

Her Seven LBG 381

Chapter 381

As the stall was right below the window, the bathroom was accessible through the window itself.

"Is this window usually open?"

This question was obviously directed at the teacher, as she replied nervously, "Yes, it is."

Hanson then went in for a closer look. This window isn't all that high up. Facing the window is the back door of the school, and outside is a busy road.

Observing the street with the same gaze, Vania suddenly demanded in a cold tone, "Give me the names of all the personnel who are working today."

"About that... It's not under my jurisdiction..." An unknown surge of bravery welled up within the teacher as she still tried to shirk responsibility.

"Really, huh?" Hanson's stare made her immediately change her words, "I'll take a look back at the office."

They returned to the office.

It was then a police officer rushed over with a subordinate in tow. After seeing Vania and Hanson, he stepped forward respectfully. "President Luke, Miss Greyson, how can we help you?"

Hearing the mention of President Luke made the teacher panic. In Hammond, the only person who was addressed as such could only be Hanson Luke from Luke Corporation. As for the woman with the surname, Greyson, it was clear that she was Vania Greyson from Galaxy Corporation. She was shocked. Not good. I'm in trouble now.

Regretting what she had said earlier, she was terrified.

Hanson nodded at the police officer and said, "Copy all the surveillance footage. Then, watch for the back door footage and inform me as soon as the child appears."

"Understood." The officer nodded and took the photo Vania gave them.

After that, they started delegating the tasks amongst themselves. "Split into two teams. One will handle the surveillance while the other will ask around on the street. Report to me if there is anything."

"Yes."

The officers dared not delay this one bit, as they began their investigation instantly.

"Where are the names?" Vania asked coldly.

The anxious teacher took out the staff roster. "All the teachers are here."

Vania looked at the names on it, only to find they were the same as before. No new members were added.

At this moment, the trio could care less about Hanson's presence as they said to the teacher, "Miss, we would like to use your computer for a while."

Not daring to stand in their way, she instantly stood up and gave way to them. "Sure, use it."

In reality, she was insulting them inside. What can three snot-nosed brats do on a computer? Meddling kids.

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After an hour had passed, a janitor went in with a mop.

However, five minutes after she left, the surveillance system broke down.

"It must be her!" Jack shouted.

His shout shocked the teacher. Have they made so much progress?

Then, James enlarged the still image and said to Vania, "Mommy, the janitor looks unfamiliar to me."

Vania then turned to the nervous teacher. "Who is she?"

Rubbing her eyes, the teacher pretended to say, "I can't see her that clearly. The previous janitor had just left the position. So, I'm not too sure who this is either."

"Haha." Vania sneered. "It looks like you only focus on teaching the students and educating yourself without caring about the world around you."

Terrified, the teacher did not dare to look at Vania. Just as she was about to explain, the principal rushed over.

"I'm so sorry, Miss. I have prior engagements and just came back to the school."

After observing Vania and Hanson from head to toe, she politely stated, "I've heard all about the situation. As the person responsible, I truly apologize and promise to cooperate fully in the search for the child."

Vania snorted, as she did not want to hear these superficial words.

Instead, she pointed at the person on the screen. "Who is that?"

The principal stepped up to explain this. "The old janitor quit. Today was the first day of the replacement janitor's shift. Is there something wrong?"

"After she went into the surveillance room, the system went down." James explained patiently again.

Nodding continuously, the principal said to the teacher, "Miss Vino, please call the person over."

Even though Constance immediately went to the janitor's room, the person had already cleared out a long time ago.

Returning to the office, she said shockingly, "The janitor has run away."

Surprised, the principal questioned the teacher, "Didn't you introduce this person to the job? Can't you call her?"

At this point, Vania interrupted her, "Principal, what do you mean by this?"

Does the teacher know the janitor?

With a fake smile, the principal replied, "Since the previous janitor quit, Miss Vino introduced one of her neighbors to the job."

"Did you do a background check on the person?" Vania frowned.

This was because the school stated that no matter the position, everybody who wanted to work in the school needed to go through a background check as a means of keeping the children safe.

