

Love OT 71

Chapter 71 A Strange Connection

Seeing how James' eyes lit up, Hanson t smiled smugly. "These were all assembled by me personally, so no amount of money can get you these. I'm giving you these now. What do you think?"

With a complicated expression, James looked at Hanson. His gaze was filled with shock, question and even some amounts of admiration which he himself was unaware of.

As they had investigated Hanson before, they knew that he was from the special forces and that he had knowledge of such things. However, they did not foresee that he would design and build such a complicated model.

Although James liked it very much, he did not want to owe Hanson any favors just because of some toys.

So, he rejected the man. "I don't want your gifts."

James' actions, especially when directed to his irresponsible father, made his heart skip a beat and an indescribable feeling started to well up from within.

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Pouting, James hesitated for quite a while before he finally reached out with his pinky and hooking it around Hanson's. "It's a deal."

Not only did James detect the strange current between the father and son, Hanson also felt this connection too.

They stared at each other just like that, and it was the first time that the both of them had such similar thoughts.

A short time passed before Hanson said gently, "So, can you tell me your name now?"

Looking at him disdainfully, James figured out that the man was just after his name.

Holding the toy in his hands, he then said, "I can only tell you that my surname is Greyson."

His reply made Larry choke. What a sly boy.

Not estimating that he would reply in such a way, Hanson looked at the brat again. "Seems like it will not be easy to know your full name."

"Of course not. Do you think just anyone can know my name? Don't think I would listen to whatever you say once you gave me some presents."

After that, James ignored Hanson and started to play with his toys.

At first, he disassembled all of them before rapidly and accurately assembling all of them back together.

This made Hanson quite impressed, as these toys were all made to replicate the real thing. It had a lot of components, which made assembling them quite hard. Even their best members had a hard time doing that. I never thought that the little kid could assemble them so quickly.

Nodding in approval, Hanson then sat beside Vania after seeing James having the time of his life. “How’s everything? Are you feeling better?” he asked with a concerned tone.

Subconsciously, Vania smiled stiffly. “Much better now. Oh—the product of our contract has been completed, so how about you take a look? You can contact me if any problems arise. Also, he’s still a kid, so I’m kind of at a loss here by you giving him such expensive presents. When I get discharged, I will also give Morales and Morgan some, so as to make us even.”

Frowning, Hanson replied, “It’s fine. They already have all they want at home. Since the two aren’t interested in stuff like this, it’s perfect to give him these. Besides, they have gone to their grandparents’ for now, so they aren’t in the country anymore. We can wait until they come back, then we’ll discuss this further.”

Hanson still saw the distant feeling in Vania’s eyes.

Although he roughly knew the reason for it, he did not say it out, thinking that Vania might have misunderstood his words, since he still was undecided whether he liked her or not.

That was why he only accepted Vania’s folder and said, “I’ll have a look when I get back. I’ll come pick you up once you’re discharged.”

Chapter 72 The Real Culprit

Immediately, Vania then cut him off, saying, “There’s no need for that. My assistant will be coming to pick me up, so you don’t need to go through the trouble. Thanks for visiting me these few days.”

With a darkened expression, Hanson spoke after a long time. “Alright.”

It wasn’t until he left that Linda came in.

With a heavy expression, she stood in front of Vania hesitatingly before stating, “Boss, about your accident. There really is something fishy about it.”

Foreseeing this already, Vania raised her eyebrows while playing with the apple in her hand, “What did you manage to find out? Tell me,” she uttered coldly.

Nodding, Linda reported, “Even though the driver had died, we still managed to uncover that he actually had a terminal illness in his brain, and that he had not had much longer to live. Also, he had never had any records of drunk-driving. On the day of the incident, he went to buy alcohol before he drove. After his accident, his originally poor family suddenly moved into a huge house and became wealthy. This was very weird to me. Plus, the mastermind this time obviously planned ahead, as we failed to obtain any evidence.”

Snorting, Vania replied, "I don't need any evidence to know who did it. Since she always failed so many times after framing me, it would be very unbecoming of her to not learn from any of this. A failed thief will slip up sooner or later, so keep an eye out."

