

## Be Gentle 191

### Chapter 191

Allison did not like Bianca. She hated her ever since she knew that Bianca was a Rayne and was Kevin Rayne's daughter.

Any other woman could marry Luke and be her daughter-in-law, but absolutely not Bianca!

She had concealed her true sentiments about Bianca out of consideration of her son's feelings and the family's harmony. Instead, she plotted covertly to keep her away.

She felt a little guilty looking at how angry her son had become, but at the same time felt that she did not need to keep up with the act.

She would openly and brazenly keep that woman away from him!

Even if she would burn bridges with Luke, they were nevertheless mother and son. That was a relationship that no one could write off for the rest of their lives.

"You want an explanation? About what? About how I've gone with that scumbag Kevin Rayne after I was dumped by your father?" Allison confessed, considering her son's intelligent and relentless temperament.

As expected, Luke looked extremely shocked.

Allison scrunched up her face and started crying. "I didn't want anyone to know about that unmentionable past. When he was alive, your father was domineering and merciless. He won't forgive me if he knew that I went with that scumbag Kevin Rayne, and he won't accept you as his son either! I've hidden that secret from everyone for more than twenty years!

"Now, even though your father is gone, I still wished you hadn't known about that contemptible episode. That's why I tried everything to stop you from being in contact with Bianca. I thought that you weren't serious with her, and if that were the case, you should have left her as soon as you can. I don't want you to end up like your mother, forced into a dead end by a Rayne..."

spoke, she went over to the vanity and opened a

was a stack of receipts. All the jewelry and other expensive things were

these!' She handed the stack of receipts to her

looked at them. They were receipts of jewelry sold

other women, Allison loved

years, Luke had attended many charity events with jewelry put on auction. However, there were no females in the household other than his mother and his very

not hesitate to bid on the items and pass them to his mother since he knew that she loved

surprised that all that jewelry had been turned into

his mother should not have been short on spending money. However, according to the Crawford family tradition, all expenditures were recorded and

was a habit passed down from Old Master Crawford's father. Whenever someone in the family spent money, it would be recorded down, so that no one would use the family money for illicit

Now that the expensive jewelry had turned into money, where did the money **go**?

*Allison* sighed when her eyes met with her son's interrogative gaze. "Kevin Rayne is ill, and he needs a lot of money for treatment. It was the same time when I forced Bianca Rayne to leave *you*.

*"She knows* about my sordid past with her father, and she tries to give me trouble whenever **she could...**

*"From then* on, the father and daughter blackmailed me countless times.

"Now that all my jewelry is gone and I don't have any more money to give them... that was what you heard earlier. It doesn't matter if it was a coincidence or a well-devised plot, I'm confessing **to you...**

*"Any* mother in this world would not want her son to be involved with that sort of woman. She's not meant for you! I was forced to lie to her, that she was my daughter, just so that she could leave you. I wanted to prove to her that I would provide her everything as her mother, and she can ask for money from me whenever she wants, as long as she leaves my *son alone!*

*"I didn't* expect her to reveal the secret between us. I think she knows that I don't have any more money for her, and so she wants to take revenge on me! Only when she managed to break you away from me, she would be able to seduce you. She wants you to stand on her side to oppose your **birth mother!**"

*The* gears in Allison's brain whirled at record speeds as she spoke. Anything to irredeemably ruin the reputation of Bianca and her *sickly father!*

As Luke listened to all that, he was not swayed by his mother's hysteria. Instead, he was indescribably **angry**.

Mother insist on not speaking

whom he should trust. Before he left the scene, he looked at his mother and said to her, "Bianca isn't plotting anything, but she's not an idiot either. Many women want money from me, but she isn't one of them. I've never doubted my ability to judge a person's character, and I've always known that there's more to you than meets

sunk into despair when her eyes met with her son's icy gaze and she listened to those

did not believe him, no matter how hard she tried to convince him! He only trusted

paused for two seconds and continued, "If a son is unwilling to even trust his mother, perhaps the mother ought to reflect upon her actions. Maybe she has meddled

...

went downstairs. They knew that they should not eavesdrop on the conversations among their

was best not to get involved

down the stairs. The caretakers cleaning downstairs paused their chores and greeted him "Sir" or "Young

brows were raised dangerously. As he walked across the yard, he looked like a bad-tempered noble from a

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The caretaker immediately did what she was told.

Her fingers were trembling as she dialed Luke's number. No one picked up the first call, and the second call was also unanswered!

However, the call went through every time.

After countless calls, the call was eventually picked up.

"Sir, Old Master Crawford had a heart attack and is not in the hospital. Please go and visit him!" The caretaker said hoarsely.

...

A City Hospital.

Old Master Crawford lay on a bed. The doctors managed to resuscitate him, and his vitals were returning to normal.

Allison was sitting on a chair next to bed, guiltily wiping away her tears.

Susan and Louis were informed about the news and got to the hospital as quickly as they could.

As Zachary's second son, Louis had a deep affection for his grandfather. After all, he had spent most of his time as a child with Old Master Crawford.

