

Her Seven Little Bodyguards Chapter 31

Chapter 31

Vania blinked a few times before she realized what Hanson was trying to say. Oh, so that's what he's asking about. She had no idea why he wanted to know that, but she shook her head. "No. Why do you ask?"

The frown disappeared from his forehead when he heard her response. He felt relaxed and heaved a sigh of relief. "Nothing," he answered. "You should pack up now."

"Okay." She gave him a look of suspicion, though she did not ask why he wanted to know that.

Hanson was watching her, feeling really happy that Vania was single. A moment later, however, he chided himself, So what if she's single? That's none of my business. I'm just trying to help. She might get duped, and I'm too kind to stand by and watch that happen. Something bad might have happened if I hadn't come to her help. Yep, that's right.

He then took a big bite of the food. Not bad. This is peak Eastland brekkie.

Vania and Hanson arrived at Hammond International Airport five hours later. Linda was already waiting for Vania at the entrance, but when she saw her showing up with Hanson, her eyes widened in disbelief. Why'd they come together? Is Mr. Luke coming to Eastland as well?

Linda wanted to know what the truth behind this was.

Before she got into the car, Vania told Hanson professionally, "I will bring the contract to Luke Corporation first thing tomorrow morning. Thank you for your help. Goodbye."

Hanson nodded. "Alright."

He might have seemed deadpan on the outside, but he was laughing on the inside. She has two personas, huh? She's a different person in Hammond. Interesting.

Linda knew the trip had failed, for Vania came back all by herself after all. Linda could see the sadness in Vania's eyes, and she sympathized with Vania.

Vania reclined back into her seat as the exhaustion took over her while she said, "Take me home."

"Yes, boss." Linda sped up.

Vania stared at the scenery outside the window. Home was where her heart was; as long as she could rest, she would always get back to work the next day feeling refreshed.

Vania spaced out all the way home. The events that happened over the last two days played in her mind like a movie in fast-forward mode. She snapped out of it a moment later, and there was nothing but an icy chill in her eyes. I've underestimated Melanie, it seems.

The car stopped before the gates of Haling Villa.

Vania told Linda, "Handle the company for the day. I'll come back tomorrow."

Linda nodded, for she knew Vania needed her rest. "I understand. Get some rest, boss. I'll be going now."

"Go."

The moment she came back into the villa, her kids surrounded her. "Welcome back, Mommy! We've missed you!" They circled their mother, trying to see if she was hurt anywhere.

The sight of her children washed away all her frustrations. She held them in her arms and kissed their foreheads. "I'm fine, kids," she said, her voice thick with worry and longing. "I'm back in one piece, so don't worry about it. I was saved in the nick of time thanks to your tracking device, and the one who saved me was Hanson. He's the boss of Luke Corporation. You kids hacked into their internal network before, and I owe him a favor this time."

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She checked on her children, looking worried. Her kids were usually rambunctious, but she now noticed there were dark circles under their eyes from their lack of sleep. Concerned, she said, "You kids must've been worried sick. You guys didn't sleep well, did you? I'm back now, and I'm fine. You don't have to worry anymore. I'll be fine. Just take care of yourselves, alright? I've taken the day off, so what do you say we have some bonding time?"

The kids nodded solemnly. "As long as you're back, we'll be fine, Mommy. We'll go with your idea."

Jack seemed miffed, though. He held his mother's hand and said, "Sit down, Mommy. We want to see if you're hurt. I bet they did this on purpose. They knew you'd be there, and they set you up."

James had a deep frown on his forehead as well. He was still worried. "We'll find out who they are, Mommy. They won't get away with this."

Jacob puckered his lips, tears welling up in his eyes. "We were worried sick, Mommy. We couldn't believe it when you got yourself in danger, but since you're okay now, and we're really happy about it."

Her children had always been smart and considerate. Vania had to be strong for them, or they would worry about her. "Thank you for everything you've done, kids. I'm fine, and there's nothing to worry about. I know who the villain is now, and I'll handle it. Don't worry. Let's get some sleep now. It's been days since I saw you, and I've missed you too. Have you missed me?"

