

Love OT 21

Chapter 21 Saved

“No, you say? Haha...”

Just then, Henry and Leo dashed forward and sent the two men beside Vania flying with a kick. They had just untied each other.

“F*ck, they untied themselves! Beat them!”

With that, the bunch of men started to attack them both once again.

Vania tried as hard as she could to reach out to her bag, which still contained the knife her kids had given her. However, it took her a great deal of effort to pick it up as her hands were tied.

Meanwhile, Leo and Henry were defeated and injured after several rounds of fighting. After being kicked to the wall by those burly men, they fell heavily onto the ground with a loud thud.

The leader of the burly men had raised the stick in his hand and aimed it at them. He swore, “Now we can settle the score between us. Since you two have injured two of my buddies, I’m not gonna let you off, nor am I gonna finish you two off right away. I’m gonna torture the two of you slowly so that you’d rather be dead than alive.”

“Bro, let’s not waste our breath talking to them. It won’t be too late for us to finish them off after having our way with this woman.”

The leader let out a snort. “Fine, I’ll let you guys live a while longer.” Then, he turned around and came toward Vania, reaching out his filthy hands toward her once again.

At the critical moment, Vania managed to cut the ropes off her hands with the knife her kids had given her. Swiftly, she took out the pepper spray and sprayed it on the eyes of the man before her. The pepper spray was so potent that it could indirectly blind someone in an instant.

“Aaaah! My eyes! My eyes...” The man covered his eyes while writhing around on the ground.

“F*ck, you b*tch...” Seeing that his buddy was injured, the man beside him immediately stepped forward in an attempt to humiliate Vania, only to be stabbed by her with a knife before he could get close to her. “Aaaaah...” he screamed.

Taking advantage of the moment of panic, Henry and Leo mustered the last bit of their strength to step forward and snatch the burly men’s sticks from them before roughing them up.

However, the burly men’s leader swiftly dashed forward and kicked Vania to the ground before she could run away. Then, he stopped her with the stick in his hand.

At the same time, Henry and Leo closed in on the leader.

Looking at his grievously wounded buddies, the leader uttered viciously, “None of you are gonna get out of here today. Even if I die, I’m gonna drag you to hell with me!”

As soon as he said that, Henry and Leo were knocked out from behind by the burly men whom they had just wounded.

The leader of the burly men let out a few cuss words before turning to Vania. "I'm gonna make you pay for the injuries my buddies have suffered today!"

With that, those injured burly men dragged themselves toward Vania once again. Covered in blood, they stared at her with ferocious expressions as if they wanted to eat her alive.

"No! Please, don't..." Vania pleaded in despair. Am I really gonna die today?

These men couldn't care less about Vania's fate, though. Their eyes bloodshot, they stretched out their hands and started to tear Vania's clothes.

Vania struggled desperately with all her might, wanting to protect the last bit of her chastity. These men were wounded, but how could she, a woman, ward them off? Seeing that these men were about to pounce on her, she closed her eyes in despair.

Smack! Smack! Smack! Just then, several people popped up from nowhere and knocked them to the ground instantly.

"Ouch..."

Instead of feeling the weight of those men, Vania heard cries of agony. Those burly men had fallen onto the ground and were writhing around while holding their hands. Am I saved? She opened her eyes as if coming back to life, only to see a tall figure coming in and standing at the door with his back to the light like a guardian angel.

Chapter 22 He Saved Her

It's Hanson? Why is he here?

Hanson walked toward her, taking off his coat and covering her with it.

Then, he turned around and walked away, gently carrying her in his arms.

When he got to the door, he said in a bone-chilling voice, "Deal with them. Make sure to break their hands."

He sounded like the King of Hell, holding the lives of humans in his hands.

Vania was carried by him all the way, her face against his chest. Hearing his heartbeat, she finally felt safe and subconsciously hugged him, knowing that she had indeed been rescued.

That startled him and caused his entire body to stiffen.

Earlier, as he approached Farville, he received a message that read, 'Vania is in danger. Save her now!', along with a precise location.

Because of that precise location, he was able to quickly locate and save her.

He couldn't bear the thought of what would have happened if he was late.

His limbs became cold as he considered the possible outcomes, and he subconsciously tightened his grip on Vania.

Nobody can hurt her.