Smirking, Linda knew who her employer was referring to, and she then added, "I've already sent men to watch over her. Also, we bumped into President Luke's men while looking into the incident."

This stunned Vania, as she did not think that Hanson would actively participate in investigating her incident.

By now, she had already clearly felt Hanson's different attitude toward her. However, she still did not know why he was doing this, so she just ignored him all together.

Then, she said to Linda, "It's been hard on you lately. I also need you to arrange for me to get discharged. When I recover, I'll fill your off-days in."

Smiling, Linda replied, "Alright, I'll go do that now."

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At the Luke Estate, Melanie, who was lying on the sofa in the living room, felt that the coldness of this mansion was more akin to an abandoned palace. Recently, she could feel herself being very uneasy, and cold sweat would mysteriously drip from her body.

Also, Morales and Morgan were not by her side, not to mention the ever elusive Hanson.

Currently, she did not look like a kind mother figure at all. She laid on the sofa while crossing her legs, which was far from being prim and proper like before. Now, she had truly let herself go.

She got to know that Vania was slowly recovering, and Melanie's forehead was so tightly scrunched that lines appeared.

Whether it was by sheer luck or not, she could only rest easy once she took a look in the hospital.

The sound of the door opening could then be heard just as Melanie was about to apply makeup.

Her heart skipped a beat as she stared at the entrance.

As expected, it was Hanson who came in, his figure backlit.

Even though she had not seen him in a long time, he still looked as huge and imposing as ever, with his perfectly ironed shirt that had no wrinkles whatsoever and spotless leather shoes.

Not knowing whether to be surprised or happy, Melanie looked as if Prince Charming was walking toward herself. This only made her heart beat faster. Her expression was stiff, and even though she did not know why he suddenly came back, it was all she needed to feel love-struck again.

After being shocked for quite a while, Melanie finally combed through her hair using her fingers so as to appear too disheveled. She then said gently, "Hanson, you're back."

Chapter 73 Woes of a Woman

Under Hanson's cold gaze, she still lowered her head in the end. She had always appeared well dressed in front of him. However, she had been left alone recently in this villa, so she did not bother to dress up anymore. Now that Hanson appeared in front of her once more, she only thought that she looked somewhat shabby, so she hung her head in guilt, afraid that he might find her repulsive.

Just as she was fussing over this issue in her mind, Hanson suddenly opened his mouth, saying coldly, "I came back just to see you."

His words made Melanie stare at him wide-eyed, as she felt like what he said was like an illusion, leaving her in a state of disbelief.

Did Hanson say that he came back just to see me? Does he actually miss me? Does that mean our relationship can deepen?

His words made it seem like there was still space in his heart for her.

There was a beam of joy behind her eyes, and she was overwhelmed to the point of tearing up.

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Completely missing Hanson's cold gaze, Melanie, who was moved beyond words, just looked at him in a daze.

Deciding to not openly show his mockery and bloodlust, Hanson instead just sat down on the sofa.

Seeing him sit down made Melanie immediately stand by his side, showing her love for him. "Hanson, I really missed you a lot these few days. I have a lot that I want to tell you."

While saying that, she was about to go hug Hanson, thinking that this could be her chance to finally make him hers.

After all, she was very confident in her seduction skills.

Yet, she was stopped by Hanson's gaze as soon as she got near.

Hanson only felt revolted by the strong scent of her perfume as he spoke distantly. "What a coincidence. I, too, have something to say to you."

Upon hearing that Hanson had something to say to herself, Melanie grew even more disillusioned. Joy filled her heart, as this was the first time that they exchanged so many words and the first time that he sat down, taking the initiative to talk to her.

Feeling like her heart was a beating drum, Melanie could not wait to show off every positive trait of hers to Hanson right then.

Suddenly, she said excitedly, "Oh—Hanson, just sit down first. I'll brew a cup of coffee for you. When you were gone, I had learned a new technique on coffee making, and I spent a long time practicing it

too, all so I can let you taste it once you come back. I'll go make it now, so let's talk over some coffee, shall we?"

