

Her Seven LBG 391

Chapter 391

Hanson's heart melted into a puddle.

He glanced down at his hand, which was hooked to an IV drip, and said, "I can't use my hand. You have to feed me."

However, Vania did not help him with the glass of water. Instead, she dove in for a kiss.

Out of the blue, she felt the urge to kiss him, so she did just that.

This was the first time where Vania took the initiative to kiss Hanson. After a momentary daze, Hanson put his arms around her and pulled her in to deepen the kiss, and he could feel her heart beating against his.

"Darling," Hanson breathed hoarsely. He released her from his grip, but Vania did not move away. She chose to nestle into his arms.

Being in Hanson's arms right now and holding him this way made her feel as if she was home at last. He was her safe harbor.

"I'm so glad I have you." Vania closed her eyes, basking in the slight heaving of his chest and the warmth of his breath.

Hanson's lips curved into a smile as he gently patted her on the back, almost as if he was comforting a child. "I feel the same way."

Vania held him for quite some time before getting up. By now, all her emotions had returned to normal.

Hanson was her cure.

"Here, have a sip of water." She brought the glass back up to his lips again.

Hanson complied and took a sip before calling out to her adoringly, "Darling."

He loved calling her that.

Vania smiled. "You should take a nap. It's always important to rest after donating blood."

Hanson settled back down onto the hospital bed, but he said, "I'll stay awake and wait with you until Jude wakes up."

Vania knew that Hanson wanted the child to see them both once he woke up, so she nodded. "Still, go

ahead and sleep if it gets too tiring, okay?"

Hanson only responded with a smile.

Why would it be too tiring for him? All he did was let the doctor draw some blood from him. His complexion might be a little paler than usual, but his body was fine.

Vania and Hanson continued to watch over Jude. Somehow, both of them saw the other in Jude's face.

Just then, Jude's body twitched slightly and his eyelids shook a little, as if he was about to wake up.

All at once, Vania went forward to hold his hand as she called out softly, "Jude? Jude... can you hear me?"

Jude's eyelids were still quivering. While his eyes did not open yet, he seemed to react to her words.

Vania continued, "Jude, it's Mommy. I'm right here with you. Could you open your eyes and look at me?"

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Vania's eyes widened in surprise.

This was the first time Jude ever called her 'mommy', and it came under such circumstances too. There were no words to describe what was going through Vania's mind right now, but her eyes reddened with tears of joy.

Once she came out of her daze, she pulled Jude into her arms and hugged him so tightly that she knocked the wind out of his chest. She said in excitement, "Jude, you're finally calling me Mommy."

Vania did not know how to explain what she was feeling, but her eyes continued to tear up.

She helped Jude to lie back down on the bed before saying, "Darling, don't worry about anything, okay? All you need to do right now is rest. I'll be right here with you."

Jude tried to get up, and he looked like he had something to say.

Vania hurriedly comforted him. "You're hooked up to an IV drip, so you need to stay still."

Jude frowned. His expression made it clear that he was determined to speak.

"You can speak while lying down if you really must say something." Vania did not want him to overexert himself since his body would be weak right now after the treatment.

Even so, Jude was determined to sit up, so Vania had to oblige and help him up.

Jude's posture had always been proper, and it was now too despite his health condition.

Hanson smirked while watching from the side. Jude's firm attitude must've come from me.

Meanwhile, Jude was also staring at Hanson. He kept staring for quite some time before saying, "Thank you."

This was Jude's first time addressing Hanson personally, and his gratitude was sincere.

If Hanson had not been willing to donate his blood to Jude, the latter would not be awake right now.

Hanson knew that Jude was a sensitive soul and he did not want the young boy to think too much about this, so he said half-jokingly, "Since I helped you this time, could you not be so against my relationship with your Mommy?"

Hanson was referring to them as a couple, naturally.

After all, whenever the kids saw him and Vania kissing, they would glare at him.

Jude had a grateful expression just a few seconds ago but the moment he heard what Hanson said, his expression darkened and he said stiffly, "These are two unrelated things."

His protest over Hanson and Vania's relationship was a matter of principle. It had nothing to do with his gratitude toward Hanson for saving him.

He owed Hanson a debt of gratitude, and he was willing to repay it.

If Hanson ever found himself in any sort of trouble, Jude would do his best to help him; not just because Hanson saved him, but also because they were related by blood.