"Erm... Due to the lack of manpower, I did not investigate her. I just let her assume the position first."

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The janitor's information was displayed clearly on the screen.

Seeing the details, the teacher started to sweat profusely.

"Are you still not going to come clean?" Vania sounded unnaturally cold.

"N-No, there's no such thing. She is my neighbor."

Even though the teacher was all sweaty by now, she was still very stubborn.

At this time, Hanson only uttered, "With my presence, no questions will be left unanswered."

Smirking at the teacher, Hanson continued, "If you want to do it this way, I'll let your wish come true."

As he clapped toward the direction of the entrance, the principal and Constance were directed there only to see police officers rush in.

When did they arrive here?

The teacher shook her head constantly while the officer was about to handcuff her. "Please, n-no..."

"No? It's too late now." Just as the officer subdued her and was about to handcuff her, she finally conceded. "I'll talk. I'll talk..."

The officers looked at Hanson, but Hanson replied, "It's too late to talk now."

This was because the trio had found something out, as James started, "One week ago, someone contacted this janitor. It was the same person who came to Hammond."

"That's right. From the report, we can see that prior to the day the janitor left, it was the same person who contacted her," Jack added. "Lately, Miss Vino has also been in contact with that person frequently."

Shocked, Constance was unaware of the other things. Yet, it was true that someone contacted her and recommended this person to be a janitor at the school.

Didn't they say that no one would find out about this? How did they manage to uncover all of this so quickly?

She was so surprised that she fell onto the floor.

Looking at the screen, Vania asked, "Can you check who the person is?"

The trio shook their heads. "All the numbers were problem-free. It's only this number that we couldn't get anything out of. It's a burner number, by the looks of it."

Vania had guessed that there was someone who had been plotting this. But why?

"Contact the previous janitor," said Vania.

Unfortunately, the number had also become invalid.

Does the trace end here?

Vania then turned toward the teacher. "Tell us how you contacted them. In detail."

Now that everything had been exposed, the teacher cried while saying, "There was a woman who called me, claiming that she had a janitor to recommend to me."

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It's her? Stunned, Vania asked, "Where are they now?"

"The young master was taken by her. We're still in the middle of finding their tracks."

No wonder Hanson said that Jude went off willingly. It turns out that he had met his foster mother.

But, how did she know he was attending school here? And how did she so accurately contact him?

Vania's thoughts were a mess.

Then, Hanson simply said, "Let's find him using the leads we have."

"Wait. I still have something I need to deal with."

Looking at the principal, Vania stated, "You're fired."

The principal could not believe her words.

Fired? This is the best school in Hammond for me, and the bribes for me are innumerable. I cannot afford to lose this position.

So, she tried to fight back and say, "Even though you're the head of Galaxy Corporation, what right do you have to fire me?"

Vania only replied sarcastically, "According to the school rules, all personnel need to go through a background check before being employed, yet you did not do so. The school's surveillance system should be checked and maintained every day, but you still haven't done anything despite the system being down for so long."

Just as the principal tried to defend herself, Vania continued, "As far as I know, there wasn't any meeting that required you to venture out of the school. But, you were absent from work with no proper excuse."

Walking to her face, Vania uttered, "Any one of these is enough to relinquish your position."

The principal frowned, as she did not know why Vania knew the rules of the school so well.

Nevertheless, she still chose to rebuke her, "Even so, you don't have the power to interfere in any matters concerning the school."

"As the head of Galaxy Corporation, I do not have the power to do so. As the investor of the school, though, I believe I have enough right to do so."

Vania's words terrified the principal.

She's actually an investor of the school.

Hanson, who also just found out about this, discovered that Vania would always surprise him at the most unexpected of times.

Speechless, the principal knew that she was done for now. What was left in her heart was infinite regret. If she had not accepted that money, she would not have landed herself in this situation.

Looking at how remorseful she was only served to irritate Vania, as she said to the police, "Just bring them away."

According to the rules, they would have taken them in and judged them together after closing the case.

The officers immediately took them away.

Looking at the children, Vania said, "Sweeties, could you go home with Morales and Morgan and wait patiently until I come home? I'm going to find your brother with Hanson."