But, she did not actually learn anything new, as it was all made up on the spot. Her aim was just to appear as a kind wife in front of him.

Ignoring her gaze of expectation, Hanson observed the woman from head to toe.

Taking his silence as agreement, Melanie then happily went to the kitchen before tying up her hair and touching her face. Full of joy, she then patiently made the coffee and carefully placed it in front of him.

"Hanson, how about you taste it and see how it is? If you like it, I can make it for you everyday."

Sneering, Hanson was still enjoying the show that Melanie put up for him.

Melanie missed his mockery and she thought that he liked it, so she continued, "Hanson, you know that I only have a place for you in my heart, right? Whatever you like, I will try my best to learn it. Oh right—did you say that you have something to say to me?"

Not daring to get close, Melanie could only stand by his side as she waited expectantly.

However, Hanson coldly said, "Let's talk about Vania's accident, then."

His cold demeanor suddenly made her panic and she stared at him helplessly, "Hanson, what do you mean by this?"

Chapter 74 Things That Don't Belong to You

The realization hit Melanie hard. Hanson did not come to see her; instead, he was here to interrogate her. Even though her heart was pounding, she was able to keep a straight face. After all, she had help this time, and there was no way it could be traced back to her.

When he saw Melanie falling into a daze, Hanson added sarcastically, "Do you still remember what I told you five years ago?"

Melanie's heart dropped the moment she heard the words 'five years ago'. Something happened that year that she had to take with her to the grave.

Her eyes darted around wildly out of fear that she might let something slip in front of Hanson. Then, she carefully said, "I remember."

That was the first time she had met Hanson. She had fallen in love with him at first sight and committed everything he said to memory. That day, she carried the children in her arms and came to Luke Estate to tell him about what happened that night. Truth be told, she was just trying her luck. If Hanson decided to ignore what she said, then there was nothing she could do. To her surprise, Hanson ran a DNA test on the children and decided to keep them and her as well.

At the time, she was on cloud nine since it was every woman's dream to be with such a man. However, despite her joy, she could still hear his chilling words ringing in her ears.

He had once told her not to get greedy and start yearning for things that didn't belong to her.

Every single word of warning that he ever told her was still fresh in her memory. As they began to flit across her mind, all her happiness and surprise at seeing Hanson had vanished instantly. Instead, she was now filled with dread.

Hanson had a terrifying look in his eyes. "You do remember." He raised his hands and gave a clap.

Immediately, a group of men in black suits rushed in. They began to drag all of Melanie's things into a truck.

Melanie was scared out of her wits, and her tears could not stop flowing.

These had to be Hanson's men, or else they would not dare to make such a ruckus here. Melanie wanted to stop them, but she was just one woman, and she could not block them all. They even shoved her until she fell at Hanson's feet.

She wept and pleaded, "Hanson, must you do this?"

Hanson retorted coldly, "From now on, you're no longer Morales and Morgan's mother. Go back to wherever you came from, and don't ever let me see you again."

Melanie kept shaking her head as she grabbed his pants and cried, "Hanson, don't do this. I thought we agreed that you'd give me one more chance? You have to tell me what happened and give me a chance to explain myself. Also, Morales and Morgan are still so young. How are you going to explain this to them? Are you really willing to do this to them?"

He kicked her aside and declared, "You're the worst thing that has ever happened to them. Removing you from their lives is the best thing I can do for them. You don't need to care about anything else. As for your explanations, I'm tired of listening to them. The fact that you sent someone to crash into Vania's car is enough to send you to prison for life. The only reason you're able to return to your family in one piece is because you gave birth to Morales and Morgan."

As soon as he finished speaking, he turned around and walked off without even looking at her.

Melanie tried to chase after him as she cried out, "Hanson, don't go. You have to let me explain. It's not like that! It must be a misunderstanding! Hanson, I beg you! Please listen to me. Don't ask me to leave, and I don't want to leave you. I really love you. Hanson..."

Chapter 75 Disgrace

Melanie had flopped down on the ground, and now, Hanson's bodyguards made their way over before dragging her out.

