Chapter 12 Luke Crawford Has No Right To Interfere!

The two cars left the renowned hotel and headed back to the hotel they were staying in.

Once they reached the hotel, Bianca got out of the car.

Sue soon followed suit.

At the hotel entrance, they saw Jason Doyle waiting, dressed in his smart suit and leather shoes.

"Good afternoon, Mr. Doyle." Just like Sue and the others, Bianca greeted Jason as she went in.

Jason nodded at Bianca too, but his gaze changed when he looked at Bianca.

After Bianca walked into the hotel lobby, Jason was still frowning slightly as he looked inside.

Luke got out of the car and noticed that there was something off about Jason's expression.

As usual, he turned his dark gaze directly at Jason. When Jason realized something amiss, he hurriedly turned around too, looking at his boss perfectly professionally.

Standing tall and straight, Luke strode into the hotel, his voice icy cold as he stated, "You were looking at her."

He was addressing Jason, who was behind him.

Jason seemed to be deliberating if he should say certain things out loud. After a while, he decided to keep his thoughts to himself, saying, "No, I wasn't."

What a poor pretense!

Luke's expression turned dark.

Just then, Jean got out of a cab and walked into the hotel, his laptop under one arm. When he saw his boss and Special Assistant Doyle standing in front of the elevator, he blinked. He had no choice but to greet them, though. "Hello, Mr. Doyle, Mr. Crawford, sir."

Luke's gaze was sharp as he looked at the newcomer.

"I'm a new employee with the design department, Jean Langdon." Jean introduced himself and suitably added, "I won't get in your way, Mr. Crawford, so I'll go upstairs now."

Luke's expression did not change, but right here and now, his entire body seemed to be covered in a layer of frost that kept everyone away.

Once he returned to his room upstairs, Luke undid the exquisitely-designed buttons on his sleeves as he glanced at the two children. They had tired themselves out playing and were now fast asleep on the bed.

He then walked toward the bar in the suite and uncorked a bottle of red wine, pouring himself a glass.

Frowning, he downed the whole glass, the cool liquid flowing into this throat.

Not long later, the two children woke up.

The older brother was the first to wake up, brushing his teeth and washing his face. Once done, he obediently came back to the room and helped his sister pick out her princess dress.

"What's up with Dad, Big Bro?" Rainie asked in a whisper.

Her brother shook his head. He did not know what was wrong with their father either, but he did know that "kids shouldn't ask about adult things".

Downstairs.

Jean put his laptop bag down and gave Bianca a hug.

"What's the matter?" Bianca was not used to the sudden hug.

The two of them had been officially dating for a year now, but they were rarely ever intimate.

Bianca had an aversion to physical touch, and Jean respected that, so he never overstepped his boundaries.

This time, though, Jean was acting all out of sorts.

"It's nothing. I just missed you, so I wanted to hug you," Jean said wearily.

Bianca did not reply.

That night, the two of them had dinner together.

After that, Jean suggested that they go shopping to buy a set of clothing to change into. He had been dragged out on a trip on very short notice, so he did not have anything to change into.

It was half-past nine at night by the time they bought everything they needed and returned to the hotel.

"I want a room, thanks." Jean took out his ID and handed it to the receptionist.

Bianca was waiting for him at the side. She could not help but remember how the receptionist had said that there were no rooms available last night.

The receptionist searched through the database, and just as Bianca expected, she looked up and said, "Sorry, sir, but we don't have any empty rooms right now."

Jean frowned and thought it over before turning to look at Bianca.

The two of them went into the elevator and headed upstairs.

As they walked toward Bianca's room, Jean said, "Can I stay in your room for the night? You can take the bed and I'll take the couch."

Bianca blinked.

"I'm your boyfriend, Bea. It's been five years. Are you saying you still don't trust me?" Jean looked at Bianca with disappointment and sadness in his eyes.

She instantly felt guilty.

Over the past five years, Jean had taken very good care of her. It did not matter if he was pursuing her, because unlike other men, he did not woo her just to get into her pants.

In that sense, Jean treated her very respectfully.

"Alright, you can take the couch," she said, worried that she would hurt him.

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At the same time.

In the suite dining room.

The Crawford family of three was sitting together.

Rainie held her fried chicken, burying her face in it as she ate away. There were still tears hanging from her lashes; she had clearly had to cry her way to her fried chicken.

Jason had been summoned here all of a sudden by his boss, and right now he was feeling quite lost.

"Does that design department rookie have anywhere to stay?" Luke said without any emotion in his voice.

Jason did not know why the boss was suddenly concerned about a design department rookie's accommodation, but he replied honestly, "The hotel doesn't have any more free rooms, and he did not go to any other hotel either. I think he plans to stay with his girlfriend for the night."

After he made that report, Jason noticed a clear look of "extreme unhappiness" in his boss' eyes.

Jason was always quite good at reading others' expressions, but he could never really read his boss.

This time, though, he could.

After giving it some real thought, Jason figured he should rethink his opinion of Bianca Rayne.

Rainie was still pouting after she finished her fried chicken.

"I don't wanna be with mean Daddy!"

"Don't be naughty, Rainie," her brother said.

"Mean Daddy, mean Daddy! Mean Lanie, mean Lanie, mean Lanie..." Rainie harrumphed.

Jason could tell what was happening, but he did not expose them. Instead, he said, "How about this, Rainie? Shall I take you to that lady from last night? You can stay with her."

Rainie did not say anything, but she immediately got up from her chair, seemingly determined to have Jason take her to Miss Bea.

Jason glanced at his boss, who remained wordless. Since there were no objections, Jason took Rainie out of the dining hall and left the suite, sending her over to Bianca's place instead.

The elevator headed downstairs.

Before Jason could reach Bianca's floor, his phone rang.

"Mr. Crawford," Jason said when he picked up the phone, surprised.

After the call, Jason frowned but had to carry out his orders anyway.

Late that night, Sue sat in the car, sleepy and exhausted as she ranted to Bianca, "I think that Director Shaw's daughter is a blight to us all. I mean, she just showed up for a day and we're all suffering the consequences. Why else would the boss be so mad that he orders us to leave A City overnight? Like, oh my goodness! This is going beyond heartless, the boss is practically insane! We already spent the money on the hotel rooms, but he won't let us stay in them? Does he enjoy watching us suffer on the road like this?!"

Bianca was mentally exhausted too.

She had no idea what the boss was thinking.

Jean sat in the passenger seat, whereas Tom was driving.

It was extremely late at night now. At the H City hotel.

Luke stood alone on the hotel room balcony, taking his time with a cigarette. When he blew out the smoke, he frowned deeply, letting his emotions show.

Anyone who had ever dealt with him in the world of business knew that he had no weaknesses whatsoever. It was like he was covered in solid armor everywhere.

He had a few glasses in his room earlier, and the alcohol made him look slightly intoxicated.

When he remembered how she moaned five years ago and how she put up a vicious fight last night, he could not help but laugh at himself coldly, lowering his head and extinguishing the cigarette in an ashtray.

Early the next morning.

Jason Doyle and his boss plus the latter's kids headed for H City International Airport.

Luke's handsome face was covered in clouds the entire time.

Jason followed behind him, but he could not help but think to himself, 'Boss, you might be able to stop the two of them from sharing a room in an H City hotel, but you might not be able to stop them from going back to their love nest in A City!

'After all, who are you to interfere? You can't butt into their lives too much.'

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