Old Master Crawford might be strict, but he was a responsible grandparent.

he was closer to his grandfather than his father, who had passed away from illness when he

another reason why Louis was grateful to his

when his father wanted to abandon Susan, his lawfully wedded wife, and marry Allison, Old Master Crawford did not agree to it. He made every effort to oppose his son and ensured that Susan and Louis had a place to stay in Crawford

remembered that the Armstrong family was on the brink of ruin when his father wanted to divorce

not for Old Master Crawford, Susan and Louis would have been mercilessly driven out of the household and left on the streets to be publicly condemned, while Allison would have reaped every

always been grateful to Old Master Crawford, though he kept it hidden under his rebellious exterior. He had always wanted to repay his grandfather, but unfortunately, he did not have any business

the other hand, his elder brother was like a heaven-sent gift, a perfect heir to

bad that Luke's birth mother

brows were tightly knotted as he looked at the old man lying on the hospital bed gasping for air. He thought that Old Master Crawford should have lived to a hundred years old, free from disease and

glanced at Allison, who was still crying, and thought that there was more to the incident than meets the eye. "I thought that Father was still fine when I left the house earlier this morning. Why did he suddenly suffer a heart attack?" She

very well Allison's character! Would that despicable woman cry so hard because of Old Master Crawford's

unless the sun rose from

*There* must be some other unmentionable **reason!**

**The VIP** hospital ward was very spacious. On the other side of the bed and cabinets was a set of couches and a coffee table, like a living **room**.

**Luke was** silent ever since he stepped into the hospital.

**From** the time Old Master Crawford was wheeled into the emergency room, across the unbearably long stretch of time when the doctors tried to resuscitate him, until he was wheeled back out and into the *ward*.

**In the** silent ward, no one answered Susan's question. The nurse attending to Old Master Crawford was gently massaging the back of his hand so that he did not feel any discomfort from the IV **drip**.

**Luke's** firm footsteps echoed in the ward.

It was past the promised time that they should meet and depart to the town, but he could not reach Bianca on her phone. He was immensely **worried**.

That slap on her face earlier was too *hard*.

*Old* Master Crawford stirred. He could discern whom those footsteps belonged to, even when his eyes were closed. He opened his mouth and called out weakly, "Luke... wait..."

Susan looked at Old Master Crawford.

**Louis turned** to look at his elder brother, who was about to leave **the ward**.

immediately pinpointed the source of

had somehow caused Old Master Crawford's heart

confused. How would the filial and sensible Luke ever agitate his grandfather so

took a napkin that was handed to her by a nurse. She wiped her eyes and said, "Please step outside for what he was told. He knew that Grandfather had something to speak to Allison

did not want to leave. She wanted to know what was going on, but her son dragged her out of the

nurses left the ward

Old Master Crawford lying on the bed, Allison sitting next to the bed with puffy eyes, and Luke standing rooted next to the door remained in the

her head and wiped her tears. "Luke, I know that you must be hating me for telling your grandfather what happened. You must understand that I have no

knew that Old Master Crawford would be struggling to speak, so she took the opportunity to make her know how hard it was to raise you all alone? The family did not recognize me, and my friends did not help me. You were my only comfort. Unfortunately, reality is harsh, and to protect you, I could do nothing but bow and accept help from

were spoken to both Luke and Old Master

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Old Master Crawford lay on the bed with his eyes closed, listening to the conversation between his daughter-in-law and his grandson.

In that half a minute, Allison had found an excuse to shift the blame to Susan.

"I've never known that you've suspected me so much... I would tell you if you asked, but you've never asked!"

Allison revealed a pained look, as though she struggled to recall her insufferable past. She started sobbing again, soaking the napkin with her tears. "I was forced out of A City when I had to leave your birth father. What else could I do when you were so young? I could only hide in the remotest towns. Susan Armstrong was relentless. She and her minions could find me no matter where I went!"

"Back then, Susan was childless. You should know how much importance a woman married into a wealthy family places on providing an heir, and you too, Old Master Crawford! And I had to give birth to a boy!

"I don't know if Susan knew that I had given birth to a boy, so I had to hand you to an orphanage to protect you. At least you'll receive good care over there. It's better than running and hiding in constant fear... I didn't know if I'd live or die!"

Old Master Crawford frowned when he listened to Allison's barbed words.

His biggest misfortunes were his two daughters-in-law, Susan Armstrong and Allison Tanner.

Susan was born and raised in a wealthy family whose status matched the Crawfords.

However, it was exactly because of Susan's noble and strict upbringing that caused her marriage to fail.

Of course, the main culprits were her husband, who did not know how to appreciate his wife, and the mistress, who seduced a woman's husband.

to prim and well-mannered Susan, Allison was much more vivacious. Susan could have never learned how to flirt with a man like how Allison

looked down upon

Crawford wondered since when Susan had stopped being sensible and became an

was since she found out that her husband harbored a mistress and seldom returned home. She did not enjoy the warmth from family and marriage, and she had to suffer both mental and physical abuse from shameless and despicable mistress had utterly defeated the legally wedded wife, who did not know any family fell into ruin and could not support Susan, which caused the mistress to be even more brazen. Old Master Crawford might have stood behind Susan, but no matter what he did, he could not help her win back her husband's

as though Susan found comfort in

Crawford always knew which of his daughters-in-law had a magnanimous exterior but a wicked heart, and which one had a venomous exterior but a kind

Old master Crawford did not believe what Allison

knew that Allison sent her son to an orphanage not to

*Instead*, she did not want him to be a burden when *seducing Zachary!*

*Old Master Crawford* opened his eyes and looked at his grandson at the door with an unfocused **gaze**.

