

Love OT 131

Chapter 131 Irritation

Soon, the sun began to set.

The dining hall was filled with joyous laughter as the five of them sat around the dining table, raising the wine glasses. Vania was the first to speak. "Let's raise our glasses in honor of your little brother's return. We'll have even better days up ahead."

"Welcome home, little brother. Cheers to better days ahead."

Everyone's glasses clinked together, producing a powerful resonating sound.

Vania silently prayed that she would find their sister too, and the family would be reunited.

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Over the next few days, Vania stayed at home to accompany her four children. When Jude had gotten used to his new environment, she finally decided to go back to work.

Early in the morning, she applied exquisite makeup on her face and put on her handy suit. She looked completely different from her usual gentle self.

Jude looked up at her, amazed at her stunning beauty.

Vania walked to the door and waved toward her four darlings. "Mommy is going to work! Goodbye!"

"Bye-bye, Mommy."

Even though Jude remained silent, he still waved at Vania.

Vania smiled and left her home, assured.

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In the president's office of Luke Corporation, there had been a constant low mood throughout the company over the past few days.

No one could guess what had happened to their own president.

Larry stood in the office, peeking at the president who was looking through some documents.

He was extremely curious.

He heard that a man would experience feeling down several days in a month, so could it be that the president was going through this exact phenomenon?

However, he had worked with the president for so long, but this phenomenon never occurred before. Hence, he couldn't quite comprehend it.

At that moment, he heard a thud. This was the umpteenth time the president had thrown his documents away this morning.

As the noise sounded, Larry screamed in his heart and hoped that the president wouldn't turn his wrath upon him.

The president of the company then said in a cold voice, "Has she come back?"

Larry was stunned for a bit, but he immediately reacted and replied hastily, "Ah! President Luke, Miss Vania went to work this morning."

Hanson frowned. She's finally gone back to work.

They hadn't met each other since the audition.

He even went to Galaxy Corporation to look for her, but she had been away on a business trip.

He didn't mind the business trip, but how busy was she that she didn't even have time for a phone call or a quick chat on WhatsApp? Didn't she know that he was looking for her?

Even if she didn't have time, now that she was back at work, didn't she have the slightest intention of asking him why he was looking for her?

The more Hanson thought about it, the angrier he grew. He slammed his phone on the desk.

The phone screen lit up to show his message conversation with Vania on WhatsApp. He became even more angered by this, and he turned off his phone.

This woman didn't even take the initiative to send him messages, so why should he?

Hanson didn't even realize how weird his temper and train of thoughts were.

Larry looked at Hanson. The latter wanted to start a conversation with Vania, but he was too shy to take action. Thus, he began to come up with a plan for his president.

An idea flashed across his mind, and he smiled before quickly putting his smile away. He cleared his throat and said, "President Luke, logically speaking, Miss Vania should be going to the hospital for a check-up today. However, it seems that—"

Hanson glared at him. "Spit it out already."

"Apparently, Miss Vania has no one to accompany her to the check-up. Also, she seems to have forgotten about this."

Hearing that, Hanson raised an eyebrow. He then picked up the phone he had tossed away moments ago and twirled it in his hands.

After a while, he stopped what he was doing and told Larry, "Come on, we'll go buy a wheelchair first."

Chapter 132 Pink Wheelchair

A wheelchair?

Larry was a little puzzled at the president's request. He wasn't ill or anything, so why would he buy a wheelchair?

When the wheelchair store received news that Hanson would be coming, they immediately arranged for their employees to stand in neat rows at the entrance, awaiting their VIP customer.

Soon, the handsome Hanson appeared at the entrance of the wheelchair store.

The store manager bowed and welcomed him by saying, "This way, President."

Hanson followed the store manager inside before sitting down on the makeshift VIP seat. Before the store manager could say anything, he spoke. "Show me the nicest-looking wheelchairs you have in your store."

"Ah, yes, of course..."

Faced with Hanson's sudden visit to the store, the store manager was dumbfounded as much as Larry was.

By the looks of it, there was no one close to Hanson who needed a wheelchair at the moment. They had no idea why their president would suddenly wish to purchase one. Anyhow, they didn't dare ask nor say anything about it.

