

Love OT 161

Chapter 161 Wrong Move

Hanson coughed quietly and mouthed the word 'a hundred', hinting at the indifferent brothers.

James and Jack didn't care at all, but they didn't want Hanson to catch on.

They pretended to discuss the deal as they looked at each other.

Mommy won't be feeding him anyway, and she's just putting food on his plate. a hundred thousand should be enough.

Hence, James said coldly, "Mommy, look at how pitiful he is. Just give him some food."

Pitiful? Vania had no idea how James saw Hanson as pitiful.

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Hanson actually looked quite gleeful to her. Also, they were on the brink of war just now, so how did they get so peaceful all of a sudden?

Vania put on a stern look as she looked at the conspiring people. "What are you three doing?"

They must be hiding secrets from her.

Jack shrugged. "We didn't say anything, did we?"

Hanson was all serious as well. "We're like old friends."

James and Jack spat in secret at that sentiment. He's too full of himself.

Vania studied them again. Then, she unwillingly picked up a piece of meat and placed it on Hanson's plate.

She even muttered under her breath in disdain, "What a disgrace."

Hanson gazed happily at Vania's expression.

He finally got Vania to put food on his plate, and he didn't mistreat the two babies either by putting food on all their plates.

James and Jack seemed disgusted, but they still ate what they were given.

Hanson also munched on the meat while Vania watched him.

However, as soon as he swallowed, he began to feel uncomfortable.

He rarely ate spicy food, so now that he took a sudden bite, he could feel his entire body heating up. He felt as if he was on fire.

He hastily drank a large cup of water which managed to suppress this discomfort, but his stomach was still squirming.

James and Jack laughed. This is what you get for boasting. Serves you right!

Hanson was also regretting it now. He really had been asking for it.

Vania was a little worried. "Are you okay?"

As she spoke, she poured another cup of water for him.

"I'm fine."

Not long after, this indescribable barbecue dinner came to an end.

Vania thoroughly enjoyed the meal. She hadn't eaten spicy barbecue in a while, so her tastebuds were satisfied.

In the end, her attitude toward Hanson also changed. "Thanks for the dinner today."

Ever since the spicy piece of meat entered his stomach, Hanson kept feeling discomfort inside.

When he saw Vania's smiling face, he forced himself to smile. "I'm glad you liked it. I'll bring you here again next time. Come, I'll take you guys home."

Along the way, Hanson felt his stomach writhing in pain, and he instantly felt a sense of doom.

He tensed his expression, not wanting Vania and the two babies to find out. Tiny beads of sweat even broke out on his forehead.

Once they were at Haling Villa, Hanson watched Vania and the two babies enter the house before letting down his guard.

He was already pale in the face now, and sweat was rolling down his forehead.

He frowned tightly and withstood his aching stomach as he immediately called up Larry.

Within half an hour, Hanson was already admitted to a private ward in Hammond International Hospital.

His good friend April took a pillow as he sighed while saying, "You know fairly well the problem with your stomach. Why eat spicy food all of a sudden?"

Before Hanson could reply, he continued, "Now look at you. Your stomach problem is back, and you'll have to be in pain for a few days."

April finally found a chance to lecture Hanson, so he kept on nagging the man.

## Chapter 162 Deal With It

Hanson's family was quite complex.

His father only had a brother, so that was Hanson's only uncle.

However, his uncle was lacking in capability despite his humongous greed.

When Hanson's grandfather was on his deathbed, he passed the company to Hanson's father, Scott Luke, right away.

Scott was an outstanding man, and Luke Corporation grew in proportion under his leadership.

However, Hanson's uncle wasn't willing to be just a subordinate. He ignited various internal wars for power so that he could get rid of them once and for all.

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In the end, he failed. His only legacy was his only son, Eddie Luke, who he sent overseas and was never heard of again.

After that, the company was passed to Hanson, and it grew even more rapidly to a position of immovable power.

However, the elderly people his uncle sent all looked down on him and always made things difficult for him.

Hanson would sometimes work continuous days without sleeping, and he often got into trouble. There was once when he was accidentally poisoned, so his stomach was affected as a result.

Even the incident from five years ago was probably the work of those people.

When it came to his diet, save for his already picky palate, he had to be extra careful of what he ingested.

