

Her Seven LBG 861

Chapter 861

Thomas didn't mind, or should he say he welcomed such activities. That way, he would have more opportunities to meet Vania.

"Okay, I'll be waiting, Thomas."

After this matter was decided, he seemed to be in higher spirits, so he allowed Liam to drop him home.

The moment they returned home to Haling Villa, Hanson pulled Vania into his arms, startling her.

"What are you doing?" Does he have to be in such a hurry? I don't even have the time to wash up?

"Darling, is your memory failing you? Did you already forget the thing you promised me this morning?"

Vania blinked at him before she recalled that she had promised him a reward in the morning. Nevertheless, she couldn't help but huff at the cheeks of this guy to ask for a reward when he embarrassed her at the restaurant earlier. Nice try, she thought.

Naturally, he noticed her change in expression as he quickly coaxed, "Case by case, dear. You can't compare them to each other."

Vania snorted. "So, based on what you said, I can settle the score with you first and then reward you?"

"What score?" he repeated innocently as though he didn't take part in teasing her earlier.

A sarcastic chuckle escaped Vania's lips. This jerk's acting skills are improving, she thought and reminded him, "Don't you think that you deserve a punishment from me after what you did in the restaurant today?"

"Oh, that's what you mean." He exclaimed as though he had finally realized what she was getting at, "But why don't I remember that as a punishment?" Then, he lamented, "Darling, your memory is really deteriorating. When we were in the restaurant, you clearly said that we're going to enjoy it when we're alone."

His words made her utterly flabbergasted. Why did I damn myself? I'm really suffering the retributions of my own doings, falling into a trap I set for myself.

He smirked as he stared at her shocked expression. "Well, it seems I don't have to prompt you this time."

She couldn't think of a biting retort and couldn't help but wonder if it was too late for her to feign forgetfulness now.

Nevertheless, he ignored her emotional roller-coaster as he gestured with two fingers to show the number two.

"Darling, would you like to choose one out of two or add both together?"

"I choose neither but does it even help if I say no?" she refuted.

Hanson shook his head. "Of course, it's useless."

"Why did you bother asking me, then?" she said huffily.

In comparison to Vania's frustration, he was overjoyed. "I have to ask for your opinion when it concerns the both of us."

"Heh," she sneered in response.

Chapter 862

Hanson left a trail of kisses on Vania as though he was kissing a rare treasure and couldn't bear to taste her.

"Darling, how are you going to reward me?" Even in the midst of being passionate, he didn't forget to shoot his shot.

If I hit the brakes right now, I think this guy will lose his mind, she thought.

Then, just when she wanted to offer him something else as a reward, she heard him mumble, "Since it's so difficult to think of an idea, I'll decide it for you."

Then, he started caressing her, and she sniffed scornfully in her heart. Why did he even bother to ask when he had already decided? Is this just formality?

She felt she lacked authority as his wife and decided to devise a way so that her words carried more weight.

"What are you thinking about? Are you distracted?" He focused his attention on Vania, who was in his embrace. Her eyes were flickering with a certain gleam, and he knew right then that her mind was occupied with something else.

Hmph, how can she be distracted when she's in my arms? He thought, feeling that his attractiveness as a man was being challenged.

Hence, he tried even harder to keep Vania's attention solely on him. Given his dominant personality, he couldn't stand his wife thinking about anything else but him.

Meanwhile, she decided to just close her eyes, and the words she wanted to say were stuck in her throat because Hanson's kiss sealed her mouth.

He isn't even giving me a chance to answer his question. What a bully, she complained in her heart, but he abruptly came to a stop.

"Huh?" She opened her eyes in bewilderment and gave him a puzzled look.

Did he suddenly decide to listen to his conscience and release me?

However, he interpreted her confusion differently.

He gave her a winning smile before he licked the edge of his lips. "It seems like you don't want me to stop. I'll have to continue as you want, then," he said and continued to kiss her.

Vania didn't even know where to begin with this man. So this is what they call selective blindness, huh?

"I want..." she mumbled incoherently in an attempt to voice out her thoughts.

"Yeah?" His voice was alluring. "What do you want?" he pressed for answers.

"I want you—"

To stop, she finished in her head but could not finish her sentence because Hanson didn't give her a chance to continue.

As though he had expected it, when she said the word 'you', he put in more strength, causing her to groan, unable to speak.

"Since you want me, I'll definitely satisfy you, darling." Unfortunately, Hanson continued to misinterpret her words on purpose and stopped restraining his desires.

