

## Chapter 5 Drunken Resistance

When Erin entered the room, the smell of beer and kebabs on her made Chandler frown. “Did you go out for beer and kebabs in the middle of the night?”

She was angered by him questioning her and glared at him. “Give me your name or staff number!”

Chandler walked past her to the bar. Instead of getting any wine, he poured a glass of water. His actions were elegant and noble; even the simple act of drinking water made him seem sexy. “And why should I do that?” There was a trace of amusement in his eyes.

Erin kicked her heels off and stormed toward him. Her bravado faded a little when she realized how much shorter she was than him when barefoot. Then, she backed up a couple of steps and yelled, “I’m going to lodge a complaint against you!”

Chandler rarely had the patience for these things, but he couldn’t help feeling amused by her. He sat on the couch and sipped from his glass. “What’s there to complain about?”

“That...that you’re not professional enough!”

He smirked. “You enjoyed yourself last night, didn’t you?”

“What the fuck? I didn’t enjoy anything!” Liquid courage made Erin want to swear at everything.

Chandler frowned, and his tone instantly became icy. “I don’t like it when women swear.”

Erin looked like she couldn’t care less. “Who the hell do you think you are, bossing me around like this? I’ll say anything I want!”

Chandler had lost interest in chatting. He glanced at her and said, “That’s enough. Go and shower; I only have two hours.”

His commanding tone and blatant disregard for her stunned her. Then, she lost it. “What the fuck is wrong with you? I already paid you, didn’t I? Stop harassing me, and give me the photos you took of me!” Her words made Chandler laugh. It seemed he thought she was an idiot, and she stomped her foot angrily. “What are you laughing at? Where are the photos? Where’s your phone?”

She started looking around. As she turned to head to the bedroom, Chandler got to his feet. He picked her up like she weighed nothing and made a beeline for the bathroom. Then, he dumped her on the thick carpet and glanced at her arrogantly. “The stench of alcohol on you disgusts me. I’ll give you ten minutes to clean yourself up.” He strode out and slammed the door shut behind him.

Erin’s head spun from being flung onto the floor, and the dizziness made her nauseous. Her stomach roiled as she crawled over to the toilet and puked her guts out. On the other hand, Chandler had gone to the bedroom. He was on the phone with Sean, who asked, “Where are you? We’re playing poker at Logan’s. Are you joining us?” A cigarette dangled from his lips, and he held a glass of whiskey in one hand.

Chandler’s answer was short and sweet. “I’m busy.”

“Do you have that much work?”

“I’m satisfying my needs.”

Sean spat his whiskey out. “Fuck! Right, you go ahead, then.” He immediately hung up, unable to imagine Chandler with a woman. Was he still as cold and robotic as usual? He shuddered at the thought.

Chandler attended to a few emails after the phone call. 20 minutes had passed when he was done, yet Erin was still in the bathroom. He’d run out of patience and headed to the bathroom to personally drag her out of there. However, he stiffened the moment he pushed the door open—Erin had fallen asleep while leaning against the toilet...and she was still fully dressed!

Incensed, Chandler dragged her to her feet and dumped her in the bathtub. Then, he grabbed the showerhead and sprayed her with warm water. This quickly woke her up, but she could barely keep her eyes open through her drunken haze and was out of strength. When she saw Chandler spraying water in her face, she burst into aggrieved tears. “What do you want from me? Why are you torturing me like this? I’m already at the lowest point of my life, yet you’re still bullying me...I gave you five million, didn’t I? What else do you want?”

The shower was turned off. Her tears drove all thoughts of sex out of Chandler’s mind; they irritated and infuriated him. He lugged her out of the bathtub, dried her perfunctorily, and wrapped her up in a bathrobe before throwing her onto the bed. Then, he started getting dressed. It seemed he wouldn’t be getting any tonight. Five minutes later, a neatly attired Chandler looked down at Erin, who had fallen asleep again. He had no idea what to do for the first time in his life.

Before leaving the room, he called room service and had someone deal with the stench of vomit in the bathroom. This suite was exclusively his, and he couldn’t stand it being less than pristine. However, the moment he shut the door behind him, he thought about what a male cleaner would do when he saw Erin. She was so out of it that she probably wouldn’t even realize someone had slept with her! A hint of anger flashed in his eyes at that thought. Chandler ultimately headed back into the room to lift her into his arms before leaving the hotel. He’d already made too many exceptions for her—what did one more matter?

Chandler dumped Erin and her belongings in the backseat before getting into the driver’s seat. He warned her, “If you dare vomit in my car, I’ll throw you out.” Fortunately, nothing of the sort happened. Erin was deeply asleep throughout the journey; she didn’t even make a sound. An hour later, Chandler parked in the Frost Corporation’s basement parking lot. He got out of the car, threw Erin over his shoulder, and took his exclusive elevator to his office on the top floor. Then, he brought her to his lounge and tucked her in before leaving.

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At 10 am the following morning, Erin woke up with the world’s worst hangover. She clutched her head with both hands, taking a while to collect herself. When she realized she was naked in an unfamiliar room, she almost screamed bloody murder. She forced herself to calm down and take in her surroundings. Was she in a bedroom? It didn’t seem like one. There was an enormous wardrobe not too far from her, but that seemed to be the only piece of furniture in there, save for the bed. It seemed the owner of this place didn’t like having anything unnecessary around. The room was minimalistic and sterile.

Now that she’d taken in her surroundings, she could vaguely hear a man’s voice outside the door. In fact, there was more than one! Erin’s scalp tingled. Where was she? Suddenly, she recalled heading to a hotel last night to meet the man from before. Was this his home?

Erin wrapped the sheets around herself and searched the room, but her clothes were nowhere in sight. She eyed the enormous wardrobe and opened it to see pressed men’s shirts inside. She gnashed her teeth, grabbed one of them, and put it on, buttoning it up to her neck. It was long enough to seem like a dress on her, but the breeze around her privates reminded her that she had nothing on underneath. It made her flush.

Erin didn’t dare to open the door without any warning. Instead, she pressed an ear against the door, hoping to receive a sign that it was safe for her to leave. It seemed no one was outside anymore—the conversation had ended. She was about to open the door when someone pushed it open from outside, sending her sprawling to the floor. She landed in a compromising position, making Chandler’s gaze darken. She yelped when she saw him, and he smirked. “Trying to seduce me the moment you’re awake, you little vixen?”

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