The kids answered at the same time, "We missed you too, Mommy. We should get some sleep now. It's been a long day."

"Alright." The sight of her kids reminded her of the missing pair, and she felt crestfallen. She then said, her voice filled with sadness and apology, "I did come back in one piece, but I failed to take your brother with me. Will you blame me for that?"

The sadness infected the children, and they wiped their tears away. All five of her kids were slightly telepathic, and the boys could feel that their brother and sister were suffering.

They could not tell their mother that lest she got even more worried. All they could do was cheer her up. "We won't blame you, Mommy. We know you did your best, and he won't blame you either. Although we missed this opportunity, we can work

together and get our brother and sister back. Cheer up, Mommy. We feel sad when you're sad."

Vania wiped the tears off her children's cheeks and held her sadness back.

She refused to spread more negativity, so she said, "Thank you, kids. We'll work together and get your brother and sister back. By then, we'll be a happy family again." I'm never going to give up on finding my kids.

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"You must be tired, Mommy. Get some sleep, and we'll be right beside you."

Vania nodded. She spent the whole afternoon with her children and played a lot with them, making up for the two days they lost. However, she did not let them see her scars, for they would be worried if they did.

Meanwhile, Hanson got into his car right after he left the airport, and Larry drove him to the deepest parts of a remote mountain in the rural area. It seemed like an innocuous place, but nobody would expect a cave standing in the deepest part of the mountain. Guards were standing at the entry outside it 24/7.

When Hanson approached the cave, all the guards greeted, "Hello, sir."

Hanson nodded at them, and a man in a black suit led him to the dungeon. It was clean and neat, but the air was freezing. It felt dark and foreboding as if they were in hell itself. Anyone who came in would get chills all over their body for no reason.

Hanson asked darkly, "How is it going?"

The man who led him underground said, "He's still not saying anything."

A cruel, mirthless smile curled Hanson's lips. "Is that so?"

Let's see how stubborn they can be. There's no answer I can't get, and their fates have already been sealed the moment we captured them.

The group of thugs who had tried to assault Vania back in Eastland was tied firmly to the pillars. Hanson came in, and they cursed, "Who the f*ck are you guys? Tell me your names! The boss is going to wreck you if he knows what you're doing to us!"

The bodyguard in charge of the interrogation was infuriated by their insolence. He shouted, "Shut it! Tell me everything you know and I'll spare your life! Stay quiet, and I'll kill you instead!"

"I'm not telling you sh*t! I don't know anything! Let us go or I'll rip you apart!" the thug threatened as if they were unafraid of anything.

The threats were nothing but jokes to Hanson. He gave them a look that sent chills down their spines, and they stopped giving more attitude.

They had no idea who the man was, but they knew he could kill them if he wanted

Hence, the thugs shut up and said nothing.

The bodyguard took a chair and placed it in the center of the chamber. He wiped it a few times before asking Hanson to sit. The other bodyguard stood beside the chair, holding some tea utensils while awaiting his orders.

Hanson sat down on his chair, looking like an emperor who was surveying his territory. Then, he fiddled with his phone for a while before raising his head languidly. He smirked at the leader of the thugs and said, "They touched and saw something they shouldn't. In that case, shouldn't they be paying with their eyes and hands?"

Did they see Vania's naked body? Well, then that'll be the last thing they ever see.

Larry quickly added, "Sir, as far as I remember, there's a form of torture that involves cutting off the victim's limbs and gouging out their eyes. They call that the human bat. I've never seen that before, but I've always been curious about it."

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The thugs might be brash, but they were terrified the moment Hanson made his appearance. Meanwhile, Larry adding fuel to the fire did not help with their fears. After all, they were just some common thugs who had no gang or boss. That was just a lie, but since their bluff was called, they relented. The leader begged for mercy and said, "Don't kill us. We'll tell you everything!"

Hanson kept fiddling with his phone, ignoring their plea.