She kept struggling and shrieking, "Ouch... Let me go! How dare you treat me like this?! Let go of me! I need to find Hanson."

However, the bodyguards ignored her protests. They threw her into the truck as well and drove her back to her family.

Meanwhile, Josie was dressed to the nines as she decked out all her newly-bought jewelry and began to show off to other women at the Greyson Residence.

Her voice echoed across the living room as she said, "Here, what do you think about this pearl necklace?"

The other women were quick to curry her favor. "Oh my, I heard about this brand before. They're the world's best producers of pearl jewelry, and they only make one design each year. I'm so envious!"

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"Exactly! It takes more than money to get your hands on such a necklace. You're so amazing, Mrs. Greyson."

Josie reveled in their praise and had a smug expression as she replied, "It's nothing. My daughter, Melanie, is in a relationship with President Luke, so it's very easy to get such things."

The other women began to lay it on thicker. "Melanie is such a lucky girl, and we're all so envious."

Just as Josie was beginning to get a little lightheaded from all their admiration, a large truck barged its way into the compound.

All of a sudden, a group of men in black suits disembarked from the truck and began to unload all the items into the compound. As they went about stuffing piles of boxes all over, Melanie stood right in the middle of all the clutter. She was covered in dust, and she looked like she had been struck by lightning.

Josie was so shocked by the sight of this that she almost dropped her pearls.

The crowd of women began to whisper among themselves. "Isn't that Melanie? Why is she in such a disheveled state?"

"What happened? What are all these things?"

Just then, one of the bodyguards stepped forward and said matter-of-factly to Josie, "The president has declared that Melanie Greyson is no longer the mother of the two young masters. He no longer has anything to do with all of you."

What?! The moment Josie heard those words, she became dumbfounded. She had just been singing praises about her daughter, and all of a sudden, this happened. It felt like she had been slapped across the cheek and humiliated in public.

What did he mean when he said that she was no longer the mother of the two young masters? This meant that he had given up on Melanie. How did this happen?!

The other women saw the looks on the faces of both these Greyson women, and after a hushed discussion, they quickly took their leave. "It looks like you're caught up in something, so we'll leave you to it."

Josie was not about to air the family's dirty linen in public, so she was pleased to see them go. However, gossip often spread like wildfire, and Melanie naturally became the laughing stock of their entire social circle.

As for Josie, she had never felt more disgraced than she did today. She dragged Melanie back into the house to keep her out of prying eyes.

Then, she grabbed Melanie and asked, "What did those men mean by that? Tell me, what on earth is going on?"

Melanie had cried herself hoarse and could not say a word.

Seeing this, Josie began to tremble with anger. "Why do I have such a useless daughter like you? I'm asking you something! Has Hanson given up on you?"

Melanie kept crying until she finally said, "Mom, stay out of this."

"Stay out of this? How do you expect me to stay out of this? If I hadn't helped you to get rid of Vania back then, who knows what you'd be doing now."

Melanie was stewing in her emotions as well, and as soon as she heard this, she blew up. "What's the point of saying all this? Vania's probably over the moon right now."

Josie smacked her in frustration. "Why do I have such a useless daughter? After spending five years with Hanson, you still haven't won him over."

Chapter 76 All Because of Her

"Don't you think that I tried my best? However, he needs to give me a chance. Hanson only has eyes for Vania now, so what can I do?" Melanie's eyes were filled with a murderous glint at the thought of Vania.

Josie stared at her tear-streaked daughter and felt that Melanie was even more useless than she had thought. "Well, hurry up and tell me what happened! How else am I going to think of a way to help you? Don't you want to return to his side?"

Melanie laughed bitterly. "Is that even possible?"

Even though she pleaded for him not to throw her out for the sake of the children, he still refused. Where would she find the chance to go back to him now?

Josie was beside herself. "How do you know it's impossible if you don't even try? Hah! It wouldn't be so bad if you hadn't humiliated me in public. If you don't return to Hanson immediately, just wait and see how everyone rips you to pieces. At the same time, watch how that b*tch gets to have everything she wants."

Josie went on and on as she berated Melanie.

