

Chapter 6 Forced Depravity

“You’re shameless! Why would anyone possibly want to seduce you?” Erin pulled the shirt tightly around her to avoid exposing herself.

Chandler smiled faintly as he walked into the room and shut the door behind him.

“Where is this?”

“My office.”

Erin was shocked to hear this. What was she doing at his workplace? “Wait, this is where you work?” She felt her goosebumps rise all over.

At her disdainful expression, Chandler knew she’d misunderstood. He didn’t want to explain, though. He sat down and smirked at her. “What, can’t I have a proper job?”

The fact that he was looking down at her arrogantly reminded Erin that she was still sitting on the carpet like a fool. She immediately got to her feet and backed away from him. “You have a proper job?” Her curiosity was piqued now. So he was moonlighting?

Chandler rubbed his jaw thoughtfully. After a few seconds, he said, “I’m the president... president’s secretary.”

Erin nodded understandingly. “Oh, okay. Look, we can leave that for some other time. Where are my clothes?”

“At last night’s hotel.”

“What? Why didn’t you bring them here with you? How am I gonna leave this place?” Her face fell.

Chandler was in a rare good mood. He stood up. “I haven’t had breakfast yet, so I can drop you off at the hotel to collect your clothes.”

“So you expect me to walk out of here in this?”

“What’s wrong with that? Are you embarrassed?”

Erin scowled. “Of course! You wouldn’t like walking around in nothing but a shirt, would you?”

Chandler said, “Let me think of something.”

“How about you buy me a set of clothing? I can pay you for it,” Erin suggested.

“I don’t run errands.” He turned her down firmly.

“Uh, I can call a friend and have her bring me some clothes.”

He didn’t look too pleased with this. “Do you think any Tom, Dick, and Harry can just waltz in here?”

“Well, what other options are there?” Erin was getting frustrated.

Several seconds later, a trace of amusement flashed in Chandler’s eyes, but his tone was as calm as ever. “I have an idea...”

A couple of minutes later, he walked out of his office with Erin in his arms. Kyle saw this as he walked past, and he gaped at them. When he returned to his senses, he said, “Mr. Frost...”

Chandler shut him up with a single glance. When he and Erin were in the elevator, she asked softly, “Are you sure no one saw me?” She currently had Chandler’s suit jacket wrapped around her head and was wearing a pair of his pants. They were too long for her, making her look like a kid wearing their parents’ clothing.

He smirked and said mockingly, “I doubt your parents would recognize you in your current state.”

“That’s a relief.” Her bag dangled from her arm as she clung to him tightly, afraid he’d drop her.

Chandler’s exclusive parking spot was right outside the elevator. He placed her in the passenger seat. When he drove out of the parking lot, he said, “You don’t need to hide anymore.”

Erin immediately tugged the suit jacket down. Her face was flushed from being cooped up underneath it, and she looked adorable. It reminded Chandler of a juicy apple, and his eyes were dark as he glanced at her. At this moment, her phone vibrated. She pulled it out of her bag to see there were several text messages and missed calls. Currently, Ian was calling her. She answered it to hear him asking her nastily, “Where are you?”

Erin glanced at Chandler and relaxed slightly when she saw his apparent disinterest. “What do you want?” Her tone wasn’t exactly amicable.

“Your mother’s here! She came to my office because she couldn’t find you. Come and take her away!” He hung up after that. Erin cursed him in her heart. What a bastard!

“Was that your husband?” Chandler’s voice was cool and calm. She couldn’t tell how he was truly feeling. Her heart jolted, but she merely glanced at him without a word. He didn’t bother asking again since she hadn’t responded.

He parked in the basement parking lot and carried her to the suite. Once they were in the room, Erin leaped out of his arms and was about to search for her clothes when he swung her over his shoulder and carried her into the bedroom. Then, he flung her onto the bed and pinned her down before she realized what was happening. “Let me go!”

Chandler smirked. “I have to collect some payment for driving you here, don’t I?”

“What payment? I don’t have any money!” Erin was incensed. She hadn’t been in the right state of mind when she’d spent millions on him that night, yet he still had the nerve to ask her for more money!

Chandler easily pinned her arms above her head with one hand. A few seconds later, she shivered when her bare skin came into contact with the cool breeze. “I dare you to lay a finger on me!” Her gaze turned icy.

“And why wouldn’t I?” His unscrupulous ways infuriated her. He was nothing more than a male escort—what right did he have to take advantage of her so blatantly? How dare he!

“Look, I don’t have any more money to pay for you, alright? Don’t waste your time on me,” Erin said.

Chandler whispered into her ear, “You overpaid me the last time. That’s enough to have me for a month.”

A month? Erin didn’t know whether to laugh or cry. “You can keep the change; I don’t want a month-long service! Let me go...or I’ll call the cops!” She’d call the cops on him if he were to force himself on her.

Chandler chuckled. “Is there anything else in your repertoire aside from calling the cops?”

“I’m not joking; I don’t have time to mess around with you. Let me up!” she growled.

He smirked. “I guarantee you’ll enjoy every second of this if you just relax.”

“Cut the crap, and let me leave!” No matter how hard she tried, she couldn’t break free of his grip. She was akin to a lamb served up for slaughter.

Chandler’s eyes gleamed. “You don’t believe me? Let’s try it out, then...” Erin was terrified when she recalled the painful experience from that night. He pressed a finger to her lips when he saw the tears in her eyes. “Shh, don’t cry...I’ll be gentle this time, and you’ll definitely fall in love with this feeling.”

“I’m begging you, alright? Let me go!” A tear rolled down her face.

He looked at her heartlessly. “Begging isn’t going to get you anywhere.”

A few seconds later, Erin gasped and bit her lip, trying to withstand the sensations he was making her feel. He pinned her hands beside her head and gazed into her eyes, savoring every second as her resistance transitioned into dazedness. A small smile played on his lips, and he said lowly, “Look at me.”

His voice seemed to have some sort of power over her; she did as told and focused on his handsome face. This time, she couldn’t help sinking.