Hanson never thought that one bite of spicy barbecue would have such serious implications.

As he listened to April nag, he couldn't help but frown coldly. "You seem to be very talkative today."

Even though he was ill, his powerful aura remained.

April, who was usually scared of him, was fearless today. After all, Hanson was ill, so what could he possibly do?

April ignored his threats and looked toward Larry. "You're supposed to look after him, aren't you? You should've reminded him when you saw him eating things he shouldn't eat."

Larry sighed. "Mr. Sonnet, I'm innocent. I wasn't with him today, and he—"

Before Larry could finish, Hanson gave him a warning cough. Larry was so scared that he trembled.

In his excitement, he seemed to have hinted at something that was meant to be a secret. He hastily shut up in fear that his pay would be reduced to nothing.

Hearing that, April's curiosity was immediately piqued.

He almost forgot that they weren't two lonely single men sticking together anymore.

After all, Hanson had his eyes on a woman.

April said jokingly, "Oh, seems like you were with your Mrs. Luke. No wonder you couldn't hold it in."

Then, he leaned toward Hanson's ear and said, intrigued, "You had dinner with her today, eh? Did anything else happen?"

As he spoke, his gaze trailed down Hanson's body. "This time, did you—"

Before he could finish his sentence, Hanson's glare scared him into silence. "You don't want to work here at all, do you?"

April rubbed his nose awkwardly and raised his hands to surrender. "Hah, why would I not want to work here? Also, if I were fired, who would treat you when you get sick? I'm just concerned about you, alright? I want to give you some ideas so that you can get together with Mrs. Luke sooner."

This man who had been single all his life definitely didn't know how to court a girl.

Hanson gritted his teeth. "Are you a doctor or a relationship expert? Just treat my sickness."

"Okay." April immediately stopped smiling and raised the syringe in his hand, ready to plunge it through Hanson's skin.

Hanson immediately stopped him. "Are you trying to kill me so that you can get my money? Get another doctor here."

April hated it when this guy doubted his expertise. He was immediately sullen. "Oh, now you don't trust my skills? No matter your wishes, you're stuck with me, so deal with it."

Chapter 163 Gravely III

With that, he stabbed the needle into Hanson's hand.

He really used all his might to do it, and Hanson frowned at the impact.

Hanson was lying on the sickbed due to his stomach ache, so he couldn't do anything but say coldly, "I'll cancel all your days off for this month."

"Hey, you can't do that. I've scheduled all my dates." He was looking forward to his few days off to have fun with some girls.

Hanson looked at him in disdain. "Your little birdies won't fly away if you don't see them for one day."

"Tsk, what do you know about things like that, you old monk? It's different this time."

Old monk? Hanson sneered, his expression terrifying. "It seems like you want to give up your days off next month as well, huh?"

April immediately raised his arms to surrender. "I'm sorry, I'm sorry. I'll prescribe some medicine for you. Take care of him, Larry."

He should leave this horrible place immediately.

The pain Hanson felt was slowly relieved thanks to the injection, and his usual intelligence returned to him.

“Larry, call Vania first thing tomorrow to tell her that I’m at the hospital.”

“Understood,” Larry responded.

Then, Hanson added in a small voice, “Tell her I’m gravely ill.”

“Huh?” Larry was surprised.

Hanson glared at him, forcing him to shut up instantly. “Break it to her slowly. Don’t frighten her.”

“Oh, okay.”

Larry finally understood what his president was trying to do. He couldn’t help but give Hanson a huge thumbs-up in his mind.

Half an hour later, April came back with the medicine. “Feeling better now, aren’t you? Larry, you can take him home. He has to rest at home for an entire day tomorrow. Take the pills as prescribed before, but make sure to keep an eye on your diet.”

This wasn’t Hanson’s first time getting stomach problems.

The only bad thing about it was that he would be in excruciating pain when the stomach problem acted up, so if he didn’t get treated in time, he might faint.

After getting some transfusions, he only had to go home and rest. Moreover, he needed to remember to take his pills.

Even though it couldn’t be cured completely, he would be fine as long as he watched what he ate.

Before this, Hanson would go home right after getting the transfusion since he didn’t like staying in the hospital.

After April finished talking, Hanson closed his eyes. “Larry, escort him out.”

