

Love OT 111

Chapter 111 Assemble It Themselves

Vania nodded, struck with the revelation. No wonder. After all, she couldn't think of anyone else who could take her flies away so sneakily.

However, she still lectured Jack and said, "I'm happy that you admitted your fault. However, if this happens again, I hope you can tell me about it and not make the decision on your own."

The little guy nodded in response. "Got it, Mommy."

"I'll forgive you this time," Vania said as he hugged him dotingly.

At that, Jack beamed. "Thank you, Mommy."

Meanwhile, a few workers happened to be carrying an astronomical telescope gingerly toward the Greysons' place when Vania and Jack reached home, and the sight shocked them.

Hanson had fulfilled his promise so quickly!

Meanwhile, the workers approached Vania upon seeing her and greeted her, "Hi, President Luke told us to deliver this here. Where would you like us to put this?"

"You guys can leave it here in the entryway. Thanks," Vania replied politely as she opened the front door.

With that, the workers left the telescope as instructed and left.

Back at the entryway, Vania felt somewhat troubled by the sight of this 'behemoth' while Jack's eyes beamed like a pair of spotlights, feeling the telescope with adoration.

He couldn't help exclaiming to himself, The Devil sure is a nouveau riche. This astronomical telescope really is hard to come by, and it's leagues above what Mommy got us.

Although he liked the gift, it didn't mean he would begin to accept Hanson.

Just then, James and Jacob came to the entryway upon hearing noises. Just like Jack, they exclaimed when they saw the telescope, circling it before giving it a light pat and looking at it with unconcealable excitement.

"Where did you find this?" James asked.

They had a bunch of astronomical telescopes, but none were as advanced as this.

Now that they suddenly got what they desired, it was only natural for them to react somewhat astonishingly. Clearly, they were delighted with the telescope.

As for the man who gifted it to them, not so much.

Jack answered with a hint of feigned arrogance, "It's a present from Hanson."

He chose not to call Hanson the Devil in the end. After all, he had given them this telescope.

That was already Jack's biggest compromise.

James, on the other hand, pursed his lips upon hearing the telescope's origin.

Hanson, huh? That guy seems to have a thing for giving us presents.

However, is he trying to bribe Jack since it's not working on me? Hmph! This won't give you the ticket to dating Mommy, though.

Meanwhile, Jacob bunched his chubby little face together, baffled by what Hanson was trying to do.

Both his brothers had met Hanson now, and it should be his turn next. He wanted to see for himself what exactly that guy was like.

Of course, Vania had no idea what was running through her babies' little minds. However, seeing that all three of them looked at the massive astronomical telescope with the same faces, she was unsure of how to deal with it.

In the end, she asked, "Well, how should we deal with this thing?"

At that, the boys patted their chests confidently and said in unison, "Just leave it to us."

Following that, they disassembled the ginormous telescope, turning it into a pile of bits and pieces in two shakes.

Vania exclaimed in response, but she wasn't worried that they wouldn't be able to put it back together later.

Then, the boys held the parts gingerly in their tiny hands and brought them to their study.

Inside, all sorts of telescopes and models they had assembled themselves were on display.

Chapter 112 She Wishes She Has Superpowers

The boys gingerly put the parts at a perfect angle, then assembled the whole thing in two shakes that seemed even quicker than professionals. Despite zero communication, they worked in perfect harmony.

Meanwhile, Vania watched from the side the entire time and nodded in satisfaction. Just as I thought.

Their intelligence was on par; James was tech-savvy, whereas Jack was bookish. As for Jacob, well, the boy liked to play dumb, but he also liked everything his brothers did.

Now that there was a brand new toy, she would probably fall out of favor with them.

However, she didn't want to disturb them from exploring the telescope. With that, she announced lovingly, "Bubba, you guys play with your telescope; I'm going to bed."

However, her baby boys who usually babied her didn't respond at all!

Indeed, she really was non-existent when astronomy was in play.

However, just as she turned around to leave, the boys giggled and said, “Goodnight, Mommy.”

“Goodnight.” Vania waved to them and left the boys to themselves.

The following morning, Vania went to her babies’ room after waking up, only to find the place empty.

At that, she immediately knew that they had fallen asleep in their study.

When she checked, she found them sleeping around the telescope.

