

Her Seven LBG 551

Chapter 551

Vania tried to stifle her laugh. "Yes, you do need a bit more of a start-up capital, or otherwise, wouldn't it be my fault if you can't find a wife?"

Hanson snickered. He wrapped his arm around Vania and said, "If he can't find someone, it's all on him. It has nothing to do with his allowance."

They shared a laugh together the way husbands and wives often did.

"You and your biting tongue," Thomas huffed in dissatisfaction. "Vania, don't listen to him. It's always better to have start-up capital."

Since he could not make Hanson call him the boss, he should at least get some benefit out of being the subordinate.

Right then, Bryan cut in and asked, "Vania, it's our first time meeting too. Do I get something as well?"

His family kept a close eye on his spending and would freeze his allowance if he was careless with his money.

"How very adult of you." Hanson glared at him.

Bryan flashed him a mischievous grin. Despite being the son of a wealthy family, he did not have much to spend.

Vania was generous enough to take a card out of her purse and slide it over to him. "This is a VIP card for my company. You can go ahead and use it."

Galaxy Corporation invested in quite a few restaurants in Hammond. They were all prominent restaurants that kept a low profile and offered private dining.

The card that Vania gave him could be used in all these restaurants, and the holder could eat free of charge.

Bryan cupped it in his hands as if he had just received a piece of treasure. "Hehe. You're the best, Vania! I shall be your follower from now on."

He did not have to worry about his family cutting off his allowance anymore.

"I'll keep the card on your behalf." Liam stuck his hand out.

"No, thank you!" Bryan avoided Liam's hand at once.

"Hahaha." The others laughed once more.

Vania's smile caught Liam's eyes yet again.

He could not stop himself from noticing her captivating smile. It looked just like what he remembered his older sister's smile to be like.

"Can I call you Vanie?" Liam asked abruptly. He took a liking to Vania for some reason.

It was merely a platonic sort of liking as if she were family.

However, Vania froze for a moment when she heard the nickname. Her smile stiffened slightly. "Oh. Sure."

She responded a little slowly because apart from her mother, no one had ever called her Vanie before, and her mother had passed away many years ago.

Hearing the nickname Vanie made Vania recall the time when her mother was still around. She became a little flustered and reacted a little unnaturally.

Hanson reached out to hold her hand. When he caught her eye again, she was back to normal.

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Yvonne had known Liam for many years, but he had never complimented her the way he did Vania. It was terribly unfair that he was so warm and friendly toward Vania when it was his first time meeting her.

Vania's such a vixen! She keeps seducing men wherever she goes! All the men here are fixated on her!

Liam looked at Yvonne as if he was looking at his child. He laughed kindly and said, "Oh, our little girl's upset now. You used to follow us around everywhere we went. You've become a lot prettier now."

Yvonne felt a lot better once she heard the adoring tone Liam used.

Liam continued, "You've been abroad for so many years now. It's the first time we've met up since you've returned to the country, so why would I forget to bring you a gift? I've sent someone to put it in your car as a surprise."

"You're the best, Liam!" Yvonne was pleased. She looked over at Hanson and said, "Liam, Hanson didn't even give me anything."

Naturally, Liam did not know about what was going on between them. When he heard how aggrieved

Yvonne sounded, he chuckled and said to Hanson, "Yvonne used to follow you around as a child. As someone she looks up to like an older brother, why didn't you prepare a gift for her?"

Yvonne was happy that Liam was standing up for her, but she did not like the way he spoke as if she were still a child.

She wanted to become Hanson's woman.

Meanwhile, Hanson had his arms wrapped around Vania as he shrugged. "You guys should know that I'm so broke that I have to stay with my wife now. I'm penniless."

In other words, he did not want to buy Yvonne a gift.

Yvonne's expression stiffened. It did not occur to her that Hanson would decline to give her a gift right in front of everyone.

It was such a vexing excuse too.

If he was penniless, then the entire world was penniless too.

She was even more upset that Hanson said he was staying with Vania. She frowned and asked, "Don't you have anywhere else to stay?"