He obviously didn’t want to listen to more of April’s nagging.

Puzzled, April was about to ask him something when he saw Larry gesture toward him. They would be bringing the conversation outside.

When April heard the explanation, he gasped in stunned surprise. “How did he come up with that?”

He had underestimated Hanson, for this guy was quite creative with his ideas.

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The next morning, Vania received a call from Larry. “Mr. Clark, did something happen so early in the morning?”

She heard Larry’s wailing voice. “Ms. Greyson, hurry to the hospital! President Luke is barely holding on.”

“Barely holding on?” Vania’s heart skipped a beat. She knew what that term meant in this context. Her voice turned anxious as well. “What happened?”

Larry sobbed even louder. “President Luke is at Hammond International Hospital. Ms. Greyson, please hurry to the hospital to see him. If you’re too slow, you might not see him anymore.”

It was as if something had exploded in Vania’s mind. She was instantly enveloped in an unknown emotion, and her heart seemed to be sinking.

“What did you say?” Vania’s voice was shaking along with her trembling hands.

They had dinner together just last night. How did it suddenly come to this?

Larry said that she might not see Hanson anymore, but what did he mean by that?

Chapter 164 Worry

Vania’s eyes turned red in an instant.

However, on the other end of the line, Larry kept sobbing and was unable to speak.

After a long while, he finally said, “Miss Vania, come quick.”

Vania’s tears splashed down her face, and even she herself didn’t realize it as she spoke in a hoarse voice. “I’ll be right there.”

With that, she hung up. She didn’t have time to wash up, and she was still in the same blouse and skirt as she put on the first shoes she grabbed, rushing outside with her bag in hand.

When she arrived at the door, she heard James ask anxiously behind her, “Mommy, what happened?”

Jack was also concerned as he asked, “Mommy, where are you going?”

Jacob and Jude also stared at her, the worry obvious in their eyes.

Vania said hastily, “Hanson is ill, and he’s in the hospital right now. I’m going to visit him.”

Seeing Vania’s anxious expression, the four babies felt that it might be a serious matter.

James frowned deeply.

Jack, on the other hand, said hurriedly, “Mommy, we’ll go with you.”

“Yes, Mommy, let’s go together.”

Jacob took Jude’s hand as he echoed.

Even though they didn’t like Hanson, he was their father, so they still had a hidden place in their hearts reserved for him.

When they heard that he had gotten ill, they became nervous as well.

James walked up to Vania. “Mommy, we’ll go with you. If there’s a need for help, we could pitch in too.”

Jacob and Jude nodded in agreement.

Even though Jude had never met Hanson, he still felt a sense of kinship toward this father of his.

In recent days, as he listened to his brothers talking about Hanson, the image of this man had already taken root in his heart.

When he heard that Hanson was ill, he was naturally filled with worry.

The four babies were all worried and wanted to visit him. How could an outstanding man like the Devil suddenly fall ill?

Vania was in a rush, so she didn’t question why her babies suddenly got so concerned about Hanson. She simply said reassuringly, “Wait at home for Mommy. I’ll go and have a look at his situation, then I’ll tell you about it. You’ll only visit him if it’s necessary. If not, things might get even more confusing if too many people try to help.”

The four babies thought for a while and realized that Vania had a point.

Jack said, “Alright, please update us immediately if anything happens, Mommy.” The other three babies nodded in agreement.

They were also praying in their hearts for Hanson’s safety. They liked him to be active and cause a ruckus. That way, they could fight him in the battle of wits and courage.

Vania hugged them. “Yes, I’ll definitely update you. Stay at home and be good. Wait for Mommy, okay?” With that, she gave them a look of affirmation, then turned around and left.

Even though the babies stayed behind at home, they were still worried sick in their hearts, and their expressions were sullen.

They were related by blood, after all. Even though they claimed to not like Hanson, he still had a place in their hearts.

Vania felt the same, even though she didn’t like Hanson at all.

However, after interacting with him for so long, she still cared a little about him. If something really happened to him, she would feel grief too.

So, she dared not delay any further as she drove toward Hammond International Hospital.

Meanwhile, Larry had just hung up the phone.

Then, he immediately placed the hot water bag he was holding onto Hanson’s sickbed.

Chapter 165 Putting on a Show

Under the blanket of the sickbed, the electric blanket was running at full power.

