

## The Adorable Twins and Their CEO Daddy Chapter 10

### Chapter 10 Touched Mr. Moran's Chest

'Three hundred million?'

Eliana nearly gasped.

"You should feel lucky that Mr. Moran's only punishing you by making you clean the office!" Gabriella scoffed.

Not everyone was allowed to enter Maurice's office. Gabrielle had been with the company for so many years, but she had never stepped foot inside it.

As though she could read her mind, Eliana sneered, "Are you jealous? Anyway, I think this uniform suits you better."

Gabrielle's nostrils flared angrily when she heard this. She almost let out a string of curses but managed to hold back.

Eliana held up the uniform and sneered, "Get out of my way, or else I'll be late. If Mr. Moran gets angry at me, I'll tell him it was you who held me up."

Considering Maurice's high position in the company, Gabrielle didn't dare to keep him waiting, so she had no choice but to let Eliana go.

'There's no need to rush. I'll trample on this little bitch some other time!'

With that, Gabrielle stood aside and Eliana strode out of the Design Department with her chin held high.

'Mr. Moran is so weird. I would've expected him to punish me with a hefty fine for screwing up, but to make me clean up his office? What a strange quirk.'

Indignant, Eliana changed into the janitor's uniform and took the elevator to the top floor.

She knocked on the door lightly, but there was no response.

After hesitating for a moment, Eliana furtively pushed the door open a crack. The elegantly-decorated CEO's office was empty.

'He's not here? Great!'

However, the office was so massive that it felt like an eternity before she finished cleaning.

When she was finally done, Eliana heaved a heavy sigh and leaned against the wall to catch her breath.

Suddenly, a click sounded from behind her.

Before Eliana knew what was happening, the wall she was leaning against suddenly disappeared and she immediately fell backwards.

“Ah!”

Then, she felt someone grab her by the waist and yank her back forcefully, pulling her into a warm embrace.

In a state of shock, she looked up and met the deep set eyes of a man.

“Mr... Mr. Moran?” she blurted out.

It was the first time that Eliana had seen his face at such a close distance. He looked handsome, elegant, cold and sexy, with dark deep eyes.

Maurice, who was holding her by the waist, looked at her carefully.

Eliana wasn't wearing any makeup, but her facial features were delicate and petite. Even a janitor's uniform couldn't hide her natural beauty. Her waist was very slim and Maurice couldn't help but stroke her smooth skin.

Noticing this, Eliana trembled and immediately pushed the man away. To her surprise, her fingers made contact with his smooth, supple skin.

Her heart banged against her chest and she quickly averted her gaze. Looking around carefully, only then did she realize that the wall she had leaned against was actually a hidden door. Because she had inadvertently pushed it open, she could see the lounge it opened up to.

Glancing back at Maurice, she noticed that his hair was slightly wet. He seemed to have just taken a shower. His bathrobe hung loosely around him. Even though there was a belt wrapped around his waist, a part of his chiseled chest was exposed.

‘I-I-I touched Mr. Moran's chest just now?!’

“Mr. Moran, please excuse me.” Eliana looked away in a hurry. Seeing him in a bathrobe, she could barely think straight.

Maurice carefully raised his hand and adjusted the collar of his robe, covering the scar on his chest.

His sharp eyes stared at the woman, piercing through her like a knife.

Then he started to walk towards her.

Eliana was forced to take a few steps back. Soon, her back bumped against the desk and she had nowhere to run.

What on earth did this guy want from her? Eliana looked up uneasily and started to ask, "Mr. Moran, is there anything I can do for y—"

The last word died on her lips.

Maurice had suddenly leaned towards her, placing both his hands on either side of her, trapping her between his body and the desk.

Her two legs were almost driven out of place by him, pressing against his.

The subtle

fragrance of the woman's body wafted to his nose.

Just as he lowered his head, she raised hers. Their noses almost brushed against each other, their breaths mingling and intertwining.

The explosion of pheromones made her panic slightly.

Eliana held her breath subconsciously and her body went stiff as a board.

"You peeped while I was taking a shower, didn't you?" The man's breath brushed against her face, making her heart race in her chest.

She tried her best to calm down. "You misunderstand! I didn't mean to peep at you..."

Plus, it was not like she knew there was a hidden door!

Maurice sneered slyly, "And are you satisfied with what you see?"

'Honestly... Yes. I am satisfied... Wait! His voice... Why does he sound so familiar?'

Before Eliana could figure it out, she suddenly felt a tingling sensation at her waist.

The man's big palm had swept over the woman's waist. Now, he was tugging at the belt of his bathrobe, slowly untying the loose knot. He opened his mouth and said in a raspy, almost lazy voice, "Do you want to see more?"

'More? What on earth is he talking about?'

Beneath her calm exterior, Eliana was growing ever desperate. “Mr. Moran, this is all just a big misunderstanding. I’m not interested in you!”

Maurice stared at her carefully, his expression unreadable. In his eyes, she seemed flustered, ashamed, and even angry. And she didn’t look like she was faking it.

‘This woman’s such a great actress.’

“Mr. Moran—”

All of a sudden, the door to the CEO’s office swung open.

The person who was about to walk inside suddenly froze in place, petrified by what she was seeing.

The secretary clutched the documents in her arms tightly, at a complete loss as to what to do.

Maurice, whom she had only ever seen in a suit, was now wearing nothing but a bathrobe. His slender body was pressing a flustered woman against the desk. The two were looking deep into each other’s eyes. One of Maurice’s arms was wrapped around her waist, while the other was untying his bathrobe belt. Was he about to pull it open?

“Sorry, I’ll come back later!” Trembling, the secretary squeezed her eyes shut and immediately closed the door.

Eliana felt as if her soul had left her body.

‘Oh, my God! She must’ve misunderstood, too!’

Embarrassed and angry, Eliana finally shoved the man off of her and turned around to leave.

“Wait!” Maurice’s authoritative voice suddenly sounded.

Eliana was completely irritated by now. She shot him a murderous glare and was about to scold him when he cleared his throat.

“You forgot to clean the bathroom,” he said coldly.

‘His tone is completely different from when he was flirting with me just now. Is he a schizophrenic?’

Gnawing her lower lip, Eliana coughed awkwardly and said, “Well, after I finish cleaning... About the loss of this project...”

'Do I have to repay the company?'

As though he had read her mind, Maurice cast her a cold glance and asked, "You want to compensate me for it?"

'Is he crazy? I couldn't possibly pay him back!'

Eliana shook her head profusely. 'That is three hundred million!'

Maurice frowned with disdain. "It seems you're short on money."

Then, he smiled ever so slightly, which made him look inexplicably charming. Seeing this, Eliana gulped nervously.

The man suddenly stretched out his hand to pinch her chin in between his slender fingers. His vicious, cold eyes stared at her and he said slowly, "I'll tell you what... You can be my woman. At least, you'll have enough money then."

'What the hell does that mean? Does he think... Does he think I'm that kind of woman?'

"Mr. Moran, can you match a man-whore in bed?" Rolling her eyes, Eliana picked up the mop and stormed off to the bathroom, seething with hatred.

The man watched her leave with displeasure, his face a little gloomy.

'Did she mean I can't match a man-whore in bed? That woman is really something else...'

Two hours later, an exhausted Eliana returned to the Design Department. Suddenly, her phone started to ring. Glancing at the caller ID tiredly, she saw that it was Preston.