle, bringing with him the chill of the night.

Turning pale at once, Susan moved her butt to the side as she sensed the man leaning in closer and closer to her. "What the hell do you want? I'm not in a good mood right now, so don't mess with me!"

Eric's deep eyes darkened as he gently grabbed her chin. "What do you think I want?" He remembered having asked the same question that night, to which her answer seemed to be, "You."

Chapter 6 Your Profession

Susan smacked the man's hand away from her chin. She said in disgust, "It's not a good

occupational habit to get physical with someone at the drop of a hat.” Recalling that chaotic night, she couldn’t help regretting it deep down. Had I not been drunk, I wouldn’t have gotten involved with someone like this. Just as she wanted to open the car door and throw him out, she saw a man and a woman walking in the cab’s direction. Her back froze, and her hand jerked back as though she had gotten an electric shock.

She clearly saw Andrew and Rachel walking hand in hand toward the neighborhood. Rachel walked with her head resting on Andrew’s shoulder as if she had no bones, while Andrew attentively draped his overcoat around her shoulders, perhaps out of worry that she might catch a cold. Susan recognized the overcoat, which she had hand-washed and ironed smoothly for Andrew just a few days ago.

After walking a few steps, the pair paused, and Andrew tenderly kissed Rachel on the forehead.

Susan was upset by the cruel scene. Her husband, who would raise his hand against her at home, was so tender and considerate to another woman.

Following her gaze, Eric saw the lovey-dovey couple under the tree nearby, and he slowly came to a realization.

“What a disgusting pair of cheaters!” Susan clenched her fists tightly. Had she been able to fight and offend them, she would’ve stormed out and killed this pair of adulterers!

A deep and magnetic voice rang in her ears. “Compared with them, you’re not that honorable either. You’re unfaithful to your husband and have a colorful life at night.”

Susan withdrew her gaze and glared at the man next to her. “You can call them names, but not me.”

Eric had already had a background check done on Susan, and she was married. He turned to look at the woman next to him, who, despite her delicate features and extraordinarily fair complexion, had a slap mark on her petite face. He wondered what this woman had been through, but he didn’t bother to care more about it since it had nothing to do with him.

Having waited for a long time, the cabbie began urging impatiently, “Where exactly are you going? Just get out if you’re not going to ride my cab. Don’t keep me from doing business.”

“Please take me to Magnolia Residence on Raywick Avenue,” Susan quickly blurted out the address. Turning to look at the man who still wasn’t leaving, she urged with a frown, “Get out of the cab, will you?”

Eric remained silent while pretending not to hear her. After the cabbie started driving, his thoughtful gaze fell coldly upon the ring on her ring finger.

Susan’s brain could no longer think straight. After the cab drove out of the neighborhood for more than ten minutes, she finally felt puzzled as to why she had ended up with this

male escort again.

Her uneasy gaze rested on the man beside her. The streetlights happened to flash past the car window, flickering on the outlines of his stony face and his protruding Adam's apple. She had to admit that this male escort was very charming. In addition to his deep eyes, he had the attractiveness of a grown-up man. Still, she shook her head in regret. What a funny thing it is that he's in the business of serving women despite having the face of a bossy company president. Moreover, this hustler has a sharp tongue and says unpleasant things with a stony face. No customer would be willing to pay for such a guy. Well, I heard that people in their trade sleep with customers of both genders no matter how old they are. At the thought of those erotic scenes, she instantly felt nauseous, and her pleasure just now vanished. Once a hustler, always a hustler. There's no way he can wash it off no matter how good-looking he is.

Seeing Susan staring at him with a deep frown, Eric narrowed his eyes and quickly got into the role she assigned to him. "Haven't you had enough of staring at me that night? If you want to stare at me again, you've got to pay extra."

Susan immediately looked away and grimaced in disgust. "Are you being covered in diamonds or something? Does one have to pay extra to look at you? Are you mad with poverty?"

After arriving at her destination, she was angered by the sight of the man following her out of the car like a ghost that would never go away. She raised her hand and stopped him from following her. "Why are you still following me? I'm not interested in hiring you today."