As for Hanson, the pain in his stomach had receded after the treatment.

Now, he was sitting on a massage chair, elegantly enjoying his nutritious breakfast. His complexion was clearly healthy, and his breathing was even.

With his calm look and high spirits, he didn't look like a patient at all.

His stomach problem was at its worst when it was triggered, and only then was it the most dangerous.

Now that the transfusions had relieved the pain, he was back to normal.

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However, for a few days after the onset, he would have to watch his diet carefully.

Noticing that Hanson had finished breakfast, Larry looked at the time before saying, "President, it's almost time. You should get back on the sickbed."

Hanson nodded.

However, as soon as he got into the bed, he found it unbearably sultry.

It was summer then, and the electric blanket was turned on at maximum power. There was even a hot water bag in the bed. How could he bear the heat?

He glanced at Larry suspiciously. "Are you sure this works?"

Larry nodded. "President, you look perfectly healthy right now, and you don't look sick at all. If you don't heat yourself, Miss Vania won't believe that you're sick when she arrives. You have to put on the full act, right? Now endure this for a little bit so that you'll be rewarded in the future."

Hanson, who only had eyes for Vania, believed what Larry said.

He lay on the sickbed and felt so hot that he kept sweating.

April knew of their plan, so he hummed as he walked into the ward, eager to watch the show.

Noticing that they were ready, he smilingly walked up to Hanson's sickbed and exclaimed, "Hanson, this can't do. Look how rosy your cheeks are! Your lips are red as well. You don't look like you're ill at all. Patients are all pale in the face and lips."

Hot and bothered, Hanson gave him a suspicious look. "What do you think?"

"I think we should get a makeup artist for you. After you get proper makeup, you'll definitely look weak and sickly. No one would know the difference."

Hanson thought he had a point. "In that case, what are you waiting for?"

"Got it." April was about to leave when he heard a noise at the door.

Larry exclaimed, "Oh no, Miss Vania is here." With that, he gathered the tools used in their deception, hot water bag and all, and stashed them in a cupboard under the sickbed.

Then, he took a glass of water from the bedside table and poured some water onto his hand. He proceeded to wipe his face with his wet hand to look like he was crying.



April was amazed at their high level of preparation.

Just then, Vania hastily entered the ward.

As soon as she opened the door, she heard a sorrowful voice coming from inside the room, crying, "No... President..."

It was Larry's voice.

Vania looked and saw Hanson lying rigidly on the sickbed, his eyes tightly closed.

The doctor was standing at the side, sighing and shaking his head.

Vania immediately imagined that Hanson must be taking his last breaths.

Larry stayed by Hanson's side as he sobbed in grief, "No, President, please wake up..."

Upon seeing the scene, Vania immediately remembered what Larry had said to her over the phone.

Vania instantly panicked.

If Hanson was barely holding on, that meant all hope was lost.

Also, if a man was crying so pitifully like that, it must be something so terrible that he couldn't bear it.

An example of something terrible would be Hanson's serious illness right now.

Vania's mind was a mess, and she was trembling uncontrollably all over. She wasn't even sure how she managed to make it to Hanson's sickbed, but she did.

When he saw Vania walking over to the bed, Larry wept even louder.

Chapter 166 Larry's Terrible Acting

Vania gazed at Hanson with his eyes closed as he lay on the bed. At the same time, she had a sore throat as her eyes were red, and she called out to the man hoarsely, "Hanson? Hanson, it's me, Vania. Can you hear me?" However, when the man lying in bed didn't respond, she desperately called out to him one more time. "Hanson."

In the meantime, Larry cried tearfully at the sight of Vania's reaction. "President Luke, please wake up. Miss Greyson has come to visit you. Please, Mr. Luke." Nonetheless, April, who was watching from the side, covered his face while trying hard not to burst into laughter.

I'm not dead yet, so why is he crying as if I am? Hanson gritted his teeth and thought to himself. Gosh! I can't stand his terrible acting. I wish I could just come back to life. Anyway, I guess I should be grateful that Vania still hasn't noticed anything. Soon, Hanson gently nudged Larry with his hand that was under the bed, gesturing to him to tone down his dramatic reaction.