Meanwhile, his bodyguards were starting to prepare the sharp tools. Consequently, the thugs were shivering from fear of what was to come, and they would have plopped down to the ground if they were not tied to the pillar. The leader begged right away and screamed, "Please don't take my eyes away. Don't kill me! I'll tell you everything!"

Hanson took the cup of tea and had a sip, but he said nothing.

The bodyguards were still fiddling with the tools, placing all the steel bats and knives in front of the thugs.

The leader could feel his heart thumping furiously in his chest, and his voice became barely a whisper. His legs were shaking, and he closed his eyes. He mustered all of his strength and roared, "I know who did this! I-It was a woman c-called Greyson or something!"

He thought it was a roar, but the leader only let out a whimper. The answer, however, made Hanson stop. He looked straight at the leader of the thug, demanding him to explain himself.

Larry was in disbelief as well, and his eyes were as wide as saucepans. A terrible thought occurred to him. Did Miss Vania plan this all by herself? No. That can't be. Who'd put themselves at risk like this, and for what reason? This makes no sense at all.

Hanson had the same question as well. Judging from all the information he had, Vania would be the prime suspect, but he had a feeling that someone else was behind this.

The leader of the thugs racked his brains trying to think of the name, and then one of his lackeys remembered who the mastermind was. "Oh, I remember it now! That woman's name is M-Melanie!"

"Yes! That's her name! Melanie Greyson!" the other lackeys agreed.

Hanson crushed his cup into smithereens, and the loud noise scared everyone. They hung their heads low, keeping quiet lest they were killed.

Larry was in utter shock, for he did not expect Melanie to be the one behind this. He knew what happened in Eastland, but he never thought Melanie would be the mastermind behind it. She poisoned the young master's son and used Vania as a scapegoat, and now she wants to kill Miss Vania herself? How could she? He was aghast about the cruelty of this whole affair, and he knew Hanson must be livid. The dark look on the face of his employer told him about that. He had one question, though; why was Melanie doing this?

Larry took a step forward and pointed at the thugs. "Tell us everything you know. Lie, and you will suffer the consequences."

The thugs nodded in horror. One of them said, "Yes, of course. I'll tell you everything I know."

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"We were at Red Allure in Eastland two days ago. A guy came to us and gave us a photo. He wants us to find her in an old house in Farville and secure her, instructing us to capture her no matter what once we saw her. He also wanted us to take her nudes and naked videos and send them to him. The guy also wanted us to rape her and toss her into the mountains. After all, Farville is a remote area, and nobody would look into a missing person here."

"He paid us more than a million in deposit, so we took it and went to hide in Farville until the woman showed up. However, your men saved her the moment she was caught." The thug was observing the look on Hanson's face as he answered. When Hanson was starting to look angry, the thug's voice slowly became a whisper.

Larry was frowning as well. He got the gist of it, but he also had a question. He asked, "How do you know the mastermind is Melanie?" The thugs did not bring her up in the story at all.

The thug quickly answered, "The guy's the only one we saw. He would pay us two and a half million, and we'd take the rest of the money from him once we're done. When we left the bar, we saw him calling someone at the backdoor. We couldn't hear everything

he said, but there was one thing we heard. 'It's done. Tell Miss Melanie about it. That's how we know Melanie is behind this.'

"I see." Larry had gotten all his answers, and he clapped his hands. Two bodyguards came in while holding a man between them. He was tied up as well. Larry asked, "Look closely. Is he your employer?"

The man kept staring at the ground, trying to keep the thugs from recognizing him. Larry snorted and nodded at the bodyguards, and they raised the man's head by force.

The thugs answered, "That's him! Everyone at the bar calls him Wesley!"

Wesley was in agony from being held so roughly by the bodyguard, but he shook his head. He mumbled, "Who are you guys? I don't know you at all! Why'd you take me here? What do you want?"

Larry did not believe Wesley at all. He sneered. This guy won't say anything, and he's still trying to weasel his way out? Fine. We'll need to teach him a lesson. Larry came up to Hanson and bowed at him, awaiting further orders.