Eric lit a cigarette; the flickering flame of his lighter illuminated his well-sculpted face. His hand pointed to the cab. "Can you pay the cab fare for me? I don't have cash with me."

Susan tossed her purse into his arms. "Stop bothering me! Also, I don't have any of your stuff at all. You think you weren't paid enough last time, don't you? Well, the money in this purse is all yours this time."

Eric took out his phone. "Would you mind giving me your number? Just call me if you find it."

Susan hesitated for a few seconds before taking the phone from him. After keying in her phone number, she didn't forget to warn, "I'm giving you my number to prove that I didn't take your stuff, so don't give me trouble by calling the police again."

Eric flicked his cigarette away before turning to pay the cab fare. After paying the money, he was about to return the purse, only to find that the woman had disappeared into the night. Standing next to a streetlight, he opened her pink leather purse in the dim light and noticed that her ID card was in it, too.

His stony eyes carefully scrutinized the plain and fair face in the ID photo. Even now, he was still unsure whether this woman was playing dumb to take advantage of him, approaching him in this way on purpose to leave a deep impression on him despite knowing full well who he was. After all, some superior hunters often appeared as prey. Or maybe she was really stupid as to take him for a male escort after sleeping with him. If I'm a male escort, I'm afraid no one can afford to hire me. No one's richer than me, after all.

Chapter 7 No Place to Return To

"Why did you come back at this hour? Did you get into an argument with Andrew?"

Loretta Zing muttered, glancing up at the clock hanging on the wall.

"We didn't get into an argument; we're getting a divorce. Mom, Andrew and I are getting a divorce, so I'm staying here for a couple of days."

After walking through the door, Susan collapsed onto the couch with a pale complexion, barely able to muster the strength to speak. When she placed her hand on her forehead, she found it was a little hot to the touch.

Loretta clutched her chest in horror upon hearing Susan's plans for a divorce. "Have you gone insane? Why would you ruin everything for yourself when you have such a good life? I will never agree to your divorce."

"There's nothing you can do about it. I've already made up my mind."

At that, Susan rose to her feet and headed to the kitchen to look for something to fill her stomach with. After all, she had barely had a bite to eat since the previous night, and no one would be able to withstand the continuous torture on their minds and bodies no matter how healthy they were.

Loretta followed her closely into the kitchen, nagging into her ear, "Do you think you can make that decision? It was a huge fortune that the Bailey Family agreed to marry you in the first place, and you can't even appreciate that."

Susan bent over to retrieve a bowl from the cupboard and opened the electric pot, but her hand froze just as she was about to take a spoonful of porridge. "I'm not a child anymore, and I can make my own decisions. It's because I appreciate things too easily that I've waited this long."

"This bowl isn't yours. It's your brother's."

As soon as she reached the spoon into the pot, it was snatched out of her hands by Loretta.

"Then, what about my bowl?"

"We don't have it here!"

Susan froze for a moment. Then, she went back to the living room without saying a word, planning to spend a night on the couch.

“Let me ask you a question. How will you take responsibility? You can’t even make a living for yourself, so how will you live without Andrew? Besides, your brother has always been working at the Bailey Family’s company. Have you ever thought about what would happen to him if you got a divorce? Are you planning to make him lose his job in his thirties?”

As she looked at her mother’s murderous glare, Susan felt a wave of helplessness surge in her heart. “He cheated on me. I can’t stand spending the rest of my life with a third person,” she explained calmly, not wanting to seem too pitiful.

Loretta fell silent at her words, leading Susan to believe that she would understand her after everything she said as they were both women.

“How many men out there don’t cheat? Especially men who are as talented as Andrew. You shouldn’t be too uptight about this; at least he still knows where his home is.”

Susan stared at Loretta in disbelief, feeling a knife digging through her already tattered heart.

Loretta pleaded with her with teary eyes, “Don’t be so selfish. You’re not the only one involved in this divorce, and it’ll be difficult for you to remarry. You know men; they’re all fickle. If you hurry up and give Andrew a baby, you’ll be able to secure your position in the Bailey Family.”

