

Her Seven LBG 611

Chapter 611

Vania nodded before shaking her head.

Seeing her response, Bryan was dumbfounded. "What do you mean?"

Vania threw her hands up. "She says she likes me, but she likes Hanson deep down."

Hanson darted a look at her in disbelief before the realization hit him. No wonder I've felt previously that there was something wrong with the way that woman looked at me, he thought. He quickly changed the subject, saying, "Let's not talk about those unimportant people anymore. Let's go."

Vania smiled. Seems like he's realized it, too.

With that, the group went to the restaurant together.

Miraculously, Vania seemed perfectly fine as she walked. She didn't suffer any physical injury upon catching Jennifer when the latter fell from such a height. However, she definitely didn't stage her passing out and hospitalization. She had really passed out from the hit at the time.

In the restaurant, the seven little kids sat down across from Bryan. "Uncle Bryan, can we order something to eat?"

"You can, of course." Bryan handed each of them a menu. What a bunch of nice and polite little kids.

Vania gave Bryan a look of sympathy before saying to her children, "Uncle Bryan is a nice person, so watch what you order."

James nodded obediently. "Don't worry, Mommy. We'll only order as much as we can eat. We won't waste food like those bad kids."

What a good boy! Bryan couldn't help but stroke their hair again. At this moment, he was overwhelmed with compassion. "Just order whatever you want. I can afford it."

Hearing Bryan speak like a money bag, Hanson nodded with deep emotion. This naive idiot has really experienced little in life. He'll soon know how cruel reality is.

However, the seven little kids seemed to really show Bryan mercy. Each of them only ordered two inexpensive lunch sets.

Seeing the food they ordered, Hanson raised his eyebrows. Could I have been mistaken? Are these seven little kids really partial to Bryan? Inwardly, he was somewhat unhappy about this.

Seeing that the kids had ordered so little food, Bryan said with concern, "Kids, how about I order some desserts for you guys?"

The kids softly expressed their care for Bryan. "Thank you, Uncle Bryan, but we have enough to eat. You should eat more."

Bryan was deeply moved. For a time, he thought he had wrongfully assumed them to be up to some mischief. They're seven cute little kids. How could I think that they'd deceive me? I'm so sorry for that. I have to buy a few more pieces of clothing for them later as a token of my apology.

After they finished lunch in a cheery mood, Bryan immediately took the seven little kids by the hand. "Kids, I've promised you all just now that I'll buy some new clothes for you. Let's go and take a look together."

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"Have you figured out a solution so quickly?"

Jack nodded. "Yeah, we have. We've had everything planned." We have no plans at all, anyway.

Bryan's smile instantly widened. "In that case, Vania, there's no time like the present. Let's go together today." He could already imagine the Best Actor award coming into his hands.

"Okay." Vania was very interested. For some reason, she couldn't help feeling that there was something about Bryan's suggestion that attracted her, so she immediately agreed. "Let me prepare some gifts before we go."

"Okay."

...

Meanwhile, however, the atmosphere in the Kepler Residence wasn't that happy and harmonious.

Jasmine kept pacing back and forth in the living room as she couldn't put her mind at rest. "I wonder how Yvonne is in there." She must've freaked out, I guess.

Thomas comforted her, saying, "Don't worry, Mom. I've spoken to the police, so they won't give Yvonne a hard time."

"In that case, just arrange for me to go in there to take a look at her."

Thomas refused her, though. "No, I can't. We can't do anything rash at the moment." There were countless eyes watching them at the moment. If they were to go to the police station at such a time, they'd definitely draw criticism for it.

So we can't do anything? Jasmine got even more impatient. "When will that Vania lady agree to let Yvonne off? Could it be that she's stalling us?"

Benjamin had the same worries at this moment. "Keep a close eye on her. Don't let her play tricks behind our back." They had suffered too much loss, so further losses would cost them very dearly.

Thomas had a different opinion, though. "She's promised us that she won't lay a hand on Yvonne. I think she'll keep her word."

At this moment, Benjamin took the meaning of Vania's words somewhat literally. "So what if she won't lay a hand on Yvonne? It doesn't mean she won't lay a hand on us Keplers."

"She won't," Thomas replied, though he had no idea why he'd trust Vania so much. Suddenly, he recalled something. "Oh, by the way," he hurriedly said, "Bryan and Liam Jones seemed to arrive at the hospital as soon as we left."

"You mean the Joneses?" Benjamin sounded puzzled for a moment.

Thomas replied, "That's right. They've only met once before, but Bryan and Liam have a very good impression of Vania." Vania was indeed attractive, not least because her free and easy manner made one feel that she was special.