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Vania turned back and looked at the motels as well as small restaurants, asking, "Did you search through all the shops?"

Larry nodded. "We brought the police and searched through each and every one of them."

Frowning, Vania asked, "Where could they have gone?"

It was then that Hanson suddenly said, "Come with me."

Surprised, Vania asked, "You have a clue?"

"I'm not too sure. But, I'll know once we check it."

Holding Vania's hand, he walked toward the car and took the car's license plate off.

As expected, there was another number plate beneath it.

Wide-eyed, Larry had an image flash across his mind. "I know what's up now. President, Miss Greyson, hurry and get in the car."

Linda finally said, after they got in, "They're heading to the train station."

The train station? Vania's heart skipped a beat.

Where was the child, who she had painstakingly found, about to be sold off to again?

Hanson could only hug her while using his hand to run across her back repeatedly as a means of comforting her.

"Honey, no matter what, you must stay calm and don't be rash. We can solve this together."

Hanson was afraid that Vania might harm herself under impulse.

"Yes, I know." Because of her anxiety, Vania was somewhat trembling.

Just as the car was about to turn, Hanson suddenly shouted, "Stop the car!"

Larry stepped on the brake hard before looking in the direction of Hanson's gaze. "Hot Deal Motel?"

"It's this place."

Although Vania did not know why Hanson noticed this place, she trusted his decision nonetheless.

"Do you want to call more people over just in case?" Vania was afraid that the four of them might not be enough to stop the perpetrators.

Looking up, Hanson replied, "No need."

The four of them were enough.

Vania looked in the direction of his gaze only to see a room with an open curtain and nothing else.

Detecting her confusion, Hanson explained, "Just now, when we were cornering, I saw someone looking out the window."

Ah, that's why. Vania was in awe of Hanson's extraordinary observation skills.

"Your man used to be the war god of the army." Hanson left such a sentence before getting out of the car.

He did not head straight into the motel, though. Instead, he shot a look at Larry.

Understanding what he meant, Larry immediately drove the car to the back of the motel.

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Right at that moment, there was a knock on the door.

Donny and Susan jumped at the sound and exchanged a look. That person had guaranteed that this was a safe place, so that was why they chose to meet up in this motel.

Was it the person they were supposed to be linking up with?

The two of them hesitated for a moment. He went closer to the door and asked, "Who is it?"

Outside the door, Hanson and Larry glanced at each other before Larry said, "I'm here for the child."

As soon as he said that, he kicked the door open.

Before Donny could even react, Larry had kicked him down to the ground.

Susan saw that things were going south, so she grabbed Jude and tried to jump out the window, but she had only taken one step when Hanson snatched the boy out of her hands and pushed her down to the ground as well.

Donny howled in pain and threatened them, "Hey! Who are you?! Why are you breaking into our room? I'll call the police on you!"

Larry stomped down on him a little harder. "No need. We've already called the police for you."

All the color drained from Susan's face. "Who are you guys?"

"You don't need to know who we are," Larry scoffed.

Donny and Susan struggled to make their escape. "Get off us! What do you want? We can give you money."

They were sensing danger by now, but thankfully, they had 75,000 on hand. They were willing to pay these guys to let them off.

Larry snorted. "All we want is to catch you guys."

They want to offer money to President Luke? What a joke!

At this moment, a group of police officers stormed into the room, and the team leader immediately

instructed his men to apprehend Donny and Susan.

The team leader showed his police badge to them before saying, "There's been a report that you two are involved in child trafficking. You'll need to come with us."

"Let go of me! We're not trafficking anyone. That's my son," Susan yelled and pointed at Jude.

However, she did not have a motherly gaze when she looked at Jude. It was as if she was looking at a stranger.

None of the police officers bothered responding to what she said, and the one holding her tightened his grip on her.

Donny was fighting tooth and nail to get out of the police officers' hold as well. "You have no evidence! How can you arrest us without any evidence?! Let go of me!"

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Jude remained motionless.

Vania's blood ran cold as she clutched Jude's body. "Jude, look at me. It's Mommy."