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That woman wrote that she would despise Jude forever. This message was aimed at his conscience and made it so that he would surely comply with her demands and meet her.

Vania sneered. Every single detail is so carefully crafted.

Jude began blaming himself again. "Mommy, I'm sorry. I just wanted to see her one last time."

In his barest of memories, he recalled that his adopted mother was someone who did give him a little bit of warmth and care in that violent family of his. She was the only light in the darkness of that period of his life, and he still clung to it now.

Therefore, when he heard that she was on her deathbed and wanted to see him one last time, he did not hesitate at all.

He did as she said and ran out in secret to meet her, but he never thought that it would lead to this instead. Not only did he hurt himself, but he also hurt those around him.

Jude could not forgive himself for this. He added bitterly, "I'm sorry, Mommy. I caused you all to worry about me and get injured because of me. It's all my fault. You should punish me for this."

Ever since Jude returned to Vania's side, everyone showered him with care and affection, but these people who loved him the most were hurt today because of him. At this moment, he felt like a demon who brought calamity to them.

Seeing how Jude was wallowing in self-blame, Vania threw her arms around him at once and said gently, "We understand how you feel, but you don't need to blame yourself and you don't need to apologize either. We're a family. We'll always be together."

Vania held Jude by the shoulders and got him to look her in the eyes as she said, "I want to tell you something."

When Jude saw the love in Vania's eyes, he was moved beyond words and he nodded repeatedly. "I'll listen to whatever you say, Mommy."

Vania gave him a warm smile and stroked his little face. "I want you to remember that I will always be someone you can rely on. No matter what happens in the future, you can always come to me and I will support you, no questions asked."

Jude was shaken to the core. It took five years for him to meet Vania, and it was only natural that there was still some distance between them. However, once he heard her staunch declaration, all of that distance vanished into thin air.

He finally forged a true connection with her. It felt like their hearts had become one at last.

Vania did not want to pressure him right now, so she smiled and said, "Okay, let's not think about these things anymore. The most important thing right now is to focus on your recovery."

Jude nodded along, but his eyes were still glued to Vania. He did not want her to leave.

Jude nodded along, but his eyes were still glued to Vania. He did not want her to leave.

She smiled and said to Hanson, "As long as Susan Ledger gives her confession, we'll be able to know who the real mastermind behind all this is."

Hanson nodded, but he warned, "I fear that someone might have already tipped them off, though."

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Jude did not react at all, and it was as if he had really lost consciousness this time. He stiffened up, and even his breathing got quiet. For a moment, Vania thought Jude would die, and she blanched. "Stop playing around now, Jude." Her voice trembled. "Wake up."

The doctor hurried over and checked on Jude, but he pushed the child straight to the operating room. "We'll have to see what happened to the Little Master, Miss Greyson."

"Yes, of course." Vania helped push the bed as well. She did not want to waste any time.

"You'll have to come with us, President Luke, but you must stop if you can't hold on." Anyone would feel wiped out after a blood donation. A consecutive donation might make them dizzy or send them into shock. The doctor was worried, but he had no choice.

"Don't worry about me. Save the boy."

"Yes, sir." The doctor quickly performed a checkup on the boy.

Hanson getting involved again only made things worse for Vania. She stayed outside the ward, praying for them. Fortunately, the checkup went well, and they came back out in just ten minutes, though the doctor looked grim. It was like he saw something impossible, and he had no idea how to break the news to Vania.

Vania was already nervous to begin with. The first thing she thought when she saw the doctor's looks was, Oh no. Something happened to Jude. Am I going to lose my baby? She teared up and asked the doctor in a hurry, "Where's Jude? What happened to him? Tell me the truth!" Tears streamed down her cheeks, but she did not feel it.

Her tears broke Hanson's heart. He wiped her tears away and whispered, "Jude's fine. We just ran into a blip, that's all."

Hanson had just wiped her tears away, but Vania started crying again. She said hoarsely, "Really?"

"Yeah." He nodded.

The doctor finally had an idea how to break the news to her. And so, he stated, "That's right. Jude's poisoned, but we have no idea what kind of poison it is. It broke out again just now. That's why Jude fainted."

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I did not expect someone to actually make this, and they even succeeded. I'd be impressed if they hadn't used this illegally.