The store manager hastily wheeled over an exquisitely made wheelchair.

He was about to smilingly show Hanson the features when Hanson cut him off. "Make this wheelchair pink."

Pink?

Utter shock was written on everyone's faces.

Do people usually bother choosing colors for wheelchairs? This is all too strange!

Larry wished he could hide his face. He was very sure that if anyone else made such a stupid request, they would already be chased out of the store. However, the person who made this request was none other than Hanson.

Exasperated, the store manager could only scratch his head as he gathered all the workers in the store.

Ten or so people began to carry out the never-before-seen modification to this tiny wheelchair.

More than an hour later, an amazing pink wheelchair was born.

The store manager wiped the non-existent sweat from his forehead as he spoke to Hanson nervously. "Is this to your liking, President?"

Hanson nodded in satisfaction before he got up and sat on it. He patted the armrests and gestured toward Larry. "Let's go."

Larry stared at him with widened eyes. Am I supposed to push him away like this?

This will definitely be on the news!

Fortunately, once they arrived at the car, Hanson got into the vehicle on his own accord.

Meanwhile, Larry could only carry Hanson's newest toy carefully into the backseat.

On the first floor of Galaxy Corporation, all the employees who were passing by now stood still as they watched. Some of the employees even made up excuses to get out of the office just to catch a glimpse of the events unfolding in the lobby on the first floor.

Linda jogged to Vania's office and stumbled over her words as she said, "Boss, President Luke is here."

Vania glanced at Linda, puzzled. This wasn't Hanson's first time visiting her, so why would Linda get so nervous?

"What's the matter?" Vania closed the folder in her hands and looked at the woman.

Linda pointed out the door, her expression especially weird. She didn't know how to describe the situation, and after a long while, she finally blurted out, "President Luke came in a wheelchair, and he's in the lobby on the first floor right now."

"Huh?" Vania shouted in surprise, thinking that she might have misheard something. She immediately got up and looked at Linda in shock. "Are you sure you're not seeing things?"

Linda nodded. She was equally puzzled. "Yes, that's exactly what I saw."

How could that shocking color be an illusion? In fact, it had become the center of attention throughout the entire Galaxy Corporation.

Goodness, gracious! Vania said to herself as she hastily went downstairs.

What happened to Hanson? Why is he in a wheelchair?

Why did he come here in this condition? He could've just settled matters over the phone!

Chapter 133 Responsibility

Ding!

The elevator doors opened, and Vania hastily got out. As soon as she entered the lobby, she stopped dead in her tracks.

That's Hanson?

In a pink wheelchair?

I never knew he liked pink.

Vania felt the urge to face-palm. Judging by his proud behavior, he didn't seem like he was injured at all.

With her mind filled with questions, Vania sighed and walked over to him in an unnatural manner.

She stood in front of Hanson and examined him for a long while. Then, she asked with uncertainty, "What happened to you?"

Hanson couldn't believe that she would ask him such a silly question, so he decided to ignore her.

Vania was stunned. Why did he suddenly get so stubborn? Was it because of the wheelchair?

She asked again, "Did you get injured? Are you alright?"

When Hanson saw the worry on Vania's face, he finally decided to forgive her.

He glanced at her. Then, under her worried gaze, he got up vigorously and said in the most natural tone, "I'm alright."

Vania was even more confused then. If he were alright, why did he use a wheelchair? Moreover, it was in such a weird color too.

Seeing Vania's puzzled look, Hanson grinned and leaned in close to her ear. "What's the matter? Are you worried about me?"

This sudden movement caused Vania to take a subconscious step backward, and she glared accusingly at Hanson. There were so many employees present, so why couldn't he talk normally? What was the purpose of him getting so close to her?

Hanson ignored the accusing look in her eyes. On the contrary, he seemed to be in a good mood.

He liked watching Vania get angry like this, for he found her boss-like exterior too stiff and uncomfortable.

Hanson spoke seductively again, "Haven't you forgotten something?"

Huh? Vania was dumbfounded again. Have I promised him something before?

Our work-related matters have been settled, haven't they?