She kept shaking him to wake him up, but no matter how hard she tried, he remained unconscious with his eyes shut.

Vania was stricken with fear and her mind went blank.

In those mere moments of terror, all her emotions washed over her.

Tears welled up in her eyes, and she trembled as she hugged Jude tightly. "I'm sorry. I'm so sorry. It's my fault. Please open your eyes and look at Mommy, please," she cried in agony.

Vania's tears kept flowing as she blamed herself for everything. This was the most vulnerable she had ever been as others had only ever seen her strong and confident side, and her heart wrenching sorrow left everyone else shattered too.

As Hanson stared at Jude who was still unconscious, his heart also ached painfully. His throat tightened and he heaved a heavy sigh.

He went over to Vania and took Jude into his arms before comforting her, and himself, by saying, "We don't know Jude's condition right now, so let's not think the worst of it, okay? We need to take Jude to the hospital right now. I'm sure we'll find a way to wake him up."

Vania's eyes were red and pitiful. As she nodded at him, her eyes were full of trust and faith in him.

The look in her eyes felt like it pierced right through Hanson's soul, and his fists tightened.

Once they arrived at the hospital, Hanson carried Jude in his arms and ran toward the emergency room.

He realized how light Jude was. It was almost as if he might float away at any given moment. He looks just like me, especially with his eyes closed. Is he truly not my son?

"President Luke, the doctor's here."

Larry sped over with the hospital's top medical experts in tow.

"President Luke, please place the child on the gurney." A group of nurses came over with a gurney and rushed Jude into the operating theater.

Vania followed closely behind them. It slipped her mind that family members were not allowed to enter.

"You're not allowed to enter. Please wait outside." The doors to the operating theater slammed shut.

Vania was drained of all her energy as she slumped against the wall with hollow eyes.

Hanson pulled her into a hug and said, "The best doctors are all in there with him. Everything will be fine."

Vania pushed her way out of his arms and covered her face as she cried out painfully, "It's my fault. I didn't keep my eye on him."

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Hanson looked Vania in the eyes and announced his support. "No matter what it is, as long as it is what you want to do, I'll forever be on your side."

He made it clear that she could do whatever she wanted without having to hold back because of him.

Vania saw the steadfast look in Hanson's eyes, and her face crumpled. Just as she was about to speak, a doctor came out of the operating theater.

Once she saw the doctor, she hurried over in a panic and grabbed the doctor's sleeve. "Doctor, how's my son?"

Her eyes were fraught with anxiety.

The doctor was also rather concerned. He frowned and said, "Your son has been fed with sleeping drugs, so you could say he's asleep right now. He'll be able to wake up once the drugs are gone from his system."

Vania exhaled in relief once she heard what the doctor said. It was just sleeping drugs after all. She had given herself a terrible fright earlier.

She looked at the doctor expectantly. "In that case, when will my son be waking up?"

The doctor looked at Vania and explained a little helplessly, "Ms. Greyson, your son has O-negative blood which is already rare, and furthermore, he has a rare blood disorder where he is at great risk of drug poisoning when ingesting sleeping medication, especially at such high doses."

Drug poisoning? Vania's heart caught in her throat once more. "Is there an antidote?"

For some reason, the image of Jude, colorless and with his eyes closed, flashed across her mind. She assumed the worst.

The doctor said, "Your son's life is not in danger. However, we'll need to run a series of tests to determine when he'll wake up."

"Why aren't you running the tests now then?" Vania asked in heightened anxiety.

Once she heard that Jude's life was not in danger, her heart settled back down, but now she was anxious to know what was happening to his body.

Hanson could tell that the doctor was put in a tough spot. "Just go ahead and tell us what your concerns are."

The doctor paused to find the right words to explain the situation. "President Luke, these tests are dangerous and there is a high possibility that the patient might bleed out quite a bit. This is why we need to warn Ms. Greyson first."

"I can give my blood to him." Vania stuck her arm out at once. She was willing to give her life to Jude, let alone a little bit of blood.

However, the doctor shook his head.

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Vania heard it loud and clear. The doctors had no other options.