They were not married yet, so she did not like the idea of them staying together.

"It's only natural for me to stay with my wife and kids," Hanson declared with such conviction that Yvonne did not know what she could say in response.

On the other hand, Liam was wondering if he should give Vania one of the gifts he brought along with him today.

He did bring purses and accessories that young women liked, but he thought of these things as too frivolous to give to Vania.

In the end, he did not bring it up, but instead decided to give her something more thoughtful in the future.

Right at that moment, the waiter began to serve the food, which helped ease the awkwardness that Yvonne felt after being rejected in the face by Hanson.

"Let's go to the shooting range after this."

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"Stop doubting me. I'll show you just what I can do later." Bryan was brimming with confidence as he had trained in secret for a very long time.

When Liam saw the way he was boasting, he intentionally looked at him sternly and warned, "Stop boasting. If you lose later, I'll ask your grandpa to make you join the military and train properly. You won't be let out until you've completed the training."

If Bryan's grandpa made him join the military, it would mean that the training was going to be brutal and relentless.

Bryan's confidence deflated at once when he heard what Liam said. He pouted and muttered, "You'll find out later."

"You've probably never been to a shooting range before, right, Miss Greyson?" Yvonne asked tauntingly.

Everyone knew that Vania's family was not involved with the military, and the regular shooting ranges that the public usually frequented were nothing in their eyes.

Yvonne assumed that she would be in for a fun time later as she wanted to use this opportunity to torment Vania.

Vania glanced at her gloating smile and smirked. She snuggled up against Hanson and said, "I don't know how to use a gun, but my darling does. He can teach me."

"Mmhmm." Hanson loved how he felt when she relied on him. He began to stroke her hair dotingly.

Yvonne felt like she had swallowed a lemon when she saw them being like that.

However, she would soon be letting Vania know what it felt like to be humiliated in public. "When it comes to shooting, even if a person has a natural gift for it, they can't be good at it without at least a few years of training, or maybe even a decade. Don't you think you're oversimplifying it, Miss Greyson?"

The smugness and derision in Yvonne's eyes were glaringly obvious.

However, Vania was unfazed. "It's just a friendly game. Why are you taking it so seriously, Miss Kepler? We're just a group of good friends gathered together anyway. It's not an embarrassing thing to lose."

Who said we're all good friends here? You're just an outsider who barged your way into our group. Yvonne was disgruntled. "What a good mindset you have, Miss Greyson. If I were you and I didn't know how to do anything at all, I would just keep my mouth shut and not say anything, lest I make a fool out of myself."

"There are some things that you shouldn't be so uptight about. Everyone has gathered here today to have some fun and relax, so what's the problem? Why must you make things so tense, Miss Kepler?"

Vania looked around the room and laughed. "It seems like I'm destined to be the butt of everyone's jokes today, so please go easy on me later. I don't want to be humiliated too badly."

She stared back at Yvonne's furious expression and her smile widened. "If you don't go easy on me, I'll just get my darling to take revenge on my behalf."

Each time Vania called him darling, Hanson's heart would melt a little bit more. He stared at her adoringly and said, "With me around, you don't have to worry about embarrassing yourself."

April was envious as he watched them being all sweet toward each other. "Hey, cut that out. Stop being so sweet when we haven't even finished our meal yet," he grumbled.

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"What? I..." What the hell? How heartless! Bryan was miffed by all their teasing.

He was still holding onto his wine glass, but now he did not know whether to drink or not. "Why is my life so terrible?"

All of these people he looked up to as older brothers only knew how to tease him all the time.

The meal soon ended after their continued bouts of teasing.

"Let's go over now." Yvonne led the way.

It was getting a little dark outside which made shooting even more difficult now.

The men were eager to get going. It had been a while since they trained together, so they wanted to make the best of it.

Hanson was worried that Vania might not enjoy spending time at the shooting range, so he whispered into her ear, "If you don't want to go, we can just continue sitting here for a while."