Vania, on the other hand, appeared to have lost her soul and mindlessly allowed Hanson to carry her.

In front of Farville, Larry was already waiting with Hanson's private helicopter.

Before they boarded the plane, Hanson sternly ordered, "Make sure you get something out of them."

"Will do."

Larry recognized the urgency of the matter and drove the plane back without delay.

The plane then took off smoothly, but Hanson was reluctant to put Vania down.

He actually thought that it would be nice if he could always carry her.

Vania, on the other hand, was still terrified. She hadn't recovered from the shock she'd felt earlier. Her gaze was fixed on Hanson's face while her hands clutched the hem of his clothes tightly, as if she was trying to ensure she wasn't in any danger.

Seeing her behaving in such a way, he sensed her insecurities and comforted her gently. "I'm here. Everything is fine now."

His words tore through her defenses while her tears poured out like beads from a broken thread at this precise moment. She couldn't say anything and just stared at him, letting her tears fall.

Upon seeing her tears, he immediately panicked.

Previously, when women cried in front of him, he would get irritated, if not disgusted.

But now, when he saw Vania's tears, he was at a loss.

Fearing that he would agitate her with his words or movements, he could only pacify her, as if soothing a child. "Don't cry. I'm here."

However, just hearing this one sentence from him made her cry even harder.

She wasn't someone who would cry easily. All these years, she had been through all kinds of hardships and sufferings, but she had never shed a tear.

Vania had always put up a strong front in front of strangers; even if the sky fell, she would be able to deal with it.

Today, however, was too much for her. She was not only unable to locate her missing child that she missed, but she was almost humiliated by a group of men. If it weren't for Hanson's timely arrival, she would have suffered dire consequences.

At this point, all of her grievances and indignation deep down her heart were vented.

At such a depressing time, a man appeared and told her that he was there for her.

She'd be lying if she said she wasn't moved.

She seemed to have found a pillar of strength after all those years of loneliness and hardships, rendering her a sobbing mess.

Chapter 23 Don't Move

He kept her in his arms, silently waiting for her to finish venting her feelings.

For unknown reasons, he felt his heart ache for her.

After a while, her crying quieted down, and with her hoarse voice, she said, "Thank you, Hanson."

Her voice was as soft as a feather, and it prickled his heart.

She wasn't the first woman to call his name, but she was the first to make her way into his heart.

He did not respond directly to her words of gratitude. Instead, he said something completely unrelated. "Vania, address me by my name in the future."

Hearing that, she was dumbfounded. She stared into his eyes, his deep gaze seemingly sucking her in.

Her eyes had nowhere to go. She could only tilt her head to the other side while her hands pressed against his chest. This posture bothered her, so she moved slightly and said, without responding to what he had said earlier, "Put me down. I'm fine now." It was not appropriate for them to keep hugging each other.

When he sensed her movements, Hanson felt as if his entire body was on fire. Does this woman know what she is doing?

As a normal man, he would undoubtedly react to a woman moving around in his embrace.

But he maintained his gentlemanly demeanor and said in a deep voice, "Don't move around."

His hoarse voice revealed his agitated state at the time as he warned, "If you continue moving, you'll have to be responsible for whatever happens."

Vania's face flushed as soon as she heard his words. She had a feeling he was hinting at something, but she wasn't sure.

Her eyes darted around, her body stiff as wood. She did not dare to move for fear that he would say something outrageous again.

He finally calmed down after she stopped moving and lay obediently in his arms.

Both of them remained silent as she did not dare to say anything provoking to him.

Suddenly, she recalled pressing the warning alarm which was linked to her babies before she was harmed. Upon that thought, she immediately pulled out her phone and texted James. 'Don't worry. Hanson saved me, and I am now safe and sound.'

Her babies, who were normally sleeping at this point, were staring at the computer screen with their eyes wide open. When they saw Vania's message, they were relieved.

James quickly replied, 'It's good to know you are safe. Take good care of yourself. We are waiting for you to return.'

Vania thoughtfully kept her phone, but she was silently feeling downhearted. I'm sorry to disappoint all of you, my babies. I did not manage to find your brother.

"Devil seemed to be quite reliable. We should thank him this time," Jack said, sounding relieved.

To that, Jacob responded, "Yeah, it seems like Devil is of some use." He was relieved as well, knowing that their mother was no longer in danger.