Vania still had questions, but she asked coldly, "So how did you find it out this time?" If April's right, then this is a powerful poison. Question is, who went through the trouble just to hurt Jude?

"It probably reacted to the blood cleansing." The poison could hide itself well.

Vania's face fell. So they had this all planned out? And they had a backup plan too? If we didn't manage to find any matching blood, Jude would've died because of the sleeping pill overdose. If we managed to find the blood needed to treat him, then Jude would be poisoned instead. This means Jude would be hurt no matter what. D*mn it! They're really out for me. "Do you know how to cure this?" It should be hard to cure, since the other party did go through a lot just for this.

April had no idea how to cure the poison. "I think the antidote is in the hands of whoever made this poison."

Hanson was surprised that someone as talented as April would be stumped. "Not even you can help?" If he can't, then nobody can.

April shook his head. "Not at the moment." He had looked into this poison, but he made no progress thus far. "Worst case scenario is there's no antidote for this poison. I don't think the guy who made this even knows how to make the antidote." He was not trying to make things worse for Vania. The truth was antidotes had always been harder to make compared to poison.

A deep frown furrowed Vania's brows. She could not change the past, so she had to face it. "Is he in any danger?" She would not hold herself back if they could guarantee Jude's safety. Perhaps I can find a way to save him if I go all out.

April looked at the results. "All his stats are normal from the looks of it. The poison only sends its victims into a coma for the moment. I don't think it'll do anything else, but I can't be sure about that if this drags on." All they could do now was observe. Nobody had a confirmed answer or solution.

Darkness swelled in Vania's eyes and right now, she was looking like a demon who came from hell.

April promised, "I'll try my best to keep things as it is. Just do whatever you have to."

Worried, she asked, "Can he still wake up someday?" After all, Vania had no guarantee she could find the antidote.

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All the doctors tried to see if they could remember anything, but they sighed and shook their heads.

"We can't do anything about it."

"I've never even seen this kind of poison before."

The doctors kept sighing, so Vania turned her attention to April.

Suddenly, April's eyes shone. "Someone might know something about this."

Delighted, Vania asked, "Who is it?"

Hanson was reminded of a certain person as well, and he asked, "Are you talking about the Apothecary's Family?"

"The Apothecary's Family?" Vania repeated. She had never heard of that family before.

April snapped his fingers. "Bingo. Legend has it that the apothecary's descendant, Mr. Owen, can cure all sorts of poison." He let out a sigh. "The Apothecary's Family is real, but Mr. Owen is just the stuff of legends. Nobody has seen him in the flesh before."

The Apothecary's Family was an organization that dated back hundreds of years. Everyone in the family spent their lives researching all kinds of poisons in the world. Rumor was that they had the antidote to every kind of poison, and this generation's leader was the Owen Family.

"Nobody has seen them before?" Vania asked, to which April nodded.

"It's been nearly a century since they were last sighted. Mr. Owen only cares about making his medicines, so he lives a quiet life in the mountains. We have no idea about his current situation."

"Well, someone must know something, or this rumor wouldn't have started." Vania was sure someone knew about the Apothecary's Family's situation, but there were a lot of forests in Hillsworth. She had no idea where to start.

Hanson did not want to douse her hope, but he had to say something. "We aren't even sure if Mr. Owen is still alive. Nobody knows who he is, or if he's even a man, to be honest. He could be a woman."

It was nigh impossible to find someone just from a rumor, but Vania was adamant on doing so. "I'll go through hell just to find him and save my son." But I have something to do before that. She looked at Hanson. "Wanna come with me?"

Hanson nodded. "Of course." He looked at April. "You'll handle things here. Call me if anything happens."

Hanson nodded. "Of course." He looked at April. "You'll handle things here. Call me if anything happens."

Even George was startled, but he continued to drink his tea as though he was unbothered.

However, Melanie immediately dropped her phone and sprang up from the couch. Vania was also here, so there was nothing to be excited about anymore.

It was at that moment when Hanson and Vania already walked through the door.

Josie utterly ignored their stony looks as she broke into a smile and welcomed them, "Welcome, President Luke. Please take a seat." Then, she sidestepped and invited Hanson to a seat on the couch, completely ignoring Vania, and turned to Melanie in annoyance. "Why are you still standing there, Melanie? Come and greet President Luke now!"