He spoke very softly so they were the only ones who knew what he was saying.

"Why wouldn't I want to go? I'd love to join in on the fun with everyone, and most importantly, I want you to teach me personally."

While speaking, Vania purposely tickled Hanson's palm.

It made Hanson feel like his heart was being tickled too. He squeezed her fingers as a warning.

Yvonne, who was walking beside them, kept her eyes fixed on them.

Even though she could not hear what they said, she did not miss the intimate air between them, so she intentionally raised her voice and asked, "What are you two whispering to each other about? You're smiling so happily."

"Since you know we were whispering, why are you asking? That doesn't seem very polite," Vania responded evenly.

Yvonne frowned in displeasure. "I'm just making a joke. Why are you taking it so seriously?"

She strode off to the side without giving Vania time to reply.

The attendants were already clearing up the place. They were halfway up a mountain and the shooting range was nestled right in the middle of the surrounding forest. This increased the difficulty yet again, and the men were thrilled.

"Dear sirs and ma'ams, do you need anything else?" an attendant asked politely.

"Bring some juice for us," Yvonne instructed.

"Yes, ma'am. Please give us a moment."

Bryan was testing out one of the guns. "Should we compete on something? It'd be boring to just play without a bet."

"What do you want to compete on?" Thomas studied the gun in his hand and was satisfied with it.

Hanson also took a look around the shooting range in satisfaction before patting Bryan on the shoulder. "First, you should think about whether you're actually able to win before suggesting a competition."

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"Fine." April sighed. "Cough. I'm pretty sure he drank too much."

After watching them engage in lively conversation, Yvonne walked over to Vania and said with a confident smile, "Say, why don't we have a competition too?"

"Miss Kepler, are you trying to compete against me, a complete beginner?" Vania was unaffected by her challenge.

"What does being a beginner have to do with it? It all depends on whether you have the guts to do it or not." Yvonne did her best to goad Vania into it.

"It looks like I'll be losing tonight, but since I'm in a good mood, I'll go along with whatever you like to compete on, Miss Greyson." Vania cocked her eyebrows and waited for Yvonne to continue.

Yvonne had a smug smile on her face. She assumed that she managed to goad Vania into doing what she wanted.

"You're the president of a company, Miss Greyson. I assume you're a woman of your words?"

Yvonne was certain she would win. After all, her brother had taught her personally and no woman could compete against her.

She was most proud of her shooting skills.

"Naturally."

"Good." She stepped forward and turned to face Vania before lowering her voice until only the two of them could hear her. "Let's bet that whoever loses will have to leave Hanson. How's that?"

Vania's smile vanished as her eyes narrowed dangerously.

In Yvonne's eyes, this took on a totally different meaning. "Are you chickening out, Miss Greyson?"

Her tone was full of provocation.

"What's so difficult about that?" Vania looked completely at ease. "I'll agree to the bet."

Yvonne was stunned. She did not expect Vania to agree so easily.

Did Vania not hear the bet correctly? Yvonne stared at Vania in puzzlement.

However, she soon smirked and took her phone out. "I made an audio recording of our bet. You better not worm out of it after this, Miss Greyson."

Don't even try to play any tricks on me.

"Since you already have proof, how could I get out of it later on? If I lose, I'll leave Hanson."

Vania spelled it out for her clearly.

Yvonne could tell that Vania was just trying to get under her skin, so she did her best to not get flustered. "Deal."

You're a useless beginner who doesn't know anything at all. Don't even think of trying to scare me.

Yvonne was determined to make Vania miserable and be forced to leave Hanson today.

Vania acted like she was trying to gain a handicap. She looked straight at Yvonne and said, "Since the bet

is pretty serious, shouldn't you give a beginner like me a chance to practice before we officially begin our competition?"

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Yvonne was not worried at all. There was no way a beginner could win against her after just three shots.

"Alright. It's a deal."

Vania snickered to herself. Does she think what she's doing doesn't count as taking advantage of a beginner?