James nodded. After he replied to Vania, he texted Hanson. 'Thank you for what you've done this time. We've decided not to address you as Devil anymore, but we haven't decided on your new name yet. Anyway, thanks.'

Hanson smiled faintly when he read the message while looking at Vania. How many more secrets do you have that I don't know about?

Within two hours, his helicopter landed on the landing pad on top of Eastland's Greenland International Hotel.

Before they alighted the helicopter, Vania tapped his robust shoulder with her finger and said embarrassingly, "I can walk on my own. Put me down. There are so many people watching us outside."

He was already eye-catching to begin with; she didn't want to be the center of attention.

However, he grabbed her moving hand and said, with a warning look in his eyes, "Don't move. You're injured, so I will carry you."

Chapter 24 Devote Your Life to Me

Obviously, he had no intention of putting her down. He then walked forward, completely ignoring the onlookers' stares.

Meanwhile, she was already flushed to the ears. She wished she could stuff that sweet-talking mouth of his.

Why would words that were supposed to be proper become different when he said them?

Wasn't he supposed to be the distant and aloof group president? When did he become a sweet-talker?

Someone cleared the entire path for them while he carried her calmly.

Throughout the journey, Vania pressed her face against his chest, as if trying to conceal her identity in case someone recognized her.

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Seeing what she intended to do, he reflexively pursed his lips and said softly behind her ear, "It's late night now. No one would recognize you except my subordinates."

His frivolous voice seemed to be mocking her for being so timid.

"Hmph." She snorted and kept her head down.

She could neither face the gazes of everyone else nor Hanson, who exuded a charming aura.

Larry, who was following them, felt as if he were invisible now.

Isn't President Luke uninterested in women? That being the case, shouldn't the task of carrying such a goddess be left to me? Why didn't he let go of his hands even until now? President Luke has changed...

When they reached the room, Hanson immediately ordered, "Call the doctor over, Larry."

"Sure thing." Larry left right away, fearing that his presence would be an annoyance to Hanson's eyes.

Vania had been in his embrace since he saved her. He sat on the sofa with a concerned expression and looked at the woman in his arms, who had been lowering her head the entire time. "Wash up first and change into clean clothes. I'll have the doctor examine you later to see if you're injured."

All the clothes on Vania were torn.

She would have been naked if it hadn't been for Hanson's coat.

That triggered feelings of humiliation and panic in her heart.

She uneasily stood up from his embrace and asked awkwardly, "Can I lend one of your shirts?"

All her belongings were still in the car. Since she came here with Hanson via helicopter, she did not have her things with her now.

She could not possibly come out naked after showering. Furthermore, there were only the two of them in the room.

To that, he nodded. "Of course," he replied unhesitatingly.

This presidential suite was prepared for him alone, equipped with all of the daily necessities. How difficult would it be to let her have one shirt?

He walked to his wardrobe and handed her a clean shirt. "Tell me whatever you need. I'll send someone to get them." He had long forgotten about his mysophobia.

Vania nodded gratefully to him. Remembering that he rescued her today, she said, "Thank you for everything you've done today. If it hadn't been for you, I would have..."

She just couldn't bring herself to say certain things.

Noticing her discomfort, he casually replied, "You're just thanking me this way? Isn't it too easy?"

"What?" She did not expect that he would say such words. Unable to respond, she looked at him doubtfully, waiting to hear from him how he wanted her to express her gratitude.

He then smiled and said half-jokingly, "Since I saved you, shouldn't you devote your life to me?"

Chapter 25 A Night Together

His words immediately turn her embarrassment to rage. "Hanson! You're..." She couldn't bring herself to call her savior 'despicable'.

As a result, she could only yell angrily, "I'll wash up now." She then pushed him away and sprinted to the bathroom.

The moment she entered the bathroom, she leaned against the door with her hand against her chest.

Why is my heart racing? It must be because of the nonsense this man said.

As she remembered Hanson was outside, her face flushed again.

In the bathroom, she used the dryer to dry her undergarments and took a quick bath.

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Meanwhile, Hanson was sitting on the sofa outside. He was gradually losing his composure.

The scenes from five years ago flashed through his mind like a movie. For the past five years, no woman had been able to make him lose control.

