Chapter 18 You Won't Find A Wife

The next day.

Bianca only left the house at eight o'clock.

It only took her twenty minutes to get to work via subway. At times like these, Bianca was really glad that she managed to rent a cheap place this close to the company.

When she walked out of her unit, Bianca could not help but raise her hand to try and shield her face from the rising sun.

She had not managed to sleep last night, so her eyes were really tired when she got out of bed this morning.

The sunlight was enough to make her eyes very uncomfortable.

Last night, Bianca had spent a lot of time mulling over it and analyzing all the possibilities. Why was the almighty president giving her so many gifts like this?

Were the house call and healthy feast back then really a sign of his appreciation because she helped take care of the kids for a while?

Were the imported flowers really a friendly greeting to her since she was ill?

Nevertheless, that man did not look friendly in the slightest.

She was even more stumped about the two gift boxes from last night.

Regardless, be it the lavishness of the deliveries or the surprise gift from last night, all of it made Bianca quite uneasy.

What kind of a person was Luke Crawford? What kind of a person was she?!

The former was the one-and-only president of T Group. He was not your average Joe; in fact, he was one of the kings in the business world. Most importantly, even if he was a normal guy on the streets, he would still be a man among men. He had a body that served as the envy of many, and handsome features to boot. It would be no exaggeration to say that he was the man of every woman's dream.

On the other hand, Bianca was nothing.

If there was anything she had going for her, she could only name two things. One was that she was a woman, and the second was that she was alive.

Luke's actions were giving Bianca a crazy idea, but it was so absurd that it made Bianca feel like she was vastly overestimating herself...

If he wanted to find a mistress, Luke would be able to find any kind of woman he liked, right?

Why would he ever want a plain Jane like her?

That made no sense.

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Outside the neighborhood.

Bianca was about to cross the road as usual, but when she was looking across the street for cars, she saw an old cleaner wearing a yellow vest clear the trash from the rubbish bins.

The old man pulled out a box.

It was followed by another box.

One was blue and the other white.

These were the two boxes Lanie brought last night, right?

The old man crouched down and opened the boxes.

Just then, the two trendily-dressed women walked out of the neighborhood.

"Old man, did you find that?" One of the women looked like she was in her mid-twenties. She rushed over to the old man and asked him about it.

To the old man, clothes were not all that worth picking up. Even his old wife could not really wear these clothes.

A car passed by Bianca.

When Bianca next looked at the trash can, she saw that the two women had already struck a deal with the old man, asking to buy the items the old man had found.

"Here's two hundred bucks, old man. Hang on to it!"

Once they paid the money, the two women exchanged a look before pouncing at the other box the old man was holding.

"Hold on." Bianca walked over to them and looked at the boxes, telling the old man, "I want the clothes and this blue box. I'll pay you ten thousand for them."

The two women immediately looked at Bianca with some hostility.

Where did this busybody come from?!

Bianca did not feel like she was being glared at for no reason. After all, she did come here with relatively hostile intentions.

These items did not belong to her because she had rejected Luke's gifts, but now, they belonged to this old man.

These Ralph Lauren clothes were one of the highest-end outfits a working woman could ask for, and even female celebrities wore these when they attended events.

The Tiffany brooch was worth even more than that.

These items cost at least a hundred and fifty thousand together, but these two women were trying to get them for two hundred?

They were way too greedy here...

"Ten... Ten thousand?" The old man was struck dumb.

Bianca nodded, looking very sincere.

"Old man, I'll give you fifteen thousand!" The woman who had paid the man earlier glared at Bianca again and then lowered her head to look for her bank card. She was planning to go get some cash nearby right now.

It did not look like the old man had Alipay or anything like that anyway.

"Twenty thousand." In the face of the old man's disbelieving look, Bianca said, "I'll give you twenty thousand."

The old man's expression clearly said, "I know I'm old, but I hope you're not taking me for a ride here."

"Could they be fake?" said one of the women to her friend with the bank card. "They could be scammers working together to deceive us. Think about it! Who would ever find luxury items like these at the entrance to a small neighborhood?"

The woman with the bank card gave it some thought and backed away, worried that it was a

con.

"True. I nearly got carried away by a scam! It must be fake!" The woman put the bank card away and harrumphed, turning to leave with her friend.

The old man returned to his senses and grew angry. "Who are you calling a scammer?! I think you three are the scammers here. You're trying to work together and con me of my money!"

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Twenty minutes later, Bianca brought the old man to a luxury store.

With the receipt and the brooch, she easily exchanged the item for money.

Bianca handled everything herself.

The old man did not understand anything at all, and he was still feeling uneasy when he held the money in his hands. "I... I..."

"I'm not a scammer, sir. Since you found the things, they're yours." Bianca had not accepted these goods last night, so she was not going to ask for them now either.

They were branded goods, brand new with the receipt intact. There was no way they would not be able to exchange the things for money.

"What kind of a lucky fortune is this?" The old man hugged the bag of money, on the verge of tears. He was both ecstatic and terrified. "This is five years' worth of my medicine right here! No one will come sue me later, will they?"

Bianca assured him that would not happen and then glanced at the old man's lame leg.

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By the time Bianca reached the company, it was half-past ten.

A chat with the old man told Bianca that he lived alone with his old wife, since they did not have any kids. In his first year as a cleaner, however, the old man had his leg injured in a car accident with a clumsy young man.

The culprit ran away, and they had yet to find him even now.

The old man had to bear the costs of the leg surgery and follow-up medication by himself. He even said he wanted to die and get it over with, but he could not leave his old wife all alone.

Bianca was suddenly grateful toward Luke Crawford.

The wealthy did not care about a few hundred thousand, but this poor old man would be able to turn his life around with this money.

That meant Luke had indirectly done a good deed.

Bianca was late now, but what she had completely failed to notice was that it was Saturday today.

When she arrived at the company, she saw that there were barely any people around aside from a handful working overtime. She finally realized that today was Saturday...

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It was Saturday, and the father and son were facing off against each other.

Luke sat in a black imported Land Rover, wearing a black shirt. His expression was especially scary as he asked his son outside the car, "Are you sure you don't want to come with me?"

"No. You really disappointed me!"

Lanie hugged his bag tightly with his two chubby little hands, pouting as he looked up at his father in the car. Puffing out his cheeks, he said, "I wanted to put in a good word or two for

you, so that she might like you better, but then I realized I have no idea where to start because you have no good points whatsoever! You have a bad temper, and you're not gentle at all. See, I can find so many weaknesses."

Luke frowned his delicate brow. He was starting to think that his son had something else in mind.

To his surprise, the boy added a finishing blow. "You're not gonna find a wife like that..."

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