Vania turned around and tugged on Hanson's hand. After positioning his hand to grip hers tightly, she said sweetly into his ear, "Darling, can you teach me what to do?"

Hanson's body jostled unconsciously. She did not sound like she truly wanted him to teach her.

"Sure."

He pulled her into his arms gently and talked her through the entire process.

His melodious voice was music to the ears, and Yvonne's jealousy intensified.

If she knew this was going to happen, she should have pretended to not know how to shoot a gun and asked Hanson to teach her.

"Do you remember it now?" Hanson asked.

"Yeah, got it." Vania nodded.

"Let's try it out now. Don't be nervous." Hanson gripped her hand and fired once.

"Fifth ring," a robotic voice reported once the shot was fired.

"That's great for a first-timer," Hanson said encouragingly.

Yvonne felt bitter when she heard that. She recalled her first time at the shooting range with Hanson. She had hit the eighth ring and he said she was a poor shot.

Meanwhile, Vania only hit the fifth ring but he praised her for it. How could he treat them so differently?

Still, when she saw what Vania could do, she was certain that she had the win in the bag.

When Vania heard Hanson complimenting her, she grinned excitedly and said, "Shall I try it myself?"

"Yeah." Hanson reluctantly let go of her hand and moved to the side.

Vania stared anxiously at the bullseye, but this time, she only hit the second ring.

Yvonne began to gloat even more.

"Vania, that's not good. You nearly missed the shot." Bryan was a little frantic as he tried to give her pointers and even shared everything he knew with her.

Vania gave him a grateful smile. "Thanks a lot." If he did lose the bet later, she would be sure to help him.

She used the techniques Bryan taught her and stared at the bullseyes for a long time without ever taking the shot.

Yvonne grew rather impatient and tried to rush her. "If you don't have the skills, there's no point in staring at the bullseyes all day long. You still won't be able to hit it."

Chapter 557

Bryan was being so annoying today. He kept messing up all her plans.

"We've already made a deal so we can't change the competition. Don't you agree, Miss Greyson?"

Vania nodded. "Of course. I'm a woman of my word."

"Let's stick to our agreement then."

Don't come wailing and renegade on the bet when you lose.

"Sigh. Vania, you..." Bryan did not know why Vania was insisting on competing after such a poor showing.

"Don't worry, Bryan. I'll take you out for some fun once I win." Vania patted Bryan on the shoulder in reassurance so that he would have more faith in her.

She was beginning to like this young fellow more and more.

"Hah..." Yvonne snorted mockingly. Do you still think you can win? In your dreams.

Vania did not pay any attention to her snorting, but looked up at Hanson with a sweet smile. "5, 2, and 1. Are you happy?"

Hanson was taken aback to hear her question.

She hit the fifth, second, and first ring. 521 meant 'I love you'.

"Yes, I'm happy." Hanson's heart was beating a lot faster by now.

I'm happy too." Vania smiled like a sly fox. Hanson could not get enough of it.

If the others were not around them right now, Hanson would have pulled her into his arms for a kiss.

"Tsk, tsk..." When the other four men heard their exchange, their expressions turned a little sour.

How did a few shots at the shooting range turn into a display of love? Did they not understand it simply because they were single?

Yvonne's eyes darkened as well. It was just a coincidence, so why did she make it sound so moving? What a glib tongue.

She did not want to see them being all lovey-dovey anymore, so she interrupted them at once. "Since you're done with your practice, are you ready now, Miss Greyson?"

"I only get three chances to learn, so I have no choice but to be ready, even if I'm not," Vania said begrudgingly.

The more reluctant she was, the happier Yvonne felt. "Let's start then."

The faster they got on with it, the sooner she could run Vania out of here.

"Sure. Are we taking turns for each shot, or are we taking all of our shots at once?" Vania asked to clarify the rules of the competition.

"I don't mind going either way. You can go ahead and choose whatever suits you, Miss Greyson." Yvonne was confident that Vania would lose no matter what, so she decided to let her choose.