Susan didn’t reply. Andrew didn’t lay a single finger on her as he saved all of his energy for Rachel. Was Susan expected to fall pregnant asexually? Besides, she was not strong enough to have a baby just to keep a man who didn’t love her by her side.

At this time, Susan had already laid on the couch when Skylar Quinn, her sister-in-law, emerged from the bedroom while wearing a face mask. However, she immediately whipped around and returned to her room after seeing Susan.

Susan rolled her eyes at the sight, knowing that Skylar was doing this on purpose.

Loretta gave her a shove on her arm and said under her breath, “Skylar doesn’t like it when the house is crowded. Please understand, Susan. It’s not that I don’t want you to stay here, but who runs back to their parent’s home when they get into an argument with their husband? Your mother-in-law is definitely unhappy with you. Do you have any idea how many people are jealous of you having a mother-in-law who treats you so well?”

Treats me well? Susan was baffled. I have no idea what Mom’s idea of treating someone well is.

With a face as pale as a sheet, Susan closed her eyes. “Can’t I come home now? Mom, I don’t feel too well. If you want your daughter to drop dead on the streets, you can chase me out.”

At the sight of Susan’s lifeless behavior, Loretta touched her forehead and found that her skin was a little hot. She sighed, having not the heart to drive her out of the house.

Susan lay on the couch, shivering from the cold. When she saw Loretta heading to the kitchen, she thought that Loretta was preparing supper for her out of worry that she might be hungry, and a stream of warmth filled her heart. There's just no place like home.

"All of our rice is running out just like that. As I expected, too many people in the house will only be a waste."

When Susan heard Loretta's grumbles of complaint, her heart instantly sank to her stomach. Or so I thought.

Early the next morning, Susan climbed up from the couch and opened her bleary eyes to see her nephew, Leo, digging through her bag.

"You didn't bring me any sweets, Aunt Susan."

Leo held a rectangular jade pendant in his hands and dangled it before her eyes. "Aunt Susan, is this mint candy?"

"Where did you get that from?" Susan asked with a furrowed brow.

"From your bag, Aunt Susan!" he replied sweetly.

Seeing that Susan wasn't trying to stop him, Leo licked the pendant and found that it was tasteless, causing him to shake his head in disdain.

As Susan picked up the jade pendant that was doused with Leo's saliva and wiped it with her sleeve, she suddenly recalled that the man from last night had come to take something from her. Is this what he was looking for?

Chapter 8 The Little Kitty That Scratched the President

As the sun rose over the horizon, the meeting room was shrouded in complete silence.

Four other managers who had no part in the project had even come up with several excuses of their own to skip the meeting that morning in fear of getting caught in the crossfire. There were severe quality problems found in the project in Silverstream, and this was undoubtedly the bane of Ford Group's existence, which specialized in high-end real estate.

Dressed in a luxuriously tailored black suit, Eric sat in the meeting room, his slender hands flipping through the quality report of the project. The room was completely silent save for the sound of rustling paper that emanated with danger.

Eric carelessly tossed the report on the table, his eyes filled with bone-chilling cold.

The person in charge of the Silverstream project, Joneson Witchton, turned pale from horror. "I'm sorry, Mr. Ford. Please give me three days, and I'll take care of this."

Eric's icy gaze slowly moved upward. "Do you think a 'sorry' will cut it? Is your apology worth that much?"

The rest of the crowd cast sympathetic looks toward Joneson, knowing that he was definitely done for.

All of a sudden, the jarring vibration of a phone sounded in the office. When Eric caught

sight of Susan's name on the screen, his gloomy expression immediately eased.

"Hey, I'm Susan Mondragon. I found the thing you wanted. When are you coming to take it? You should come earlier so that you won't have to worry about delaying your customers later tonight."

"My customers?" Eric let out a helpless laugh.

The rest observed the change in their president's expression with looks of astonishment. Before Eric could reply, Susan had begun speaking again. "I'll send you the address later. Don't be late."

