

Trapped in Love

Chapter 2

Chapter 2 Humiliation

Soon, the door opened. Henry appeared in the doorway, wearing a loose bathrobe. His piercing green eyes locked onto Casey, with a predatory gaze. Caroline's heart skipped a beat, but she forced a smile for the sake of the 70,000 dollars commission.

"Monsieur Devereaux, sorry to disturb you," she said, stepping into the presidential suite.

Henry shrugged and flashed her a smile. "Ms. Shenton, I've been waiting for you."

Caroline's heart was racing, but she maintained her composure and placed the prepared contract on the coffee table.

She subtly scanned the presidential suite from the corner of her eye, taking note of every detail.

Once Henry took a seat on the sofa, Caroline retracted her gaze and sat down as well, keeping a slight distance from him.

Henry handed her a glass of wine, and Caroline clinked her glass against his. "Thank you for your hospitality, Monsieur Devereaux."

Henry's eyes lit up. "Ms. Shenton, you're very smart, and you're not shy. I like it!"

Caroline forced a smile, aware of the need to impress Henry for the contract. With a slight tilt of her head, she downed the red wine in her hand.

Yet, Henry's face expressed a hint of pity. "Impressive, but you wouldn't expect one glass to seal the deal now, would you?"

Caroline anticipated that Henry wouldn't make things easy for her. Putting down her wine glass, she responded, "Monsieur Devereaux, I understand that you've expressed interest in working with MK for some time now. Surely you are familiar with MK's prowess in the Etes continent.

"Rather than you having to travel to meet Mr. Jordan, why don't I take the initiative to sign the contract on his behalf, as a gesture of our respect for you? I believe it's a brilliant idea, don't you agree, Monsieur Devereaux?"

At Caroline's proposal, the smile on Henry's face faltered and his gaze grew sharper as he stared at her.

Despite her nervousness, Caroline managed to maintain her composure.

Using Evan as leverage to compel Henry to sign the contract was her only option.

The room's atmosphere momentarily turned somber, but Henry soon broke the silence with a laugh.

"Ms. Shenton, I appreciate your proposal. MK has shown me respect, so it's only fitting that I sign this contract."

With that, Henry reached for the contract and pen on the table and signed it after a casual look.

Caroline was taken aback. She had not anticipated Henry's swift compliance.

However, under such circumstances, Caroline dared not let her guard down.

After signing, Henry handed the contract to Caroline. "Well, I've given you what you came for. Shouldn't you keep me company now?"

Caroline's expression shifted, and she feigned ignorance. "Monsieur Devereaux, I'm afraid my alcohol tolerance can't match yours."

“Who said I wanted you to drink with me?” Henry leaned forward and grabbed Caroline’s wrist. “Ms. Shenton, I’m only going to receive a three-percent profit margin from MK. Since I’ve made a concession, I believe you should provide me with some additional benefits.”

Caroline’s mind went blank. Had the contract been altered? Did Evan do it? After all, only the two of them had been involved in preparing the contract.

Her heart sank, but her body suddenly felt hot. Caroline’s eyes widened as she stared at the wine glass on the coffee table. If her suspicions were correct, Henry must have drugged the wine!

Caroline clenched her teeth and struggled with all her might to push Henry away from her. She could see the impatience in his green eyes and realized that he had also ingested the drugged wine that he had prepared.

Despite her efforts, Henry was too strong for her to resist. She could feel his lips closing in on hers and knew that she had to act quickly. Caroline lowered her head and bit down hard on the back of his hand, causing him to cry out in pain.

Enraged by Caroline’s action, Henry struck her across the face with great force. The blow was so powerful that Caroline’s vision began to fade, and a metallic taste filled her mouth.

“You came here seeking me out. Why are you pretending?” Henry sneered as he reached for the vodka on the coffee table.

With one hand pinching Caroline’s face, he forced the alcohol down her throat. The alcohol flowed into her mouth and nose, causing a suffocating sensation to overwhelm her.

She struggled vigorously, but she couldn’t break free from Henry’s restraint.

Caroline was on the verge of collapsing, her cheeks wet with tears.

She should have seen this coming.

For three years, no commission from MK had ever reached \$70,000. Naively, she trusted Evan, believing he wouldn't manipulate her into the clutches of a pervert like Henry.

Clearly, she was mistaken, and her biggest error was trusting Evan.

Caroline had shared a bed with him every night, but he had always treated her like a plaything, one that could be easily discarded with money.

Henry ripped her clothes apart. In her despair, Caroline suddenly caught a glimpse of a vase beside her.

She grabbed the vase in passing and with all her strength, hurled it at the back of Henry's head.

The vase struck him with great force, causing him to let go of her and cry out in pain as he clutched his head. Fuming with anger, Henry cursed at Caroline, "You damn woman! How dare you strike me!"