

## Chapter 7 Divorce Papers

Two hours passed in the blink of an eye. When Erin checked her phone again, she saw Ian had called her several more times.

“Oh, come on. It’s not like my mom has the plague or anything! Does he have to be such a dick?”

She threw her phone aside angrily and hurried into the bathroom outside to shower. Chandler checked her phone when she shut the door behind her. For some reason, his spirits were lifted when he saw the missed calls were from “Jerkwad.”

He put her phone down, then headed to the bathroom outside. The one attached to the bedroom was larger, but he just wanted to use the smaller one. He strode in boldly and wrapped his arms around Erin from behind. This made her jump, and she spun around in his arms, looking up at him.

“What are you…”

He turned the shower off and looked deeply into her eyes.

“I want you to help me shower.”

Erin was lost for words. She turned away from him so she wouldn’t have to keep looking at his body. The sight of it made her mind replay what they’d just done, which made her heart and breathing race.

“You’re not disabled or anything—why should I help you? Anyway, isn’t there an attached…” Chandler pinned her to the corner of the shower before she could finish her sentence.

There was a trace of impatience in his tone as he said, “So you don’t want to? We can always go for another round.”

Erin gulped. She’d pass out if he had her again. She had no choice but to give in to him.

“Alright, I’ll do it.”

Her blush didn’t fade throughout the process, and she had to bite her lip to keep herself from gasping at his chiseled physique. Chandler watched her arrogantly, a trace of amusement flashing in his eyes as he took in her conflicted expression, enjoying the feeling of her gentle hands running over his body.

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Half an hour later, Erin hurriedly ate something in the suite, then grabbed her bag to leave.

Chandler said, “Hold it.”

For some reason, she obediently swiveled to face him.

“What else do you want?” She suppressed her rage at the thought of the photos he had of her.

“Since I’ve already slept with you, make sure not to let any other man lay a finger on you.”

His tone was devoid of emotion, but there was no missing the dominance and command in it. Erin couldn’t hold back her anger anymore.

“Who the hell do you think you are? What right do you have to boss me around? I don’t think there’s anything between us just because we’ve had sex several times! There’s no way I can agree to such an unreasonable demand!”

Chandler smirked.

“You can’t do it, huh? Alright, then. I’ll spread your photos all over the Internet later. It doesn’t matter to me since my face isn’t in there.”

His shameless threat made her clench her fists tightly. She wanted to punch him in his handsome face so badly.

“Honestly, what do you want from me? Just tell me, alright? If it’s money you want, name your price.”

Erin was filled with regret over choosing to leave with him that fateful night. Now, she couldn’t get rid of him even if she wanted to! At worst, she’d borrow some money from Holly to buy the photos from him.

“I already told you that you paid me enough to have me for a month.”

Chandler elegantly scooped some caviar onto his toast.

Erin was going insane. She was so close to taking her heels off and flinging them at his face.

“Fuck you and your month-long…”

“Watch your mouth. I told you I don’t like it when women swear.”

His eyes were so frosty that she shut up immediately. Her intuition told her she wouldn’t make it out of the hotel if she were to continue rampaging, but she was no pushover—she wouldn’t allow him to bully her like this! Erin took a deep breath to calm herself.

“Mr. Frost, I hope we can resolve this harmoniously. I paid you five million for an earlier transaction which we’ve already settled. We don’t owe each other anything for that. I hope you’ll exercise your professionalism in this and give me those photos. If you keep harassing me, I’ll have no choice but to employ legal methods to resolve this. When the time comes, neither of us will benefit from this.”

A hint of admiration flashed in Chandler’s eyes at her calm refute. It seemed she truly didn’t know who he was. Things were starting to get interesting…He wanted to keep her around until he’d lost interest.

“How about this? I’ll give you the photos after sleeping with you ten more times. The time and place will be up to me to decide; all you need to do is show up when I want you to. If you don’t think this is an arrangement you can live with, go ahead and sue me or call the cops on me.”

Erin couldn’t believe how obnoxious and unscrupulous he was. For a second, she couldn’t tell whether he was bluffing or genuinely fearless. Still, if she were to call the cops or bring this to court, everyone would see those photos. Her reputation would be utterly destroyed. How would she face her friends and family in the future?

Ultimately, she forced out through gritted teeth, “Deal! I hope you’re a man of your word.” She was so infuriated that she immediately left, unable to stay a second longer.

Her departure didn’t affect Chandler’s appetite. On the contrary, he enjoyed his meal more than usual. Despite his years in business, he’d never played such an interesting game with a woman before. He suddenly found this to be a pretty great way to spice up his life.

He called Kyle and said, “Kyle, I want you to acquire the company Erin Lane is working at as quickly as possible.”

“Yes, sir.”

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Erin quickly hailed a taxi after leaving the hotel and headed to Ian’s tech company. An hour later, she stepped into the elevator.

When she arrived at Ian’s floor, the employees that saw her said, “Hi, Mrs. Sloan.”

She nodded perfunctorily at them as she hurried past and strode into Ian’s office without bothering to knock. A familiar figure was inside—Tracy. She was topless as she sat in Ian’s lap. They dared to mess around in the office and in broad daylight, too!

She couldn’t resist saying, “You’re shameless!”

Ian gave her a venomous look and growled, “Don’t you know how to fucking knock, Erin?”

“Oh, so you know what a disgrace you are?” Erin retorted.

Tracy wasn’t flustered by Erin’s sudden appearance. On the contrary, she took her own sweet time getting dressed. Her eyes were filled with pride as she flaunted her curves and voluptuous bosom. Erin smiled scornfully and quickly snapped several photos of her in succession. Now, Tracy couldn’t keep her cool.

She said anxiously, “Ian, she took topless photos of me!”

Impatience flashed in Ian’s eyes.

“Be a good girl and wait for me outside, alright? I’ll get the photos back for you.”

Tracy glared daggers at Erin. She got dressed and reluctantly left the room.

“Where’s my mom?” Erin asked.

Ian gave her a disgusted look.

“She returned to your hometown.” He grabbed a document on his desk and flung it at her, saying with finality, “These are the divorce papers. Go ahead and sign them!”