Not only that, books and drawings of astronomical objects the boys had observed lay next to each of them.

Clearly, the trio had collapsed from exhaustion the night before, and they were now lying in all sorts of crazy positions.

However, Vania wasn’t at all worried. Hey, whatever floats their boat.

At that, she picked them up gently and tucked them into their beds, only leaving after making sure they were still sound asleep.

However, right as she left their bedroom, she received a call from Leo.

Her heart skipped a beat upon seeing the caller ID, and she answered it immediately.

The next second, Leo’s excited voice came from the other end. “Boss, we’ve got them.” Vania got so emotional that she could barely hold on to her phone, feeling dumbfounded for a few seconds before she answered in a shaky voice, “Alright, I’m coming over now.”

There was no time for her to bid her boys farewell. After instructing Theresa hastily, she drove straight to where Henry and Leo were.

“Boss, we’re all set to go.” Leo approached her upon her arrival.

Vania nodded in response. “Alright, arrange a couple more guys. We’ll set off now.”

“Don’t worry.” Leo nodded. “I’ve already made all the arrangements.”

“Good. Let’s go now.” Vania couldn’t wait for a second longer.

Before boarding the plane, she called Theresa and Linda, telling them to take care of the boys and the company.

By the time the boys finally woke up, their Mommy was already on her way to Eastland.

Hence, they couldn’t help feeling on edge since they hadn’t prepared anything for her, constantly praying for her safe return and hoping her quest to bring their little brother back would go smoothly.

Perhaps there truly was such thing as telepathy between siblings, for they just knew it would be a success this time.

Back at the airport, Vania switched her phone off with an uneasy mind when it was time to take off, for she was long distraught—the flight to Eastland would take at least five hours, after all.

Oh, how she wished she could teleport right then.

Chapter 113 Perfume

Vania could tell she was feeling more nervous and emotional than ever; it was to the point that she had trouble speaking, and her hands wouldn't stop shaking. However, she had no idea why.

All she could do was look out the window at the reversing clouds, lost in thought.

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Meanwhile, Melanie was stressing about how she could meet up with Hanson because of George's order.

Nonetheless, what use was it even if she succeeded?

Hanson still wouldn't forgive her, let alone provide Greyson Realty with new funds.

While she was pacing nervously in her bedroom, Josie snuck in with a tiny bottle of perfume.

Upon seeing Melanie spacing out in front of the window, Josie pulled her over in annoyance.

However, Melanie was in a bad mood right now, feeling distressed. Hence, she asked exasperatedly while Josie was acting all mysterious, "Mom, what the hell are you doing?"

"You brat." Miffed, Josie smacked Melanie seeing that her daughter threw a fit at her. "What am I doing? I'm coming up with a solution for you, that's what. Don't tell me you actually want Vania to come back. When that happens, you can kiss your life goodbye."

At that, Melanie snapped, "Well, I'm figuring it out right now, aren't I?! Do you think it's so easy to meet with Hanson? Even if he does see me, I still have to get him to help, don't I? Besides, how am I supposed to ask for his help when Morales and Morgan aren't with me?"

Exasperated by her daughter's incompetence, Josie poked Melanie's head. "You blockhead. He might not want to see you, but he will see someone, won't he?"

Puzzled, Melanie asked with a frown, "What are you saying?"

Josie snorted at that. "Doesn't Vania have him fascinated with her right now? In that case, use her name to ask him out. We can come up with another plan when that succeeds."

With that, she raised the bottle of perfume in her hand and said maliciously, "By that time, you'll have the upper hand, won't you?"

Melanie beamed instantly. Why hadn't she thought of that?!

"Tell me what to do!" she asked, overjoyed.

Josie looked at the perfume bottle maliciously as she handed it to her daughter. "I found this in that b*tch's room. It's the rose perfume she loves using so much. She used this scent when we encountered her in the restaurant, but I've added a little something here. You just have to spray it on yourself and the room, and I guarantee that Hanson will be charmed as soon as he smells it. By then, he'll be at your mercy."

However, Melanie had her worries. "What if I fall unconscious as well?"

"Don't worry." Josie patted her hand, reassuring her. "It only works on men."

Melanie immediately held the bottle of perfume like it was a priceless treasure and sprayed it on herself.

She thought it smelled like success.