Chapter 863

There was a dedicated room in the house where he kept his alcohol, and it stored countless expensive drinks. He kept drinking without abandon until there were more than a dozen empty bottles around him.

Was it a mistake to meet tonight? Otherwise, why was he so miserable?

As he raised his glass, he finished the drink and couldn't help but sneer at his pathetic state. "Heh..."

As long as Hanson was around, she wouldn't take another look at him. So how did things turn out like this?

"Why did I fall for her?" he mumbled, lost in his thoughts.

He couldn't believe that he would fall for Vania. Maybe his impression of her was already different the first time he met her.

Or perhaps when they were negotiating about Yvonne, he already realized that she was different.

Nevertheless, there was no need to pursue the cause behind his affections anymore. So what if he found out the reason? It remained a fact that he had fallen for Vania!

"Heh..." he mocked himself and accidentally knocked over a bottle, alerting Yvonne, who happened to pass by.

She furrowed her brows as she went over and knocked on the door. "Thomas, are you in there?"

She knew that he had drunk a little too much today and it was Liam who sent him home, but why did he start drinking again instead of taking a good rest?

When there was no answer after she had knocked twice, she opened the door and went in without permission.

"Thomas?" she gasped in surprise at the sight of the bottles strewn across the room. "What are you doing?"

This was the first time that she had seen him drinking alone.

It seemed like he was utterly wasted as he slumped over the bar without care. Then, at the sight of Yvonne, he finished another glass and asked, intoxicated, "Would you like to have a drink with me?"

Judging from his bloodshot eyes, she could tell he was drunk, and she stepped forward to snatch the glass away from his hand, but he dodged with surprisingly nimble reflexes despite being drunk.

"Yvonne," he whined unhappily, disgruntled that she tried to snatch his glass away.

"You're drunk, Thomas. I'll help you back to your room." Yvonne frowned and intended to stop him from drinking further.

"I'm not drunk," he denied, pouring himself another drink with shaky hands.

Still, he couldn't control his hands very well as it was trembling like a leaf in the wind, and just like that, he started to struggle with his hands that refused to listen to his brain. No matter what, he wanted to pour the drink into the glass to prove that he wasn't drunk.

Chapter 864

It's not the time to ask him now, Yvonne thought. Instead, I'll ask him again once he's sober.

But Thomas had heard her when she mentioned 'drunk man', and he snorted in disgruntlement. "I'm not drunk... I'm not..."

Although he couldn't even stand straight with her help, he kept insisting that he wasn't drunk.

Meanwhile, Yvonne stopped speaking with him because there was no point in reasoning with a drunk. At the end of the day, he was a man, and a drunk man was especially strong.

So, she used up a lot of energy before she could finally help him back to his room, and she left after placing him in a safe and comfortable position.

The moment she left the room, Thomas' eyes popped open. They were still bloodshot, but the drunkenness within had more or less receded.

As he rolled over, he stared at the ceiling and muttered, "Vania, is there still a chance between us?"

But after he asked this question, he thought he was being ridiculous.

It's impossible between us, he thought. If there's any, it's only in my dreams.

He closed his eyes in despair and thought it was a good thing to have a fragment of her warmth in his dreams.

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The following day, Vania was woken up by the heavy weight pressing against her.

The less-than-stellar wake-up call disgruntled her as she opened her eyes and glared at Hanson. "Get up."

Her tone still sounded a little groggy from just waking up, making one feel like messing with her, and that was exactly what Hanson did.

He showered her face with kisses and chirped energetically, "Darling, we still have one more to do."

My god, I really feel like punching someone, she thought. He already took advantage of me last night. Why can't he just wait a little longer? Right after I open my eyes, he's asking for the second time. That's too much...

She closed her eyes and feigned sleep, refusing to continue the conversation with this man since nothing

good would turn out of it. But, alas, she wasn't the least bit sleepy and could merely curse this dissatisfied man with her eyes closed.

"Can you still fall asleep, darling?" Unfortunately, he was restless as he poked her nose and ran his fingers across her eyelids, acting like a cheeky child.

"If you could stop touching me for more than five seconds, I would have sweet dreams by now," she hissed through gritted teeth.

Earlier, when she opened her eyes, she caught sight of the sky outside, and it was just turning bright; definitely not the time they usually get out of bed.

Chapter 865

Where's that President Luke who had little to say? Vania wondered. She also felt that Hanson was the typical type of person who had barely anything to say before outsiders but would definitely start blurting all sorts of nonsense when no one was around.