On the other hand, Vania was so worried about Hanson that she didn't notice his rosy cheeks and Larry's fishy behavior. As she spoke in a trembling voice, she looked at Larry in a melancholic manner. "What's going on? What happened to Hanson?"

“P-President Luke...” Larry cried so hard that he struggled to complete his sentence, but deep down, he was trying hard to think how he should reply. They hadn’t anticipated Vania’s question, so they did not rehearse accordingly. After all, he was afraid he would say the wrong thing and ruin Hanson’s plan, which was why he decided to respond by crying. However, what Vania failed to notice was that Larry didn’t shed a single tear despite his loud cries.

Upon seeing Larry’s ‘tearful’ look, Vania shook her head and helplessly let out a sigh as she forced herself to calm down. “Please take it easy, Larry. Could you please tell me what’s going on? I’m sure we can discuss whatever problem that may be and find a solution for it together.”

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What? How am I supposed to know what’s going on? Larry was lost in the midst of the farce, but he was able to think on his feet in time and directed the attention to April. He then said in a trembling voice, “The doctor is right there. President Luke...” Upon finishing his words, he hugged Hanson and continued to cry out loud, although he still couldn’t shed a single tear.

While April was enjoying the show with amusement, he was quickly stunned by the attention that Larry had just directed to him. Oh, boy! Not now! Upon hearing himself being called out, he stood there in a trance. “Well, this is...” Upon sensing Vania’s gaze fixed upon him while waiting for his answer, April had no choice but to think of something to say. “Don’t worry, Mrs. Luke. Hanson is fine. He took his medication and is just out cold for the time being, so don’t worry too much about him.”

Upon learning that Hanson’s unconsciousness wouldn’t endanger his health, Vania put her mind to ease and felt relieved, but not before she asked, “Could you tell me more about his diagnosis?”

“Um. Well...” April tried hard to think of something that he could answer Vania’s question with because Hanson hadn’t taught him what to say regarding his so-called condition. Jeez, I shouldn’t have come here and watched the show!

However, an idea soon sprang to his mind as he sighed and said, “Hanson once had a severe food poisoning in the past, and it has left him plagued by an illness from that point on. In fact, he’s been in this state until now since Larry took him here last night after dinner, so I’m guessing it could be something that he ate during his dinner. Anyway, we’ll do a check-up on him when he comes around to find out more about his condition.”

Vania nodded, but she was seen with a worried look on her face. We were together during the barbecue last night, weren’t we? Could it be due to the food that we were having last night?

#### Chapter 167 Not Looking Good

Upon hearing April’s words, Vania couldn’t help but beat herself up for having put Hanson in such a miserable state. After all, he was with her during the barbecue they had the night before even though she knew she might or might not be responsible for the man’s illness.

In the meantime, Larry was satisfied after hearing April’s explanation as he was able to imagine how worried Vania felt deep down. That’s my boy, April! I just knew you wouldn’t let us down!

However, Larry quickly became anxious when Vania seemed to be relieved, fearing that she would leave shortly after. Therefore, he immediately stopped crying and said, "Miss Greyson, if you wouldn't mind, could you please stay here and look after President Luke? After all, now that he is sick, I'm afraid I'll be needed in the office to take care of some important business matters. Furthermore, President Luke is not someone who gets comfortable with strangers around him, so I suppose I have no choice but to leave him in your care."

Before the lady could respond, Larry hurriedly scurried out of the ward, leaving Vania behind with her mouth wide agape.

Why did he just run away all of a sudden? He seemed a little agitated, didn't he? Moreover, his mood improved pretty fast, and he's now leaving his boss to me like that? This is strange. Vania blinked and turned her attention to April with a bewildered look, seemingly asking him what was going on.

Meanwhile, April was caught off guard by Larry's unexpected reaction as his eyes and mouth were both left wide open. When he noticed Vania's confused gaze fixed upon him, he awkwardly rubbed his nose and said, "Mrs. Luke, I'm going to entrust you with Hanson because I need to be away to work on his prescription now." Upon finishing his words, he quickly got out of the place, refusing to take any chances of blowing Hanson's cover.

On the other hand, Hanson, who was lying in bed, wished he could just get off the bed and teach the two men a lesson. What are those two fellas doing? Can't they play it off more naturally? Vania is a smart woman, and she can see through your fishy behaviors!