"Okay," he replied nonchalantly.

After hanging up, he dismissed them carelessly before leaving the meeting room.

Joneson immediately let out a huge sigh and collapsed on his seat, his entire body going weak from his close brush with death. Meanwhile, the rest of the staff were completely dumbfounded, wondering who exactly had the power to make Eric end the meeting halfway with just a simple phone call.

Unable to swallow his curiosity, a man named Zyon Simmers followed him out. As a close friend of Eric's for many years, he had never noticed any changes in Eric's love life recently, but he was sitting next to Eric earlier and had clearly heard a woman's voice through the phone.

As Eric slipped off his suit jacket, he handed it to Zyon, who immediately laid it over his arm as if he had done this many times before.

With a sly smile, he asked, "Mr. Ford, do you have a date? What kind of woman is she to make you leave all of those people in the meeting to meet her?"

Eric sent him a cold look as he loosened his tie. "Just a little lost lamb."

Zyon was just trying to decipher his words when he keenly noticed the fingernail marks on Eric's arm. How is this a lamb? It's clearly a feisty kitty.

He clucked his tongue. Things were clearly passionate and exciting—how brave was she to be so rough with the head of Ford Group? What was even more bewildering was that as far as he knew, Eric never had been lenient enough to allow a woman to 'wreak havoc' like this.

Meanwhile, Susan was unable to find any medicine for her cold after rummaging through the house for an entire morning, and as she was about to leave, her vision turned black, nearly causing her to collapse to her feet by the door.

"Are you leaving? Go home and talk it out with Andrew, then give in and apologize. I couldn't sleep last night because of this."

Watching Loretta urgently send her away, Susan remained hopeful as she negotiated gently, "I'll stay for another week and move out once I find a house."

Hearing that, Loretta instantly refused, "No, definitely not. There's no room for you here,

either. Who knows what our neighbors will say when they see you living here even after you're married?"

Susan let out a sigh. When people said that a woman would lose her home after marriage, they weren't wrong at all. Is there really no place for me to call home in this vast world? She reached the arranged location a few minutes early and impatiently checked the time every few seconds, wanting to return Eric's thing as soon as possible. Because of that, she failed to notice a car hurtling toward her at high speed, as if it had lost control.

With a terrified look in her eyes, Susan stared at the headlights that flashed glaringly before her. At that moment, Andrew's previous words filled her mind: "You want to free yourself from this? That's unless you're dead..."

She closed her eyes and remained rooted in place, feeling completely helpless. All of a sudden, she felt exhausted and yearned to escape everything as the despair from being betrayed by everyone ripped and tore at her heart.

All of a sudden, a strong force took hold of her slender arm, pulling her a few steps back just as she thought that she would be sent flying into the air. Immediately after, a black car whizzed past her, narrowly brushing past her body as it sped forward.

She was forced to swivel around, and her head crashed into the firm chest behind her while her waist was gently wrapped by a large, strong hand.

Eric lowered his head to look at her, a trace of iciness seeping through his voice. "Do you have a death wish? Why didn't you move away?"

Chapter 9 President of a Company

Susan had thought that her life was about to come to an end. Blinking her eyes, she began to wail in Eric's arms. "Why did you save me? Who told you to save me? Can't I have a death wish? I've had enough anyway. As long as I die, all my problems will be solved."

Eric was never fond of people throwing their life away, and he said coldly, "You don't know what's good for you. There are still cars on the road. I can let go of you now, and you can just run to the middle of the road if you want."

Then, his arm that was wrapped around her waist loosened. Upon losing her only form of support, Susan lost her footing and collapsed to the ground before her vision turned black and she fell unconscious.

Eric looked at the pale-faced woman who was sprawled on the floor with a helpless expression. She was really making his life difficult.

"Mr. Ford, I'll carry this lady into the car."

His chauffeur, Zachary, who had been nearby, rushed over upon receiving his call. When he saw the woman collapsed on the ground, he reached out to pick her up.