Vania tried her best to remember, but she couldn't figure out what Hanson was getting at.

Hanson looked at her before he let out a grunt as if he were chastising his own lover. "You forgot about the check-up, didn't you?"

At the mention of the word 'check-up', Vania blinked in bewilderment.

Indeed, she had forgotten about this matter.

Did Hanson come all the way for this?

She suddenly caught sight of the dazzling wheelchair and said in quiet disdain, "Don't tell me you prepared this wheelchair for me?"

Hanson nodded in affirmation. "Congratulations, you got it right."

"My God." Vania was utterly shocked. What was Hanson trying to do?

Why did he prepare a wheelchair for her?

Did she even need one?

Hanson pushed the wheelchair over to her, a satisfied look on his face. "Come and sit down. You have to get your check-up today."

"I can go for the check-up, but I don't think I need the wheelchair."

Vania didn't like the idea one bit. She had been able to walk for a long time now, so this wheelchair was useless to her.

Was Hanson's brain fried? Was that why he had prepared this for her?

This man's thoughts were getting more difficult to understand.

Hanson narrowed his eyes with a dangerous gaze. "I'll accompany you throughout the whole process, and your only job is to listen to me."

"Is this really necessary?"

Vania continued to refuse. Their relationship hadn't progressed to that stage, had it? Why did he think it was appropriate to accompany her throughout the whole process?

She felt as if she could no longer recognize him after a few days of not meeting him.

As for Hanson, he wasn't sure how he came to this conclusion, but he simply didn't want Vania to feel tired, so that was why he had prepared the wheelchair.

When he saw that Vania was against the idea, his expression turned cold. "I am partly responsible for your injury, so I have to take responsibility until the end."

Chapter 134 Trouble Brewing

Vania's accident had been caused by Melanie; since Hanson was involved in it too, his reasoning was quite reasonable.

"I..." Vania was about to say that he didn't need to take responsibility when Hanson interrupted her.

"You have two choices; either I carry you there, or I'll take you there in a wheelchair." There was no room for rejection in his voice.

Vania was troubled. She didn't want either of those options, and she even hoped that Hanson wouldn't accompany her. She could walk on her own, and she knew the way there. Check-ups were easy for her, after all.

Hanson already knew what she was thinking. "I've already arranged for the best doctors to examine you. If you don't want to waste their time, we should get going immediately."

Upon realizing that she couldn't skip the check-up today, Vania could only grit her teeth and sit in the wheelchair. She then said in a weak voice, "Let's go."

Hanson gazed at the pink wheelchair and thought that it was very nice-looking indeed.

The president, who had been glum for so many days, finally had a bright expression on his face.

Even Larry heaved a sigh in relief. The crisis was successfully averted. Indeed, Miss Vania was truly the cure to the president's ails.

Under the stupefied stares of the employees, the great President Luke escorted Vania out in a wheelchair, looking very calm and indifferent.

A distance away, Linda gaped in shock and rubbed her eyes in disbelief. She thought she was seeing things again.

Why was the one ultimately sitting in the wheelchair her own boss?

Throughout the entire journey, the prestigious President Luke was pushing a pink wheelchair while a very unwilling woman sat in it.

Vania kept chanting silently to herself, I'm invisible, I'm invisible, and no one can see me.

At the same time, Melanie, who was staying at home, shook in anger at the sight of the photo that had been sent to her phone.

Hanson was actually accompanying Vania for a check-up at the hospital.

This shameless woman really had too many tactics to seduce men!

No!

I have to meet Vania! I cannot let things go on like this! she thought to herself.

Melanie could give Vania the information she needed on her children. In exchange for that, Vania only had to help Greyson Realty and allow Melanie to return to Hanson's side.

At that thought, Melanie got up and prepared to go out. She had just arrived at the living room when George, who was having tea there, stopped her with a loud scolding. "Where are you going this time? Have you done everything I told you to do?"

Melanie was terrified of George. When she heard his harsh tone, she immediately stopped walking and said in a small voice, "I'm going to see Vania. I can definitely get her to help Greyson Realty."

With his teacup in hand, George hesitated for a while before announcing, "I'll go with you."