"**Luke, come** here and listen to your **grandfather...**"

*Allison paused* her sobbing for a few seconds. She wanted to hear how Old Master Crawford would resolve the incident. She hoped that her act would gain her some sympathy from **the patriarch**.

Luke was worried about Bianca, but he also did not wish to see his grandfather's life **in danger**.

*Old Master Crawford* gathered his strength as he watched his grandson walk toward the bed. He furrowed his brows and said, "If you tarnish the reputation of the Crawford family, I wouldn't be able to rest **in peace...**"

"**It's** not as serious as you think, Grandfather. You should rest and recuperate," Luke said calmly as he tucked his grandfather in *the blanket*.

Old Master Crawford was fond of his eldest grandson, who spoke confidently and never disappointed anyone.

As long as his eldest grandson gave the word, the matter would be handled to his **satisfaction**.

He had to admit that he was starting to nag. "I've always recognized that Bianca is my daughter-in-law. If I hadn't, I wouldn't have rushed to the Tanners and demanded them to hand her over when I knew that she was to be married to *Xavier...*"

**Luke** nodded. From that incident, he could tell that his grandfather was satisfied *with Bianca*.

He had never doubted that.

Crawford continued, "However, Bianca is that Tanner kid's lawfully wedded wife. Their marriage is protected under the law! I'm telling you this because I'm afraid that you might act out of impulse and make a

won't. I know what to do." Luke stood next to the bed dressed neatly in a business suit, which comforted Old Master Crawford

hear that the conversation was not progressing the way she wanted, so she immediately interjected. "Do you still believe his words, Father? This morning, Luke... woke up on Bianca's bed! In other words, he was sleeping with someone

a sullen glance on his

ignored it. "If you allow him to do so, how different would he be from what I did with his father back then? Zachary and I have admitted to our mistakes, Father, and Zachary has regretted his actions. All I hope for is for Zachary to be able to rest

Master Crawford closed his eyes. After a long time, he sighed. "Listen to your grandfather, Luke. As long as Bianca remains married to that Tanner kid, you should hold fast to your principles. We cannot be the subject

still agree that Luke should go with Bianca, Father?" Allison frowned and looked at the stubborn Old Master

...

high-speed rail to the

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After the explanation, the colleague went downstairs.

On the second floor, Bianca opened the door with the key. It was a room of about three hundred square feet.

The floor was covered in light-colored wooden tiles. In the apartment were a single bed and a simple closet.

Before she managed to unpack her luggage, another colleague from another department appeared at the door.

It was a young male colleague in his late twenties. He stood outside of the apartment without going in. "You're Bianca Rayne from the design department, right? Nice to meet you. I'm Joe Carlson."

"Nice to meet you. I'm Bianca Rayne." She greeted the colleague.

Joe pointed downstairs and said courteously, "Everyone hasn't had lunch yet. We went to the restaurants in town, and the conditions were... less than ideal. Some of the girls who are used to living in the big city could not accept it. I heard from my department lead that you grew up here, so I thought I'd ask if you could bring everyone around to familiarize themselves with the place. We can also get some ingredients and make lunch ourselves."

Bianca understood what he was saying. She placed her trunk down and nodded. "No problem. I'll go down now."

"There's no rush. You should settle down first." Joe nodded and went downstairs.

She looked at the watch and saw that it was almost two o'clock.

'Oh no, I'll have to rush!

we might as well be making

opened her trunk, took out her power bank, and plugged it into her phone. She did not have time to unpack everything else. Instead, she took the key and her purse, then followed

Several messages came in.

few were missed call notifications from Luke. Then, it was a text

message read, [Call me back when you turn on your

out with her colleagues, and it was inconvenient to call him, so she replied to his message. [We'll talk later. I'm going to get food ingredients with

chatted with her colleagues, she received another

let me find out that you're cooking for other men!]

That was Luke's reply.

...

A City.

After Allison left the hospital, she went to her elder brother's *house*.

*Daniel* was surprised to see his sister suddenly showing up. "What happened? You look like you're in a *rush*."

**Allison glanced** at Lacey, her sister-in-law who was walking down the stairs, then at her brother, "What else could it be if not for something among the young ones? Bianca might be your daughter-in-law, but she has a... relationship with **my son**."

*Daniel* and Lacey could hear the implications in Allison's words. Their expressions became **unpleasant**.

No parent would want to hear their daughter-in-law having an affair with another man, even though it might be **the truth**.

*Allison knew* very well that her brother and sister-in-law did not desire to hear that, but she had to *say it!*

"**Last** year, the company received the full development rights to a town next to A City, and development had just started. Your daughter-in-law is part of the company's design department, and she went to the town too." Allison smirked. "If not that I stopped my son with all my might, he might be there now **too!**"



Daniel lifted his head. "What?"