Vania's eyes flickered. "Alright. Let's take turns with each shot, how about it?"

When dealing with someone she disliked, she was fond of using these sorts of methods—slow, prolonged bouts of agony before hitting the final nail in the coffin.

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Vania stood up grimly like she was about to march onto the battlefield.

"Relax, Vania. You've got this," Bryan said encouragingly.

She nodded imperceptibly and said, "I will. Thanks."

Yvonne's smile grew wider when she saw the look on Vania's face. Trying to gain sympathy now, huh? You were the one who took on the bet so willingly just now. To add insult to injury, Yvonne called out while Vania was taking her aim at the target, "Come on, Miss Greyson. We don't have all day."

She could tell from Vania's posture that the shot would miss.

Just as everyone was beginning to lose faith in Vania's skills, a mechanical voice sounded, "Ten-ring."

What? Everyone looked up in unison when they heard this, and they were all bewildered. Ten-ring? Who got it? Vania? That's impossible.

Yvonne was just as startled as she looked around to see who had sneaked into their team and scored the ten-ring.

Much to their surprise, they saw Vania standing there at the shooting point, her face blank as she asked, "Is the machine broken? Did I really just hit a ten-ring?" Her disbelief was evident on her face.

"What?!" Yvonne rose to her feet immediately. No, the machine must be broken. There's no way Vania could have scored a ten-ring otherwise! At once, she turned to the attendant and said, "Go and check if there's something wrong with the machine!"

Hanson aside, no one else could believe what Vania had accomplished.

Presently, she sat there innocently while she sipped on her juice, looking unfazed.

The attendant returned after checking on the machinery and informed them, "Ladies and gentlemen, there's nothing wrong with the machinery whatsoever." Then, he addressed Vania with an earnest smile, "Your skills are commendable, miss. That ten-ring is remarkable."

Upon hearing this, Yvonne scowled. What's with Vania's sudden good luck? But that doesn't matter; there are still nine more shots left. Let's see if she'll be so lucky then.

"So, I really did get it after all?" Vania beamed. She cupped Hanson's face and praised wholeheartedly, "Must have been those awesome lessons you gave me, darling!"

"You're a fast learner, darling," Hanson modestly returned the compliment. He couldn't take all the credit when he knew Vania's skills had less to do with him and more with her innate talent.

Bryan grinned as well. "Man. Vania, who would've thought you'd be so lucky? I played a role in this too, didn't I?"

Vania nodded. "Of course you did."

Happy to have been acknowledged by her, Bryan began to grow fond of her.

Meanwhile, April chimed in cheerily, "Hey, Vania, I think you'll get a lucky streak going at this rate. You'll be today's winner for sure."

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"Better keep quiet if you don't want to lose." It's as irritating as having to put up with the high-pitched whining of a mosquito.

Having been scolded by Vania, Yvonne pursed her lips and said nothing else, though she went on to mock inwardly, Unreasonable wench. You're just trying to cover up your own shortfalls.

Once again, Vania took aim, but her posture looked worse than it did the previous time. Her arms looked like they were tired from holding up the gun, and anyone could see that her aim was entirely off. She could very well end up hitting the target board next to her own.

"Ten-ring."

As everyone's breath hitched, the mechanical voice sounded over the system to announce Vania's precision score.

T-This has to be a joke! Vania might have gotten lucky the first time, but everyone refused to believe she could be so lucky as to hit a ten-ring the second time in a row. They all gaped at her in surprise, wondering if she was a sorceress. There didn't seem to be any other explanation as to how her shot, which had looked like it was going curve and miss, veered straight and struck ten-ring instead.

Vania shrugged innocently and put her hands out as though to show she had not cheated. "I guess I really am on a lucky streak."

April was in a daze as he gave her a thumbs-up. "Lucky streak? You're on a roll!" He would never have believed this if he hadn't been here to witness it himself.

Bryan rubbed his hands together and said to her, "Vania, maybe you could give me some of that luck since you clearly have so much of it." That way, I could beat Hanson and Thomas! Hah! What a bright idea.