The expression on Hanson's face was abnormally aloof, and he didn't care about Josie at all.

On the other hand, George had no idea what had happened and seemed to have noticed them just now. He acted like a respected elder with his prideful attitude while taking a sip of his tea before he said to Vania, "You're finally willing to come home. I just made this tea. Take a seat here with Hanson and have a try."

If it weren't for Hanson's appearance, he would never be so polite to Vania because he still remembered how he was humiliated in her office.

However, she didn't even bother sparing him a glance. Instead, she lunged forward and went straight for Melanie's throat, which startled her.

"What are you doing, Vania?" she uttered, grappling and scratching Vania's arms.

Vania had a gloomy look in her eyes as she tightened her grip.

All of a sudden, Melanie gasped for air, and her eyes were filled with fear as she scratched Vania's arm with her nails in an attempt to make Vania loosen her grip.

Despite that, the more she struggled, the harder Vania gripped her throat, though. It was as though Vania could not feel the pain inflicted on her arms at all.

"Uh..." Unable to speak from Vania's grip, Melanie choked and peered at Josie with pleas.

Only then did Josie snap out of shock. "Vania, have you lost your mind? Let go right now!" she exclaimed and went forward to tug at Vania, but Vania lifted her leg and kicked her aside.

"Oh my, Dear! Do something and teach this ungrateful child a lesson. She wants to strangle Melanie to death, and she even struck me!" Josie scrambled to her feet and rushed to George's side. She was too terrified to get close to Vania in case she would suffer another hit from her again.

George furrowed his brows tightly. "How dare you, Vania! This is the Greysons' place, not your office. This is your first return after so long, and you're already starting a fight?"

He was as arrogant and cocky as he used to be, so he naturally assumed that everyone should listen to him. He especially wanted Vania to cave to him so that he could satisfy his need to be superior to others. "I order you to let go right now!"

Vania merely let out a derisive snort, thought of him as nothing, and exerted more force through her arms, pinning Melanie to the wall and scaring the wits out of her.

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"Don't think that I'm terrified of you. Even with Hanson around, you'll still have to pay the price for murder."

Melanie refused to back down as she met Vania's eyes with outrage, confident that Vania didn't dare to do anything to her now.

If looks could kill, Melanie would be dead just by how murderous Vania's glower was. Finally, Vania repeated, "Hand over the antidote."

"What antidote? What are you talking about?" Melanie came across as a victim by claiming ignorance of Vania's forceful inquiries.

"I'll make you understand, then."

Once more, Vania exerted more force through her hands, and Melanie started having breathing difficulties as her irises enlarged with dread.

Josie couldn't care less whether Vania would hit her again or not and lunged when she saw the situation taking a turn for the worse. "Release her, Vania Greyson. She'll die if you continue like this!"

Josie pulled and tugged at her madly, but she remained as still as a mountain.

"That's exactly what I want."

Nobody thought she was kidding at the moment because if she had used a little more force right now, Melanie could genuinely kiss her life goodbye.

Melanie's cheeks were splotchy as she gasped for breath while she cried for her life.

Then, George spoke again, saying, "That's enough. What on earth are you doing, Vania?"

Still, she refused to move an inch. "Are you handing it over or not?"

Melanie couldn't utter a word, but she shook her head even though her breath turned wheezy.

Josie couldn't take it anymore, so she yanked on Vania. "Let go! I'm not repeating myself twice!"

Vania sent her flying again with another kick, but Josie was determined to fight it out with her this time. Hence, she got to her feet again, and before she could get close to Vania, Hanson kicked her to the floor.

As she winced in pain, she shrieked, "Dear, help me! Otherwise, Melanie will die. She's our only daughter!"

It didn't strike George that Hanson would also attack; he was a little scared. Yet, when he saw Josie on the floor and unable to get up, he toughened up and grabbed Vania. "That's enough."

Vania swiveled her head and stared him down as she sneered. "How is this enough? It's far off from enough." Then, she glared at Melanie with daggers in her eyes. "I want you to pay with your life!" she spat callously.

Right now, George had placed himself in front of Melanie, appearing as though Vania had to get over his dead body first before he could get to Melanie.

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By now, George truly became anxious due to what had just occurred. No matter how indifferent he was, Melanie was his daughter, and he stepped up to stop Vania. "Are you done with your nonsense yet? Melanie is your younger sister. Do you even have a heart at all?" Then, he couldn't help but order, "Release her right now."

