

Love of Tomorrow Chapter 8

Love of Tomorrow Chapter 8 Who Allowed You to Bother Vania?

Melanie's angry outburst only added fuel to the incoming attacks, and she soon covered her face and hurriedly jumped into the car with a scream. "Go quickly!"

When the car started to move, Melanie's face twisted as she looked at the bruises on her body. "I'm so pissed. That b*tch Vania must've planned this!"

Suddenly, the car came to a stop.

"What now?!"

"I'm sorry, Miss Melanie. There's a flat tire!"

Melanie vented her anger on the driver. "How did you even look after the car to not know about a flat tire? Tell me, what should I do now?"

Knowing that it was his negligence, the driver could only lower his head and apologize, "Miss Melanie, it's my fault. I've already called for another car to pick you up, and they'll be here soon."

Looking at the car that had broken down halfway, the three children glanced at each other with satisfied smiles.

Back in Luke Estate, Melanie immediately tidied herself up after returning to the villa, returning to her usual gentle and proper appearance in an instant. With a glance at the closed study on the third floor, she went to the door of the study with a bowl of fresh soup and, after taking a deep breath, pushed the door open to let herself in. "Hanson, I've cooked some soup for you. Why don't you take a break before you continue?"

Normally, Hanson wouldn't have raised his head at all, but this time, he placed the documents in his hand down and raised his head to look at the woman in front of him.

His gaze delighted Melanie, and she pretentiously flicked her hair. Her long hair fell freely down her shoulders, and her skin that wasn't covered by her pink bathrobe was pale and tender, while she wore some light makeup. Her appearance was extremely sultry, enough to attract anyone who looked at her.

However, the man in the distance frowned subconsciously, his expression filled with disdain. Her strong perfume was too pungent, and the way she was dressed made her look cheap. Her looks couldn't even come close to that woman, Vania.

At that thought, Hanson was taken aback. Why did that woman suddenly appear in his thoughts? In particular, the way his body heated up for reasons unknown to him made him even more irritated.

His gaze turned cold as he looked at the pretentiously coy Melanie in front of him. "Get out."

The smile slipped off Melanie's face. This shouldn't be happening. Wasn't there a reaction in his gaze earlier? Why did he change so suddenly?

"Hanson..." She hurriedly placed the tray down and went forward to hug Hanson. However, before she could get close to him, he blocked her advances, sending her falling to the ground haphazardly.

Hanson's germaphobia made his brows furrow tautly as he picked up a wet towel and fiercely wiped the scent of perfume off his hand. Then, he said coldly, "Don't forget your standing."

Melanie shook her head, tears forming in her eyes. "Hanson, please don't reject me. I really like you, you know?" Looking at his icy yet handsome features, she gritted her teeth and began to take off her bathrobe. "Hanson, I'm begging you."

Not even wanting to spare her another glance, Hanson turned around in disgust and left. When he reached the door of the study, he stopped in his steps and uttered in a low voice, "This is the last time. If you do this again, you know what will happen."

Saying that, he slammed the door shut.

"Hanson!" Melanie wailed in distress, but her cries still could not make him look her way.

The next day, Hanson arrived at the company a little later than usual. Once he reached his seat, his computer screen had already lit up. His heart instantly dropped, and he looked at the computer that was switched on, only to see two lines of text on it.

The first was sent an hour ago, and said 'Devil,' while the other had just been sent. 'The sun is already up. Aren't you going to work? Our hair is turning white from waiting for you. What a lazy bum.'

Them again? Hanson's brows furrowed slightly as he replied, 'What is it?'

At this time, Jack had his legs crossed. He answered unhappily, 'It seems that you don't know yet. We're warning you, keep your woman away from our woman. If she dares to come and cause trouble again, we won't let her off lightly.'

Jacob was angry and rushed to add on, 'If this happens again, we'll empty your card.'

James warned him again, 'And you, make sure you stay far away from our woman.' Saying that, he decisively turned off the power, cutting off their conversation.

As Hanson looked at the replies, his fingers drummed the table slowly. Vania? Ha, who exactly is this woman? And who is supporting her?

A moment later, he made a call. "Come in."

"President Luke, do you need anything?" When Larry rushed in and saw the President's dark expression, he thought to himself, Who's going to get the short end of the stick again?

Then, he heard Hanson's emotionless voice. "Go and check what Melanie has been doing recently."

"Yes, sir." Larry accepted his orders, wondering dubiously why he was suddenly caring about Melanie.

Ten minutes later, he returned with the information he had found. "President Luke, here are the results of the investigation."

After a single glance, Hanson got up with a cold expression and left with his jacket in his hand. After leaving the company, he quickly drove back home.

Inside the house, Melanie was reading some design appraisal books. Although she had asked Vania for help this time, she still wanted to stand proudly by Hanson's side with her own ability instead of only being a beautiful accessory.

Suddenly, the door was pushed open. Thinking that it was a disobedient maid, Melanie opened her mouth and was getting ready to throw a tantrum when she turned around and realized that the one standing by the door was Hanson. Instantly, her expression softened and she asked in pleasant surprise, "Hanson? Why are you here?"

However, Hanson's voice was cold as he said, "It seems like you really don't remember what I told you."

Melanie's heart drummed in her chest, but she still wore a smile on her face. "Hanson, what's wrong? Don't be like this. I'm scared."

Hanson's dark eyes turned even icier as he glared poisonously at her. "Who allowed you to look into where I've been? And who allowed you to bother Vania?"