"What's going on?" Vania murmured to herself before she sat down beside the bed. A few moments later, she began to calm down while what happened earlier started to run through her mind.

Wait a minute, something is not right. What were they doing? Why were they acting so bizarrely? Why did they treat me like I'm... Hanson's girlfriend? I'm Vania, not Melanie. After complaining to herself deep down, she let out a sigh and gazed at Hanson who was lying on the bed in the ward.

At that moment, the ward was left with only the two of them in it as the atmosphere was filled with a silence that drowned out all the noises except their breathing. At the same time, Hanson felt a strong urge to open his eyes and admire her beautiful looks, but he restrained himself from doing so.

Meanwhile, Vania carefully observed Hanson's face when there was finally no one else around and realized his red cheeks were a little feverish along with his sweaty forehead. Thus, she couldn't help but exclaim in surprise as she placed her hand on his forehead. Oh, dear! He is having a fever. This isn't looking good.

In the meantime, the lady's caring gesture filled Hanson's heart with excitement and thrill. Feeling the lady's cold palm and soft skin, he was tempted to grab her hand and caressed it. Meanwhile, Vania sighed helplessly and turned around after feeling the man's feverish forehead, making her way to the washroom.

When Hanson heard her footsteps, he opened his eyes and peeked at her. He could tell from the same outfit she was wearing that she must have left home in a hurry, but despite that, he found himself growing closer to Vania more than ever before like they had been living together for ages. A few

seconds later, the man closed his eyes in a satisfied manner, worried that the lady would see through his pretense.

Not long after that, Vania returned with a cold towel with which she wiped off the sweat on his face while glancing at the door to see whether April was back. Come on, when are you coming back, April? Hanson has a high fever now, and if I don't do something to cool him down, his health may get worse.

Chapter 168 Are You Sure He Is Not Just Sleeping Now?

As Vania was too worried about Hanson, it didn't occur to her why no one tried to bring down his fever with the medicine earlier. Besides that, she failed to notice that the content level of the man's IV drip attached to his hand never changed. Thus, the unsuspecting lady was completely unaware of the man's pretense.

At that moment, Hanson continued to lie down in bed with stillness while Vania came to realize it was her first time getting so close to the man. While thoughtfully observing his facial features, she could sense his indifference and coldness despite being bedridden. She noticed Hanson's thick eyebrows and chiseled face, and she begrudgingly admitted that his good looks were one in a million.

Soon, she remembered she had long discovered the resemblance that Hanson shared with her three babies in terms of their appearances, wondering whether it was pure coincidence.

Just when Vania was absorbed in her train of thought, April came in with a few boxes of medicine in his hands. Then, he intentionally said it out loud in front of Hanson while showing Vania the medicine for Hanson. "Mrs. Luke, these are the pills that Hanson will need to take. Please make sure he takes his medication; he's always been against taking them, which is why his condition is so serious now."

While holding the boxes of medicine in her hand, Vania skimmed through the prescription written on the cover and realized they were indeed used to treat gastric conditions. At the same time, she was annoyed after hearing what April said while lecturing Hanson on the inside for his stubbornness to take his medication. Really, Hanson? You're a grown man, so how could you refuse to take your medication and risk your health?

Then, April replied, "This is not his first gastric condition. Instead, it's the most serious one, considering how long he's been unconscious until now. Anyway, there shouldn't be any further issue with his health if he controls his diet strictly just like he did in the past."

In response, Vania nodded, indicating that she had understood April's words. At the same time, she concluded Hanson's condition as nothing more than a relapse of his illness, which she reckoned was just a little bit more serious than usual without concerning his health critically.

However, she couldn't help but wonder why Larry had been crying so dramatically since Hanson's condition was not as bad as it looked. Is this his first time knowing about Larry's condition?

On the other hand, Hanson was especially happy with April's tactful way of delivering the explanation, thinking it would make it a lot easier for him to play it off when he 'woke up' later.

Nonetheless, Vania was too worried to dwell on her puzzlement as she turned her attention back to Hanson, asking in a concerned manner, "Please come and have a look at him. Is he having a fever or something? He is so feverish that his cheeks are turning red."

