

Trapped in Love

Chapter 1

Chapter 1 An Exceptionally High Commission

“Mr. Jordan, the results are in. Miss Shenton’s gynecological examination shows that she is still a virgin and meets all the standards. She’s clean.” The bodyguard respectfully informed the man on the other end of the phone at the entrance of the hospital’s examination room.

Caroline Shenton lowered her head and stood in the crowded corridor, trying to ignore the strange gazes of passersby.

She was weighed down by the burden of her sick mother and father’s gambling debts. Hence, she had resorted to using her body as a bargaining chip and agreed to get into bed with Evan Jordan.

A moment later, Evan’s deep and magnetic voice came through the phone. “Send her to Villa Rosa.”

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Back at Villa Rosa, in the dim light, Caroline huddled nervously under the blanket.

The man standing by the bed looked incomparably handsome as he stared down at her with his stone- cold eyes.

Caroline knew that he was Evan Jordan—a man so influential in Angelbay City, one could even call him the king.

As Evan lifted the silk blanket that covered her body, Caroline’s naked form was revealed and reflected in his dark eyes. He leaned in for a fiery-hot kiss and plunged deep into her. A sudden jolt of pain shot through her body, prompting a stifled moan to escape her lips

As he bit her lips, he whispered into her ear, “Don’t cry. You did this willingly. Remember, not everyone is qualified to get into my bed...”

Caroline abruptly awakened and Evan's last words before she blacked out still echoed in her ears. Slowly turning her head, she found Evan sleeping next to her, and for a moment, she was lost in a daze.

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Time flew past, and in the blink of an eye, she had known Evan for three years, working as his private secretary and becoming his lover. Unexpectedly, she dreamed of the first time they met last night.

Caroline rubbed her throbbing head and was about to sit up when Evan's phone rang.

Evan abruptly woke up and grabbed the phone. "Speak!" he answered, pressing it to his ear.

Even so, Caroline could still hear the voice coming from the other end. "Mr. Jordan, I have verified it. The woman you are searching for is not her."

In an instant, Evan's eyes darkened even more.

Caroline looked at his gloomy expression and felt a twinge of sadness. After being Evan's lover for three years, she knew that he had been searching for a girl who had once saved his life when he was young. Although her whereabouts were unknown, Evan still missed her to this day.

Feeling Caroline's gaze, Evan turned to her and growled, "Get out!"

Caroline remained silent and rose from the bed, moving like a lifeless doll. She picked up her clothes from the floor and walked barefoot to the guest room.

Caroline entered the bathroom and turned on the shower, letting the water wash over her face. The man's callous behavior made her feel sad, but she knew that she had no right to feel that way.

She was only able to stay by his side because of a red mole on her right earlobe, similar to the one on the long-lost girl Evan had been searching

for. In Evan's eyes, she was just a substitute for his unrequited love and a toy that could be easily dismissed with money.

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Just as Caroline emerged from the shower, Evan came out of the bedroom, dressed in a perfectly tailored suit. He looked regal and detached, his handsome features making it hard for anyone to look away.

As they met, Caroline said her usual words, "I'll make breakfast."

Evan cast a cold glance her way before turning and walking down the stairs.

Just as Caroline was bringing out the coffee and breakfast, Evan's assistant, Reuben Murphy, arrived with a black medicine bag.

He said to Caroline, "Ms. Shenton, here's your medicine."

Caroline paused for a moment, placed the food on the table, and replied calmly, "Got it."

She took out the white pill and swallowed it without any expression. After watching Caroline take the medicine, Reuben left the villa and waited outside.

Caroline then approached Evan, who was sitting indifferently on the sofa, and informed him that breakfast was ready.

Evan put down his newspaper and sat at the dining table, sipping his coffee and glancing lazily at Caroline.

"You chose to stay with me. Do you remember me telling you back then, that you need to know your place and control your emotions? They are showing," he remarked.

No matter how good Caroline was at hiding her emotions, she was not able to completely hide them in Evan's presence.

Caroline sat down opposite him and picked up her coffee, pretending as if nothing was wrong. “You worry too much, Mr. Jordan. I was just thinking about today’s schedule and got a little distracted.”

So what if he found out? She would simply come up with an excuse to hide them. She refused to admit it and let him strip away the last shreds of her pride.

Evan remained silent, while an air of solemnity settled over the dining table, casting a weighty ambiance that permeated the room.

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At eight o’clock, Reuben Murphy drove them to Evan’s company building, which stood proudly at the center of the city, exuding an aura that matched its owner’s reputation as a top businessman in Angelbay City.

As Caroline was about to get out of the car, Evan abruptly tossed a document her way.

“There’s a cocktail party tonight, attend it on my behalf. If you can get Henry Devereaux to sign the contract, you’ll receive a 70,000 dollar commission,” he instructed.

Caroline was stunned by the offer. She stared at the contract in her hand in shock, as if it were a ticking time bomb. She knew this was a really tough job.

Henry Devereaux, the CEO of Angelbay City RT Foreign Enterprise, was bisexual and infamous for his abusive sexual predatory behavior toward both men and women. Anyone who fell prey to him would never escape unscathed. Going alone to meet him would be like walking into a lion’s den.

However, Caroline was tempted by the offer. The 70,000 dollar commission would be enough to settle her mother’s medical bills and her father’s debts.

Evan’s cold and indifferent gaze bore down on her. “If you’re not willing, you can say no.”

After a moment of silence, Caroline tightened her grip on the contract. "I'll do it."

As soon as she finished speaking, Evan's lips curled into a sneer.

Although he didn't say anything, Caroline could feel the disdain in his eyes.

Indeed, in Evan's eyes, Caroline was a woman who valued money above all else.

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In the evening, Caroline arrived at the Indigo Hotel with the contract, dressed in a conservative yet elegant outfit. During the half-hour journey, she mentally prepared herself for the task ahead. However, the moment she stepped into the hotel elevator, panic set in.

This was because Henry had chosen to meet her in the presidential suite, and not the private room downstairs, as they had discussed earlier. Caroline knew exactly what this meant.

Henry desired her company for the entire night.