In the end, Melanie's tears began to flow again, and Josie shrieked in anger, "Are you crying again?! Is that all you know how to do? Only a useless woman would cry."

Just then, George, who had heard the commotion, came down from the second floor.

He was taken aback by Josie's pitiful state and proceeded to chide her by saying, "What's going on with the two of you?"

Josie jumped at the sound of his voice and immediately turned around. She smiled at him and stroked his arm. "Dear, why did you come down? Melanie just had a lover's spat. It's nothing for you to worry about."

She swiftly poured him a cup of tea and gave him a pleasant smile. "Dear, have a cup of tea. Melanie's a mess right now, so I'm going to take her upstairs to shower and freshen up, then I'll come right back down."

She quickly dragged Melanie upstairs before George could ask any questions.

Once they entered Melanie's room and locked the door, she urged softly, "Now, tell me what happened."

Melanie had such a fright when she saw George earlier that she stopped crying. Now, she had a furious look on her face as she gritted her teeth and said, "It's Vania Greyson; it's all because of her. I don't know how, but she managed to catch Hanson's attention. She kept setting me up and humiliating me in front of Hanson, and this time, she even went as far as to accuse me of being the one who got her into an accident! I don't know what she said to Hanson, but he flew into a rage and kicked me out."

Her tears began to flow again. She had fallen from grace, and it was all Vania's fault.

Upon hearing that name, Josie's face darkened. "I see, it's all because of her. We're going to need to think this through carefully."

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A week later, Vania could finally be discharged from the hospital.

That morning, Vania and her three children had gathered in her hospital room. They were all dressed in suits and bowties, looking like young princes. Every single one of them carried a rose in their hand, as well as a picture that they drew for Vania as they stood beside her bed.

James was the first to speak. "Mommy, hurry up and change into the princess gown that we've prepared for you."

"We spent a lot of time choosing it, Mommy. Hurry up and change," Jack began urging her as well.

Jacob announced proudly, "We've prepared a celebration today in honor of Mommy getting discharged from the hospital, and Mommy is our princess."

Vania was holding the pink-colored princess gown and tiara that her three babies had prepared for her in her arms, so she laughed and said, "Okay, Mommy will go and get changed now."

Chapter 77 Our Younger Siblings

By this stage, Vania was able to walk again and she changed into the gown and came out of the bathroom with Theresa's help.

Immediately, she heard her three babies exclaim, "Mommy, you look very beautiful."

All at once, they declared in unison, "Congratulations to Mommy on your full recovery. Happy Discharge Day!"

James even recorded the entire scene with his camera.

Vania had recovered from most of her injuries, so it was only her leg injury that required more rest.

When she saw how serious her children were, her immediate thought was, Gosh, there's even a recording? The clothes are beautiful, but I'm not wearing any makeup. I don't even have lipstick on! Won't I look a little ugly on camera?

She could not help it. Whenever she was in front of a camera, her first thought would always be about her makeup.

Even then, she did not dwell on her thoughts.

Vania went forward and took the roses and drawings from them. Her eyes began to well up with tears as she said, "Thank you, my darlings."

Roses were her favorite; even her shampoo and shower gel were rose-scented. After all this time, her body was beginning to smell like roses as well.

When she took a look at the drawings, she began to tear up again.

Every drawing had a date, and there was a new drawing every single day since the day she was hospitalized. She never noticed anything, so they must have drawn them when she was asleep.

Vania was immeasurably moved as she pulled them into a hug. "This is the most touching gift that Mommy has ever received. Thank you, my darlings."

James quickly wiped away her tears. "A princess is not allowed to cry."

She sniffled and responded, "I'm not crying. I'm just too touched."

Jacob kissed her on the cheek. "Mommy, you don't need to thank us. It's what we should be doing for you."

"You three are the best gifts that I've ever received," Vania declared. She was starting to believe that the sufferings she had gone through in the past had all been a trial, and they were her reward for succeeding. She was truly blessed.

However, her thoughts flitted toward her other two children. Were they okay? She had spent every single waking moment missing them.