"Oh... Should I think of a way so that my wife will fall in love with me again? I can't just allow her to ignore me," Hanson mumbled, acting as though he was merely making a comment to himself, but everything he said was meant for her ears.

Although her eyes were closed, her mind was full of activities; every time Hanson said something, she would snap back at him, albeit in the safe confines of her mind.

When she heard that he wanted to come up with ways so that she wouldn't ignore him, she knew that he was going to lay his hands on her again, and her body stiffened in response.

As she expected, this man started to get fresh with her.

She couldn't take it anymore, so she finally snapped her eyes wide open. "What exactly do you want?"

The wakeful look in her eyes showed that she wasn't sleepy at all, and he chuckled inwardly.

However, on the surface, he appeared aggrieved that his wife was mean to him. "Darling, you're awake? Why are you so mean to me?"

He played his part as a pitiful yet wronged victim so well that he seemed just like a child that had been misunderstood.

Hmph, continue acting all you want, she thought, momentarily struck dumb by his daring. Did this guy suddenly turn into an actor overnight? Why is he so dramatic? He even asked me if I was awake! Does he think that I can really sleep with him nattering about? Forget the fact that he woke me up; he even said that I was mean to him. Why do I have the feeling that he's laughing at me secretly?

Her hunch was correct because he indeed had a rather difficult time suppressing his howling laughter when he saw that she was grumpy.

When she didn't answer him, he continued whining, "Darling..."

His voice was so cheesy that it sent goosebumps all over Vania's body, and she thought she had definitely switched roles with him. Now, she felt that she was the male lead who had to deal with this 'little temptress' so early in the morning.

She rubbed the spot between her brows in frustration as she pointed outside the window. "Would you just look at the color of the sky outside? Are you really doing this to me so early in the morning?"

The male lead should speak as a lead character should.

He took a look outside and then turned to her in bafflement. "Darling, we have blackout curtains in the room. How were you able to see outside? I can't see anything."

"I have x-ray vision," she snapped with a frayed temper. Isn't there a gap between the curtains? Take a look through it!

She had the habit of leaving a small gap at the end of the curtain before going to bed. She did this so that she could check the situation outside the instant she opened her eyes.

"But I'm not as great as you, darling." He shrugged as he played his innocent part to the end.

"Fine." She sighed and softened her tone. "So, what exactly do you want to do?"

She was so troubled by him that she couldn't even hold on to her temper anymore.

"I told you that I want your second promise."

Chapter 866

After Vania said her piece, she rolled over, showing that she was really not interested in playing along with him anymore. Despite that, Hanson wouldn't let her off so easily as he leaned over and pressed his body against her firmly.

"Dear, how could you bear to do this to me? I feel so sad."

His best act was up again—feigning discomfort.

He already tasted the sweetness of this play; every time he used this expression, she would turn soft-hearted.

Sure enough, she couldn't bear it when she heard his tone, but right now, she told herself to bear with it because all these were part of his schemes, and she shouldn't fall for them.

"Darling?" he murmured into her ear, hoping that she would give him some sort of reaction.

Nevertheless, Vania remained indifferent, and the back of her head was the only response she offered.

"Darling." He refused to give up as he figured that it was kind of fun to keep calling her like this.

I won't answer you. Let's see what you're going to do about it, Vania thought.

"Darling... My darling..."

He called out to her a few times using different tones. If a score were composed for him, he would have started singing.

"Fine..." Out of wits, Vania sighed in resignation and rolled over again amidst Hanson's never-ending, annoying vocalization. "Darling, how far are you going to take this?"

He scratched his nose lightly and knew that it was about time to stop. So, he switched topics and said, "Darling, did you forget that there's filming for the show today?"

The second episode of 'On the Road With You' would be filmed today and it was really time to get up. Unfortunately, she was the one who overlooked this, placing this matter entirely at the back of her mind.

When she heard his reminder about the filming, she buried her head against the pillow in defeat. This time, she was the one who wanted to back out. How much is it for the breach of contract? I'll pay for it.

"Let me close my eyes for one more minute, and then I'll wake up."

This was the last resort for a person who liked to laze in bed, and she was the kind of person who didn't fancy waking up early. If she could, she would never get out of bed in the morning.

"60... 3, 2, 1..." Hanson did the countdown like an annoying mosquito. "Time's up."

"Aargh!" Resigned to her fate, Vania sat up and ran her fingers through her hair in frustration, turning her already messy hair into a frizzy mess, which resulted in her looking like a little lion.