Even when Melanie stood naked in front of him, he was unmoved.

But now, Vania had unknowingly stirred his heart.

Feeling frustrated, he walked to the balcony and took out a cigarette from his pocket.

He wasn't a regular smoker, and he wasn't addicted to it. He would only smoke one when he was annoyed.

The cold night breeze blew through him, removing all his irritation. After having one cigarette, he felt much better.

Just as he turned around to return to the living room, he saw Vania standing by the door, wearing his shirt.

His shirt was slightly long; it barely covered her legs.

And beneath the white shirt, her legs appeared fair and long.

Her shoulder-length hair was fluttering, and her innocent face had an anxious expression. When she saw him, her tense expression softened a little.

With a depressing mood, she said, "I thought you had left."

What happened tonight truly terrified her. In this dark night, Hanson was the only person she knew, and if he left, she was afraid that the scary incident would happen again.

Seeing her looking aggrieved, he felt compelled to protect her, and the passionate feeling he had suppressed resurfaced.

With that, he reflexively avoided her gaze. "I went to the balcony to smoke earlier. I won't leave."

He dashed to the bathroom after his words without giving her a chance to respond.

Only after he was submerged in cold water, he felt the heat burning within his body dissipate.

I'm not young anymore; why am I still behaving like a reckless young man?

He silently mocked himself in his heart. Fearing that Vania might have suspicion, he quickly took a shower.

In the meantime, Vania was indeed dumbfounded by his action. She had no idea why he was behaving in this manner, and not knowing what to do, she poured herself a cup of water.

Not more than five minutes later, he exited the bathroom with his usual aloof look.

However, the casual bathrobe made his sturdy build appear enticing. She could even feel this man's charm radiating.

Such a scene was as beautiful as a well-drawn painting. She was dazed when she saw this, and her hand that was holding the cup also stopped moving. With much difficulty, she swallowed the water in her mouth.

Though she had children, she merely had one such night with one man before.

For the past years, she had never been in such close proximity with a man. All that was unfolding before her was so dazzling that she felt the temperature in the room rise, irritating her.

Chapter 26 Get a Female Doctor

She licked her lips helplessly, attempting to divert her attention. "Would you like some water? I'll pour you a cup."

Looking at her pink lips, he felt that he could not control his body again.

Hence, he avoided her gaze right away. "No, thanks."

Just as they were feeling awkward, someone knocked on the door.

"President Luke, the doctor is here," Larry said.

"Alright. Come in."

Upon hearing that the doctor was here, Vania immediately sat properly on the sofa, and Hanson naturally sat beside her.

The doctor then entered.

He respectfully stood in front of Hanson and said, "President Luke, I'm Dr. Alan from Eastland's Center Hospital."

To that, Hanson simply furrowed his brows and remained silent, so the doctor couldn't tell what was on his mind.

Seeing that, Alan could only turn to face Vania and said politely, "Hello, Ms. Greyson."

She replied to him politely too. "Hello, Dr. Alan."

Alan was meeting the legendary President Luke for the first time. The hospital he was at was under the Luke Corporation. When he was summoned unexpectedly, his heart was filled with curiosity.

His mind started generating hypotheses after seeing Vania's beauty, especially since she was now in the same room as Hanson and dressed in Hanson's clothes.

The moment he met her gaze, he immediately lowered his head, not wanting to meet her eyes directly. He then nervously asked, "Could I examine you now, Ms. Greyson?"

"You can." She nodded.

Just as she was about to stand up, Hanson opened his mouth, displeased. "Wait. Is there no female doctor in the hospital?"

The thought of this man examining her body enraged him.

Her injuries were all external, and a checkup on them would necessitate a physical examination. How could this be done by a male doctor?

Though there were no gender differences in a doctor's eyes, he could not allow it. He had not even seen her body himself!

He had completely forgotten that Vania was not his woman.

Alan was just about to take a step forward, but after what Hanson said, he had no idea whether he should do so. Despite his inability to comprehend the situation, he explained, "The dean sent me here as it is now late night, President Luke."

Hanson sneered at that. "Your dean intends to lose his job, huh? He couldn't even complete such a small task. Send a female doctor now."

Alan had no idea why Hanson became angry suddenly, so he could only nod his head repeatedly. "I'll call him now."