Vania gazed at the arrogant George expressionlessly, and without explaining anything, she simply tossed a USB drive to him.

On the way here, her babies at home had already sent a copy of the recorded voice call they had found to her phone, and that was precisely the conversation between Melanie and Susan as they planned to use a janitor to abduct Jude. Still, in that conversation, they only mentioned the sleeping drug and nothing about the strange drug.

The sight of the USB drive sent Josie's heart into a fluster as she knew what had transpired, and she thought, Didn't Melanie say that everything is foolproof? So, how did Vania find out about this, then? And now that she has found out, what will happen to Melanie?

She was instantly paralyzed with fear, and she stopped wailing as her mind went through how she could fool George later.

Vania couldn't be bothered to explain herself to someone she didn't deem worthy of her time and only

warned icily, "If my child is fine, all of you will live peaceful lives, or else, you will all be buried with him."

Not a single one of them would be off the hook.

On the other side, Melanie was already dragged into the car and couldn't move because she was tied up.

"Let me go, let me go!" she shouted repeatedly, but Hanson and Vania wouldn't ride in the same car as her. So, it was just a waste of effort, even if she screamed her lungs out.

In the darkest interrogation room in a police station, Vania placed the voice recording in front of Melanie.

"You can drop your pretense here and tell me where the antidote is."

Melanie completely ignored Vania, fixed her gaze on Hanson, who was wearing a stoic face, and laughed hysterically with her head thrown back. She had finally exposed her true self.

She knew that even if she continued with this pretense, Hanson would never believe her anymore.

Then, she threw a vengeful look at Vania. "Don't even dream about it."

After all this bitch has done to me, I want her to have a taste of losing everything, too, Melanie thought.

Jude was merely her first pawn, and she had much more to do after this. In addition, there was no antidote to this drug.

Her laughter turned even more vicious at the sight of the wrath in Vania's eyes. "However, I think I'll offer you a chance if you agree to one condition of mine."

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Vania knew very well that even if she agreed to Melanie's condition, that wouldn't save her child, anyway. In the end, she would be under Melanie's control, and she and her child would be even more miserable.

This was a chance she would never give Melanie.

"As long as I'm around, you can forget about returning to Hanson's side."

"You're more ruthless than me, Vania Grayson. You're not even saving your child because of yourself," Melanie said sarcastically. Although she knew that Vania was strong and stubborn, she didn't expect that she still wouldn't budge even when she blackmailed her with Jude.

What a tough nut to crack, she thought. Then, she threatened again, "Only I know the antidote."

"So, you're really the one who did it," Vania sneered. "Just to return to Hanson's side, you're pulling all the tricks you can think of, huh?"

"That's right. It was me," she admitted and turned to Hanson. "Are you really not considering my offer, Hanson?"

Doesn't he love Vania to bits? Why is he unwilling to save her child now? Melanie wondered, keeping her gaze fixedly on his eyes, impatient to hear an answer from him.

When she saw that he didn't answer her, she pressed on with urgency, "Hanson, just agree to my condition, and I'll save the child immediately."

Finally, Hanson moved his lips. "The title of Mrs. Luke will belong to Vania forever."

His reply completely shattered Melanie's heart, and maybe because she had died from the heartbreak, she chortled loudly instead after hearing it. "Vania, I'm truly envious of you, but it's such a shame that the man who loves you so much is unwilling to save the child you had with another man."

Melanie deliberately emphasized the words 'the child you had with another man' as she loved to use the incident back then to infuriate Vania, but this tactic didn't seem to affect them one bit.

Therefore, she couldn't help but tighten her jaw at the composed expression on their faces. "Looks like there's nothing else we can talk about, so let me go quickly. If you regret it in the future, you can beg me, and maybe I'll give you another chance again. However, my terms will be the same."

Melanie assumed there was no antidote for this poison, so she thought they would look for her again sooner or later.

She didn't expect Vania to snicker mockingly in reply. "I don't think that you alone are capable of getting the drug from the laboratory. Who's the mastermind behind it?"

This was a direct ridicule of Melanie's capabilities, and she was so mad that her face twisted into a nasty scowl as she said, "No matter what, your son's life is in my hands. If you make me unhappy, I'll never give you the antidote."