Jasmine let out a snort. "She looks just like a seductress. As expected, she seduces men wherever she goes."

Thomas didn't say a word at this moment. Vania was indeed very pretty; her eyes were so seductive as though they could lure one's soul away from its body.

"Perhaps you should visit the Joneses," Benjamin suggested as he interrupted Jasmine.

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Knowing that they'd be visiting, Alistair had made the preparations. Even so, he was quite surprised to see so many kids showing up before him all at once. "Nice to meet you all. Come over here." He looked at the kids fondly while beaming from ear to ear. These kids were all indescribably cute. At the sight of them, he loved them so much that he couldn't bear to part with them.

"Nice to meet you, Old Mr. Jones and Mr. William." Vania and Hanson greeted the Joneses out of courtesy before handing the presents in their hands to them. "I know that you like to play chess, so I specially brought you a chess set made of marble. I hope you'll like it." She designed the chess set by herself.

"Let me take a look." Alistair instantly became interested. After taking the box containing the chess set from her, he opened it immediately, and his eyes instantly lit up with surprise. "The chess set is indeed made of high-quality marble, and the design is unique. You've got a good eye, miss." This was his first

time seeing such uniquely-styled chess pieces.

Vania replied, "You flatter me, Old Mr. Jones. How could ordinary chess sets be good enough for you?" She had to choose something of top quality to give to Alistair as a present, of course.

"Do you know how to play chess?" Alistair looked at Vania with interest. However, as soon as he looked at her, he was stunned. He hadn't looked closely just now. Only now did he feel there was something special about her, and he looked at her with apparent scrutiny.

Vania didn't expect the look in Alistair's eyes to change so greatly. She got somewhat suspicious; Liam also had such a look in his eyes when he saw her for the first time.

Sitting next to Alistair, William—Bryan's father—was startled as well. Why would she look so much like my sis? William ranked ten among his siblings, so he still remembered his sister very well.

Meeting their questioning eyes, Vania nodded. "I can play a little."

Upon hearing her voice, Alistair finally came to his senses and asked about something unrelated to the subject. "How old are you this year?"

Vania was dumbfounded for a moment. Then, she answered, "I'm 23 years old now." She didn't understand why he would ask about her age all of a sudden.

Hanson didn't know the reason for that as well, so he kept searching his mind for all information about the Jones Family.

"You're 23, too," Alistair said with a sigh for no reason. Then, he asked, "What does your mother do for a living?"

William also asked curiously, "You look like your mother, no?"

Vania was totally dumbstruck at the moment. She recalled how Liam had asked her such questions about her mother when they met for the first time. Instead of giving a direct answer, she asked in reply, "Do I look like someone you know, Old Mr. Jones?"

Alistair replied without hiding anything, "Yes, you do. You look very much like my daughter." My daughter got lost 23 years ago, though she was already 23 years old at the time.

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Alistair said, "It's our fate to meet each other, miss. Please visit me often in the future." He liked Vania very much, not because seeing her reminded him of his lost daughter, but because he really liked her and felt close to her.

Vania also had a good opinion of the kindly old man. "I'll certainly visit you often when I have time."

Alistair's smile returned to his face. "That'd be great. Wanna play a game of chess with me?"

"I can only play a little. Please go easy on me, Old Mr. Jones," Vania replied modestly.

"Do your best and let me see how good you are." Alistair loved to play chess more than anything else.

"Hanson is the only person among these kids who can play several rounds of chess with me." He was not at all chary of praising Hanson. "Hanson, come over and take a look, but don't say anything."

"Okay." Hanson held Vania in his arms, though he had wanted to help her. After all, Alistair was an expert chess player whom few people could beat.

Seeing that Alistair was in the mood to play, everyone gathered around them to watch them play. However, they were merely looking on; none of them thought that Vania could beat him.

The game of chess started with an ordinary and classic opening as Vania didn't ask to play with a handicap.

Over ten minutes later, Alistair put down his teacup and looked at Vania meaningfully. She was still knitting her brows, pondering over which chess move to make next with a seemingly troubled expression.

Half an hour later, Alistair began to frown. After an hour, he suddenly laughed. "Haha! Hanson, your wife is quite amazing."

Hearing the sudden compliment, the others couldn't figure out what was going on, but Hanson understood what he meant. "My wife is nothing less than outstanding."

Bryan curled his lips while despising Hanson inwardly. He's starting to show off again... At this moment, he became a chess referee. "Grandpa wins by a narrow margin."

The others were surprised. "A narrow margin?" In that case, Vania is indeed quite amazing.

Alistair was still laughing heartily while looking at Vania. "You didn't go all out. You were thinking about how to lose the game."