When they noticed her forlorn expression, the three children instantly knew that she must be thinking of their younger siblings.

James stepped forward and nudged her arm. "Mommy, don't be upset. You're such a good person, so I'm sure that the heavens will keep our younger siblings safe."

"James is right, and we've been praying for them every day. You will bring them home soon, Mommy." Jake quickly voiced his support.

As for Jacob, he kissed Vania on the cheek and gave her a warm look of encouragement.

Vania quickly suppressed her sadness. Her three babies would always notice whenever she felt down, and she could never hide her emotions from them.

She smiled at them. "I'm not upset anymore. I need to hurry up and get better so that I can bring your younger siblings home sooner."

Jack held her hand and changed the topic. "Mommy, let's go home. Aunt Theresa and the three of us have prepared a feast that's waiting for you at home right now."

"Alright, let's go home."

The three children then ushered Vania into the car. Throughout this whole time, Hanson did not show up at all.

In the car, the three children were still engaged in fervent discussion.

Jack sent a message. 'Didn't James say that the Devil had his eyes on Mommy? Why isn't he here for such an important occasion? I don't know if it's a sign of him keeping his promise, or proof that he's insincere about his feelings toward her. He's such a rascal.'

Chapter 78 A Fireworks Display

It somehow didn't bother Jacob one bit. He is not coming, just like we were hoping he wouldn't! the boy cheered to himself. That Devil better stay away from Mommy.

James, on the other hand, only stared at the pile of toys without saying a word. He couldn't describe how he was feeling at the moment, but he knew he felt deceived about the fact that the man had promised to change the boy's opinion on him.

Hanson didn't know it yet, but the good impression of him with the children he had painstakingly built shattered in that instant.

He was currently sitting in his office with a file in his hand, and yet he couldn't understand a word that his eyes were drifting across.

Larry, who was looking on from one side, knew exactly why his boss was out of sorts. As though he was idle-talking, he started, "President Luke, I heard that Miss Vania is getting discharged today. Should we send her a gift?"

Hanson immediately shut the file closed rather irritably and tossed it aside. "There's no need." It was evident from his cold tone that he was in a terrible mood.

Larry could tell that Hanson had fallen for the Vania, but the man didn't seem to have noticed it himself yet.

Seeing that Hanson wasn't in the best of mood, Larry cleverly chose to remain quiet after that.

It hadn't even reached a minute of silence when Hanson suddenly barked an order despite his earlier words. "Prepare a fireworks display for tonight."

The short sentence was all it took for Larry to nod in understanding. "Roger that. I will arrange it right this instant," he replied respectfully.

The fireworks display was definitely for Vania. He would have failed as an assistant if he still couldn't understand his boss' instructions after so many years of working by his side.

When night came, Larry picked the best spot in Haling Villa to prepare for the most splendid firework display in all of Hammond.

At this time, she had already prepared a scrumptious dinner for her three sons.

Each of them had a glass of fruit juice in front of them. Vania was the first to raise her glass as she suggested, "Let's make a toast."

The three children, too, raised their glasses and cheered at the same time. "May Mommy be healthy!"

Just as they had finished saying those words, fireworks started exploding into a rare, dazzling display of colors outside their window.

Vania and her sons were startled by the sudden appearance of the fireworks and they all subconsciously looked over.

By the end of the display, four words exploded in the air—'Wishing You Good Health'.

She was surprised for a second, but the first person that came to mind after that was Hanson.

Her head and heart had turned into a mess at that moment. She wished she knew what Hanson meant by doing this.

Having a slight idea of what was going on, the three children looked at each other before James knowingly let out a smile.

Vania's phone suddenly made a sound indicating that she had gotten a message and when she checked it, it was a text from an unsaved phone number that wrote 'Congratulations on your discharge'.

Reading the message only further threw her heart into a turmoil. She was even more sure that it was Hanson who prepared the fireworks display and sent her the message.

Instead of replying, she merely put her phone away.

Meanwhile, Hanson was leaning against the car door at the entrance of Haling Villa.

With his phone in his hand and a slight frown on his face, he would look at his phone from time to time to see if there was any new notification. His heart was pounding like he was a teenager who had just fallen in love.

