

# Her Seven Little Bodyguards

Chapter 220

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Vania nodded to show that she believed Bella's words before she asked, "But, how did you know that this was Hanson's room?"

Bella was a little flustered by the question, not knowing what Vania meant, but she could only brace herself and explain, "My room is on this floor as well, so when I came back, I saw Han—I mean, President Luke entering this room. That's why I presumed it was his and came over to visit him."

As she spoke, she felt extremely unhappy. She wanted to be like Vania and call Hanson by his name as well, but she didn't dare to at the moment.

Vania reminded her kindly, "This isn't Hanson's room. It's mine." Then, she looked at Hanson and said, "I think she probably has something important to tell you. Should I leave?"

Hanson looked at Vania's teasing expression and stared at her intently. "You are not allowed to go anywhere." Soon after, he called out to the door, "Security."

As the staff had known in advance that Hanson was going to stay in their hotel, the person in charge had already arranged for security to guard the floor where he stayed. At Hanson's voice, the security team immediately ran over, fearing that something had happened. When they saw Hanson, they stood dutifully and waited for his orders.

"Take her away," Hanson instructed in a disdainful voice without even sparing Bella a glance.

Bella hadn't expected that Hanson had called the security over because of her and yelped in surprise. "President Luke, I..."

However, before she could finish, she was lifted up by the security guards.

Recalling her previous humiliation, Bella was deeply displeased and glanced at Vania with resentment in her eyes. If Vania hadn't said that in front of Hanson earlier, he wouldn't have ordered the guards to drag her away. Her plan had failed yet again. Although she was filled with discontent, she didn't dare to cause a scene in case word spread to the members of her crew. If that happened, her reputation would be ruined.

After Bella was dragged away, Hanson felt that the air in this room had been contaminated, and said to Vania, "Follow me."

Saying that, he took her hand and led her to the presidential suite on the top floor.

As Vania looked at the room, she still spoke in a mocking tone. "You can't be thinking of having me stay in the same room as you, right?"

Although she didn't say anything, Hanson could see that she felt awkward about the earlier events. If that was the case, it meant that she still cared about him.

His mood improving immensely, he said with a smile, "You can if you want to."

Vania knew he was teasing her, so she didn't answer. At the end of the day, she didn't want to stay in that room anymore after Bella had caused such a fuss earlier. "I'll stay in the inner room, and you'll stay in the outer room."

Hanson was still smiling as he conceded, "All right. I'll listen to everything you say, so you can do as you please."

As he spoke, he grabbed her hand again. "Can we go for dinner now, Your Majesty?"

Vania pulled her hand back. "Stop tugging me around."

In an instant, Hanson retracted his wandering hands and returned to his usual aloofness, turning back into a cold and distant president. "Let's go."

Vania glanced at him. Thinking that it was better this way, she nodded. "Let's go."

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On the other hand, after Bella was dragged away by the security, she quietly snuck back to her room with her tail between her legs, afraid that someone from the same crew would spot her.