"There's no need for that." Hanson, however, waved his hand to Alan and said to Larry, who was standing by the door, "Ask him if he still wants to be the dean of the hospital. If he doesn't, I can replace him immediately."

"I'll get to that now, President Luke."

Larry had clearly overheard the conversation in the room earlier. He couldn't help but mumble in his heart, as if he had discovered some big secret, President Luke does treat Ms. Greyson differently.

Alan could only stand in the room, shivering. He was nervous, but that didn't stop him from doubting why Hanson insisted on a female doctor.

At the same time, Vania stared dazedly at Hanson as well. She, too, did not understand why he lost his cool suddenly, and tried to persuade him, "It is late now; don't cause trouble to the doctors—"

But before she could finish her sentence, she was met with his icy stare.

That made her shut her mouth right away.

It was only after she shut her mouth that she started to doubt herself. Why did I obediently listen to him? How strange.

Chapter 27 His Brazen Words

Larry relayed Hanson's words to the dean, leaving nothing out.

That terrified the dean so much that all his sleepiness dissipated. Earlier today, he had received news that Hanson was in Farville, and in case he needed anything, he personally took the night shift.

And now, Hanson indeed needed something.

The dean then immediately found a female doctor and drove to Greenland International Hotel with her at lightning speed.

When he reached the presidential suite, he plucked his courage and knocked on the door.

When he saw Hanson, he looked at the latter as if he were Hades and said politely, "President Luke, I've brought a female doctor."

But in his heart, he was praying that Hanson would not lose his temper.

With that, Hanson lazily raised his gaze and cast a glance at the female doctor, still feeling displeased. "Why aren't you moving? Examine her right now!"

This was the female doctor's first encounter with the well-known domineering President Luke, and she was excited and in awe with his handsome appearance. But while she was admiring his looks, she heard his cold voice, which immediately jolted her back to reality.

She quickly averted her gaze, trembling. It almost slipped her mind that he was also known to be cold and ruthless.

She hurriedly nodded and said to Vania, "Ms. Greyson, let's go inside so I could examine you."

"Sure." Vania followed her and entered the room.

Meanwhile, Hanson, who was sitting outside, ignored the panicked doctors and drank the cup of water from the table without hesitation. The water tastes sweet today.

Meanwhile, the dean, who was standing before him, rubbed his sleepy eyes. Am I seeing things?

He seemed to be smiling. No. I must be wrong. It's impossible for President Luke to smile.

Vania came out shortly.

The female doctor said respectfully, "Everything was examined, President Luke, and Ms. Greyson only suffered from some external injuries. They're not serious and can be treated with a simple medical ointment."

Hanson was relieved to hear that. He nodded, glanced at the female doctor who was about to apply the ointment on Vania, and said, "Leave the ointment here. You can go now."

"Alright."

How would they defy him?

Leaving the ointment behind, they quickly fled this dangerous place.

Hearing what he said, Vania walked over and looked at Hanson with a stunned face. "You've sent them all away. Who is going to apply the ointment for me now?"

"I am, of course," he answered calmly while taking a sip of the water.

Though the doctor was a female, he selfishly did not want anyone else to see her body.

When Vania heard his words, her jaw dropped. She looked at him, stunned, and realized he had drunk from her cup earlier. Was that an unintentional kiss?

Oh, my! She subconsciously touched her lips.

But... this is not the most important thing now.

He said he is going to apply the ointment for me.

But I am a woman.

And a woman is different from a man; he knows this, right?

Does he know what he is saying?

At this moment, she had the urge to touch his forehead to see if he was suffering from a high fever that was interfering with his thinking. If not, how could he say such brazen words?

Her blinking eyes seemed to be asking, What are you talking about?

Meanwhile, Larry, who had just exited the room, was speechless after hearing what Hanson said. He was now a curious bystander, waiting to see what other juicy things he could get.

Raising his brows, Hanson said, "Did I not make myself clear? Well, if that's the case, I shall make an exception for you and repeat what I said."

Chapter 28 I'm Here, Sleep Well

That made Vania choke on her own saliva. "No need for that," she said, waving her hands.

She didn't want to hear him say anything that would make her blush.

Then, she grabbed the ointment. "I can do it on my own."

And she walked toward the room after finishing her words.