Then, he gestured for Josie to help him into his suit.

When she heard that George would be meeting Vania in person, Josie hastily tried to stop him, saying in panic, "Dear, just let Melanie deal with the minor things. You should rest at home and avoid getting too worked up."

As she spoke, she gave Melanie a look. What would they do if Vania came back?

Melanie got the message and immediately tried to convince him by saying, “Yeah, Dad—Mom is right. You don’t have to be there in person for such minor matters.”

George snorted in disdain. “You call it a minor matter, but you still can’t get it done after so long. How am I supposed to rest assured like this? You’re all useless idiots.”

Indeed, he hadn’t expected Vania to come this far.

Still, even if she became the queen, she was his daughter, and she would have to listen to him.

When Josie and Melanie realized that George was actually furious, they were so scared that they didn’t dare speak another word.

Chapter 135 Lunch Date

She kept staring at George, thinking about what she should do next. Meanwhile, Josie attempted clumsily to straighten George’s shirt.

However, the man was annoyed by this. “What are you doing? Can’t you even straighten my shirt properly now?” he roared. Josie said nothing to avoid him flying into a rage. As such, she swallowed her pride and kept quiet.

Melanie followed closely behind him, looking nervous.

When they got into the car, George asked coldly, “Where is she now?”

Melanie gritted her teeth. “She’s at the hospital.” Melanie would break her bones and get her hospitalized again if she could, for she hated that Vania was clinging onto Hanson all the time.

George did not even care why Vania was in the hospital as if she was not his own daughter. Instead, he urged, “Well, what are you waiting for? Let’s get going.”

“Yes,” Melanie answered. She did not argue, or her father would yell at her. “Speed up, please.”

By then, Vania and Hanson were not at the hospital anymore. They went through the VIP lane and were done with the check-up. At that moment, both of them were at a luxurious private restaurant, and the table was filled with all kinds of dishes.

Vania seemed confused, however. The whole day was just like a scene from a movie, and she was still trying to process it. On the other hand, Hanson appeared rather calm, so she asked, “What are we doing?”

Hanson cocked his eyebrow and looked at her as if she had just asked the stupidest question in the world. In the end, he answered, “We’re having lunch.”

Can’t she see that we’re having lunch even when it’s this obvious? I think she needs to get checked again.

Vania bit her tongue. That was a stupid question. She opened her mouth again and asked, "I don't understand. Why did you get me a wheelchair and treat me to all this food?" She had no idea that a dozen people had worked on that wheelchair, but the color alone told her that the wheelchair was made specifically for her.

Hanson ignored the real question she was asking and said, "Just because I want to." Likewise, he had no idea why he was doing all this for her. He just felt like seeing her after not meeting up for days. "I can't possibly let you walk all the way to the check-up, right? A wheelchair makes things so much easier."

Fine. As long as you're happy. She had no answer for that, so she put her questions aside and turned all her attention to the food. Soon, Vania wolfed down everything before her. I don't get why he's doing this, so I'm going to eat.

Hanson would scoop a little of every dish she had. He usually thought that all the food here tasted like cardboard, but they seemed different that day. No wonder they're famous.

Meanwhile, Larry rubbed his eyes. Aren't you supposed to be a germaphobe, though?

Seeing as his employer was acting differently from how he usually did, Larry was starting to come up with theories of his own. When Vania finally left, he could go in and get his answers. The man mustered all his courage and said, "President Luke, that's not how you're supposed to woo a lady. If anything goes wrong, she might think you're a creep."

Chapter 136 Irony

A frown appeared on Hanson's forehead. He said coldly, "I didn't say I was going to woo her."

"You're not?" Larry sounded surprised. "Why did you do all of this, then?" He was getting confused about everything.

Hanson gave him a cold look and answered, "It makes me happy."

This again? Well, as long as you're happy, I guess, Larry retorted in silence. He muttered under his breath, "If I didn't know any better, I would have thought you had a crush on Miss Vania."

"What did you say?"

If looks could slash a person, Larry would've had ten gashes on his body at this point. He quickly waved his hands. "N-Nothing. I said nothing." He made a gesture that said he would shut up, and he stood by Hanson quietly.