"What are we waiting for? Let's move now."

At that, Josie patted her shoulder and smiled. "Be patient, and let's get you dolled up first. I've already made the necessary arrangements. You just sit back and let success come to you."

"Okay." Melanie beamed as she held the bottle of perfume tightly.

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Meanwhile, Hanson was reading a document on his phone in his office.

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Chapter 114 Adopt a Child

Suddenly, a message notification popped up. It read, 'Vania, Richmond Hotel, Room 808, hurry.'

Hanson grabbed his suit jacket without a second thought and dashed to said location upon seeing Vania's name.

He caught the familiar rose perfume as soon as he reached Room 808. However, he didn't charge in, pausing before pushing the door open to find the massive bed carpeted with fresh rose petals.

Right then, a woman in a red silk nightgown was lying in the middle of it.

Her shapely figure and delicate makeup had her side profile looking a lot like Vania.

Anyone unfamiliar with her wouldn't be able to tell under the dim lighting and enchanting perfume.

However, Hanson got what was going on at first glance, smirking coldly. "This old trick again? What, did you think nothing would happen to you after being bailed?"

Melanie couldn't believe Hanson saw through her so quickly despite having made all the necessary preparations.

How can this be? Didn't Mom say men will be charmed right after they smell this perfume?! Why is Hanson still so awake?! She reeled in bed.

At that, she hurriedly pleaded, fearing he would walk out. "I'm sorry, Hanson. I didn't mean to. There's nothing else I could do. Please save Greyson Realty!"

"You should already consider yourselves lucky that I haven't done anything," he said, voice devoided of all emotions.

At that, Melanie staggered toward Hanson, blocking his path. "You wouldn't have come if I didn't bring up Vania, would you? Is she that important to you?"

However, he didn't even spare her a glance, his face frosty as though he had encountered something revolting.

Melanie knew that look, for it was one of abhorrence.

She smiled bitterly and spoke while shaking her head. "Well, do you know she slept around with men five years ago and got pregnant from it?"

Frost laced Hanson's eyes upon that, and he shot her an intimidating glare.

It instantly made her weak at the knees, regretting saying what she had in a fit of pique.

Things would be a whole lot more troublesome if Hanson dug into it and brought it to light!

Then again, Hanson long knew Vania had children, so he didn't think much about Melanie's taunt.

However, he still warned, "You'd better not court death."

She dropped to the floor in fright, helplessly watching as Hanson passed by her and leave.

Do I still have a chance?

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After safely landing in Eastland, Vania, Henry, and Leo dashed to the car that Galaxy Corporation had prepared for them.

Leo drove away as soon as he set the GPS to the address Wesley had given them.

It wasn't far from the city, and it was an hour's drive at most. Still, the location was considered in the suburbs.

Vania didn't bring the topic up on the plane as there were many strangers.

Now that she was much calmer, she asked, "Did you guys manage to get the details?"

Henry nodded in response. "We did. This family bought Little Master from a trafficker. The family used to be well off. The couple operated a small factory and lived a wealthy life, but no matter what they did and how much they spent, they just couldn't bear a child despite being married for years. As they grew old and could no longer conceive, they began considering adopting a child."

Chapter 115 Two Janky Houses

Henry continued, "It's just that the children at the orphanage were too old for them—they wanted a newborn. Later, they met Wesley by chance, and through his recommendation, they bought Little Master from the trafficker for a hundred thousand."

"However, their factory was shut down four years ago because of poor management, and they owed the workers a lot of money. The guy couldn't take it, so he started drinking every day. When he got drunk, he would abuse his wife and Little Master. Finally, the woman had enough of the levants and his abuse last year. As a result, she ran away after a fight with the guy, leaving Little Master with him," he said.

"With his factory down and his wife gone, he became even more shattered and drank to the point of alcohol abuse. Like before, he would lash out at Little Master every time he got drunk. Worse, he would lock Little Master up in a dark space, forbidding him from leaving or allowing anyone to approach Little Master. Sometimes, he would be neglected and even starve for days. The neighbors would sometimes sneakily give Little Master some food when they felt bad for him, but the guy would belabor Little Master if he was caught."

