

Chapter 2 Explanation

"Mr. Wills... There's a bit of a mix-up here."

Hanna spoke, her hands tensing as she fought to keep her composure. She turned her gaze away from Chris, trying her best to stay calm. "I was set up, and it unintentionally implicated you. Can we, perhaps, brush it off as a misunderstanding?"

Was she set up?

Chris, darkening eyes and all, tossed her onto the sofa with an air of nonchalance. "What's this? You even got set up at Ryland's birthday party? Ryland, that fucking loser, couldn't even protect his fiancée?"

Hanna clenched her fists again, nails digging into her palms.

Did he think she was deliberately luring him?

But he spoke about Ryland in a contemptuous tone. It sounded like he and Ryland were not on good terms.

Chris, cold as ever, rarely bothered with social gatherings. She assumed he cared for his nephew when he graced Ryland's birthday party the previous day.

After a thoughtful pause, she cautiously said, "It was Ryland who set me up. He aimed to drug me and orchestrate a rape so he could wriggle out of our engagement and cozy up to my sister..."

Before she could finish, Chris' eyes turned cold, with a sudden aura of hostility enveloping him.

Hanna froze at that.

Was he angered, suspecting she was intentionally maligning Ryland?

Taking a step back, she anxiously offered, "If you doubt me, I can show you the evidence!"



The man stared, a slight softening in his gaze. After a pregnant pause, he asked, flatly, "What evidence?"

Relieved, Hanna fished out her phone, connecting it to the hotel's WIFI. Tapping the screen, she played the surveillance video.

Handing the phone to Chris, she spoke carefully. "I was indeed chased before I broke in. You can look into those people's identities. I didn't have the guts to set you up. I won't bring trouble to your doorstep. You and I will still be strangers once we exit this room. What do you think? Ultimately, disclosing it to others is not beneficial for either of us."

After a moment, Chris glanced at her with a faint smile. "Did you breach the hotel's firewall?"

Hanna blinked, puzzled by the question. She nodded. "Yes, the hotel wouldn't give me the surveillance video. Since this hotel seems to be under the Quinn family, I had to..."

"Miss Wheeler, you've got it wrong," he interrupted, a smile playing on his lips. "This hotel is mine!"

Hanna was taken aback.

She had hacked into Chris' hotel right in front of him.

"Oh God, things just got worse!" she thought.

Taking a deep breath, she apologized, "I'm sorry, Mr. Willis... If you're willing to let this slide, I'll compensate you for any losses. Just name your terms."

She didn't want to offend him, so she would do everything in her power to make things right.

Hanna thought she was sincere enough. But to her surprise, Chris squinted at her, a dangerous smile forming. "Miss Wheeler, are you suggesting we sweep last night under the rug?"

Hanna nodded, ready to make amends, but he unexpectedly pinched her chin.

"What do you take me for? Do you believe we can act like nothing

happened after such an incident?"

He traced her lips with his thumb, causing a tingling sensation.
"Hacking my hotel is one thing, but since we were intimate, you owe me an explanation!"

