

Chapter 3 The Business Card

Did Chris really expect Hanna to explain anything? What was going on in his mind?

Perhaps he wasn't content with a pile of cash; he seemed to fancy breaking her hands or feet.

Hanna shuddered, gritting her teeth as she muttered, "Mr. Willis, you're quite cruel while you can avoid it!"

Chris lowered his head, casting unfriendly glares her way.

His grip suddenly tightened, causing a jabbing pain in her jaw, forcing her to meet his cold gaze.

Ready to go down swinging no matter the outcome, Hanna was however totally thrown off when Chris dropped a bomb. She was lost for a good minute there and couldn't even budge.

"So? What's the big deal about getting married to me? What's with that face? It's like you're about to meet your maker!"

His grin sent shivers down her spine. "Back when you were engaged to my good-for-nothing nephew, you weren't putting up a fight like this."

He pulled her in, pinching her chin. With his nose almost touching hers, he asked, "In your eyes, am I not as good as that little rascal?"

Hanna stood dumbfounded.

She didn't wish for him to be on the hook for her; he was the one demanding explanations and a walk down the aisle!

Had he a screw or a couple loose?

"Mr. Willis, let's not play a prank like this." Hanna attempted to retreat.

"I'm engaged to your nephew now..."

Chris' eyes turned piercing. "He set you up. And you still want to tie the knot with him?"

"No. I'm not dim-witted for heaven's sake!" Hanna swiftly rebuffed. "But I can't hitch up with you either!"

Chris' expression softened but darkened as he heard her last words. "Why? You have a bone to pick with me?"

Hanna shook her head. "No. It's just a tad unnerving being around you."

Chris bit his lip. "You are scared of me? What devilry did I unleash on you?"

Hanna struggled for words, surprised he was throwing such questions at her.

Lost for a reply, she finally uttered, "Well... Everyone gets the jitters around you. Don't you know that?"

At the party last night, the big shots were walking on eggshells around Chris yesterday.

Chris clenched his fists, coldly saying, "Other women would gladly tie the knot with me. Why the cold shoulder from you?"

Hanna was rendered speechless again.

She was on the verge of a breakdown. She wanted to grab him by the collar and ask, "What's your game?"

But fear held her back.

Looking deep into his eyes, she took a deep breath, saying, "Mr. Willis, marriage... It's no small potatoes. Can I mull it over and give you my answer?"

Chris looked at the birthmark on her shoulder, nodding slightly. Then, he took out a golden business card. "My digits are on there. Ring me when you have it figured out."

He put on his outfit and made a quiet exit after that.

Hanna breathed a sigh of relief and stowed away the card.

After she dressed and headed home, Emerie got out of the car when she got there.

When she saw Hanna, surprise flitted across her eyes.

Soon after, she regained her composure and pretended to be concerned. "Hanna, where were you last night? What made you vanish from Ryland's birthday party? We were all on edge because of you..."

"Is Emerie still putting on a facade in front of me? Does she believe I'm unaware that it was her idea that Ryland drugged me?" Hanna thought in disdain.

Seeing the light marks on Emerie's neck, Hanna recalled the rowdies mentioning Ryland cozying up with his sweetheart. She felt nothing but disgust for the shameless couple.

Before Emerie could finish, Hanna landed a resounding smack on her face.

"I'm a Wheeler. What business of yours is it, adopted sister, to stick your nose in my affairs?" Hanna said coldly.

Her red palm showed that she had slapped Emerie hard.

Emerie's face was swollen, her hair disheveled, looking thoroughly messy.

A touch of disbelief appeared in Emerie's eyes, soon replaced by malice and ferocity.

How dare that rustic slap her! Did she think she could lord over the Wheeler family after staying with them for a long time?

Why didn't she just die out there? Why had she returned to steal her identity?

Emerie gritted her teeth, about to speak, when she spotted a figure on the villa stairs.

The malicious expression vanished in an instant. She played the

pitiful card, saying, "Hanna, I didn't mean it. You disappeared all night, and I was fretting. You're a city greenhorn now. I was worried you'd be taken for a ride. After all, you and Ryland are set to tie the knot. If something happens to you, both families get dragged in."

She bit her lip, adding, "And word got out you left with a bunch of guys. I... I was concerned..."

Emerie was insinuating Hanna had done something unsavory.

Hanna sneered, yanking Emerie's hair, wiping away the foundation on her neck, revealing those kiss marks.

"Why fret about me? You thought I'd gallivant with those guys all night like you, throwing decency to the wind?"

Approaching Emerie's ear, Hanna asked coldly, "Did it send shivers down your spine sleeping with your soon-to-be brother-in-law? Spare me the act. I can't stand that worthless guy, and I'm thrilled you're happy with him!"

Emerie's pupils dilated with shock, her body involuntarily trembling.

How the hell did she know?!