"Huh..." Bryan cried out in surprise when he heard Alistair's words. "Grandpa, what do you mean by that?"

Alistair ignored him, though. "A poor chess player like you doesn't know anything."

Not daring to speak, Bryan immediately shut up. I'm always the one who gets hurt.

Vania smiled tenderly. "You're the chess expert here, Old Mr. Jones. All I could think about was how not

to lose the game, so how could I manage to care about that much?"

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To them, it was just a child's nonsensical babbling to make their elders happy.

As the seven children sent Jack out for battle, he sat sternly in front of Alistair. At first, Alistair was solely entertaining the children, but the more he played, the more he felt that something was amiss. This child barely followed the rules and attacked wildly, making his moves difficult to counter, as if he were a rival. Alistair felt like he was about to lose this round.

However, he didn't get into a bad mood because he was losing to a child, but was ecstatic instead. "Hanson, your child is much better than you. He's going to surpass you."

Saying that, he moved a chess piece and declared, "I lost."

"What?" Bryan exclaimed again, his mouth gaping so widely that he could barely shut it. Was it that exciting?

William and Liam measured the children up again. They aren't ordinary people at all.

"Today is such a good day. We must have a good drink later." Alistair looked at the children lovingly.

Morales and Morgan leaned on his arm and said softly, "Great-Grandpa, you must've gone easy on Jack. You're the best. We all have to learn from you, Great-Grandpa."

Jacob massaged his back. "Great-Grandpa, you must be tired from playing chess. I'll give you a massage."

Though he was young, he was already as skilled as a professional. The children's young and adorable voices as they conversed made Alistair laugh loudly; he felt extremely happy.

Just then, James gave Bryan a look.

Immediately, Bryan stepped forward and spoke up with a smile. "Grandpa, other than running a company, Vania is a famous director. She's really good at making movies."

Alistair nodded. "I can tell that Vanie isn't just anyone."

"Hehe." Bryan rubbed his hands before continuing carefully, "That's why I decided to learn from Vania."

"You really should learn from her." Alistair felt both loving and worried for his son. Though he was smart and filial, he was just too frivolous.

"Does that mean that you're giving me your approval?" Bryan asked happily. He didn't expect to succeed so easily.

Alistair nodded. "Since you don't want to work at our family's company, I'll ask Vanie to pull some strings so that you can join her company and learn from her. That way, you wouldn't always laze around and cause trouble."

"Grandpa, that's not what I meant." Bryan sighed. No wonder Alistair agreed so quickly—they were on two different wavelengths.

"What do you want to do, then?"

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Jude tactfully handed over a cup of tea and said, "Great-Grandpa, have some tea. I think that Uncle Bryan will be fine. Besides, with Mommy here, she can definitely help you take care of Uncle Bryan."

Meanwhile, Jacob kept massaging Alistair's back as he joined in. "Uncle Bryan, you can't let Great-Grandpa down."

"Don't worry, darlings, I won't let Grandpa down." Bryan immediately raised his hand as if making a pledge. These kids really are useful.

"With so many people vouching for you, it wouldn't be good for me to not let you try." Saying that, Alistair scoffed coldly. "If you don't succeed this time, don't blame me for not holding back."

Sensing that there was hope for him in those words, Bryan immediately nodded. "If I fail, you can punish me however you like, Grandpa."

For some reason, he was confident in his acting.

Seeing that Alistair was about to agree, Hanson immediately spoke up. "The entertainment industry is too enticing. I think..."

"Daddy, you think that Uncle Bryan can overcome any difficulties and succeed, right?" Jack interrupted his father who was about to oppose.

Then, he looked at Bryan and said, "Since everyone trusts you this much, you can't disappoint us, Uncle

Bryan."

Bryan nodded profusely.

"I didn't mean..." Still, Hanson was about to disagree with Jack's words, but before he could finish, he was interrupted by James.

"Daddy has always had high expectations, so you have to work hard, Uncle Bryan." Jude cheered him up.

"No... I won't approve of it..."

"Daddy." Morales and Morgan called out at the same time. "We don't agree with Uncle Bryan using Mommy's connections either. If he wants to enter the entertainment industry, he still has to work hard on his own. Don't you agree, Great-Grandpa?"

Alistair nodded. "That's right. You have to work hard on your own instead of relying on others to achieve your goals. Since you've decided what you want to do, you have to work hard to complete it."

Then, he glanced at Bryan in exasperation. "Look, even these children are smarter than you."

Bryan touched his nose. "Grandpa, I'll work hard."

"Hmph." Alistair huffed at Bryan before he looked at Vania. "Vanie, I'll leave Bryan to you. You have to discipline him well."

"Don't worry, Grandpa. We're all family, so we have to help each other."