However, this earned him a glare from Liam, who thought Bryan was trying to cut corners. "If only you could be enthusiastic about something else other than cheating, you might amount to something. But I have to admit, Vania is a great shot." Liam approved of her talent and her display of gunmanship.

Even Thomas, who hardly ever praised anyone, doled out a compliment to Vania, "You could be a pro if

you train with our team."

Upon hearing her own brother praise Vania, Yvonne scoffed and pointed out angrily, "She can't be so lucky all the time! She could die on the battlefield."

Vania nodded. "That's true. Come on, Miss Kepler. It's your turn to show us how the pros do it."

Yvonne's thoughts were clamoring, and she could not drown out the exasperation in her. In the end, she missed her shot for the third round.

Thomas pointed out impassively, "You wouldn't have missed it if you had just calmed down instead of firing on impulse."

Yvonne paled. Missing a shot would lower her probability of winning, and the more she tried to calm down, the more anxious she became.

Right now, everyone waited with bated breath for Vania's third shot. They stared unblinkingly at the way she handled her gun, wanting to see just how she had managed to score her previous two ten-rings. However, they were incredulous when they saw that her aim was off, the barrel of the gun was pointing to the side instead of the target board, and she looked like she had never handled a gun before this. There was no way she could make the shot.

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Vania propped up her gun, looking like she was training her aim as she muttered under her breath, "Oh, man. My aim's still off."

Hearing those words, Yvonne could have combusted on the spot. If your aim's still off then how did you hit the last seven ten-rings?

Turning around, Vania called out girlishly to Hanson, "Darling, you have to help me work on this."

"Okay," Hanson replied with a nod, though he was secretly worried that he had more to work on than she did.

The more innocent and hapless Vania was, the angrier Yvonne became. "Did you cheat?"

"Accountability is all part and parcel of adulthood, and I would never resort to cheating for the sake of winning a game," Vania pointed out, the expression on her face seemingly implied that Yvonne was no match for her and thus she did not have to cheat to win.

Insulted, Yvonne turned red with rage and snapped, "A quick check is all we need to know if you've been cheating all this while." She glanced at the attendant standing at the side and pointed at him, ordering, "Go and check if there's something wrong with the target board!"

The attendant did as he was told, and he inspected every corner of the board before coming back to Yvonne and reported, "Everything is untampered."

Untampered? Shock and embarrassment colored Yvonne's face.

Upon seeing this, Vania suggested with a warm smile, "Maybe you can try switching places and see if your luck gets better."

Yvonne glared at her, furious that she had allowed Vania to humiliate her like this, and bit out through gritted teeth, "Fine."

She stood at Vania's position, took aim, then fired. Sure enough, she hit a ten-ring, and the results were so astonishing that even she was rendered speechless for a moment. Maybe this shooting point is the source of Vania's luck!

When it was Vania's turn, however, she was so tired that she did not bother standing up. She propped her chin up in one hand as she sat on the lounge chair and sipped her juice. "I guess that means I will be trying to shoot from Miss Kepler's position."

She toyed with the gun in her hand for a brief second, then pulled the trigger thrice in rapid succession without even looking at Yvonne's target board, much less aim at it. Before anyone could register the shots, she was done, and the mechanical voice filled the air. "Ten-ring, ten-ring, ten-ring."

Everyone's eyes widened. Huh? Is the machine broken?

They looked at Vania, only to see her blowing invisible smoke off the barrel of her gun as she drawled, "I'm done with my ten shots. Take your time, Miss Kepler. We've got all day."

So the machine was working just fine earlier? Everyone was in disbelief.

Meanwhile, Yvonne felt as if all that had happened just now was like a dream and her hands trembled ever so slightly. She saw no point in trying to outdo Vania now, not when the girl had gotten a ten-ring for ten out of ten shots she fired. At this point, she could drag out this game until the sun went down and she would still lose.

When Vania saw the odd way everyone was looking at her, she asked bewilderedly, "Why are you all looking at me like that?"