Lacey was not fond of Allison, and so she was thinking from a different angle. "Bianca is my daughter-in-law. He should know that! Yet he still..." She said **angrily**.

you should understand it's not my son who wants to go along with her!" Allison interjected. "It's your daughter-in-law that's been throwing hints to my son. Would you expect a young man in his prime to reject a seductress's

about to argue when Xavier woke up after a

you bickering about? Who's the

on the sofa, looked at her nephew who was walking down the stairs. "Who else, if not for your wife? No other woman would have that much charm!" She said

caretaker poured a glass of water for

the glass, downed a big gulp to quench his thirst, and handed the glass back to the caretaker. "You're also a woman, Aunt Allison. Why are you labeling every charming woman as

aggrieved. "I'm not wrong in calling her a seductress! She's born in a poor family, her father and grandfather are chronically sick, and she manages to survive by flirting with other men. If that's not a seductress,

your logic, you've seduced my wealthy uncle-in-law who had died. Shouldn't you be a bigger seductress then? I think you've done much worse than what Bianca is doing to Luke and me." It was the first time that Xavier had talked back to

Allison's expression darkened at that instant!

Xavier was smiling as he spoke. She could not tell if he

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After successfully raising a ruckus in the Tanner family, Allison went home.

Back at the hospital, Allison did not see Susan and Louis. Old Master Crawford was lying on the bed while Luke was sitting next to him.

She could see that her son was very concerned about his grandfather's condition.

Looking at the scene, she mouthed a silent prayer that Old Master Crawford would recover slower. If his condition worsened, her son would have to stay by his side!

That way, the eldest grandson of the Old Master would not be able to leave for the small town!

Otherwise, constrictive social norms would label him as an unfilial grandson!

Allison felt as though she was losing her humanity in her attempts to separate Bianca from her son. She had no other choice. If Luke married Bianca, her life would turn into a living hell. Bianca seemed like her nemesis!

The caretaker in charge of Old Master Crawford's diet arrived to deliver lunch.

Allison took out the lunch boxes from the bag.

"Father, Aunt Jemma made all your favorite food. It's also good for your health."

As Allison spoke, she sat down and spoon-fed Old Master Crawford.

Old Master Crawford might be ill, but he had an appetite.

After feeding him for a while, she found the appropriate time to speak, "There is something that I have to tell you, Father."

Crawford did not say anything, implying that she

did not look at her son and continued speaking, "Earlier, my elder brother asked me to go to his house because he had something to tell me. Over there, I've heard that Bianca... is already pregnant with

Old Master Crawford's expression froze when he heard

loved his grandson and not the Tanner kid, then she should have saved her virginity for his

the Tanner kid had forced himself upon her, he would sue him in

had secretly borne a child for the Tanners, that was being unfaithful to

Master Crawford did not

such thing." Luke looked sinisterly at his mother on the other side of the bed, then explained to his grandfather, "That was a lie that Xavier made up to appease my

not expect the truth to be like

She once again felt nervous...

tension between mother and son reached a peak. In a lapse of concentration, she nearly dropped the spoon in her

...

In the small town.

**Bianca** did not cook. She prepared and cut the ingredients and also bought cutlery, cookware, and other *kitchen utensils*.

*She* did every other chore except *for cooking*.

**The** young colleagues got to know each other better as they chatted *while eating*.

At the end of the meal, they also drank some *beer*.

Bianca did not have a high tolerance for alcohol and only drank *a glass*.

After cleaning up, Joe said excitedly. "The air in the town is so fresh. I can't wait to see what the place would look like *after development*."

**There was** nothing attractive about the town except for the scenery around it.

**They had** to live in the town for a period so that they could personally experience its beauty and culture and draft a perfect project **proposal**.

**Bianca** was doing the dishes in the kitchen.

*At that* moment, a car drove over.

**Everyone** turned to look at it, but Bianca could not see it from where she *was*.

**A** Porsche Cayenne drove toward the two-story compound and parked in front of it. A person each stepped out of the driver seat and the passenger **seat**.

who got out from the passenger seat said, "This is the place. I'll be going

took out several dollar bills from his wallet and handed them to

town folk took the money and happily

public knowledge since a few years ago that the town was to be

the development company sent a team over, it was major news to the people living there. Everyone knew about

did not know where Bianca was exactly, and she did not answer his calls or reply to his messages. He asked around in town, and someone brought him

Corporation workers sitting in the courtyard did not know who Xavier was, but they acted cautiously when they saw how he dressed and the car he drove, worried that he might be from the higher management conducting a spot

here can tell me where Bianca Rayne is?" Xavier's words and mannerisms made everyone think that he was like

Someone pointed toward the kitchen.

turned to look in that direction and started walking

washing several cups under the tap. The flowing water made a lot of

she fixed her gaze upon the splashing water, a pair of arms abruptly hugged her from

the courtyard, Joe looked at the scene in the kitchen with

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When Jason received Sue's message, he was waiting in front of the school for the boss's two babies.

"Uncle Doyle!" Rainie ran out of the gates and into Jason's arms.

Jason lifted the little princess with one arm, then took the little prince's hand with his other hand and walked toward the car.

"When will Daddy come and pick us up from school again, Uncle Doyle?" Lanie asked a futile question.

He and his sister knew that Daddy was very busy. On the rare occasion that Daddy was home, he was usually distant and responsive. It was as though they did not have a father.

