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[Song Recommendation: Halsey - Gasoline, Slowed Ver.] 1

[Warning: Disturbing Content.]

Erin knew that her end was near. She never thought that Henry would do something so heinous towards her. It just didn't make sense for a man to hurt her because she spent her entire life being pampered by so many other women's husbands and boyfriends.

So for a man to be so malicious towards her, she knew Henry must've been manipulated by that ugly bitch Kate.

'This... is not right...'

That was her last thought before she finally lost consciousness.

Henry waited until the drug had a full effect on Erin. He used the tip of his shoes to lift the wench's face a little, ensuring she had fainted.

"Good, we can proceed with the plan now," Henry said. He opened the door and called the two bodyguards outside.

"Yes, Sir," the bodyguards bowed respectfully at

Henry.

Henry pointed at the woman on the floor and said, "Carry this bitch to the helicopter. We will leave as soon as possible," Henry ordered. "Have you prepared her luggage?"

"Yes, everything has been prepared, Sir."

"Let's go then," Henry said as he stepped over Erin's unconscious body and walked towards the helipad not far from their cabin with his car.

The two burly men looked at each other and then carried Erin as they headed to the isolated tundra on an unreachable small island without a helicopter.

The two burly men entered the helicopter while carrying the unconscious Erin. Henry gave Erin a quick glance before instructing the pilot, "Go now, I don't want to waste too much time handling this bitch."

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Erin was unconscious for a long time. The sleeping drug was proven to be very effective.

But no matter how sleepy she was, she could feel the cold that pierced through her skin as she wore a sexy dress that barely covered

anything.

Erin continued feeling uncomfortable with the sharp cold but couldn't move her body. She began to regain consciousness, but she couldn't open her eyes, let alone struggle.

She heard a long conversation between two men in a foreign language she didn't understand.

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Henry told one of his bodyguards to speak in the local language with a man named Faro. Michael told him this man was the one who would 'take care' of Erin as she would live in this isolated place for the rest of her life.

"Good evening, gentlemen, my name is Faro, and I'm the one who's been paid by Mr. Eckermann to make a wooden hut for a woman," Faro said in his local language. He eyed Erin, who was still unconscious in one of the bodyguard's arms. "Is that the bitch?"

The bodyguard nodded and replied in the same foreign language, "This is the bitch that my Boss wants you to take care of. Remember not to touch her inappropriately unless she's the one who desperately offers it, and remember not to kill her."

"Yes, the main idea is to let her suffer in here for the rest of her life until she dies due to hypothermia or went insane due to extreme isolation ," the other bodyguard added. "Just give her enough food to survive. You can even give her a freshly caught fish so she will be forced to cook or eat the fish raw." 1

Faro nodded, "Alright, alright, Mr. Eckermann already told me everything in detail before. All I need is the money that is promised to me every month for taking care of that woman."

The bodyguard handed the first ten thousand dollars to Faro, "This is the amount that has been promised. Our Boss will send the same amount every month. All you need to do is send a video of this bitch barely living in this frozen wasteland once every month. As long as you can keep her alive with bare minimum help, our Boss will continue to send you money."

Faro snatched the money from the bodyguard's hand, "Good, good, this is what I want. Well, what are we waiting for? I will show you the way to the hut that I built for her."

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Erin's body began to tremble as she was unable to withstand the cold. It was an extreme cold

that could make her bone shatter. She naturally wanted to snuggle to find warmth but couldn't find anything to warm herself up.

In fact, the more they walked, the colder it got for her, to the point that her body began to pale and turn blue.

"Let me carry her," Henry said as he personally carried Erin when they were near the hut that was supposed to be Erin's new house from now on.

It was a hut in the middle of a frozen island with nothing but ice surrounding it. It would take about thirty minutes with the ice sled for Erin to reach the 'civilization,' which was just four houses consisting of no more than ten people, including Faro.

Erin could feel the warmer body that carried her, and she thought this must be Henry because she could only feel this warmth from Henry.

'Am I just dreaming the whole time? There is no way that Henry would hurt me, right?' Erin wondered as her consciousness was still floating.

She nestled on Henry's face, feeling the man's heartbeat. She knew that Henry would never

hurt her. They were supposed to be a pair of lovebirds, and Erin was supposed to be the next Kim Kardashian by using Henry's immense wealth. 1

However, her relief didn't last long when she heard the sound of a door being slammed open, and the next thing that got slammed was herself.

Henry threw Erin like a sack of garbage until she screamed in pain and rolled on the wooden floor. 2

"AHH!!" The shock woke Erin up completely. She looked around to see what was happening, and the first person she saw was the handsome devil who stood at the door.

Henry stood tall like a wall that would never let her escape. He looked down at her as if she was just a piece of shit that deserved no pity.

"Welcome to your new home, Miss Ross."