Upon hearing the lady's words, April sniggered in amusement shortly before he immediately kept his straight face, but despite his quick reaction, Vania spotted his reaction and stared at his smile in confusion. "What's wrong?" Why would he chuckle all of a sudden?

Damn it... April's heart skipped a beat, for he had nearly ruined Hanson's plan by almost bursting into laughter. Oh, dear! That's not a fever. That's because he's been using the electric blanket too liberally.

Despite that, April still had to give Vania a convincing answer. "Oh, there is something you may not have been aware of, Mrs. Luke. Hanson has always been the hero among us, so when you said he had a fever, something funny just sprang to my mind, which was why I chuckled a bit. Don't worry about him, though, for he has already taken his medication. His fever is going to subside, and he will be fine in a while."

"When will he come around then?" Vania asked while raising her eyebrows.

April stared at Hanson, but when he didn't see any gesture from the latter, he made up an explanation and said, "Well, that depends on his will."

"What do you mean by that?" It's not like he is going to be paralyzed, so why does he need to depend on his will?

"Well, what I'm trying to say is that perhaps Hanson still doesn't want to wake up, which is why he is still unconscious, but I'm sure it'll help if you could talk to him more often," April answered.

"Really? Is that going to work?" Vania raised her eyebrows skeptically.

"Of course." April nodded.

The next moment, Vania went ahead and blurted out for some reason, asking, "He fell ill last night, so are you sure he is not just sleeping now?"

Chapter 169 I'm Not Mrs. Luke

"Well..." April tried hard to keep a straight face, finding Vania's words amusing. That's cute, Mrs. Luke. Now, Hanson is a sleeping beauty to you. On the other hand, Hanson was desperate to know what was on Vania's mind upon hearing her question.

"Nope, I'm sure that he is not sleeping. If he was, he would have been awoken by Larry's cries. Rest assured, Mrs. Luke. Hanson is going to be fine."

Vania nodded doubtfully, but when she recalled the way they treated her, she reminded April about her identity to confirm her suspicion. "Is there any chance that you might have mistaken me for someone else? I'm Vania, not Hanson's wife, Melanie." Worried that Hanson might not have made it clear to April about her identity, Vania found it a little strange to be addressed as Mrs. Luke. She was not Hanson's wife, after all.

“There is no way I would mistake you for someone else. You were the one who was caught in an accident earlier and hospitalized after that, weren’t you?” April was confident that he would not mistake Vania for someone else.

Vania nodded in response. “Well, you’re right. That was me indeed.” She then recalled a man who was looking at her strangely when he was patrolling the wards last time, realizing April to be that man in hindsight.

“I knew I was right. I’ve been hanging around with Hanson for so long and have not noticed any lady who’s close to him besides you. As such, there is no way I’m wrong about that.”

Soon, Vania curiously asked, “Are you close friends with Hanson?” Judging from the way he addresses Hanson, I’m sure they know each other.

“Of course. We’ve known each other since we were children.”

Childhood friends, huh? That sounds close enough to me. Has he not seen Melanie before? She is the mother of Hanson’s children, so why does this guy still keep calling me Mrs. Luke?

“In that case, you should know that I’m not Mrs. Luke.” Vania corrected April.

However, April didn’t seem to care about that. “Well, Hanson doesn’t think that way, so you are Mrs. Luke.”

Hanson doesn’t think that way? Since when? At that moment, Vania had no idea how else she could explain the confusion, so she decided to give up the debate and told the man to do as she said. “Fine, just stop calling me Mrs. Luke, alright? I’m not her.”

“Uh...” Just as April was about to say something, he suddenly heard Hanson’s coughing, which interrupted his conversation with Vania. As soon as both of them heard that, Vania immediately got closer to check on Hanson and asked, “Hanson? Can you hear me?”

Hanson weakly blinked, showing signs that he was about to ‘wake up’. Thus, Vania quickly called out to April. “Come here, doctor. It looks like he is showing some response.”

Oh, come on! He’s been awake all the time, lady. April complained to himself deep down, but even so, he was bound by his professionalism as a doctor to pretend to check on the patient with his stethoscope. “You’re right, Mrs. Luke. It does look like he is waking up.”

Mrs. Luke? Not again! Fine, he won’t understand it either anyway. What matters now is that Hanson comes around. Vania looked forward to what would unfold the next moment, but Hanson didn’t seem to respond any further after that cough, and it seemed like a mere hallucination.