She lowered her head as her body went limp. It felt like her world was crashing down around her, and all she could feel was fear and despair. Everything turned into a hazy blur as tears came gushing down her face.

Right then, Hanson placed a hand on her shoulder, and somehow, it gave her hope.

Vania looked up at him and her heart stirred expectantly. She believed that he had to have a way out of this.

True enough, she heard Hanson say, "My blood is type O-negative. You can take mine."

Vania's eyes widened. It was supposed to be a rare blood type. Jude had it because of his father, and now Hanson had it too? All of these thoughts kept circling around inside her head like something was about to explode inside her.

The doctor was taken aback too. "It's rare to find someone with this blood type and it's usually passed on through family members. It's such a twist of fate that you and the little master share the same blood type, President Luke."

The doctor knew that Vania and Hanson did not have a child together, so he commented in surprise when he heard this.

However, this news hit differently for Vania and Hanson. The words hit Vania like a ton of bricks.

Hanson's eyes were fixed on the doctor. "Hurry up and take my blood so that we can run the tests."

He glanced at Larry to hint that he should take one of the blood samples to run a DNA test.

Larry got the message and headed off with another doctor.

As Vania watched Hanson leave with the doctor, she had a complicated look in her eyes.

Earlier on, she investigated the truth about what happened five years ago, but the results stipulated that Hanson was not the man from that incident.

Did something go wrong with the investigation?

It was beginning to dawn on her that perhaps someone had already planned everything from the start five years ago.

The doctor brought Hanson into a treatment room and ran some tests.

"President Luke, your blood type is a perfect match with the little master. There won't be any complications if he receives a blood transfusion with your blood." The doctor sounded quite eager. It was the first time that he came across such a perfect match between two unrelated people.

Hanson had his own conclusion to draw about this. "Good. Get on with it."

"Yes."

The doctor swiftly made the preparations and started running the tests on Jude.

Soon, the results were out and the doctor reported to Hanson, "President Luke, the patient does indeed show signs of poisoning. We will need to start the blood extraction process for both of you."

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There was no doubt that the blood sample would be tampered with too if left here at the hospital.

"Destroy the sample at once. It's not necessary to run the DNA test anymore," Hanson instructed coolly.

"Yes, President Luke." The doctor nodded and destroyed it right away. "Will there be anything else, President Luke?"

"No. You can go back to work." Hanson's mind was occupied with other things right now.

"Yes, President Luke." The doctor exited the operating theater.

Hanson gazed at Jude. Some things were evident even without a DNA test.

However, the fact that someone had pulled such a trick on him left him seething.

The treatment process took a whole hour.

Vania's hands were clammy as she anxiously waited outside the operating theater.

The moment the door opened, she rushed over.

The first person who walked out was Hanson. Vania felt a pang in her heart when she saw that he looked a lot paler than before, so she asked, "Are you okay?"

"I'm fine. It's just a bit of blood," Hanson assured her.

The doctors kept within the range when they drew his blood, and Jude's treatment went smoothly, so he did not need to donate all that much blood.

"Hanson, I can't thank you enough for this."

Even though they were in a relationship now, she still did not take what he did for granted, and she truly felt grateful for his actions today.

Hanson brushed his fingers through her hair as he said, "I told you. You don't need to thank me for anything."

Vania nodded. She did remember those words.

Still, her heart was full of gratitude as she cherished Hanson for his acceptance and everything he had done for her.

Hanson seemed to see right through her, so he smiled and said, "I'm determined to marry you, so no matter what, the six children are part of our family. I'm sure you would've done the same."

Vania's eyes reddened as she nodded. "You're right. All six children are our family."

Hanson wiped her tears away. "If you insist on thanking me, then you can make it up to me once Jude recovers."

He cracked a joke to lighten the mood, which was something rather unexpected coming from him, but it worked to ease the tense moment. "Come, let's go and see how Jude's doing."

Vania's lips twitched as she nodded. "Yeah."

She walked over to the bed and saw that Jude was still lying unconscious on the bed. His hands were littered with needle marks. The sight of them alone was enough to prove how painful the treatment must have been.