

Chapter 9 The Unfamiliar Number

Inside the room, Hanna was on the brink of picking up the phone when the rhythm of approaching footsteps caught her keen ears. She stopped.

As she looked at the unfamiliar number once more, Hanna's radar was up. She swiftly flipped to another page, giving her screen a few taps.

In the blink of an eye, the phone's ring came to an abrupt stop.

Beyond the room's confines, Chris registered his call's shift to voicemail. He hesitated, and then rapped his knuckles on the door.

After a brief moment, Hanna materialized, holding a cup of coffee conjured up in the guest room. Steam wisps danced above the brew, a clear sign she had been in the coffee-making business moments ago.

"Mr. Willis, do you have anything else?"

Chris squinted, his gaze flitting to the phone in her grasp. His voice was devoid of emotion.

"My phone is out of power. Mind if I borrow yours for a quick call?"

In her internal monologue, Hanna couldn't help but unleash a torrent of curses.

She had envisioned numerous scenarios where he could try to figure out whether she was the one who had treated his grandfather, but his shameless request blindsided her.

"Mr. Willis, hang on a sec." She shot him a smile, turned, and pulled a charger cable from her purse. "Feel free to use this, Mr. Willis."

Chris reached out, deliberately bypassing the charging cable to snag her phone. Casually, he lifted it before her, unlocking it with nonchalant ease.

"Hand it over! You're robbing me!"

Hanna tiptoed, trying to snatch it back, but an unexpected stumble sent her hurtling forward.

In the blink of an eye, Hanna collided with his broad chest.

The scent of rosin enveloped her. Her stunning eyes widened, and before she could process it, a warm breath cascaded over her head.

His voice dropped, hoarse, as if he was restraining emotions. "Miss Wheeler, are you trying to seduce me?"

"I didn't..." Before Hanna could retort, a sudden realization dawned on her. She glanced down and was utterly shocked.

She had accidentally bumped into his private parts!

Snatching back her phone, Hanna retreated a step, but his towering figure pressed her against the wall, rendering her immobile.

Hanna raised her head, meeting his intense gaze. Somehow, her heart skipped a beat.

"Mr. Willis, mind your manners!" She then turned away.

Was his sudden change a sign of suspicion?

Yet, Chris drew closer. Their breaths mingled, and warmth enveloped them.

"Since we've crossed that line, why the formality, Miss Wheeler?"

Chris seemed deliberate. His hand lingered on Hanna's waist, sending shivers through her.

His icy fingers traced a path downward. As she softened, Hanna gritted her teeth, pushing him away. Half of her body found refuge in the room.

"Mr. Willis, perhaps a check-up is in order for your perpetual dissatisfaction!" Hanna flashed him a sly smile before slamming the door.

"Dissatisfied?!" Chris idly stroked his fingertips, a suggestive gleam in his cold, deep eyes.

What a sharp tongue she possessed!

However, finding nothing amiss on Hanna's phone, he could have been overthinking things.

Behind the closed door, Hanna leaned against it, exhaling a sigh of relief.

Thankfully, she had redirected the call to her spare phone using hacker code, erasing any traces.

Dodging Chris' suspicions required vigilance since he was not about to stop!

After applying a voice changer, Hanna dialed back.

"Apologies, Mr. Willis. I was tied up earlier and missed your call. Neal filled me in. I'm straightforward, five million a month is my going rate."