Even he didn't know what he was so anxious and nervous about. However, after waiting for a long time and still not getting any new messages, the man couldn't help but frown as he irritably whipped out a cigarette.

His gaze stayed in the direction of the villa, his mind adrift.

He had finished the entire stick when his message ringtone began to ring and he quickly lifted his phone.

Contrary to what he was expecting, it was just another push notification flashing across his screen. Anyone could tell how grouchy Hanson had gotten from the bulging veins on his fingers that were tightly gripping his phone.

Chapter 79 A Private Room in a Private Restaurant

After Hanson got into his car, he slammed the door shut and hit the steering wheel out of anger.

He didn't look at his phone anymore after that even when it rang.

It took a long time, but he eventually realized that his irrational vexation had slowly subsided.

He then pressed into his phone and amongst the numerous work messages he had gotten, his eyes straightaway landed on a text message Vania had sent him.

The corners of his lips subconsciously raised at that, and he quickly pressed into the message. 'The fireworks were beautiful. Thank you.'

Mood instantly lifted with just a few words, he swiftly dialed Vania's number.

Vania looked over when her phone suddenly rang and when she saw that it was the phone number from before, she hesitated a moment before finally deciding to pick up the call. "Hello?" she greeted.

All she heard in return was a graceful baritone that said, "It's Hanson."

"Mhmm. I know."

This wasn't the usual number he used when they communicated for work purposes. It is probably his private number, she concluded.

Everything had happened so fast today that Vania wasn't sure what Hanson was about to say, so she chose to remain silent.

His voice continued to come through the other end of the call. "Even though I didn't get you from the hospital myself, I had a fireworks display arranged for you. Did you like it?"

"I did," she politely answered. "Thank you."

In order to maintain a distance from him, she made sure to keep her tone calm the whole time they talked.

However, thinking that she was sleepy as she hadn't completely regained her health, he continued to talk to her patiently. "I booked a private room in a private restaurant to celebrate your discharge, and also to confirm with you some specifications about the product sales. You have to come."

Not expecting him to have chosen the place, Vania let out a chuckle after hearing his words.

She then let out a hum in agreement before bidding him goodnight and hanging up the call.

Hanson let out a satisfied smile as he looked at the phone in his hand, although the call had disconnected by then.

He then clicked into WhatsApp and added her on it.

Vania immediately approved his request to befriend her as soon as she received it.

His WhatsApp was the exact reflection of his cold, emotionless self. Not only was the application's default profile photo on, he also had never posted anything on his WhatsApp. He probably doesn't like using these social media applications, she thought.

He hadn't expected her to approve of him so quickly, so when she did, he unhesitantly clicked into her profile to take a look.

Her profile picture was a picture of her younger self that he had never had the chance to see before.

As for her posts, they were mostly pictures of scenery and promotional posts.

He didn't even need to think twice before he saved a selfie that she had previously posted. He then sent her a message, 'Goodnight.'

A text of the same message, too, came from her within a second.

It was after he had done all these that he finally lifted his chin to look in the direction of her villa, and only drove off when he made sure that all the lights had been turned off.

Vania's initial peace was so perturbed by the fireworks display Hanson had arranged, and coupled with the call he made, she even dreamed of the incident from five years ago.

Her dream tonight was the same as the one she had last time—Hanson had become the man who appeared in her dreams.

Like she usually did, she woke up screaming in surprise, and she lightly knocked her head that felt like it was spinning. "Good thing it is only a dream." She sighed.

Picking up her phone, she saw an invitation he had sent to her in the early morning via text. She then went to her dressing room and picked a simple long dress that was not only easy to move in, but also cooling to have on.

...

Two hours prior to that, Hanson was standing in front of the wardrobe in his private lounge in Luke Corporation when he sternly called out to Larry. The former had a frown as he looked at the rows of black suits and one-toned neckties that didn't have any sort of pattern or print on them.

Chapter 80 Lewis Peacock the Personal Stylist

Larry immediately entered the lounge. "What are your orders, President Luke?"