Now that their Daddy was warming up to them, he disappeared without a trace for the past two days.

As Rainie was placed in the car by Jason, she heard her brother's words and looked innocently at Jason, waiting for an answer.

After settling the two children in the car, Jason said seriously, "Your Daddy is very busy now, and he can't leave his job. Let your Uncle Doyle ask him again when he will be free to pick you up from school."

Jason closed the door of the Bentley and sat on the driver seat.

Jason started the car and drove toward Crawford Manor. He also sent the information obtained from Sue to his boss.

Ten minutes later, Jason received a new directive.

The two children in the car noticed that Jason steered the car into an unfamiliar street.

"Aren't we going home, Uncle Doyle?" Lanie stood tiptoe in the car and leaned to look out of the window.

'Are we going to look for Miss Bea? That's great!'

bringing you to meet

...

In the small town.

cleaned the plates and bowls and

the colleagues in the courtyard knew the identity of the man who arrived in

couple needed some private space, and so they went back to their

stood at the kitchen doorway and looked at the woman busily arranging the kitchenware in the cupboard. "This is my first time seeing you doing chores ever since we married. When are you going home to cook a meal for your

listened to those words and gave no reply. She dried the last plate and placed it in

that Xavier was there to deliberately annoy

dried her hands and stepped out of the kitchen. Walking across the silent courtyard, she was about to take the stairs when the man abruptly grabbed her wrist

turned around. When she saw that punchable face, she yelled without any regard to her surroundings, "Let go

strength was no match for the

grip on Bianca's wrist was so tight that her hand turned red, though he maintained a gentle and warm smile on his face. "You and I are husband and wife. Can we not butt heads all the

*"Since when are we husband and wife?"* Bianca shook her head coldly. "I've never considered us to be husband and wife. You can place the marriage certificate in front of me, and I would think of it as nothing more than a piece of scrap paper with some words on it."

She forcefully pulled her hand away!

**Her** colleagues sitting next to the window on the second floor saw what was going on in **the courtyard**.

The windows were closed, and so they could not hear what Bianca was saying. However, they could see that Bianca was having a big altercation with her Cayenne husband...

*Back* in her room, Bianca immediately closed the door and locked it. She was worried that Xavier might act on an impulse and barge into *her room*.

**She briefly** cleaned the three-hundred-square-foot room and sat on the floor. Pulling over a small table, she placed her laptop on **it**.

A few minutes later, her phone started ringing.

**The** call was from Walter Long, the *famous lawyer*.

"Hello, I'm Bianca..." Bianca quickly answered the call and stood **up**.

*"I remember* that you have my Instagram contact. Hang up now and send me your location. I'll come and look for you by GPS," **Walter said**.

*"Is it* something about the divorce? Can't we meet tomorrow?" Bianca **asked**.

*She had* heard that Walter charged his clients by the minute. His time was literally very **precious!**

**"Boss's orders.** He said that there should be some progress to the divorce, but I'm not going there to look **for you.**"

Bianca thought for a bit.

that Walter is referring to should be...

the progress on the

out of the window, saw Xavier playing with a wild puppy in the courtyard, and immediately

to set up a meeting with Xavier in A City

could guess why Walter was looking for

and Luke were cousins, but they did not see each other eye to eye. Perhaps Xavier knew that Walter was very close

must have concluded that Walter was working for Luke. As such, he would rather not meet

was in the small town. If Walter came over as fast as he could, they would definitely meet each

the call ended, she sent her location to Walter, who was making his way there as fast as he sky grew dark an hour

not leave. Instead, he went upstairs and knocked on Bianca's sat in the room, feeling apprehensive. She did not want to open

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Bianca was nowhere to be seen.

Xavier might not care about what other people thought of him, but he did not want to be the subject of ridicule of the employees of T Corporation.

He left the town so that he would not look too desperate in pursuing Bianca.

Walter kept the divorce agreements and the signature pen back into his briefcase.

Then, he went to his car and followed the "defendant" of the divorce case out of town.

As he drove, Walter took a swig of an energy drink. It was the first time in almost thirty years of his life that he had to personally track down a defendant.

No other people would enjoy such treatment.

Strictly speaking, he could not be bothered with divorce cases, unless they involved billionaires!

After the cars left, the colleagues upstairs started talking among each other.

Their room doors were open. While Joe was distributing bottled water bought from the grocery store among the female colleagues, he overheard one of them saying, "How amazing. Even Walter Long is here."

"Why is he here?" The other colleague did not know what was going on.

"Why else? I heard that Walter Long and Bianca's Cayenne husband left her room one after the other. Walter mentioned something about a divorce agreement, and Bianca's Cayenne husband was like, 'I've never agreed to the divorce. I've never even thought about it.'"

'It's obvious that Bianca wants the divorce...

'The man driving the Cayenne, who is the rumored cousin of the boss, does not want the divorce...

that logic, Bianca must be the one who hired Walter to communicate with her

that was holding a can of Red Bull froze in

who is Bianca from the design department? Not anyone can hire Walter Long even if they have money. That's Walter Long, the famous lawyer, not any lawyer from a firm on

if Bianca had the money, she did not have

"I don't know." The colleague shrugged.