But Hanson immediately followed and blocked her path when she was about to enter the room. He took the ointment from her.

"Don't worry. I won't take advantage of you. Let me take a look at your injuries," he said in a soft and sincere tone.

She took a glance at him. Noticing that he did not seem to be kidding, and recalling that he was an aloof person by nature, she hesitatingly nodded.

Her elbow only suffered some minor scratches. The more serious injuries were mainly on her back, which was blue-black and swollen as a result of the men hitting her with their wooden sticks. It left a striking scar on her fair skin.

When Hanson saw her injuries, he frowned. "Does it hurt?" he asked as he lightly touched her wound. His heart ached for her.

But how would she feel pain now?

She wasn't close to Hanson to begin with. Apart from a few chance encounters, both of them were not familiar enough to be friends.

And now, she was being stared at by this unfamiliar man. Shyness was all she could feel.

In reply, she answered, "It doesn't." She was too embarrassed to even look at his eyes.

In fact, she was silently urging him to apply the ointment as fast as possible so that they could get out of this awkward situation.

However, how could these wounds on her tender and fair skin not be painful?

Hanson could not see her expression as she had her back facing him. Hence, he assumed she was just putting on a brave front, and he was more assertive of her in his heart now.

Fearing that her pain would be unbearable, he quickly poured the ointment on his hand and applied it lightly on her.

The ointment had a cooling sensation. Hanson's fingers, on the other hand, were so hot that it seemed to be scalding her skin.

That made her body hot as well, and a bizarre feeling arose in her heart.

She was desperate to get this ointment-applying session over with.

He took merely a few minutes, but Vania felt as if a few centuries had passed.

Finally, the ointment had been applied to all of her wounds. She took a deep breath as her body, which had been as stiff as wood, relaxed.

At the same time, Hanson was drenched in sweat as well.

When he touched her delicate skin, the warmth he felt tickled his heart. He struggled to keep applying the ointment for her, and when he finished, he hurriedly said, "It's done." Afterward, he left the room and dashed to the bathroom.

The cold water poured on him, however, did not relieve the itch in his heart.

Vania's face could not disappear from his mind as well.

After a long time, he finally came out from the bathroom and returned to the room with a calm expression.

Vania was tired after a whole day of traveling and shock. Now that she had calmed down, she felt sleepy.

She struggled to keep herself awake. When Hanson entered, she said, "I need to rest now. I will be rushing back to Hammond early tomorrow morning. You should rest too."

To that, he nodded. He was well aware that she still felt insecure, and thus, he said softly, "Okay. I'll stay here, so sleep well."

Not long after, she fell asleep due to her exhaustion.

Looking at her sleeping face, his mind wandered. No one knew what he was thinking right now.

The next morning, Vania opened her eyes as soon as the sky brightened.

Though she was exhausted the day before, she did not sleep well as she wasn't used to the bed.

At least, she appeared to be in a better spirit now.

But it had never occurred to her that the moment she opened her eyes, she would see Hanson sitting on the couch.

Chapter 29 A Glib Talker

The visible blood veins in his eyes revealed that he did not sleep for the entire night.

Seeing that, she asked in disbelief, "You sat here all night? Didn't you sleep?"

A bizarre feeling swirled in her heart.

When he noticed that she looked a lot better than the day before, he started teasing her. "Since I said I'd stay here, I'd definitely keep my promise. Where else can I be but on this couch? Or do you want me to share the bed with you? Well, if you insist, I am forced to oblige."

She, again, choked after hearing his brazen words.

Where did he get the idea that I wanted to share the bed with him?

Forced to oblige? Such a narcissist.

The slight feeling of being moved earlier vanished.

After sneering at him, she opened her mouth, with her face slightly red. "Even if you want that, I won't agree to it! I'm not interested in sleeping with you."

She then rose to her feet and dashed out.

As soon as she stepped outside, she noticed that a variety of delectable cuisine had already been prepared on the dining table.

Furthermore, there was a row of clothes, with their price tags still attached, beside the mirror. Clearly, it was prepared for her.

Seeing this, Vania halted her steps. She was so taken aback by what she saw that she couldn't put it into words. Right then, Hanson, who was standing behind her, said, "I wasn't sure what you liked to eat. Hence, I ordered a variety of breakfast items for you to choose from. All the clothes are based on your measurements as well. Take a look and see if there's anything you like."