After a pause, he continued, "With time, even the neighbors dared not get themselves involved. Little Master has suffered a lot over the years. According to Wesley, he saw Little Master once when he stopped us last time. Like usual, Little Master was locked up in that dark space, absolutely emaciated. Worse, strangers scare him. The poor kid must be traumatized."

Vania's eyes turned bloodshot the more she listened, and her body shook with anger while her fingers were bloodless from clenching them forcefully. He was at an age where he didn't have to worry about anything, yet he was experiencing a living hell.

It didn't matter, though. She had found him now, and she would never let him suffer such grievances ever again.

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Just as Henry was about to let on more, Vania waved her hand. "That's enough."

At that, she asked with a quivering voice, "Will the guy let him go?"

Leo then spoke up. "According to Wesley, the guy turned to alcohol because he has no money to pay his debts after his factory was shut down. We've dug into it, and it's exactly what Wesley has told us."

Vania frowned at that. "How much does he owe?"

"Apparently, he owes the workers a total of three million."

"Will he let the child go if we help him pay his debts?"

Leo nodded in response. "For a guy who has to run and hide from debt collectors and police, I'm sure he will. Besides, we have evidence of his factory evading taxes for years. If we give it to the police, it'll be enough for him to stay in jail for the rest of his life."

"Alright." Vania nodded, her fists clenched tightly, her gaze heavy.

It was a smooth ride, and they reached the suburbs after crossing the city highway.

The roads here were still considerably flat. The facilities, however, were far worse.

They had evidently fallen into disrepair, and the houses on either side of the road looked like the residents themselves had built them.

Some were alright, while others were somewhat janky. Many would cross this road, and many resided here too.

As such, they weren't amazed to see a car passing by.

After several twists and turns, Leo finally pulled over in front of a janky house that was on the verge of collapsing.

"Boss, this is it," he said as he killed the engine.

"Yeah."

At that, the trio exited the car while their backups pulled over behind them.

Vania didn't know how to describe her feeling when she looked at the house before her eyes, knowing that her child was in there.

Then, she took a deep breath and said, "Come on, let's go in."

There were two janky houses with a modest yard piled high with empty liquor bottles messily.

Chapter 116 I'll Protect You

The front door was wide open, but there was no one inside.

Following that, Vania brought her men to search the grounds. However, there was no child in sight.

Have we been duped again?

She looked around and found a janky pig sty with a padlock.

At that, her heart pounded wildly as her eyes got red-rimmed. "There!" She pointed toward it with a shaky voice.

Henry and Leo reflexively looked in the direction Vania pointed and brought their men over to pick the lock.

Inside, an emaciated child with eyes as clear as crystals shuddered in fear, and he was on the verge of blacking out when he heard the voices outside. It had been days since he last ate something.

It would be just another round of beating, he thought as he closed his eyes in despair, for he had experienced this far too many times.

"Boss, it's open."

With that, Vania opened the door with trembling hands.

The sunlight shining in allowed Vania to see the inside of the pig sty clearly.

This was no place for a human to stay! There was only one window on the walls, yet it was nailed shut with planks of wood. The dim light shining through the seams only provided hints of time, telling night and day.

Worse, the inside was humid and moist, and there were only a pile of loose hay and two empty bowls on the muddy ground.

Moreover, a strange stench would drift over every now and then.

A poor boy was curled up motionlessly in a corner with his eyes closed in despair. All he had on was a t-shirt and shorts; his clothes were so black that they glimmered, and they were evidently so small that the boy could barely fit in them anymore.

The temperature between night and day here in Eastland was drastic. How did he manage to survive in such conditions?!

Instantly, Vania's tears fell like beads of a broken string while the others bemoaned.

She didn't dare approach him hastily for fear of freaking him out.

However, the boy remained motionless. With that, she wiped her tears away and called out to him eagerly with a shaky voice, saying, "Bubba? Sweetheart?"

The boy thought he was in heaven when he heard a gentle voice instead of the cursing he had anticipated.

Slowly, he opened his eyes with incredulity to find a stylish woman at the door, reaching her hand out and calling to him. He could tell she was unlike any of the others he had met, and she wouldn't hurt him.

Is she an angel sent to take me away? However, he still dared not move, only looking at Vania with his childish eyes.

Then again, the innate bond between family had him trusting the person in front of him.

Just when Vania was about to go up to him, someone shouted from behind, "Who are you guys?"

