Chapter 15 Hanging Off Of Luke Crawford

Bianca thought that Rainie would like this Spongebob wrapper.

She put the others aside and picked up the Spongebob one before getting up to leave.

"Ah—"

When she stood up, she was fully focused on how she would best maximize the effect of the Spongebob wrapper on the book. As a result, she had completely forgotten about a certain man standing next to her.

Bianca wore a brooch on her work clothes, and now it was caught onto the man's leather belt...

"S-Sorry, I..." Bianca stared at the two items stuck together, feeling extremely awkward.

The man lowered his head. When he looked at her, there was something unreadable deep in his eyes.

"Hold on, I'll be done in a second..." Bianca scrambled around, grabbing the man's belt frantically.

In all of her years, this was the first time she had grabbed a man's belt of her own accord.

On those nights five years ago, Bianca had not touched the man's clothes or anything like that. Nothing like that had happened in the years she had been with Jean too.

She did not know what was going on here. Why did all these weird things happen when she was with Luke Crawford?

It was like a chemical reaction she could not avoid.

The brooch had quite the complicated design and plenty of gaps in it. One of the branches had hooked onto the man's belt buckle. Unfortunately, the brooch was completely stuck!

The more flustered Bianca grew, the harder it was to undo. The air around her was starting to heat up...

"How much longer will this take?" the man asked.

Bianca raised her head and looked at him.

Luke was very tall, and he was wearing a black suit today. He wore a white shirt, and usually he only left two of the buttons undone, but he was in his office perusing the blueprints today, so he threw caution to the winds and undid three buttons. Bianca could almost see his welltoned pecs, even if she did not want to.

The man had a narrow waist and almost perfect proportions. If he did not have body warmth to prove that he was an actual living person, someone might mistake him for a male mannequin lovingly carved by fashion experts.

"I... I don't care about the brooch." Bianca tried to come up with the right words to say as she avoided his gaze. "But if I want to undo this, I'll probably end up scratching your leather belt, sir."

When she had been studying overseas, she and her friends had looked into all sorts of famous brands to elevate their understanding. Still, all they ever did was try to get to know the brands better.

That was why she knew that this belt was really expensive.

It was so expensive that she would not be able to make it up to him.

"Getting a scratch on my belt buckle would still look better than having you hanging off of me like this." Luke looked down at the stupid woman who had been bent down at his waist and scrambling for a long time without managing to undo the brooch.

It was already evening now.

The twilight rays shone onto the man, giving him a surreal sense of beauty. Since he had given her the green light, Bianca kept her head down and pursed her lips, continuing to work on her brooch.

Luke looked down at her like a king at his subjects.

Bianca grew ever more frustrated as she failed to undo the brooch. Her soft lips were slightly parted and her warm breath blew on the man's taut abdomen. Something was filling up his stiff body before he knew it.

There was a clack.

Just then, the belt buckle and brooch were finally separated.

Bianca was elated, her smile spreading across her fair rosy face. She cupped the ruined brooch on her chest as she stood up.

However, something seemed... off.

She instinctively looked down.

Just one look was enough to shock her into backing away from him involuntarily. Her body gave a slight jolt, and when she looked up at the man again, her gaze was full of terror and uneasiness...

The handsome man was at least 180 or 190 centimeters tall, perhaps more. He stood up straight, his expression hard and solemn, like a teacher judging a female student who had done something wrong.

When she met his bottomless black eyes, Bianca felt so awkward that her mouth went dry. All she could do was apologize. "Sorry! I'll go back to wrapping the books, Mr. Crawford!"

After she apologized, Bianca picked the Spongebob wrapper from the floor next to her and went back to wrapping the books.

After that, all the way until she finished wrapping the books and left, Bianca acted extremely unnatural and stiff.

Every minute and every second felt as long and torturous as a millennium. The man's status, appearance, and mature, noble bearings were like walls built around him, forbidding entry.

Bianca went downstairs and took a long time before her pulse returned to normal.

She had decided that she was going to stay far away from that man on the top floor from now on. Nothing seemed to go right when she was around him.

Since wrapping those books had taken her a long time, quite a lot of work had piled up on Bianca's desk.

There was one advantage to being so busy, and that was she could forget about all those

awkward moments in the presidential office on the top floor.

"Come have dinner at my place tonight. My brother's coming to pick us up." Nina was holding a stack of documents when she managed to find a chance to bend over and whisper into Bianca's ear.

Bianca glanced at her and nodded.

Nina's gaze incidentally swept across the brooch on Bianca's chest.

"Oh? What happened to it?" Nina asked in surprise.

Although it was not a very expensive or branded brooch, it was an item Bianca had treasured since high school.

Nina did not know who gave Bianca that outdated accessory, but she had known Bianca since her first year in high school, and she used to go to Bianca's place all the time. That was why she knew Bianca always had a box.

The only thing in that box was this very brooch.

Bianca looked down at the ruined brooch on her chest and lied, "I bumped into a kid. When I crouched down to talk to him, he grabbed my brooch and wouldn't let go, so..."

"Ugh, I hate brats like that." Nina figured that Bianca must be heartbroken about it. After all, she had treasured that brooch for so many years, and now it was all warped out of shape.

Nina shook her head and returned to her work station.

Bianca lifted a hand dazedly and softly cupped the ruined brooch.

Finally, it was time to leave work.

Jean had the day off today. It was the company's way of making it up to them for the business trip. He spent the day buying a car, handling all the documentation in a hurry and then driving the car to the company.

"Sorry—" Outside the company building, Jean looked at Bianca passionately, opening the car door for her as he apologized and watched her get into the car.

Nina drove her own car away in advance.

Bianca got into Jean's car, and the two of them headed toward the Langdons' place.

On the way, Jean was focused on driving, so he did not say a thing. He frowned, seemingly lost in thought. Bianca did not say anything either, merely looking at the street outside the car window.

The car drove into their neighborhood.

Jean's parents had even come downstairs to personally welcome Bianca in.

"Mr. and Mrs. Langdon, why are you two here?" Bianca was feeling quite bad for making them come out here.

Mrs. Langdon patted Bianca's hand enthusiastically. "Because I missed you!"

"Mom! You're even sappier with Bianca than Jean is!" Nina teased her mother.

Jean walked behind his family members, one hand stuck in his pocket.

There was a high-class black silk accessory box tightly grasped in his palm right now. This marriage proposal was like the flip of a coin to Jean. He had no idea if it would land on heads or tails.

Other couples might not feel this way, but that was his situation with Bianca right now.

Of course he would be nervous.

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