Bianca was standing in front of her grandfather's

going to the small town, Bianca looked for her grandfather. She reminded him to take his medication regularly and to

told her that she should focus on her work and not always think about him. It was good to be ambitious, but she should not

left, she had asked for the key to her

was sleeping in the house, Bianca received a text message from

could only find the general area from the provided location. He did not know the room that Bianca and Xavier were

got up without rousing Xavier, then met up with Walter in

him the room number, Walter told Bianca that she could leave the rest up to him. He also suggested that she stay away from her room for now, in case Xavier threw

**For her** colleagues at T Corporation, the dingy little town had nothing going on. She understood how they felt; after all, they had grown up in the big city.

Bianca was different. She had stayed in places with worse conditions. Moreover, the "dingy little town" had special meaning to **her**.

She retrieved the key, opened the heavy and decaying steel gate, and stepped into the courtyard of the **old house**.

The abandoned courtyard held many of Bianca's memories in her childhood **and youth**.

**When** she was six years old, her grandfather *raised geese*.

*They* fed the young geese with grass. Her grandfather used a cleaver to chop fresh grass into tiny bits on a stone block, and she would place the chopped grass into a large bowl for **the geese**.

*She had* asked her grandfather before, "Grandpa, Mommy hasn't visited me for several years. What if I see her on the street when I'm coming back from school, and she doesn't recognize **me**?"

**"Don't** you like living with Grandpa? Where your Mommy is, there's no geese, no grass, and no fresh *air*!"

*The* young Bianca could tell from her grandfather's words that he knew where her mother was.

*Until* today, she had to admit that her grandfather and father must still be thinking that Allison Tanner had given birth to her for the *Rayne family*.

**Grandfather did** not seem to have an impression of Allison.

**After** so many years, he might have even forgotten the name of his daughter-in-law whom he had seldom **met**.

*However*, Bianca's father, who was currently lying on the hospital bed suffering from lung cancer, did not seem to know that his daughter was most probably not given birth **by Allison**.

**If** that were the case, who was the one who had given birth *to her*?

did not remember her father mentioning any woman other than Allison Tanner. Her father should have known if she was born of another woman, but why would he think that it was

...

A City.

Crawford woke up at about nine o'clock, feeling

around the room. Luke was not present. In the ward was a nurse, his two treasured great-grandchildren, and

Luke..." Old Master Crawford

expression did not change. "Boss went out to buy some study material for Lanie and Rainie," he

he go himself..." Old Master Crawford obviously did not

rubbed her eyes and mumbled, "Our teacher gave an assignment for us. She wanted our parents to personally buy our study materials so that they know what we learn in school. Daddy has to go to a specific store to buy it. Otherwise, the teacher would know, and she'll scold us

nodded and sighed helplessly. "I hope Boss won't buy the wrong

Crawford grunted. "He's already an adult. Can't he do something

"I'm usually the one to buy the kids' study materials. Boss doesn't like going to

doesn't like crowded places! Why, does he think that he's so handsome the parents of the other kids would fall for him? How conceited!" Old Master Crawford took the opportunity to dress down his grandson, who indeed had outstanding looks. "If he knows that he shouldn't flirt with other women, then Lanie and Rainie would still have a mother. Look at what

## **Chapter 198**

After Luke's car left the courtyard, the workers lost all mood to sleep.

The boss had arrived suddenly, and he had departed from the scene just as quickly, like a passing gust of wind.

However, they were inexplicably nervous.

It felt as though their boss was conducting a spot check on their work.

They thought that their performance was not up to standard, and it was unacceptable in their boss's eyes.

Joe could not contain his curiosity anymore and asked his colleagues, "How's the relationship between our boss and his Cayenne-driving cousin?"



His colleagues all shook their heads.

"How would we know?" One of the female colleagues answered. "The boss has always kept his personal life a secret. Even the paparazzi couldn't find out anything."

All that was known about their boss's personal life was a photograph exclusively published in a recently popular magazine, showing their boss bringing his son and daughter out for breakfast one early morning.

Many female workers in the office bought the magazine and browsed through it at work. They thought that their boss, who was not only handsome and capable, but was also a single father who doted on their children, was extremely manly and attractive.

That female colleague was one of the workers who had a crush on their boss. She placed the photograph on her work desk and looked at it occasionally, using it as an encouragement to work harder and improve herself so that she might find an outstanding man like her boss.

Joe pondered over the situation. He did not feel sleepy at all. He went back to his room to retrieve a jacket and told everyone, "Does anyone want to follow me to search for Bianca? We're in this town as a team. What if Bianca went out alone so late at night and found herself in danger?"

something happened to Bianca, it would be hard for them to explain to

small town might be honest and down-to-earth, but that did not mean that everyone there was a good people existed in every corner of the world. The difference was a matter of

female colleague volunteered herself. "I'll follow. When we went to the wet market with Bianca earlier, she told us where her old house was. We even passed by the entrance. I'll bring

The other colleagues nodded. "Be safe!"

the black Range Rover left the courtyard, the two colleagues also left to search for Bianca with flashlights in

at the old house, Luke abruptly came into Bianca's

had left A City for the small town of his own accord. He did not ask for anyone's permission, nor did he inform Old master Crawford or

are you here so late...?" That was the first thing Bianca said

stepped into the courtyard and toward

already so late. Why aren't you

Luke walked through the tall grass and weeds of the courtyard. In the dark night, one could not discern their *actual color*.