Hanson nodded, and Larry knew what he was trying to say. He raised his hand. "Tie him up at the pillar."

Wesley shouted, "Let me go! Kidnapping is a crime, you know that? I'm going to sue you!" He thought he covered himself perfectly and left no evidence behind, but Larry had found everything he needed to make sure Wesley was convicted.

Hanson sneered. "You want to sue me? I'd like to see how you'd do that." He raised his hand. "Larry."

Larry bowed, standing beside Hanson and awaiting his orders.

"Since he wants to sue me, I'll have you trouble you to send him to the police station," Hanson said nonchalantly as he looked at everyone present. His eyes were so cold that they made everyone shudder.

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It was a simple gesture, but Larry understood what Hanson wanted to do. He smirked. "I understand. I shall do it right away." A line of bodyguards came in and greeted Hanson first before taking the thugs and Wesley away.

The thugs resigned to their fates and left in silence, though Wesley was still shouting, "Where are you taking me? Let me go! Do you hear me?"

Hanson's brows furrowed impatiently. "He's loud."

Larry quickly ordered, "Will someone shut him up?"

"Yes, sir!"

Wesley was silenced a moment later. Hanson then walked out of the chamber, and Larry followed suit. He could feel the anger boiling within Hanson. If the flames could burn, it would have burned a whole village into cinders. Sadly, he could not help Hanson, for Melanie was the mother of Hanson's sons. It would be inappropriate to poke his nose into this.

The moment Hanson came out of the cave, he received a few messages. One of them was a transaction record involving Melanie's card. The other was the recording of a phone call that detailed how Melanie had set Vania up. The evidence was clear, and Hanson clenched his phone so tightly that he almost crushed it. The look in his eyes was cold enough to turn an elephant into ice, and he whispered an order to Larry.

Larry nodded. "Right away, sir."

At the same time, Melanie was waiting in the lobby of Fortune Tower. According to the news she had gotten from Vania, Master Mia should be here, and she had confirmed the news to be true. That was why she wanted to visit her as many times as possible to show how earnest she was about meeting the woman. She would wait in the lobby first thing in the morning every day and spend the whole day there, only leaving after everyone had clocked off. It had been two days since then, but she had not seen Mia yet.

Whenever she went to ask the receptionist about it, they would tell her that the message was sent, but Mia said she would meet up with Melanie if she had the time. She refused the lady again with the same excuse, and it eroded her patience.

For some reason, she felt unnerved that day as if something horrendous would happen soon. She did not bother to keep up the patient lady act anymore. Instead,

she went to the receptionist and haughtily demanded, "Do you think I'm stupid? When will she see me? I've been here for two days, but you keep refusing my request using the same excuse every time. Do you think I'm a pushover? Is Mia not in at all? Are you lying to me?"

The receptionist did not flare up despite the attitude she was getting. She politely said, "Calm down, Miss Melanie. Master Mia is right here with us, and that is a fact. We do not need to lie, and you've seen how many people want to see her over the last couple

of days. Master Mia did not see anyone. Be patient, and don't be in a hurry. Alternatively, you can leave your number with us. Master Mia will see you once she has the time."

And you said you wanted to show Master Mia how serious you are about this? It's only been two days, and you already can't hold it in. The receptionist was mocking the woman's hypocrisy silently. She then scorned, "Also, Master Mia will only see those she likes. Perhaps she doesn't really take a liking to you. That'll explain why she doesn't want to see you, Miss Melanie."

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Melanie noticed the mockery, and her anger flared at once. She dropped her act and pointed at the receptionist, saying, "Don't give me that attitude! You're just a receptionist! Watch your tongue, or I'll make sure you're fired! I'll make sure of that. I'm telling you to go and tell Master Mia that I must see her today."

The receptionist was still smiling, unfazed by the insulting attitude earlier. She said, "Please understand our situation, Miss Melanie. We only send Master Mia messages once every day so she would not be disturbed. She has records of the messages we sent her. If she wants to see you, she will tell us. You may wait with us if you wish to, but you can go home as well. We'll call once Master Mia wishes to see you."

