Chapter 9 Open The Door, It's Me

Little Rainie was unbelievably happy now that she had sneakily eaten some fried chicken behind her father's back. On the way back to the room, Rainie kept sticking to Bianca, hugging her leg like a koala to a tree.

It was quite hard for Bianca to walk with a baby hanging off her leg.

She had to limp all the way back upstairs.

"It's really late now. I'll send you back to your room so you can get to sleep." The adult and two children watched cartoons in the room for a while before Bianca turned to the pair of siblings.

The older brother looked up at her and said, "We don't have the room card."

Rainie was hugging Bianca with her plump white hand, her eyes tightly closed. She was almost completely asleep now.

Still, how could they get back without the room card?

Bianca was feeling conflicted.

She had no idea when the president would be able to finish his work for the day and return to the hotel.

"Lemme call Mr. Doyle." Bianca looked at Rainie, who was already falling asleep. She could not move, so she had to ask Lanie to grab her phone.

Lanie picked up her phone and passed it to Bianca.

Bianca called her colleague and asked for Jason Doyle's work number.

Jason picked up soon enough, but he said, "I'm sorry to trouble you, Miss Rayne, but Mr. Crawford is having a meal with a few provincial leaders. I don't think he'll be able to get away for a while yet. How about this? Can you let the two kids sleep with you for the night?"

Bianca, "..."

It was past ten in the night by the time Bianca managed to lull the children to sleep.

Lanie slept on the left side of the large bed, while Rainie took the right side.

They were fast asleep.

Bianca cleaned up the bathroom as quietly as she could, then she folded the children's clothes and placed them on the couch neatly. Finally, she tucked Rainie in before carefully stepping into bed herself.

Thank goodness the bed was big enough.

There was plenty of space for one adult and two kids to sleep comfortably.

Within five minutes of lying down, Bianca could barely keep her eyes open anymore.

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Sometime in the earliest hours of the morning.

Bianca's phone vibrated under her pillow.

She was so sleepy that her eyes hurt, and she had to force them open blearily. She propped herself up slightly and reached for her phone.

There was an unknown number on her screen.

139-0909-9999.

It was a spam call in the middle of the night, but the number itself was a pretty nice one!

Bianca picked up, saying directly and somewhat rudely, "Who is this?"

"Open the door, it's me." It was a deep and hoarse voice, sounding especially mesmerizing so late in the night.

"Open the door? Who are you?"

She was so sleepy.

There was silence on the other end of the phone. All she heard was his breathing.

Bianca spent a few seconds clearing her mind, then she saw the two kids sleeping on the bed under the moonlight. Lanie, Rainie...

"Mr... Mr. Crawford?" she ventured.

"Open the door!" The man's voice was growing deeper.

Bianca was so shocked that her heart skipped a few beats. She hurriedly scrambled out of bed and made sure that her nightclothes looked presentable before she opened the door.

Her boss was here to get his kids back, but she had fallen fast asleep and kept him waiting for so long. Dang it!

Bianca scolded herself in frustration!

The two children were fast asleep on the bed. They showed no signs of waking up whatsoever.

Bianca opened the door.

Luke was standing tall outside the door, his eyes closed and one hand resting against the door frame. He held his coat and the black phone he had been using to call her in one hand. It was obvious that he had been waiting here for quite some time.

"M-Mr. Crawford..." Bianca called his name, too afraid to approach him.

Luke raised his head suddenly, weariness written all over his face as he frowned at her. Even stinking heavily of booze like this, the man still radiated confidence and dominance. His surroundings did nothing to hide the air of nobility exuding from deep within his bones.

Luke gave her a look, but that look felt like it lasted forever.

Neither of them said anything.

Bianca tilted her body and stood to a side, letting him go in so he could pick up the kids.

When the man walked past her, she could clearly smell the alcohol on him, mixed with a strong and hypnotizing scent of nicotine.

Bianca stood at the door, too afraid to move or stare.

The lights at the doorway were very bright.

She was completely awake now, standing at the open door like a guardian god, waiting for her boss to carry his kids out of the room.

The time ticked past.

Bianca did not even hear the two children waking up.

Confused, she closed the door quietly and crept back into the bedroom.

There was only a single lamp illuminating the bedroom. It was not nearly as blindingly bright as it was outside.

The scene in the dim lightning was incredibly heartwarming.

The large bed that was meant to be hers had been completely taken over by that family of three. The father who had finally returned from a long day of work was now sleeping silently with his son and daughter.

Should she wake him up, or not?

If she did, would her boss fire her in a fit of fury?

If she did not, where was she supposed to sleep?

She thought it over and eventually decided that she could not wake this mistaken drunkard up and chase him out. If she did, there would probably be very serious consequences.

Hence, she grabbed a coat, put it on, and left the room.

Holding her room card in her hand, she called the female colleague who had come here with her.

"Sorry, the number you called is unavailable..." A mechanical voice spoke over the phone.

Bianca leaned on a corridor wall, exhausted.

She had forgotten to ask for her female colleague's room number.

After some thought, she called Jason Doyle instead.

She was stuck on the dial tone for a very long time, but no one picked up. He was probably drunk too!

Bianca had no choice but to go to the hotel counter and ask for another room.

However, the hotel receptionist said, "Sorry, Miss Rayne, but the hotel is fully booked. The rooms here have to be booked at least a week in advance."

"Oh, okay. Thanks." Bianca went back upstairs, her mind a mess.

Was she supposed to stand outside the door overnight?

At slightly past one o'clock in the morning, the elevator doors opened.

A man and two women walked out.

The two women were heavily made-up, and the man was dressed in denim, his head covered with intimidating scars. He kissed the two women he was hugging, laughing and chuckling as they talked.

When he saw Bianca, the man's eyes immediately lit up. He let go of the two women and approached her, saying, "Ooh, I found a pretty little damsel-in-distress! Where are you from? Come on, wanna have some fun with me? I guarantee it'll feel great!"

"You're mad!" Bianca instinctively yelled at him. She was so startled that she immediately opened the room door with her key card, ducking into the room like a little bunny.

She then leaned against the door, taking countless deep breaths.

It sounded like someone outside was knocking on the door. It was not too heavy nor too soft. The fear chased every other thought out of Bianca's mind, and she did not dare to lean against the door anymore since they were knocking on it. Instead, she turned and headed for the bathroom door.

She was always quite timid, and now she was so terrified that her heart was pounding madly.

However, before she could even digest that encounter outside, she felt a pair of large warm hands reach under her coat from behind her. They rubbed her body and reached upward.

She turned in horror.

She did not know when, but the wooden bathroom door behind her had been slowly pushed open. She lost her balance, falling into a man's solid embrace.

"Ah..." She cried out softly in surprise, but the rest of her words were swallowed up. All she

could do was moan suggestively...

It was pitch-black in the bathroom, and she felt a moist breath blowing into her face.

There was only one grown man in this hotel room, and that was the big boss, Luke Crawford. It was therefore obvious to see who the man hugging her was.

Bianca frowned and tried to push him away, but he would not budge.

Out of the frying pan and into the fire.

She was scared, but her mouth was sealed off and completely useless.

The man kissed her in the dark, shadowy night. Bianca held her breath, her words of protest morphing into vague whimpers.

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