

Her Seven Little Bodyguards

Chapter 240

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"Well... Okay..."

With that, the celebratory party ended in a merry and blissful mood with everyone glowing with happy smiles.

The night breeze was howling gently as it formed glistening ripples on the surface of the river on both sides of the road. The weeping willows swayed in the breeze whereas the shadows of the two figures walking side by side lengthened under the streetlight.

Hanson and Vania walked shoulder to shoulder without uttering a word, as if neither of them had any intention to break the silence. They were not communicating with each other, but their hearts seemed to have gradually come together—from being at opposite ends of an intersection to heading in the same direction.

At this moment, a group of punks whose bodies were covered in tattoos popped up from nowhere and charged straight toward Vania.

Unbaffled by the bunch of punks, Hanson instinctively turned around to hold her in a protective embrace. However, the punks appeared too unexpectedly and snatched Vania's purse.

She cried with fright, "Ah! My purse!"

Hanson knitted his brows while shielding her with his arms. "Don't worry. I'm here." Then, he leaped forward and kicked a punk running at the back of the gang to the ground.

"Ouch! It hurts!"

Distracted by the punk's voice, the others immediately turned around and saw that their buddy had been knocked down with Hanson as the sole fighter. "Beat him up, gang!" they yelled.

At their leader's command, the group of punks swarmed toward Hanson and threw punches and kicks toward him, regardless of who the man before them was. Having been paid in advance, they already knew what would become of them, so they did not care what would happen if they hit Hanson.

Hanson looked coldly at the group of punks. What makes them think they can get near me? They're overestimating themselves.

Meanwhile, Vania had regained her composure while standing aside. Within a short time, she called the police as well as Larry.

The seven punks kept surrounding Hanson while trying every way possible to finish him off in one blow. However, after fighting him bitterly for a long time, they lost the upper hand against him. Not only that; they did not even get to touch him. Instead, they were beaten until they were out of breath and could hardly attack anymore. Even so, they kept circling around him without the intent to back down.

At that moment, one of the punks seized an opportunity amid the confusion and flung himself toward Vania, who had been their target all along. Holding the purse he had just snatched from her, he lifted it and was about to bash her head with it. The purse was rock-hard; if he was to really hit her head with it, she would definitely be bleeding within seconds.

The instant she saw the punk charging at her, Vania clenched her fists tightly and looked at him with ferocious eyes.

Just as she was about to strike him before he could smash her head, Hanson stepped in front of her and warded off the punk's attack with his hand. Then, with a fierce kick, he sent the punk flying until the latter fell heavily in the distance.

"Ouch..." the punk screamed. The sound of his bones breaking was audible, which showed how Hanson had kicked him with all his might.

Hanson looked at everyone at the scene with savage eyes while awaiting the next who dared to come forward. He did not mind teaching them a lesson.

At that point, the punks exchanged glances. As they were no longer having the same bravery from earlier, they surrounded Hanson while looking at each other. Now that the realization of their hopeless defeat toward him dawned on them, they wanted to find an opportunity to run away. Their actual target was not him, but Vania. Unfortunately, they could not lay a finger on her at all with his presence. If they were to keep it up, they might come to a miserable end when Vania's rescue arrived.