Hanson seemed satisfied by the answer, and he snorted. A crush? If Larry had told him that in the past, Hanson would have shrugged it off and thought nothing about it. However, when he brought it up now, Hanson was starting to get some ideas.

He did not dislike Vania both in terms of looks and personality. In fact, he got along well with her, but more importantly, Morales and Morgan liked her. He was not annoyed by Vania's kids either, so marrying her seemed to be a decent choice.

Nobody would have thought that Hanson was jumping progression on the path of love. He was trying to marry Vania so the kids could have a stepmother before he even knew what love felt like.

Meanwhile, Vania went back to the company after she left the restaurant. There was a mountain of files waiting for her to handle and approve. However, when she came in and saw the people sitting inside, her face fell.

Linda and a secretary from the secretariat were serving them coffee, and Vania questioned, "Nobody can enter the office without my permission. Who let them in?"

Linda stared down at the ground and sighed in resignation. "Mr. Greyson said that he's your father, and he's here with your sister. We couldn't stop them."

Vania scoffed. She looked at Melanie and laughed at her. "Here for another apology again, Melanie?"

George was annoyed by the fact that Vania did not even care about him, and he barked, "Silence! I am your father! I don't need your permission to come to your company."

"This isn't a marketplace, George. You can't come and go as you please. Nobody can get into my office without my permission. Not even my own father, and I never thought of you as my own parental figure. You call yourself a businessman, but a child has more manners than you."

"You..." George was infuriated, but he had nothing to say in return.

Meanwhile, Melanie thought it was a good chance to make things tense between Vania and George. She said, "You can't talk like that to Dad, Vania. He's just here to see you. He even wants you to have dinner with us, and you're just being rude."

George pointed at Vania imperiously. "I will not stand for this! You will come home tonight! We need to talk."

Vania scoffed. Home? He calls that place home? How ironic.

Chapter 137 Hypocrisy

Moreover, I live at Haling Villa, not the Greyson Residence. I see that he still loves to order people around. She said mockingly, "I don't think there's anything to talk about, though. Linda, send our guests off."

George was used to Linda and Melanie's obedience. His word was the law at home, and no one would go against him. Vania chasing him off right in front of her own assistant was humiliating for him, and he roared, "You don't get to say no!"

He raised his hand against her, but Vania saw through him. She held his hand and flung it away. "You're at my company, not your house." She then gave him a warning glare and continued, "You don't get to do as you please here. Are you going to leave, or should I get someone to help escort you out?"

Vania stopped Melanie and George from getting any high ground, and they failed to bring up the investment demand.

Melanie quickly played the victim right in front of her father. "Vania, I know you're angry, but he's your father. You can't do this to him."

Vania crossed her arms and stared at them coldly. They're not here just to ask me over for dinner. I bet they're going to ask for my help so that Melanie can stay with Hanson. As such, Vania kept quiet. She was waiting for the other shoe to drop.

In the end, it was Melanie who relented. She kept on the victim act and condemned Vania by saying, "Vania, you're a part of the family. The company is in trouble now, and you should help Dad out. You can't just stand by and watch us go broke. Please, I beg you." Melanie was playing the victim to make Vania look like an oppressor. Dad's going to hate her even more, and he'll never take her back now.

Oh, so that's why. The mockery in Vania's eyes was getting palpable. This crisis didn't show up out of nowhere; it started right after Mom died. The company only managed to look successful because it had a strong foundation and lots of resources to lean into. In fact, they managed to last this long because Luke Corporation injected a lot of funds because of Melanie.

However, Melanie was also the reason why Greyson Realty's share prices had dipped. Luke Corporation did not inject any more funds, and it put them in a precarious situation. They were deep in the red now, and bankruptcy was imminent unless they had more funds coming in.

George isn't fit to be a leader. He's arrogant and stubborn, so how did he manage to build a company? Also, why did Mom fall for him? She felt sorry for her mother, for the woman had fallen for a piece of sc*m like George back then.

Meanwhile, Vania's company had a mountain of resources. She could save ten companies like Greyson Realty if she wanted to, but she refused. She had cut all ties with the Greyson Family, and Melanie's fake plea disgusted her. She said coldly, "I'm running a business here, not a charity."