She had no words to describe how she felt right now.

"Thank you very much, Hanson." She could only express her appreciation for him.

He saved her yesterday and was so attentive to her today. All she wanted to say boiled down to two words: Thank you.

In reply, he smiled at her. He wanted to stroke her fluffy hair, but he held back his urge and simply responded, "You're welcome."

He then went on indecently, "In fact, you don't need to thank me. After all, your clothes were all torn, and I couldn't possibly let you go back like this."

She followed her gaze and looked at the shirt she was wearing. He was right. She would undoubtedly cause a huge ruckus if she went out wearing his shirt.

Just as she was about to thank him again, he teased, "But again, if you really enjoy wearing my shirt, I don't mind."

What? She was utterly confused.

The rumors about him must be lies.

Aloof and ruthless, they say. But he, in fact, is a glib talker!

The gratitude in her heart vanished entirely after she heard his words.

She secretly rolled her eyes and blurted out while biting her lips, "You're annoying."

He always spoke frivolously, which irritated her. Why did the nature of her gratitude change the moment it reached his mouth?

Her low grudging sound, to Hanson, was her way of being shy. With that, he couldn't hold back any longer and stretched his hand to rub her head.

It feels just as good as I imagined.

But such an action made her furious.

Her heart was pounding in anger. Is he stroking my hair? Am I his pet?

Despite this, she had no idea how to stand up to him. So, she only managed to give him a stern look before she ran to the row of clothes. After picking a white dress, she went to the bathroom to wash up.

Chapter 30 Do You Have a Boyfriend?

Hanson stood motionless. Looking at his hand, he laughed to himself.

Vania sat at the dining table for breakfast after washing up, with no intention of talking to him anymore.

On the other hand, he was not as resistant as she was and sat calmly opposite her.

He then began eating his breakfast slowly and with graceful movements. His sitting posture was also proper, as if he were a painting.

Seeing that, she couldn't help but sigh. Well, because he is a handsome man, even his eating manner appears elegant.

At the same time, he had resumed his serious side. As if he suddenly thought of something, he asked, "What brought you to Farville? Your assistant informed me that you went there for a reason more important than your life."

He was curious as to what was more important than her life, which had almost put her in danger.

To that, she nodded, a tinge of disappointment in her eyes. "Yes, it is something more important than my life."

However, she had now failed. She had not found the child she had painstakingly tried to seek, and she almost got humiliated as a result.

She didn't tell him anything and instead kept it all to herself, but her sorrowful expression shocked him. Since he knew her, this was the first time he sensed her exuding such an immense sorrow.

Though Hanson had no idea what happened to her, he could feel Vania's pain.

With furrowed brows, he asked, "Can you tell me more about it? Perhaps I can help you."

Vania twitched her mouth miserably and shook her head in reply. "It is quite complicated, and I can't express it in just a few words. Thank you for your offer, though."

Given her reaction, he did not persist further. "If you feel like talking about it someday, feel free to come to me."

That elicited a tender look in her eyes. Hanson had surprised her so much in the last two days.

She had been alone for so many years, but now, she suddenly had the urge to find someone in whom she could confide.

But she knew Hanson was not going to be this person.

“From the bottom of my heart, thank you.” She expressed her gratitude to him once more.

He had already received numerous thanks from her this morning alone. He didn’t say anything in reply, and they both ate their breakfast quietly.

Not long later, Vania put down her utensils. “I’m full now. I’m going to pack my belongings and rush back to Hammond.”

It had been one full day since she left home, and she had no idea how anxious her babies were upon knowing that she was in danger. Hence, she needed to rush back to their side to alleviate their concern.

Hanson took in her anxious expression.

After hesitating for a while, he asked the question he had long wanted to ask. “Vania, do you have a man?”

Man? What man?

His question took her by surprise. She had no idea why he had asked such a random question.

Besides, she had no idea what Hanson was talking about or what kind of man he was referring to.

At the same time, he was observing Vania’s expression as well. He was perplexed as to whether she was feigning ignorance with him or if she truly did not understand what he said.

He then asked again in clearer terms, “Do you have a boyfriend?”

He was dying to know the answer. Thus, he asked straightforwardly in case she didn’t understand his question.