"No need." Eric swiftly lifted Susan into his arms.

Zachary jolted at the sight. In all his years by Eric's side, he had never once seen him carry a woman in his arms.

In the hospital ward that was inundated with the scent of antiseptics and the like, Susan slowly peeled her eyes open through the immense pain that coursed through her body. She vaguely saw a tall silhouette in her field of vision, and when she lifted her arm, she noticed the needle in the back of her hand. Only then did she realize she was currently in a hospital.

When Eric noticed that she was awake, his handsome features carried a hint of reprimand. "Why were you out and about when you're having a fever? Don't you know what state your body is in? All you did was cause trouble."

"Were you the one who sent me to the hospital?"

Eric sent her a look. "Who else? Aren't you going to thank your savior?"

"Sorry for troubling you. I'm fine now. I can be discharged." Susan put on her shoes and lifted herself off the bed, planning to leave.

If she hadn't seen the eye-catching Holyeye logo on the wall, she would've wanted to stay for a few days longer.

Holyeye Hospital was the priciest private hospital in the entire city, and all of its patients were either celebrities or magnates. The hospitalization costs were astronomical, and the money she had left wasn't even enough to cover a day's medical fees.

Susan had just taken a few steps when she felt a force around her slender waist as his large hand held her in place.

"What's with the rush? If you faint again, I won't have the time to save you anymore."

Susan felt her body give out as she said through gritted teeth, "I'm not that mad to stay here. Do you have any idea how much it costs to spend a night here? I'm so grateful that you'd take me to a place like this."

Naturally, Eric noticed her worry about money.

"I can pay for you..."

What he neglected to inform her was that he was the biggest shareholder in this very hospital.

Dumbfounded, Susan looked up and down at the man who claimed he would take care of the bill, thinking that he was quite skilled at talking big. She was quite aware of how terrible his line of work was; after all, he had been forced to take more customers even after he had gotten drunk.

Moreover, he didn't seem young either. He still had to compete with younger men for business in his thirties, and it made him unwilling to even open his wallet to pay the cab fare. She wondered where he mustered the courage to say these things—it seemed that he was too ignorant to have any idea of how expensive this hospital was.

“I want to be discharged. If I spend another day here, I will lose all my money before I lose my life.”

Hearing that, Eric didn't continue to force her either and went along with her decision.

As it was required for a family member of the patient to leave their signature so that they could be discharged, Susan was stopped by a young nurse in the hallway.

She nudged her arm at the man next to her and said under her breath, “Pretend to be my family member. It's urgent.”

Eric cooperatively and languidly accepted the hospital discharge papers from the nurse.

Susan stood next to him meekly and watched him. She noticed how confident this hustler was at signing the papers, as if he were a president of a company signing important documents.

After he had completed his signature, she leaned in closer to take a look. His handwriting was neat and beautiful, but the name Eric Ford seemed somewhat familiar to her, and she wondered where she had heard of it.

At the same time, the nurse felt a jolt of shock upon seeing the name written on the papers. She had just opened her mouth to greet the president when she was silenced by the intimidating look in Eric's eyes, causing her to bite her lip.

When Susan noticed that Eric had listed himself as her husband in the section indicating his relationship with her, her brows furrowed.

Seeing that, Eric explained breezily, “There isn't any other meaning to it, so don't overthink it. I'm not interested in someone else's wife.”

Susan rolled her eyes at him. “You're the one who wrote it. Why are you acting like I'm interested in you?”

When she looked at the sky-high price listed on the papers, she felt as if her chest had been stuffed with cotton, and her expression turned troubled. Things were already bad enough for her when she was homeless, and she now had to deal with such an expensive bill on top of it. If things went on, she would have nothing left to her name.

Susan turned around, only to see Eric standing in front of a vending machine for a long time without being able to procure even a bottle of water.

She inched closer and asked, “No money?”

As a matter of fact, Eric was indeed a little confused about mobile payments as he used his card most of the time or had his assistant by his side to take care of these matters.

When he heard her question, he indifferently hummed in reply.