Chapter 138 Visit

"I've evaluated your company, and I have no interest in it. It's on the verge of bankruptcy now, so don't try to ask for any favors. I do not give them out easily."

"Very well. Will you help me if I give you your child then?" She wants to find her children, right? Fine. I'll give her what she wants.

"I'd like to see that." Vania was still as calm as ever, though Melanie could see the disdain in her eyes.

Melanie frowned. She could sense the underlying message in that reply. I have the clue that leads to her kid, and there's no way I'd fail. Is she saying that she's found the child? That doesn't matter, though. I have the other kid in my hand.

She asked, "What about the other one?"

However, Melanie's threat backfired. Vania's face fell, and she retorted, "I will not save your company, and I will find my own children." Then, she turned to George. "I've made it clear that I want nothing to do with you, and you'd best remember that. I'm not someone you can order around."

"How dare you talk to me like that?! You are crass and rude! Is that how your mother raised you to be? A rude wench?"

George should never have brought Vania's mother up. It enraged her, and she shot George a murderous glare. If looks could kill, George would have died there and then. "How dare you talk about my mother?" For a moment there, Vania looked as arrogant and proud as her mother used to be when she was alive.

George remembered the terror he suffered back then, and when he looked at Vania again, his hands trembled. "You insolent child!"

Vania was still looking at George and Melanie like they were rotten sc*m tossed into the gutter. She had not forgotten what they did to her, and she would make them pay for it.

Melanie was shaken by the confident look Vania was giving her. Damn it, I've failed. She didn't take the bait. Meanwhile, George was too furious to say anything. A moment later, he held Melanie and glared at Vania. "Let's go."

After they left, Vania felt all the strength leaving her, and she plopped back down into her seat. She stared at the sky outside while tearing up. Vania thought to herself, I miss you, Mom.

Linda was shocked by the intensity of the argument, and she quickly went to Vania's side. "Are you alright, boss?"

Vania massaged her forehead in frustration and shook her head. "I'm fine. Just carry on with your work."

Linda was still giving her a worried look as she retreated from the office, but Vania stopped her and said, "Get me a bouquet of roses." Her mother loved roses, just like she did.

Linda nodded. "Very well."

Soon, a woman in plain clothes sat before a grave in Verdant Cemetery. She brushed her finger across the gravestone as she put the bouquet of roses down before the grave. Vania mumbled to herself, her voice broken, "They took everything from me, but they still think I owe them my life. Who do they think I am? I'm in so much pain. Can you tell me why?" Vania spaced out in the cemetery for more than an hour. She vented all the anger, sorrow, and frustration that was in her heart before she finally got back up. Vania then wiped the gravestone clean while saying, "I'll have to go now. See you someday."

Chapter 139 Wet

She smiled at the picture of her late mother and left.

Vania did not drive to the cemetery. She was in a bad mood, and it would've affected her driving. She wanted to walk until she managed to get a ride back to town, but the sky became overcast not long after she came out of the cemetery.

The rainstorm had come too suddenly, and Vania was caught by surprise. Sh*t. She called Theresa and asked her to come pick her up, but the rain seemed to be in a hurry. It was already starting to pour before she could tuck her phone away. Hence, all Vania could only cover her head with her hands and run ahead.

I've got to find some shelter. After all, she had no umbrella or raincoat on her.

A woman in plain clothes sprinting at full speed at a cemetery was a terrifying sight, especially when her hair was billowing in the wind.

At that moment, Hanson was passing through the area. He had just come back from a workplace survey, and when Larry saw Vania, his eyes widened. "President Luke! That woman in the rain looks like Miss Vania."

Hanson was resting his eyes, but he opened them quickly and looked out into the rain to see if Vania was there. He did see her, though he felt curious to find her in the cemetery at this hour.

Larry honked and stopped the car beside Vania. He rolled the window down. "Get in, Miss Vania."

It was weird to see Hanson here, but Vania did not care. She jumped into the car the moment Hanson opened the backseat door. It had only been a few minutes since the rain started, but she was already drenched. "Thank you," she thanked Larry once she got into the car.