*The man's* leather shoes stepped on the grass, exuding a unique and mysterious *charm*.

*His* presence was like a stalk of opium poppy, alluring *yet dangerous*.

*He stopped* in front of Bianca and looked at her ambiguously. She lowered her head and found herself flustered. "Is your grandfather *okay*?"

"**He's** fine. His condition is stable." As Luke answered the question, he transfixed his gaze on the top of her head.

They had agreed to go to the small town together, but he did not show up at the promised time. Later, Bianca received a message from Luke about his grandfather.

*Only* then did she know that Old Master Crawford suffered a heart attack and was in the hospital.

Luke did not tell her the reason for his grandfather's heart attack, though Bianca could guess that it had something to do with Allison catching them in the act that morning.

*Allison must* have gone home and told Old Master Crawford.

Bianca understood that even though Old Master Crawford did not reject her presence, it did not mean that he allowed the younger generation to step past *moral bounds*.

*Legally*, she was still Xavier **Tanner's wife**.

a conservative old man, he might not be able to accept the fact that Luke had stepped out of someone else's wife's room so early in

grandfather agree to you coming here?" Bianca could not find any other conversation

courtyard was dark and silent, save for the chirping of crickets. The atmosphere was not peaceful but

seriously at the woman in front of him. She did not know what he was thinking, nor did he reply to her question. A while later, he furrowed his brows and lit

drifted to the cigarette between his fingers and focused

engrossed with looking at the cigarette and happened to look at his

had observed the fingers of many men before, though none of them had fingers as animated and strong as

noticed that she was looking at him, but he did not call her out. He lifted his hand and brought the cigarette to his

he took a drag from the cigarette, he noticed that her gaze was

Bianca's gaze followed the trail of the man's hand, her eyes eventually met with Luke's. She knew that she was at a disadvantage, and her face

The atmosphere became awkward again.

## **Chapter 199**

She could not resist the man's unrestrained yet passionate kiss.

On their faces, their scents intertwined into something familiar yet unfamiliar.

Perhaps it was because they had almost made out once earlier that morning, and now they had the chance again, Luke felt as though he had morphed into a voracious beast.

His unrestrained urges ravaged her supple lips.

He could catch a hint of agony in her moans, though he did not reduce in intensity. He wanted to swallow her whole and take the body that he had been hungering for.

The man was like a child who had tasted candy for the first time.

He had desired her body for a long time. That morning, he had the opportunity to taste its distinctive sweetness.

When given delicious candy, any child would have done the same. They would greedily undress it from the wrapping, bring it into their mouths, and use their warmth and saliva to dissolve it. They might do so gently or violently, but the sensation was theirs to own...

Luke on Bianca was like a greedy child on delicious candy...

"Mmhh..."

Bianca's body went limp as Luke hugged her tightly in his arms. His oral cavity was warm and moist. She was drowning in his savage kisses...

She was about to lose her mind. All sense of propriety and decency was gone. Only his tongue and hands guided her consciousness...

Air in the small town was cool and fresh, but Bianca struggled to breathe in the thin air around her. All she could smell was Luke's masculine yet

was the smell of hormones, reflecting the state of his mind

Bianca found the opportunity to catch a breath. After moaning twice, the man once again firmly sucked the tip of her

scene replayed itself again

Breeze blew past them. The scent of dew-stained grass assaulted her nostrils. Instead of refreshing her, the scent had intoxicated

kisses became more and more passionate. Even his hand that had gone under her clothes felt warmer

"We move to the car?" Luke

became lucid when Luke spoke. She blinked and tried to push away the man's rigid body. "Aren't you... going

man could answer, she seemed to have guessed what he would say, and so she hurriedly continued, "Your grandfather wouldn't want

regained control of his sanity. However, his arms remained firmly around

sure that she loved the man from the bottom of her heart. It had started as admiration from a student toward her upperclassman, which later became an admiration toward someone of higher social status. She was incredibly proud when she realized that said person was the upperclassman that she had

she found herself to be the woman of that man, and that she had given birth to a pair of twins

She felt as though she was enveloped by all the happiness and bliss in the world, especially when the father of the children remained interested in **her**.

It was no longer a one-sided, callow, and unrequited interest, but a mature, sensual, passionate, intimate **love**...

The desire to claim each other's body and soul was mutual.

Luke's gaze turned domineering and seductive. As long as she wanted it, no one would stand in their **way**.

**"So what** if my grandfather doesn't **want this?**"

*As the* man spoke with his low and resonant voice, Bianca was lifted off her *feet!*

**Luke** stepped past the weeds in the courtyard and toward the front *door*.

*"What do* you want to do? You can't..." Bianca was flustered when she looked at him. She wanted to break free of his *grasp*.

"What else can I do *with you?*"

*The man* reached into her pocket and took out the key to *the door*.

*The key* to the front gate was bigger. The slightly smaller key was the key to the door of the house.