Not knowing what Hanson was up to, April was forced to bring up the subject he was talking with Vania about. “Why don’t you try talking to him again, Mrs. Luke? Perhaps he’ll respond to that.”

Vania looked at Hanson in confusion, feeling helpless about the sequence of events that had transpired that day. As such, she blurted out a silly question without thinking it through, asking, “What do you want

me to do? Read him a passage from the textbook?” After all, she had no idea what she could say to Hanson at that moment.

Upon hearing the lady’s response, April was rendered speechless as he couldn’t relate to the way Vania perceived the situation. After all, it was his first time hearing someone talking to a patient about a passage from the textbook throughout his medical career.

#### Chapter 170 Let Me Hug You

A slightly nervous April was scratching his head while he wondered what he could do to keep Hanson’s plan going.

In the meantime, Hanson seemed unconcerned about that, for he didn’t mind whatever Vania would tell him. After all, every word from her sounded like music to his ears, especially when her voice was filled with worry. In fact, it always tickled his fantasy.

When April didn’t respond, Vania thought he had agreed to it, so she cleared her throat and acted as if she knew what to do. “Alright, here I go.”

“Wait, Mrs. Luke. Perhaps you could start by telling him a bit about your life; that would be more conducive to waking the patient up.” Deep down, he didn’t think that Hanson would love to hear Vania memorize the passage from a textbook. Then, he pointed at the door and added, “Perhaps I should excuse myself to give you a little privacy for your little conversation. Ring the bell when Hanson comes around, but for now, I shall leave him in your care.”

“Hey, don’t go yet...” Before Vania could finish her words, April quickly scurried out of the place, refusing to be the third wheel in the ward.

Vania sighed, thinking she had no conversation to make with Hanson, but deep down, she couldn’t help but wonder what Larry and April were up to, judging from their fishy behaviors. Why does something not feel right here? Vania doubted what was going on but decided not to dwell too much on it, considering the circumstances she was under.

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Thus, she helplessly shook her head and sat down beside Hanson’s bed, gazing at the man whose eyes were closed while wondering what she should say. What am I going to do now? Cry pitifully as Larry did earlier? Despite her doubts, she was still worried about Hanson’s condition, so she could only sigh helplessly.

Meanwhile, Hanson was happy with Larry and April, thinking they were sensible enough to leave him alone with Vania. While the ward was now left with him and Vania in it, the lady tucked the man in, but her reaction didn’t seem to make the man feel happy. Can’t you talk about something? Why do you have to tuck me in with the blanket? It’s hot being wrapped in this thing.

Nonetheless, the man could only endure the lady’s words as he listened to the lady speaking in a concerned manner. “Wake up, Hanson. The kids and I were shocked when we learned about your

condition, but I'm happy to know that you're going to be fine. So, please wake up and put our minds to ease."

However, it was only after she said those words that she realized they didn't sound appropriate; they made her feel as if she and her children were his family, but the next second, she was grateful that the unconscious man couldn't hear what she had just said.

Nevertheless, little did the lady know that Hanson heard every single word that came out of her mouth just now as he felt very delighted deep down. After all, he didn't expect Vania and her children, in particular, to worry about him so much. Therefore, he couldn't help but think that his plan of pretending to be sick was all worth it.

In the meantime, Vania continued to urge Hanson to wake up and tell him how everybody else was worried about him when he didn't show any response. A few moments later, Hanson started to respond a little by twitching his eyelids, whereupon Vania excitedly leaned closer and called out to him. "Hanson, it's me, Vania. I'm right here, so open your eyes."

While Vania gazed at Hanson's face with a worried yet hopeful look, the man's eyelids twitched once again shortly before his eyes opened. At that moment, the first thing that came to sight was Vania's face with her concerned yet surprised expression on it. Meanwhile, Vania smiled brightly when she saw Hanson waking up. "You..."

However, before she could finish her sentence, she was pulled toward Hanson's embrace by his powerful grip as the man wrapped his arms around her so tightly that she could barely breathe. While the lady tried to struggle and free herself, Hanson loosened his grip around her so that he wouldn't suffocate her, but he showed no signs of letting go. Then, he implored her to stay with him. "Don't move. Please just let me hug you."