

Mr Han 50

Chapter 50: Has He Come Here Today Just to Eat Dog Food?

Lu Man's face immediately darkened, "Young Master Han, you... I dare not provoke you. Whichever game you want to play, please go find a woman who can afford to play with you, as I can't afford to. As for the money I owe you, I'll return it immediately. If you want interest, I can also give it to you. But the interest payment like just now, I'm sorry I can't give it to you. If you want to use money to buy me over, then you are insulting me. I thought that unlike those shallow men, Young Master Han has always exercised self-control and kept his integrity, don't make me feel that I have misjudged you."

After Lu Man finished saying that with a dark face, she unceremoniously closed the door, leaving Han Zhuoli stuck outside.

The door to the hospital room almost hit Han Zhuoli's nose.

Rubbing his nose, he blinked and out of her whole speech he just thought about Lu Man's last sentence, was it praising him?

Praising him to be untainted and having integrity, unlike those coquettish and contemptible men in the world.

Han Zhuoli straightened his back, completely ignoring the front part of Lu Man's words, he only remembered that Lu Man thought of him as a man with integrity and not a shallow person.

"Young Master Han." The head of the bodyguards walked over, and on seeing Han Zhuoli's face full of pride, he could not bear to remind him that the girl had not fallen for him, and instead seemed to dislike him quite a bit.

Han Zhuoli turned his head and returned to his normal steady self, "Leave some people here to watch over this place."

Leaving behind his order, Han Zhuoli then took the lift up and went to the VIP hospital room.

On entering, he saw Chu Tian sitting at the bedside, cutting apples for Mo Jingcheng to eat.

Mo Jingcheng's left hand was in a cast that hung from his neck.

"The last time you went on a mission and even got an honorable injury," Han Zhuoli raised his eyebrow and walked to the bedside.

Chu Tian quickly moved a chair over for him. "Big brother Han, please sit."

Mo Jingcheng helplessly smiled. "Thankfully it's a minor injury this time around, otherwise I won't have been able to face Tian Tian 1."

"Ha, you still have the nerve to say that. Also, it was already discussed that after this mission, you'll be promoted to director and it you won't need to go on dangerous missions anymore. But who knew that you would almost scare me to death on your last mission.", Chu Tian got angry as she talked about it, and directly shoved a large slice of apple into Mo Jingcheng's mouth.

As Mo Jingcheng's mouth was stuffed by the apple, even if he wanted to defend himself he could not and thus he had no choice but to quickly chew and swallow the apple so that he could speak.

Yet who knew that Han Zhuoli would suddenly stand up and start looking at himself in the full-body mirror in the hospital room.

"..." Mo Jingcheng finally swallowed the apple with great difficulty and scoffed at Han Zhouli. "Did you come here to see this patient, or to check yourself out in the mirror and be narcissistic?"

If you wanted to be narcissistic, why not do it at home?

"Am I handsome?" Han Zhuoli finally moved his gaze away from the mirror and turned around to ask Chu Tian.

The corners of Mo Jingcheng lips twitched. "Ask someone else, why are you asking my wife? No matter how handsome you are, she is still my wife."

After hearing that, Chu Tian happily fed Mo Jingcheng another slice of apple that was neither too big nor too small. "Alright, alright, why are you suddenly getting jealous?"

Han Zhuoli, "..."

Haha, has he come here today, just to eat dog food [2. Basically being the third wheel and watching a couple behave affectionately when you don't have your significant other there]?

However, not bothering with Mo Jingcheng Han Zhuoli again asked Chu Tian, "Little Tian, am I good looking?"

Chu Tian nodded and very genuinely said, "Good looking, and it's the first tier kind of good looking. If in my eyes the first tier of good looking only had one percent of the population, then you're in that one percent. Your facial features are profound and you're as pretty as a picture."

Mo Jingcheng immediately pulled on Chu Tian and asked, "Then what about me?"

"You're in the 0.5 percent," Chu Tian turned her head and looked at Mo Jingcheng with a face full of admiration reflecting the love in her eyes.

Han Zhuoli, "..."

Haha, Chu Tian as a married woman could not objectively critique his and Mo Jingcheng's looks, but that was normal, he could understand.

"Why did you suddenly ask this?" Mo Jingcheng raised his eyebrow and asked Han Zhuoli.