

## Chapter 210 Booking A Farmhouse For Dinner

As expected, Rylan dropped by at the Lu Group every day for the next few days, and each morning, the roses on Janessa's desk would be replaced with a fresh batch.

Whenever Corbin passed by and spotted the roses, he would always smile meaningfully to himself, though he never said anything about it.

As for Janessa, she had been wanting to tell Rylan to stop sending her roses since the beginning, but he would always interrupt whenever she tried to bring it up in the conversation.

Eventually, she resorted to sending him a WeChat message. She had initially thought that Rylan would refuse or ignore her request, so she was surprised when he replied with a simple "Okay".

Janessa soon found out why he had been so readily agreeable.

The very next day, no roses arrived for her, but on her desk sat a new vase of fresh lilies.

Rylan had automatically assumed that she didn't like roses, and decided to send her a different kind of flower every day instead.

It was at this point that Janessa realized there was no stopping him, so she just let him be.

It was nice to be greeted by such beautiful flowers every morning, anyway. At the very least, they helped to lighten her mood whenever she got into yet another spat with Rayan.

"Miss Qiu," he told her one day, "let me remind you that as the senior assistant in the CEO's office, you shouldn't let your mind wander elsewhere during working hours. I'm disappointed with your work ethics as of late." He had sauntered over without warning, and even as he spoke, his eyes were fixed on the vase on her desk.

'How commendable. He even switches up the flowers now.'

"It's 12:05," Janessa countered. "I'm already on lunch break, not on company hours." Then, she picked up her phone and strode out of the office without a backward glance.

Truth be told, she had never been absent-minded at work before. Perhaps it was because she hadn't been sleeping well recently that her spirits were noticeably low. Yes, that was probably why.

Corbin did his best to suppress his laughter as Janessa left the office, effectively ignoring and walking out on Rayan. He found the situation so amusing that his face flushed from his efforts to hold back.

"Have someone keep an eye on Janessa," Rayan barked. "If there is even the slightest indication that she's dating Rylan, I want to be informed immediately!" When he didn't receive a response right away, he whirled to glare at Corbin.

"Did you hear what I said?" He found the other man with his cheeks red and puffed, his eyes teary with unmistakable mirth.

To his credit, Corbin managed to compose himself and put on a serious expression. "Understood, sir," he nodded.

Rayan narrowed his eyes at him for a few more seconds before returning to his office.

For the rest of the afternoon, he was kept busy by a video conference with representatives from foreign-owned enterprises. By the time they finished, it was already well past office hours.

Corbin walked in with some documents in his hands. "Mr. Lu, this is the contract for the collaboration proposal with Mr. Feng. Please look it over."

'Mr. Feng?'

Even though he was only staring at a sheaf of papers, Rayan felt extremely annoyed. His first instinct was to reject the proposal altogether. He wanted nothing to do with Rylan.

Taking a deep breath, he resigned himself to briefly browsing through the contract's contents before putting it aside.

"There's no rush to settle that. Has Miss Qiu left the building yet?" He tried to sound casual as he finished signing other documents that he had been attending to during the conference.

"She left right after work."

"Where did she go? Did you send someone to follow her?"

"Of course, sir. Miss Qiu has been gone for a while now, so we should receive a report soon." With that, Corbin took the signed documents and left the office. He might as well call the bodyguards and ask for an update on Janessa himself.

Rayan had no interest in going home just yet, so he threw himself on the lounge and closed his eyes. Just as he was about to fall asleep, he was jolted back to his senses by his phone's message alert tone. He then got up in a hurry, changed his clothes, and practically flew out of his office.

Rayan drove at breakneck speed to a particular suburban farmhouse. Although the area looked empty, he parked outside the gates and waited patiently. Finally, he saw another car approached.

Leonard rolled his window down and whipped his sunglasses off his face. "Bro, can you not be so desperate next time you ask me out for dinner? I almost busted a tire just so I can get here on time!"

"I'll compensate you later. For now, we need to get inside." Rayan snuffed the cigarette he had been smoking, his lips curling into a sly and devious smile.

Leonard could tell something was afoot. "Tell me," he said curiously. "What kind of girl is it this time, that you chased her all the way to this remote place? In the past, you only—"

Leonard cut himself off abruptly, his hands shooting up to cover his mouth. He leaned back into his driver seat, hoping that the leather would swallow him. He had been so eager for a piece of gossip that he had momentarily forgotten how much Rayan hated any reference to the past.

'Shit, I almost lost my life there!' he thought to himself, his eyes still wide with fear.

"Let's go!" Rayan ordered, letting Leonard's mistake slide, much to the latter's relief.

He started his engine and headed toward the gates, but a security guard suddenly stepped out and blocked his path.

"I'm sorry, sir," he said as the two other men got out of their cars, "but a guest has already booked the whole place. Please come again next time." The security guard sounded courteous, but his voice was laced with authority. He could tell that the man before him was rich and powerful, of course. Even so, his duty came first. His boss had given him explicit orders not to let anyone into the establishment, and he intended to follow the instruction to the letter.

"Someone booked the whole place?" Rayan echoed, his gaze shifting over to the brightly-lit farmhouse up ahead. So Rylan had willingly blown through a lot of money just to secure a meal alone with Janessa...

While the farmhouse had limited accommodations throughout the year, they hadn't received a booking like this before.

"I want to talk to your manager. Where is he?"

"Sir, please don't make things difficult for me. I'm only doing my job. Our guest booked the whole farm for the day and told us not to receive anyone else." His boss had been very firm about it, too. At the end of the day, he was just a security guard who couldn't afford to lose his job.

"No way," Leonard grumbled. "I can't believe you rushed me into having dinner with you when we can't even get past the gates. What the hell are we even still doing here?" It was already enough of a hassle that he had to drive across the city just to appease Rayan, yet their current predicament was like adding insult to injury. It was humiliating to be denied access to any establishment.

But Rayan seemed to have other thoughts. Instead of answering Leonard, he reached out and patted the guard's shoulder. "You'd better call your manager right this instant, or I'll make sure to get your ass fired from this place."

The poor man stared at him, then craned his neck to stare at Leonard. They were definitely going to cause trouble either way. Defeated, he nodded and ran back to the farmhouse to get his boss.

"Bro, I really admire you," Leonard teased. This was the first time for both men to encounter such a problem, and it only fueled his interest even more. Now, regardless of what happened next, he was determined to know just who it was in the farmhouse that had driven Rayan to such laughable measures.

A short while later, they saw a mustached man dash across the grounds. The moment he spotted Rayan and Leonard, he looked them up and down. "I apologize, but we can't accept other guests for today. Here is my business card. The next time you come to us to dine, I'll be sure to give you a fifty-percent discount."

He certainly was a businessman through and through. He had rightly assumed that the two men were powerful figures, and while he had no choice but to turn them away for now, that didn't mean he had to get rid of a business opportunity altogether.

"Enough with the bullshit. Whoever booked the farmhouse for the day, I'll double their price!"

"Sir, I'm afraid that won't be a good idea."

"Triple then!"

The manager gaped, visibly taken aback by the offer.

"Quintuple!" Rayan roared when the other man kept silent.

The manager found himself in a quandary. This morning, some eccentric man called to book the whole farm, offering twice the market price. Now came someone else who was willing to pay even quadruple the market price!