"What did you say?" Angered, Melanie took out a card from her limited-edition handbag and hurled it onto the counter. She said, her attitude arrogant, "There's five million in there. You can have half of it, and Master Mia can have the rest. Tell her that Melanie Greyson wants to see her. I'll give her another five million once I see her."

Money could solve anything and everything, or at least that's what Melanie thought. She was giving the receptionist a smug look as if she was sure that Mia would see her after this.

The receptionist was still wearing a professional smile on her face, though she was mocking Melanie in silence. It's only been two days and you already can't take it? The receptionist picked up the card, and Melanie watched as she did so. She held it in her hand, pretending to be scared that she might be seen. She said, "Give me a minute, Miss Greyson." She tucked the card away and went into the office to make a call. "Boss? It's me, Melody."

The person she called was Vania, and Fortune Tower was one of the office buildings under Galaxy Corporation. Melody had gotten the authorization to let Melanie into the building and meet Mia, but her throwing money at them came as a surprise. She called Vania to tell her about what Melanie had said.

Vania chuckled. "Hey, it's free money. A fool and her money are soon to be parted, if you get what I'm saying."

Melody chuckled as well. "You have a point, but how should we explain this to Master Mia?"

"Don't worry about it and just leave it to me. Tell her what I'm going to tell you." Melanie was just a joke to Vania, and she chortled silently, laughing at her stupidity.

Just because you're rich doesn't mean you can do anything you want. After all, two can play this game.

Melody laughed as well. "I get what you're saying, boss. I'll tell her right away."

"You do that."

Melody put her phone down and went back to the reception counter. She still looked as professional as ever, though she sounded gentler this time. She nodded at Melanie, saying, "Thanks for waiting, Miss Melanie. I have told Master Mia about your message, and she is delighted about it. She's looking forward to your meeting with her. She believes that you are a smart, independent, and talented designer."

Melanie wiggled her eyebrows smugly. I knew it. Money can solve everything. You just have to have enough of it. Even a designer as talented as Mia still can't resist the power of money. Melanie could imagine her success and the praises Hanson would bestow on her. She had a look of delight on her face, and she demanded, "Can I see Master Mia right now?"

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However, the receptionist shook her head.

The smile on Melanie's face instantly vanished. She frowned and asked, "What do you mean? When on earth will I get to see her?"

Melody explained with a smile, "Please don't worry, Miss Greyson. Master Mia has agreed to meet you, and she is a woman of her word. Unfortunately, someone has spent 7.5 million to book all her time today. Therefore, I'm afraid you'll just have to wait, Miss Greyson. I'm sure that soon enough, Master Mia will arrange an appointment for you. Please be patient, Miss Greyson."

As soon as Melanie heard that, her expression turned sour. 7.5 million? Are they trying to scam me? It was impossible for Melanie to bring such an amount to the table, so she

could only leave a warning with the receptionist. "You better not be lying to me, or else, I won't let you get away with it."

Hanson arrived at Luke Estate and immediately ordered Finley, "Take Morales and Morgan out for the day and don't come back so soon."

Finley had no clue what happened, but he did not dare to make any wild guesses either. He quickly answered, "Yes, sir."

He had been working for Hanson for quite a long time now, so he could tell that Hanson was currently fuming.

Hanson took a seat on the couch and started reading some documents on his phone.

A short while later, Melanie opened the door and stepped in. When she saw that Hanson was home, she was pleasantly surprised. He had been gone on a business trip for the past two days, so she did not expect that he would be home so soon.

She smiled sweetly as she walked over to share her good news about her appointment with Mia Stravinsky. "Hanson, I have some good news for you."

However, before she reached Hanson, she was startled by the expression on his face. His brows were furrowed with great displeasure, and his eyes that were glinting coldly seemed to be staring daggers at her. His pupils were dark, and she could not identify the emotion within them.

Before she could even open her mouth to ask what was happening, Hanson's lips curved ever-so-slightly into a chilling smirk. He was giving off an icy aura that sent chills down her spine, and she even felt a hint of bloodlust mixed in with his callousness.