"Don't mention it, Miss Vania." He grinned. "Why are you here alone? Where's your assistant?"

"I was visiting my late relative, and it started raining all of a sudden."

A late relative? Hanson thought about the dead guy James had told him about. He also noticed that Vania was looking teary-eyed. Did she cry? The temperature around him dropped several notches.

For some reason, Vania felt a chill run down her spine, and she sneezed. She rubbed her arm and called Theresa to tell her that she had found a ride home.

Larry noticed Vania rubbing her arm, so he said, "I'll turn the heater on if you're feeling cold." He was happy to help his idol out.

"It's alright. We're not too far from my home now."

Larry turned the heater on anyway. "Remember to drink something hot when you get home. You don't want to get down with a cold, after all."

Vania smiled. "You're rather meticulous, I'd say."

Larry looked smug since his idol had praised him. "Of course. I'm a certified nice guy, after all."

Contrary to the happy conversation, Hanson was looking absolutely miffed. Did she just ignore me? He held his fist against his mouth and coughed, telling Vania and Larry that he was still around.

Larry shut up right away. I got carried away. He did not have to look around to know that Hanson must be giving him a look that could kill him ten times over.

On the other hand, Vania did not realize that she had ignored Hanson. He managed to remind her about his existence, and she said awkwardly, "What a coincidence." Well, so much for a natural greeting. She kept looking at her hand to relieve the awkwardness in the air.

Hanson let out a snort. Seeing her looking all drenched was starting to bother him.

Chapter 140 Hanson's House

Vania's clothes were sticking closely to her skin, revealing the perfect curves underneath. Her face was glistening from all the moisture, and Hanson felt something stir in him. She got into this mess for another guy, though.

That stirring feeling within Hanson turned into a weird sensation, and he asked sternly, "Were you going to run all the way home just like that if you hadn't bumped into us?"

Before she could answer, he told Larry, "Take us to Luke Estate."

She panicked a little. "Can you make a turn right ahead? I told Theresa to wait for me at the junction." Haling Villa and Luke Estate are in two different places.

"You're going home looking like that?"

It's not comfortable, but I can just get changed at home. I don't need to head to your place for that.

Hanson interrupted before Vania had the chance to reply, "I don't mind if you want to jump out of the car."

The rain was cold, but his voice sounded colder than that.

Jump out of the car? What kind of idea is that? If I do that in this weather, it'll be another trip to the hospital for me. She had a feeling that she had gotten into some shady deal here. What the hell is he even thinking?

Moments later, they arrived at Luke Estate. The maids were standing outside with an umbrella in their hands. They were awaiting Hanson's return, but when they saw the woman in his car, all of them were shocked. Aside from the young master's mother, they had never seen another woman in Hanson's car before. Oh my, she's so gorgeous too. Not even the rain can conceal how beautiful she is.

The maids were shocked and awestruck, but they remained serious and handed the umbrella over to Hanson.

He would not have taken it in the past, but he now accepted the umbrella.

They were surprised to see that and watched as Hanson turned to the side and waited for Vania to step out of the car. Worried that the rain might get to her, he moved the umbrella over to her, exposing himself to the rain instead.

Vania stepped out of the car right away and leaned closer to Hanson so that he would not get drenched. She tugged at his sleeve and said, "Let's go."

It was a minor detail, but Hanson was delighted nonetheless, and his annoyance about her crying over another guy was gone with the wind. He smiled, and they went into his home. Once they came to the living quarters, Hanson took the towel his maid handed him and draped it over Vania. He wiped her skin gently and said, "Your clothes are wet, so I'll take you upstairs. There are new clothes there. Change into them and dry your hair. You don't want to get a cold."

Vania nodded and went upstairs with Hanson, though she was staring at the design of his house.

The main colors of the house were gray and white, and his home was spartan. It felt cold like the owner of the house, and everything screamed aloof and distant. She could not understand his aesthetics.

His bedroom was in the center of the second floor. Hanson opened the door and turned to the side so Vania could come in. She looked around, and he said gently, "The shirts are in the closet. Just take whatever you want, and remember to dry your hair. I'll be waiting outside."