A ragged man appeared with a bottle of liquor in his hand, so drunk that he couldn't even stand still.

With liquid courage in him, he bellowed upon seeing a bunch of strangers, shouting, "What are you doing at my property?! I'm telling you, I have nothing but my own life!"

Clearly, he thought they had come to claim their debts.

The little guy instantly trembled in fear upon hearing the all too familiar voice. He was so nervous that he pressed his back against the wall, seeking his sense of security.

"It's okay," Vania comforted gently at once. "There's no need to be afraid. I'll protect you."

The boy was evidently stumped, for it was his first time hearing words like 'protect', and the indescribable feeling had him burying his head deeper.

Vania was a little at a loss for what to do when she saw him like that. However, she still tried to approach him, speaking as gently as possible, "It's okay. Come with me and I'll protect you."

The certainty in her eyes carried a sense of irresistible trust, yet his hesitation was still evident despite his long, disheveled fringe blocking his gloomy eyes.

Chapter 117 Have a Hard Time Accepting

Vania approached him, and she could feel his body shaking as she gently held his hand. "Don't be afraid."

With that, she scooped him up gently. He was a five-year-old boy, yet Vania could pick him up effortlessly since he only weighed very little.

The scorching sunlight was so bright that the little guy had difficulty keeping his eyes open.

Moreover, he dared not look at the man in front of him.

On the other hand, rage surged within Vania as she looked at the staggering, drunk man in front of them who hadn't stopped cursing.

At that, she glanced at Henry, who immediately ordered their men to restrain the drunk man before announcing, "You bought this child from a trafficker five years ago. Now that he has been arrested, the child should return to his parents as well. We know you bought the child and that your factory was

forced to shut down, causing you to owe your workers three million. Also, we know that the police and your debt collectors are hunting you down. We will be taking this child away.”

Hearing that the child would be taken away, he smashed the liquor bottle in his hand. “I dare you to try! I bought that child! No one is taking him anywhere without my permission!”

Was he reluctant to part with the little guy? Of course not. He only wanted to extort Vania’s money, for he could tell she was well off from her outfit and the vibe she exuded.

Of course, everyone saw through his little scheme.

To that, Henry snorted disdainfully, “You can have this the easy way or the hard way.”

However, the drunk man couldn’t care less, flailing his arms. “I don’t care whatever way you use; you’ll have to walk over my dead body if you want to take the child away, or no one leaves! I’m going to sue you guys for trespassing!”

His weak warning only had everyone sneering except for the boy, who trembled further in fear.

Henry pointed at the drunk man and threatened, “Is that so? You can’t even save yourself. You should consider yourself lucky that we haven’t sent you to the police.”

The drunk man sobered up immediately upon hearing the word ‘police’, and he was startled.

Though he didn’t know who these people were, he could tell this woman had an extraordinary temperament. No matter what, she wasn’t just some plain Jane.

Also, he was well aware that he wouldn’t be able to keep the child even if he wanted to.

That is, if he even wanted to keep this crib lizard.

Then again, he didn’t want to let the child go for nothing. Hell, he had spent a hundred thousand on him!

In reality, he was speaking incoherently despite blowing a fuse, having zero intimidation. “Even if you want to take the child away, shouldn’t you ask him if he wants to?”

With that, Vania looked toward the fearful child. She caressed his little face and asked gently, “Bubba, I don’t know if you’ll understand what I’m about to tell you, but I’m your biological mother. Because of some mishap five years ago, several bad guys took you away and sold you off here. I’ve been searching for you since, and there hasn’t been a moment where I’ve not been thinking about you.”

She added, “It breaks my heart to hear that you’ve suffered a great deal in the last five years. I want to take you away and let you live a normal life. I promise you that you will not regret following me, but do you want to come with me?”

Like his siblings, the little guy was brilliant. He got Vania’s words immediately despite having never been to school.

More than that, the innate affection and trust between family made him want to trust Vania inexplicably.

However, all of this happened so suddenly that his broken self had a hard time accepting it.

Chapter 118 You Will Never Regret Your Decision

He finally raised his drooping head and looked at Vania with his misty eyes.

He didn't know why, but he just knew this woman wouldn't harm him.

Then again, could he really leave this place?

What about his adoptive father, though?

Though the man was abusive, he still hoped he could have a decent life.