Hanson only quietly stood there with a conflicted expression on his face.

Sensing his boss' change of mood, Larry asked out of consideration, "President Luke, is there anything I can help you with?"

With eyes full of disdain, Hanson glanced over at the man who not only also had a black suit on, but was also an old man who had been a bachelor for over 30 years of his life. It was clear from Hanson's gaze that the last thing he needed was Larry's help.

Upon seeing that, Larry was rather speechless.

Did I just get looked down upon? I didn't even do anything!

As Larry quietly grumbled to himself, Hanson suddenly instructed him in a proud voice, "Bring me a suit of the latest design from this season."

He hesitated for a moment before adding, "I want something bright. Bring me one with actual colors and patterns."

"Understood."

Larry went from being a confused man to a busybody after hearing his boss taking the initiative to ask for clothes.

He didn't even take a glance when the designer came with samples before, but not only is he asking for one with colors now, he also wants patterns?

Larry began to think of all the possible reasons Hanson could be acting this way, and he suddenly remembered that Hanson was meeting Vania that day.

He wasn't even done musing when Hanson spoke again with more arrogance in his voice this time. "Tell Lewis to come."

Lewis Peacock was Hanson's personal stylist. He was also the best stylist in Hillsworth. He was someone that not even celebrities or prominent figures in the business world could hire even if they wanted to.

Upon hearing his instruction, Larry came to a slight pause before answering, "Roger that."

He could never have imagined that there was such a passionate fire burning under Hanson's ice-cold façade.

Not thinking that there was anything off about his behavior, Hanson had already returned to his desk.

Five minutes had passed when Lewis came scurrying into the office with his own assistant.

Seeing the big boss quietly sitting there, the designer gingerly asked, "President Luke, is there something you need?"

Even though Hanson had him as a personal stylist, the man had somehow never used Lewis' services before.

Hanson didn't want to burden Lewis with too tough a task, so he made a simple first request. "Design a simple hairstyle for me."

"Uh..." Lewis was so surprised he almost fell to the floor as he yelped.

How am I supposed to do anything to a buzzcut?!

Hanson's gaze turned cold as he looked at the designer and he demanded, "What is the matter? Too hard for you?"

"No!" Lewis quickly waved his hands and lied through his teeth. "It is not hard at all."

Hanson then grunted before he told the man to begin.

Not knowing where to start, Lewis started to take shaky steps toward the other man.

Having no choice but to put on a forced smile, he could only keep constructing himself mentally. He kept persuading himself that it was because he lacked the skill, and not because Hanson's request was hard that he was shaking like a leaf now.

However, despite how hard he tried to convince himself, the truth was right there in front of him. Lewis really didn't know what he could do with that inch-long head of hair.

At last, he bit the bullet and decided that the only way to go was to cut Hanson's hair even shorter.

It only took a short while before Lewis presented Hanson with a mirror. "President Luke, how is this...?"

Hanson took a look into the mirror and finally gave a satisfied nod. "Wonderful. Your bonus this month will be doubled."

"Huh? Thank you, President Luke!" At that instant, Lewis was so overjoyed he felt like he had just survived a scary ride at a theme park.

About 30 minutes later, Lewis and a few people came into the office with their hands full of bags and packages.

They then showcased a row of brightly colored clothes in front of Hanson.

The apparels were so glaringly eye-catching they were somehow painful to look at.

"President Luke, here are all the latest designs." Looking at the pieces he managed to collect within the allocated time, Lewis let out a sigh. These were so hard to find!

Hanson could feel his eyelid twitch as he looked at the clothes his stylist had prepared. "Lewis, do you find your salary too high? Or is it because you don't want this job anymore?" He pinched the bridge of his nose. "I will be deducting your salary this month."

“What?!” the designer exclaimed as he patted his chest to calm his weakening heart. At that point, he had to take a gamble in order to save his pay. “President Luke, if a charismatic gentleman such as your honorable self were to put on a unique, distinctive suit like what I have here, it will definitely help you at getting Ms. Greys—uh... I mean... at getting the ladies’ attention. It will especially work like a charm on women who work in design.”