Susan felt her heart ache with sympathy, wondering how terrible his life was to be unable to afford a bottle of water. After she paid for him, she retrieved the jade pendant from her jeans pocket and handed both items to him.

“Take your things and leave. I must’ve caused you to lose a lot of business in the past two days.”

Eric’s dark eyes narrowed at her words. “If that’s the case, Miss Mondragon, how will you compensate me?”

Chapter 10 Generous

“I don’t have money.” Susan shrugged. She was in a predicament right now. The Baileys might be rich, and everyone thought she was married to a rich family, but her life was a mess. All the money she had was made through all the part-time jobs she did in her free time.

Jocelyn wouldn’t let her work or spend a dime of the family wealth, and she kept her eyes on Susan at all times. Even when she was just taking a small delivery, that hag would blabber on and on for hours.

Even without her saying anything, he could see that Susan was really poor. Man, I have too much time on my hands. I can’t believe I’m hooking up with a married woman. Why? Out of pity? No, my sympathy isn’t that worthless.

He went away to take a call, and Susan realized he was trying to stay away from her by going to a far corner.

Perhaps talks about his work have to be kept a secret? He doesn’t want anyone to hear him pant or something, I guess.

She came back to the lobby and saw Jocelyn and Rachel entering Holyeye Hospital. Rachel was holding Jocelyn’s arms, chatting happily like a family. Never once did Susan chat happily with Jocelyn before, and she felt defeated.

Jocelyn preferred Rachel, who came from a family of scholars, over her. She detested Susan for being a lowly ‘peasant’, so no matter what Susan did, Jocelyn never even smiled at her.

“Susan? What are you doing here?” Rachel held Jocelyn’s arm tighter.

Susan looked at them, feeling disgusted.

Jocelyn quickly snatched the bill from her, and once she saw the amount on it, she became furious. “You came to a hospital just to check your fever? How dare you? So, this is what you’ve been doing staying out all night! I know we’re rich, but that doesn’t mean you get to spend our money however you want! You don’t deserve this luxury!”

Susan was shocked. Luxury? She thinks being down with a fever and going to see a doctor is a luxury? Is everything I do a mistake to her? “I can go wherever the f*ck I want to get checked. I didn’t even spend your precious son’s money, so shut the f*ck up.”

She peered at the hag, not wanting to tolerate her any longer as she had had enough of Jocelyn's abuse over the last three years.

Rachel protested, "You can't say that to her. She's already nice enough to you. Be kind."

Jocelyn sneered. "Some people can never learn how to be grateful. Guess this is karma. She can't even give my son a child after three years."

Susan looked ashen. You know why I can't give you a child more than anyone.

Rachel caressed her pregnant belly and put on a show. "Time for the checkup, Mrs. Bailey. Let it be. You know how childish Susan can be sometimes."

A checkup? Oh, so that's why she came. And this is the hospital she chose? Andrew's nice to the woman he likes, huh? The whole process from checkups to labor is going to cost a ton. Man, I was stupid for trying to save money for his family.

Jocelyn ignored Rachel and demanded, "Give me the transaction record. I want to see whose money you spent."

Susan felt like exploding. "What? That's a violation of privacy!"

Jocelyn dropped her sickly act, which she put on when her son was around, and clamped down on Susan's hand, refusing to let go. She was every bit as strong as Andrew.

Susan held her phone tightly, refusing to let go as well, and she shoved Jocelyn a little.

Losing balance, Jocelyn fell backward and plopped down on her rear.

Rachel quickly held her belly and went down to help Jocelyn up. "How could you, Susan? She's your mother-in-law!" Her shout attracted a lot of attention.

Susan was at a loss. She met everyone's gaze and felt so embarrassed that she wanted to hide. In these people's eyes, she must look like an evil woman who had hurt her husband's mother. She even saw a bespectacled young man rolling his sleeves up, raring to have a go at her.

Jocelyn got back up with Rachel's help. Embarrassed, she wanted to slap Susan, but before she could land the hit, someone else stopped her.