With that, he fell into entanglement once more. As he panicked, he wanted to hide in a corner.

Vania understood his worry instantly and comforted him, telling him that everything would be fine.

It wasn't until he gradually relaxed that she advised, "I think I know what you want to say. Though he treats you poorly, you still want to thank him, am I right? What a sweet boy you are. I'm really proud that you can retain your kindness when they've been so horrible to you. I bet you'll become a just man in the future."

Future? He had never given his future any thought, but now, someone was encouraging him and even said that he'd have a future! With that, a seed of hope was planted in him.

He had only ever thought about surviving, but now, he wanted to think about the future.

Finally, he was willing to look Vania in the eye. However, uneasiness still surged beneath those eyes.

Tears began pooling in Vania's eyes upon seeing his expression, and she swore to him, "Don't worry, I will see to everything I've promised you. They won't be mistreated."

With that, she looked toward the drunk man with abhorrence. "I will pay you the amount you bought him for, and I'll pay off all the debt you owe. However, from now on, you two no longer have anything to do with each other. I've already done everything humanly possible for the child's sake. As for how you want to live the rest of your life, it's all up to you."

The drunk man instantly threw his every scheme and evil thoughts out the window upon hearing that someone would pay off all his debts.

Who cared whether the child was willing to leave or not?!

He was long done with raising this crib lizard, and it wasn't as if he had the extra money to raise him. Besides, it wasn't his own blood anyway.

At that, he rubbed his palms and asked eagerly, "Do you mean it?"

His greedy face had Vania snorting disdainfully at him before looking over at Leo, who immediately presented the drunk man with a briefcase full of cash.

The drunk man's eyes beamed upon seeing the wads of cash in front of him, guffawing as he hugged the briefcase. He never even thought to spare the child a glance.

The little guy, on the other hand, felt bittersweet at the scene.

It turned out he was truly worthless, and nobody would care about him.

The world was massive, yet he had no place in it.

He was a sentimental child, so he'd undoubtedly feel despondent seeing something like this.

Vania felt his pain too, and she didn't know what to make of it. Who'd have thought he'd still have such a temperament when he had suffered so much?

To that, Vania comforted him while comforting herself. She said, "You did well, and everyone should learn from you. I'm also proud of you, but you're only five now. You still have a long road ahead, and I can't let you stay here. Trust me—you'll never regret coming with me."

After a long while, the child finally nodded with a barely noticeable degree.

Elated, Vania turned to Henry. "Henry, I want you to stay back and deal with everything else."

"You can count on me, Boss."

With that, she turned away from the little guy and handed Leo two strands of hair—hers and the child's.

Leo got it right away and left with the others in two shakes.

Chapter 119 Carbon Copy

Vania picked the boy up and said to him, "Let's go."

With that, they headed out.

When they got to the entryway, the little guy gazed upon his adoptive father and the house he had lived in for five years. This was it. He would never come back ever again.

Vania carried him to where they parked their car. The little guy had seen cars on the road a long time ago. However, he never imagined he'd be able to sit in one and leave this place.

At that, his eyes darted everywhere with amazement.

Meanwhile, Vania opened the car door, wanting to put him inside, but her actions frightened him so much that he buried himself in her arms.

It wasn't what it seemed, of course. He just reflexively wanted to back up, but being in Vania's arms, there was nowhere he could go.

"You're okay," Vania said as he patted him to soothe his nerves. "This is my car, and it'll take us home. Nothing will happen to you with me around. I'll sit inside with you, so why don't you give it a try?"

He no longer buried himself in Vania's arms after being comforted. However, he still clenched onto her shirt tightly, letting her sit inside with him in her arms.

When Vania put him down on the seat, he immediately freaked out, for he had never felt such soft cushions before. The hay in the pig sty was even given to him sneakily by a neighboring lady, and it was the best cushion he ever had.

The spotless car got him somewhat restless as he feared his filthy clothes would dirty the space.

Vania knew it was already a feat for him to accept some things immediately. She told herself not to rush things and to take them one step at a time.

The empty bowls popped into her mind when she saw his chapped lips and flat stomach. It must've been days since he last ate anything.

Though heartbroken, she dared not give him any food carelessly for fear that he'd choke. With that, she took a carton of milk she had prepared in her bag and handed it to him.