Luke remembered that he was a student the last time he held an old-fashioned key like that. Back then, he lived in a two-story building. It was the best house *in town*.

...

you there?" Joe spoke in a neutral voice as he held a

was afraid that the neighbors would be angry if he were too loud, but if he were too soft, Bianca might not hear

gate to the house was closed but

the flashlight around the courtyard and did not find anyone, though he saw many old and broken items stacked everywhere. A city boy like him would not have ever seen some of those things, much less know

quite uncomfortable standing there. Not everyone enjoyed being in a primitive

look like Bianca is here. This place is dark and creepy," the female colleague

you say that Bianca pointed to you where her old house was? Do you remember if the front gate was locked?" Joe asked her as he shone the

at the house from the street. It's too far to notice whether the gate was locked. I briefly remembered the height of the house and the quality of the windows and doors so that I could determine the condition of Bianca's old house," she said with her

weather in the small town was too

She was shivering!

led the female colleague away. "Perhaps the old house isn't locked in the first place. I don't think there's anything in the courtyard

## **Chapter 200**

Bianca stifled her moans. Her entire body was taut as she tightly gripped the curtain in front of her...

The curtain was not fastened securely. As the man behind her slid another inch into her, she gasped, and her mind turned blank. The curtain dropped...

"Relax." Luke lowered his head and kissed her nape. Her fair skin under the moonlight looked smooth and tender.

His movements were deliberately slow, and his mouth left various marks on her body.

"Ah... mmh..."

She had no defense against the man's invading lips and tongue. Bianca lifted her chin and pressed her entire body on the window.

The man behind her continued to press forward inch by inch as though he was possessed. She could clearly sense that her breathing was becoming more labored.

She took quick and shallow breaths so that she would not suffocate.

The weather became colder. When Bianca opened her eyes, she could see the window fogged up by her breath.

The discomfort lasted for a mere five minutes and turned into a mind-numbing sensation...

It was a familiar feeling.

No matter if it was five years ago when she had gotten used to the man's presence, or this year when she had a close call with the man at the hotel, she had the same trembling sensation...

One of Luke's hands pressed against Bianca's stomach and rubbed against the glass window, while the other held her shirt up.

He could sense that Bianca was in the mood. "Do you like this..." he asked her in between heavy gasps.

words was a sudden,

mouth could not form a single word. When the man clung onto her and kissed her, all she could emit were soft

moon continued to rise in the night

of the crickets in the courtyard was drowned by the couple's intertwined breathing that the woman desired him and that she would go to any length to claim him. At this stage, he felt as though he was the candy in the metaphor, the woman was now like the greedy child eagerly swallowing the opened his lustful eyes and looked at Bianca in his embrace. They finally faced each other. Her jet-black hair brushed against his house was unheated, but she shook her head and said that she was did not understand whether she wanted to continue

Luke let out a stifled moan. He felt a sensation that he had never encountered a candy that was dry when initially removed from its wrapping, but when put into a human's warm and moist oral cavity, it would be constantly stroked and moistened by the mouth and tongue, its flavor spreading around the candy might be big, but the waves of saliva and motion would accustom it to the warmth and moisture of the entered the house and noticed the two intruding colleagues, Luke placed his phone on the very narrow window

*The couple's movements bumped against the wall, causing the phone to fall on the **concrete floor**.*

*Bianca* was lifted in his arms, and her face was brought to the same level as his. Their faces were next to each other, and their souls were lost in each other's eyes.

*She* slightly opened her eyes when she heard the phone hit the floor and weakly looked around to locate its faint glint.

**The** phone was vibrating. Someone was *calling him...*

"Focus!" Only the woman's delicate and charming body remained in Luke's eyes. Nothing else was as *important*.

**Bianca could** not resist his low and resonant voice. It was too *bewitching...*

**Only then** did she realize that she was in an awkward pose. Her arms hugged his neck, and if she **looked downward...**

*It* was as untamed and terrifying as it could be.

**She** did not expect that she could face a man like that one day... entirely sincere... without **reservations...**

"Mmh..." Bianca moaned. The man pressed her dangerously against the window, perhaps punishing her for not **focusing**.

**Bianca did** not know where her shoe went. Her bare legs wrapped around the man's sculpted waist and her fair toes curled up and rubbed against the shirt of his lower back.

She did not want to be caught in this **situation**.

However, the man seemed to be deliberately making her face it.

could not hold back his violent movements. He rocked up and down, slamming audibly against the flimsy

man sucked on the woman's supple lips. She nearly suffocated, each breath was as though

wrested herself from the man's savage kisses and could not hold back anymore. Her halting screams filled the dark, damp, and

"Mmh... ahh... hah..."

"Mmm... nggah... ah... ahhhh..."

...

morning, a female colleague knocked on

happened to see that as he walked along the corridor. "Did Bianca come back last night?" He

colleague replied softly in case Bianca was still resting. "I heard some movement. She's definitely in the

remembered that she vaguely heard Bianca return at about one o'clock at night. There might be the voice of a man

asleep, she could not discern who the

finally got up and looked out of the window, she could see a car driving away from the courtyard. Its blinding lights obscured

the brightness of the lights and the sounds the car made as it drove away, she could guess that it was either the boss's Range Rover or Bianca's husband's