Melanie had a panicked smile. "Hanson, what's the matter? What happened? Why are you looking at me like that?"

She even touched her face to check if something had gone awry with her beauty treatment earlier.

When all this fell into Hanson's eyes, all he could see was the shallow vapidness of her acting. She was just putting on a show for him.

He picked up the documents on the table and tossed them toward her. As the sheets of paper scattered at her feet, he coldly suggested, "Before you speak, think very carefully about what you plan to say."

Melanie was wide-eyed and flustered as she scrambled to pick up the documents. What did Hanson find out? She never thought that he would find out about what happened in Eastland.

When she saw the words “beauty treatment”, her eyes grew even wider and she uneasily hurried through the rest of the documents.

Melanie gulped and tried to compose herself, but it was impossible for her to calm down. She eked out a weak smile that was very unnatural as she asked, “Hanson, do you believe that this is true? Why is it always my fault whenever something happens to Vania? Don’t you think that there’s something unusual about her? Why is she suddenly coming between us and stirring up all this trouble? Does she have some sort of ulterior motive? Hanson, we should stay away from this sort of conniving person. As for the things that are being described in these documents, I never did any of them. It’s all a lie.”

She had planned every single detail and made sure that she would not be implicated at all. Every single part of her plan was carried about by someone else, so it should not have been traced back to her. Also, she had sent someone to keep an eye on things and they told her that all had gone to plan. Even though the phone with the recording had gone missing during the fight, they had already found the chip and would soon be delivering it to her.

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Melanie had already made all the necessary arrangements here in Hammond. Once the chip was safe in her hands, she would be able to destroy Vania.

Still, a niggling thought crept into her heart. Where did Hanson get this information? Why has it been traced back to me all of a sudden?

There were a million questions running through her mind, but when she spoke, she focused on besmirching Vania. She wanted Hanson to start doubting Vania’s credibility in hopes that she could remove herself from all this.

Hanson did have some doubts about Vania, but deep down inside him, he believed that Vania would not go against him. Perhaps he wanted to trust that she would not stand against him.

When Melanie noticed Hanson’s tightly-knitted brows, she assumed that she had successfully sown seeds of doubt in his mind, so she doubled down. “Hanson, I’ve heard a lot about Vania having a sordid personal life. Maybe she ruffled some feathers she shouldn’t have, and now they’re out for revenge. Anyway, wasn’t she doing fine in Hammond? Why did she run off to such a rural place? There must be some secret that she’s trying to hide. Don’t be fooled by her appearance, for she has fooled a lot of people with that innocent look of hers. Hanson, I love you with my whole heart. You have to believe me.”

Hanson felt nothing but repulsion for Melanie, who was still spinning her web of lies. He was sorely disappointed by the fact that she refused to own up to her schemes even when the evidence was right there in her hands.

Back when Luke Corporation's firewalls had been breached, Hanson had checked into Vania's history. She had done so little in the past that it could not even fill a single page, so what was this talk about a sordid personal life?

His lone was icy as he said, "I'm done listening to all your lies. I told you to think carefully before you say anything, but you chose not to. From now on, you're not allowed to have any contact with the children. Take the time to think about what you've done."

How could the mother of his children be such a vicious woman?

He had forgiven her once before, but she still refused to change. If he continued to put up with her, it was going to blow up in his face one day.

Immediately, Melanie became frantic. Her children were her trump card, but what would become of her if she could not see them? She rushed over toward Hanson, but before she could get near him, he sent a flying kick that threw her flat on the ground.

"Ahh! It hurts!" Melanie began to tear up in pain.

She clutched her waist and cried out painfully, "Hanson, why are you so sure that I did those things? What's so great about Vania? You've only met her several times, but you already have so much trust in her that you're willing to take her side every time. I've been with you for five years, and I've given birth to two of your children. I've dedicated every second of my life to you and never once betrayed you, but why do you not see everything that I've done for you? How do I not measure up to Vania?"