"I see that your lips are chapped. Have some milk first, and I'll get you some food when we reach the city."

She was right about him starving for days, and he had also finished the last bit of water the night before.

He had never tasted milk before, but he dared not take it from her despite subconsciously licking his lips as his stomach growled.

"It's okay. You can drink it. I prepared it especially for you," Vania comforted him as she poked the straw through the carton.

The little guy fixed his gaze on Vania and only put the straw in his mouth when he was finally certain she wouldn't be mad, taking massive gulps.

The way he wolfed down the milk pained Vania. How he would react to other food when he was already this afraid of a carton of milk? She dared not imagine what he ate in that horrible environment. Probably anything and everything, right?

"Take it easy and finish your drink slowly. I still have plenty. They're all for you," Vania said as she stroked his back, fearing that he'd choke from drinking so quickly.

The little guy then gingerly took another carton from her, but the fear in his eyes had lessened by now. He opened his mouth but said nothing in the end despite hesitating for a long time.

He was timid, reclusive, and even dared not make a sound when he was being beaten, enduring it all silently.

However, his actions already spoke volumes for Vania.

She knew he wanted to thank her, and she was deeply touched. "You never have to be so polite with me."

After having some milk in his stomach, the little guy looked visibly more alive.

Though his face was still filthy and his hair was also disheveled, she could still tell from his outline that he was practically a carbon copy of her babies at home.

Chapter 120 Hurt His Feelings

However, compared to them, this little guy was much more emaciated, and he was evidently malnourished.

Vania dared not ask when the last meal he had was or what his daily life was like, for she knew the answer would only shatter her heart.

Anyhow, from this day on, his past would be left in that place and his future would be bright.

On their journey to the city, the little guy sat limply in his spot the whole time as he watched the reversing buildings from the window.

He had never left that place, nor did he ever think he could leave that place alive someday.

Though he couldn't recall most things in his toddler years, he still remembered how the neighbors described the city.

Now, it was his turn to see it for himself, and he couldn't help feeling apprehensive.

She had been studying the little guy's every action and noticed that he would just stare out the window. Hence, every time they passed by something interesting, she would explain it to him with utmost patience, and just like that, he had learned far more in this one hour than he ever had in the five years of his life.

When they arrived at the hotel, Vania held his hand as they got out of the car.

However, the little guy dared not take another step when he saw the grand entrance.

How is it possible for a place to be so pretty? It didn't seem like he should be here, though. At that, he took a reflexive step back.

Vania felt his retreating step from their held hands, and with that, she squatted down to slowly explain, "This is called a hotel. It's a place for travelers to stay temporarily. Our home is in Hammond; it is very far away from Eastland, and it's also Hillsworth's most vibrant city. I'm staying here temporarily because I'm here to pick you up. You don't have to be afraid. Just follow me."

The little guy still wouldn't speak, his lips sealed shut. However, he would trust everything that Vania told him unconditionally.

At that, he followed Vania discreetly, fearing that his filthy shoes would dirty the clean carpet.

Then, he glanced at the strangers only to droop his head again, not daring to take another peek.

He still didn't dare to rely on her wholly, only feeling safe as he hid in that so-called inner world.

On the other hand, Vania had been trying her best, hoping she could give him some warmth, but this was probably his first time in the outside world. Things could only get better if they took it slow.

Hence, she would explain everything they came across in detail. She'd explain what something was and what it was used for.

Vania knew he was a smart boy, so he would understand everything she said.

On the other hand, the boy followed her like the sweet little child he was, taking note of everything she told him.

When they got to their room, she squatted down in front of him again. "Here we are. This is where I'm staying for now. Would you like to rest first or take a shower while I get you your clothes? After that, we'll eat a little something and head home tomorrow morning. How does that sound?"

Home? The word had clearly stumped the little guy, and he reflexively leaned against the wall behind him.

Will I also have a home now? I'm not good enough for the home she's talking about, though.

At that, he lowered his head in self-loathing and shook his head as he looked at his ragged clothes.

Vania panicked immediately, for she had no idea what she had said wrongly for him to react so drastically. However, facing a child like him had forbidden her from panicking, or one little mistake might hurt his feelings.

With that, she tried her best to soothe him. "You can always tell me if you have any questions or if I've said something wrong."