

Susan's Happily Ever After Chapter 21 - 22

Chapter 21 Targeted

“I ran into Rachel’s mom when I was at the market. She said you moved here, but I didn’t believe her, so I snooped around. I can’t believe you actually did.” Loretta got even angrier. The sight of this shack alone frustrated her.

Susan frowned. Oh, she has no idea that Andrew’s cheating with Rachel. She wanted to tell her that, but she couldn’t. If her impulsive wench of a mother knew Rachel was a homewrecker, she would raise hell at the Lynwood Residence, but she knew nothing would come of it. Andrew would still take Rachel’s side anyway.

She could only grit her teeth and walk ahead in this storm alone. Andrew was a short-tempered man. If he got mad and had his flame fueled further by Rachel, Andrew might go after her family. He would do anything, perhaps including murder. There was no way Susan’s family could help her, so it was already great if they didn’t hinder her. No matter what was going to happen next, she must endure it.

Susan wasn’t being a saint or anything; she was just too weak to fight back. Rachel grew up with her in the same neighborhood, but unlike her, Rachel’s parents were scholars, so Rachel was educated. Susan’s mother loved that she and Rachel were friends. She wanted Susan to grow up to be a knowledgeable

woman too.

Back when she was still a kid, Susan kept following Rachel around all the time until they graduated from college. Everything she had, she would share with Rachel, but in the end, Rachel stole her husband. She used to be really close to Rachel, but when Rachel stole her husband and told them to get along like family, that friendship was broken.

Susan’s brooding silence did not go unnoticed, and an angry Loretta poked Susan’s head in hopes she would snap out of it. “I can’t believe you’re doing this. And I heard Rachel got herself a boyfriend. Her mother told me.”

Susan froze, then she played dumb. “No idea. I haven’t been talking to her.”

“Her mother was really proud of her new boyfriend. Wouldn’t stop talking about him. Said he gave her a ton of expensive supplements, and he even got her a massage chair. I envy her, and honestly, you’ve married Andrew for years, but he’s never even given us

anything and won't even visit us during festivals. Even when he does come, he never brings us gifts.

Loretta was angry at her daughter, blaming her for never bringing back any good stuff for them. Even though her friends admired her daughter for marrying into a rich family, life hadn't been good for them.

"Well, then we might as well get divorced. He doesn't care about us anyway. There's no need to lick his boots," said Susan nonchalantly.

Loretta felt her world spin, and she grumbled. "He cares about us, but you just have no idea how to make him happy. There's going to be a celebration soon. You have to attend it and apologize to them. Just let this blow over."

Susan was more than irritated now. Apologize? Yeah, right. She didn't tell her mother how Andrew abused

her.

Loretta stayed for a long while, only going back when it was late. She didn't talk about the debt Dick incurred. She must have no idea about it, or she would have asked me for money. Susan sent her mother off and went back to her house after the cab was gone.

She plopped down on the couch, looking defeated. All she could think of was the mantra her mother kept telling her. "Do not get a divorce. An uneasy feeling filled her heart. Rachel's mother knows? Then Rachel

must've told her about it, but how did that b*tch find out? Wait. She must have planted spies around me a long time ago. Susan closed her eyes, and she could imagine how Andrew would threaten her. All of a sudden, she was filled with the urge to call off the divorce.

Chapter 22 Worried About Me?

Eric had received a call from Susan. “After giving it some thought, I think you shouldn’t see them after all. I can’t drag you into this. Sorry for coming up with that plan without thinking.”

The office was rowdy, so Eric put a finger to his lips, telling his employees to quiet down. For an instant, a pin-drop silence befell the room.

Eric then waved them off to dismiss them before heading toward the French window.

The managers carefully sorted out their files and kept their breathing quiet.

“Why? You want to take the money back?” A faint smile curled his lips as he asked in a low voice. He lit a cigarette, the veil of smoke covering his face.

“No. I don’t mean to hurt you, but you might get beaten up if you show up. You shouldn’t be dragged into this mess because of me. You are just trying to work. This is a decision I came up with after thinking things thoroughly.”

Eric smirked. “You think your husband would beat me up? I mean, it’s par for the course since I did sleep with his wife.”

“He’s a short-fused man who won’t tolerate a little mistake. Someone talked smack about him behind his back a few years ago. When he found out, he hired some thugs to beat that guy up so hard that the mart got taken to the ICU. He was paralyzed from the waist down and had to live on a bed for the rest of his life. I’m sorry I didn’t think this through.”

The smile on his face grew slightly wider. I’m busy at the moment. I’ll find you later, and we’ll talk after that. This is too much to be settled over a phone call. With that, he hung up.

Susan tried to call him again, but it went unanswered. She was worried that Andrew might beat Eric up because of her. If that happened, then no amount of money could settle this.

Once again, she gave Eric a call. Surprisingly, he picked it up quickly this time. Though, the voice she heard once the call went through was an old, raspy voice. “Can we start now?”

“A minute. I need to take this call.”

Oh, that's his voice. I got the right number. Susan held the phone tightly. No wonder he said his life is darker than I imagined. "Um, you serve old men too? That's a broad range of clients, she commented innocently.

Eric looked at the so-called client Susan mentioned. The man was called Tristan Saunders, who was the head of the project department and reaching close to 70 years old. Yeah, he's old, alright.

Eric came to the neighborhood much later and he was smoking around the flower bed. The streetlamp shone on him, though it didn't wash away the iciness hanging in the air around him.

Susan came down holding a bag of trash, looking at him with sympathy. "Done with your work?"

"I am only interested in women. I don't take male clients." If he didn't explain himself, he believed the woman before him would come up with some wild imaginations.

It was already winter, yet she only wore a thin white shirt. A gust of breeze blew by, which caused her to hold her shoulders and sneeze.

"Aren't you going to let me sit around? It's cold outside. After saying that, he entered the building before Susan could say anything.

She went after him and stopped him from going any further. "We can talk right here. It's messy back at my place. The contract's over, you're dismissed. As for the money, you can keep it."

Eric looked at her and smirked. You're worried about me, huh? But you don't seem to have another man to go with

She looked a little troubled as she responded, "Yeah, you're right, but I can't drag any innocents into this. You can never hope to win against him. Besides, if anything happens to you, I can never afford the medical bill

His wishful thinking was dashed right then. I see. She's the least bit worried about my safety at all. Her main concern is that she can't afford my medical bill if I get injured

Susan was oblivious to his hint of disappointment, and Eric put out his cigarette as he said, “It’s alright You don’t have to foot the bill. I took the payment, and my job is to settle your problem. That’s just business

“Aren’t you going to let me sit around? It’s cold outside. After saying that, he entered the building before Susan could say anything.

She went after him and stopped him from going any further. “We can talk right here. It’s messy back at my place. The contract’s over; you’re dismissed. As for the money, you can keep it.”

Eric looked at her and smirked. “You’re worried about me, huh? But you don’t seem to have another man to go with.

She looked a little troubled as she responded, “Yeah, you’re right, but I can’t drag any innocents into this. You can never hope to win against him. Besides, if anything happens to you, I can never afford the medical bill.

His wishful thinking was dashed right then. I see. She’s not the least bit worried about my safety at all. Her main concern is that she can’t afford my medical bill if I get injured.

Susan was oblivious to his hint of disappointment, and Eric put out his cigarette as he said, “It’s alright. You don’t have to foot the bill. I took the payment, and my job is to settle your problem. That’s just business.”