## **Chapter 7 Jean Acting Strange**

Bianca left.

Luke suddenly put down the blueprint he had been holding. He stood up and left his workstation, walking toward his wine cabinet instead. There, he took out a glass and filled half of it with wine, draining the whole thing with a frown.

This cursed lust!

It was already quite late when Bianca left the company, but thankfully there was one last subway to take her home.

Once she reached home, the first thing she did was reply to Jean's messages on WeChat.

After that, she pulled out her luggage and started to organize the things she needed for her trip tomorrow.

Just then, her phone rang.

The caller ID said it was Jean.

"Aren't you asleep yet? I thought I told you to rest early instead of calling me," Bianca said in concern when she picked up.

"I'm not done with work yet, so I brought the stuff back to the hotel room to continue overtime." Jean continued, asking her, "I saw your text earlier. Why are you going outstation too? Who will you be going with?"

"I don't really know who yet. I'll have to wait until tomorrow morning to find out," Bianca replied.

"If there are men going with you, remember to stay away from them," Jean reminded her. "After all, we just started working, so you don't know them well enough yet."

"Alright, I got it," Bianca said. Immediately after that, she suddenly heard a hammering sound on the other end. It sounded like someone knocking on the door.

No, rather than knocking, it sounded more like someone trying to beat the door down!

"What's the matter?" Bianca asked nervously.

"N-Nothing." Jean was stuttering all of a sudden, but then he said quickly, "Talk to you later? I'll check on what's happening outside and then report back to you."

He hung up before Bianca could tell him to be careful out there.

She lowered her head to look at her luggage and then at the phone she was holding, its screen dimming after the call ended. Bianca was worried now, concerned that Jean would encounter trouble out there too, with unfamiliar people in unfamiliar places.

Nothing happened that night.

The next day.

Bianca received a call from her colleague first thing in the morning.

She waited for her colleague outside her compound, her weariness showing on her face. She had stayed up until the wee hours of the morning last night, waiting for Jean's call to assure her everything was fine, but he never called.

She tried calling him, but his phone was switched off.

More than ten minutes later, a black Bentley stopped in front of her. A man and a woman got out of it.

They introduced themselves and got to know each other.

The three of them then got into the car again.

It took seven hours by car to get to the city they were assigned to. Since they would need a car there, the higher-ups had arranged for a male colleague to drive one of the company's Bentleys over there, for convenience's sake.

Bianca chatted with her colleagues along the way. They got along quite well, laughing and joking with each other.

It was afternoon by the time they reached H City.

When they checked into the hotel, her female colleague Sue told Bianca, "Let's go back to our respective rooms first and get changed, get some rest. We'll be in contact again when it's time for dinner."

"Sure," Bianca said with a nod.

Bianca brought her medium-sized luggage upstairs and went into her room. She took a shower and changed into her nightclothes before taking out the clothes she needed for work, ironing them carefully.

Once done, she hung the clothes up in advance.

Having completed all her preparations, she glanced at the time. It was already four o'clock exactly.

Jean had not called her even once since last night until now. He had not even sent her a single message.

Now that she finally had time, she gave Jean a call.

His phone was finally on this time.

However, the dial tone went on for a while without anyone picking up.

Bianca was even more worried now, so she called him again. This time, her call was outright rejected.

"Sorry, I'm busy right now and I can't pick up. Will call you when I'm free." Soon, she received a text from Jean on WeChat.

Bianca lowered her head and replied, "Okay, I'll leave you to your work."

It seemed like he was safe on his end, at least. The person hammering on his door last night might have been a random drunkard going to the wrong hotel room last night.

After she replied to his message, Bianca put her phone down, looking for something else to do.

As soon as she turned, though, her phone vibrated again.

She had barely turned away when she had to turn back and check the message on her phone.

It was a WeChat message, but it was a complete mess. "Hahahaha you guessed it fiber mesh I started an entrance fee iFeng..."

The sender was Jean, who was supposedly "busy" right now.

Bianca frowned.

"?" She sent him a question mark.

After more than a minute, Jean finally replied. "I was drawing something and my arm accidentally touched the screen." That was why he sent her such a random string of words.

Bianca did not think much of it.

"Doot... Doot... Doot..."

Someone rang her room bell.

"Who is it?" Bianca was very cautious since she was in an unfamiliar place and an unfamiliar city.

A middle-aged man's voice came from outside. "Miss Rayne, I'm Jason Doyle, Mr. Crawford's special assistant. I'm afraid I'll have to trouble you to open the door for me."

Luke Crawford's most trusted special assistant, Jason Doyle, was quite well-known. Almost everyone in the company knew about him, and that included Bianca, a newbie.

She opened the door.

"Nice to meet you." Bianca had barely greeted him when she lowered her head and saw that there were two tiny children standing at the door as well.

One was a baby boy and the other a baby girl, their eyes bright and their teeth brighter. They looked like two perfect dolls.

Jason Doyle was standing in a suit, his spine straight as an arrow. Exasperated, he said, "These two are Mr. Crawford's children. Their father is busy with work and can't care for them, so..."

Bianca had a bad feeling about this.

She was not particularly averse to taking care of kids for others, but it just felt so strange to her. After all, she was here to work, not to be a babysitter.

Another major reason she did not really want to take care of the children was because she was worried that seeing someone else's kids would keep reminding her of her own.

"I-I'll be good, I promise," the little girl said softly.

She raised her head to look at Bianca, blinking her innocent black eyes.

"Big Brother—" The little girl saw that her brother, the little boy, was not saying anything, so she pouted angrily and tugged at her brother's clothes, trying to make him talk.

Bianca turned to look at the boy instead.

The older brother was slightly taller than his sister, but though he kept a cool expression, he was clearly fond of his sister. That was why he raised his head and told Bianca, who was beyond the door, "I'll be a good boy too."

Jason glanced at his watch and said, "I'll leave the kids to you, Miss Rayne. There's something else I have to do, so I'll take my leave now."

Bianca did not have the chance to refuse.

Jason quickly left, and Bianca looked down at the two children, saying, "Come on in, the two of you."

The younger sister reached out her short little hand to grab her brother's, then they walked into the room together.

"Do you want anything to drink?" Bianca did not know how to handle kids, especially kids with such a special status.

"I want milk," the girl said, sitting on the couch properly.

Bianca hurriedly dug out some milk. The milk in the hotel room was extremely expensive; the same milk that was sold for 3.50 yuan in the market was sold for 89 here.

Bianca sucked in a breath when she saw the price tag, then she opened the carton and found two glasses, pouring each of the kids one glass.

The haughty and cold-faced older brother did not drink any of it.

The little sister sat on the couch, swinging her legs as she drank half of the cup and then finishing all of it, even licking her lips to make sure she got every bit of it...

Bianca sat on a chair awkwardly, looking at the little darlings on the chair and trying to find something to talk about. "Are you two twins?"

"Of course," the haughty older brother said. He even rolled his eyes, his gaze filled with contempt at Bianca.

'Idiot,' he seemed to say, 'my sister and I look so similar. Of course we're twins!'

## **Comments (2)**