Melanie voiced these heartwrenching words that came straight from her heart. She really wanted to know why Hanson refused to accept her into his heart despite everything she had done for his sake.

Her eyes were fixed on Hanson, and it was the first time that she had ever looked him in the eye like that. When she caught his gaze, her heart skipped a beat. She was so in love with him that she yearned for him constantly, and she fervently wished to spend her entire life with him.

Yet, the man that she loved so dearly stared right back at her and crushed her heart with his words. "Vania is better than you in every single way."

Melanie sank to her feet and shook her head in despair. She could not believe that Hanson would say such a thing to her.

Heartbroken, she questioned Hanson and asked, "Do you really trust Vania that much? Aren't you afraid that she might be lying to you?"

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Hanson was unmoved by Melanie's words, and he was certain that Vania would not lie to him. In fact, he was also a little taken aback by his faith in Vania. Somehow, it felt like it was meant to be this way.

Hanson drawled out slowly, "Farville, Eastland. I saw what happened with my own two eyes. What else do you have to say for yourself?"

Did he see it with his own eyes? Did Hanson travel to Eastland? She knew that he had not made any plans to take a business trip, so why had he gone there? In any case, Sonia had gone to Farville, which was a rural village area that had very little to offer, so why would Hanson have gone there? If he saw it with his own eyes, did it not mean that he was with Vania the entire time?

Melanie's best-laid plans never accounted for the possibility of Hanson being there. Tears were streaking down her face as she said, "You were with her all along? Even though you had no idea why she was going there, you still wanted to accompany her? Hanson, have you fallen in love with Vania? You cannot fall in love with her! I am the children's mother, and I will always be their mother! I will never let Vania take my place! Never!" Melanie screeched in agony through her tears.

"Are you aware of what you're saying?" Hanson's expression was chilly.

Love? What was love? He did not understand the love that Melanie was referring to, but she was right about one thing—he wanted to get to know Vania better, and he wanted to stay close to her. Could this be a sign of love?

Melanie was still crying her eyes out. "Hanson, I thought we had an agreement. For the sake of the children, we said that we will spend the rest of our lives together. Have you forgotten about this? Are you really okay with hurting Morales and Morgan like this? I'll apologize for everything I said earlier, okay? Please don't take the children away from me. Hanson, I'm sorry, I'm really sorry..."

However, Hanson still remained unmoved as he declared, "I only believe what I see."

Melanie was filled with dread. Hanson did not trust her any longer—no, he had never

trusted her at all. He only trusted what he saw, but what did he see?

She continued to try and defend herself, saying, "Hanson, think about it. How would I know for sure where Vania was heading to? There are so many variables that I had no control over, so it would be impossible for me to set up a trap for her. There must be some misunderstanding. Someone is trying to set me up. Vania might even be the one who's putting on a show for you. Hanson, you have to look into this properly. I don't want you to have any misunderstandings about me."

No matter what she said, Hanson continued to sit there in silence. There was not a single shred of emotion in his expression, and his cold indifference was beginning to get to Melanie. She faltered and did not know how to continue spinning her story.

When Melanie fell silent, Hanson sneered. "Can't think of anything to say anymore?" As soon as he said that, he threw a voice recorder over to Melanie.

Melanie stared wide-eyed at the voice recorder, but she could not bring herself to pick it up. She had no idea what it contained.

Hanson's sneer was full of taunting, and he threw Melanie a look. "Are you afraid of listening to it?"

Indeed, Melanie was afraid of listening to the recording inside as she did not know what it could be about.

Hanson stated indifferently, "It seems like you don't need the recording to jolt your memory and help you recall what you've done. What were you planning to do if I hadn't found out about this? Murder? You've got quite a lot of guts, don't you, Melanie? There's no point in pleading for my forgiveness. I'm taking you to Galaxy Corporation today so you can beg for Vania's forgiveness in person. You should start reflecting on your transgressions now, and don't even bother looking for Morales and Morgan. I'll make all the necessary arrangements for them, so you don't need to worry about them."