Hanson reached out and smoothened her hair, feeling the softness of her hair on his hand, which he liked. Then, she wrapped her arms around his waist and leaned into his embrace. That was because she didn't want to move but desperately wanted to stay in bed longer.

He loosened his hold as he slightly distanced himself from her. "Darling, I can't take it if you do this. As you know, in the morning, men are..."

At the mention of this, she jumped out of his arms, threw him a wary look, and trotted into the bathroom under his watchful stare.

Chapter 867

In order to increase the suspense and viewership of the program, the production crew kept the filming details a secret that they only revealed on the filming day itself.

However, only the director knew that they didn't have time to prepare the program ahead of time. The contents of every episode were prepared through working overtime, so he had no idea ahead of time, either.

Well, that was because this was the program the great President Luke requested at the very last minute.

He took a look at the proposed schedule and announced, "Due to the high viewership for the last episode, we decided to air this episode through a live broadcast and have a post-filming production. Next, we'll be heading to Gansdorf."

This time, the production crew decided to broadcast live, showing people where they would be working and playing games in a village to increase the show's engagement with netizens.

Perhaps this would even record a new high in viewership; after all, there was attention wherever Hanson and Vania went.

The director grinned from ear to ear as he could already envision the program being a big hit.

"Let's go!"

Vania and Hanson prepared to dress up casually for the filming after their experience from the last episode.

The director gave them an awkward chuckle. "The netizens commented that they would like to have a live broadcast of President Luke's dressing room. Is that possible?"

The production team had already started an official Facebook page, and the number of followers had already exceeded those of A-list celebrities.

After they learned that the production team would do a live broadcast and air some clips, the netizens left comments on the parts they would love to see.

Unexpectedly, a considerable amount of people in the comments wanted to see Vania's dressing room,

and the topic had been a trending topic through the night.

However, both Vania nor Hanson didn't check their phones last night and didn't know about it.

After all, her dressing room, which was everyone's dream, had given the netizens a huge shock.

Even a surprising number of A-list celebrities envied her because even they couldn't afford that branded custom design goods.

When they heard the director's request, Hanson answered on her behalf, "Sure."

This was a golden opportunity to display their affection, and he wouldn't pass that up.

An overjoyed director glanced at Vania, who didn't say a word and thought, Since President Luke had given us the green light, we'll just start filming.

Hence, he said in glee, "We'll do a live broadcast of this part, then."

"Okay."

Hanson agreed yet again without hesitation, and the director was delighted as he could already see the profits flashing before his eyes.

This show particularly favored Vania and Hanson, so the team gave them sufficient shots.

They were the only couple who had started the live broadcast while the other couples were filming as usual simply because the netizens loved watching them.

Chapter 868

After Vania finished speaking, Hanson immediately snorted and looked at her imperiously. "Darling, your self-introduction is wrong again."

This is a couple's show. How can it be so simple?

'Tsk. Tsk. They're being so lovey-dovey right from the start. There's no time for rest at all!'

'I never knew you were the type to like showing off your affection for each other.'

The netizens in the live stream channel had liked to make fun of Hanson recently.

After all, the man, who was previously known as somebody with no interest in women, was now showing affection in every way possible. Of course, it also didn't help that his current actions greatly contrasted his previous image.

The netizens absolutely adored people like him who expressed themselves freely after their initial persona fell apart.

"Darling, please introduce yourself again," he urged Vania, who was on the verge of falling asleep.

She rolled her eyes in annoyance. "I am Hanson's wife, Vania."

Her tone was extremely perfunctory, and she actually rolled her eyes at the camera. Therefore, the audience saw everything clearly.

'Haha! Your wife finds you annoying, President Luke!'

'You can see just how much Vania has suffered in private.'

'That expression was awesome! There'll be a new emoji pack soon.'

On the other hand, Hanson couldn't care less about the tone of her voice. It was enough as long as Vania had introduced herself properly. So, he turned to the cameraman and said, "Follow me."

At the same time, he did not forget to warn the cameraman. "Don't touch my wife's cosmetics."

The crew commented online, 'I don't feel like doing this live stream anymore.'

The netizens teased, 'Haha! Be careful of President Luke!'

There was no specific content requirement for this live stream, so everything was riding on his shoulders. He had to come up with content live on the spot.

As he swept his gaze across the dazzling array of clothes in the wardrobe, he asked the netizens in the live stream channel, "What do you want to see?"

'We don't mind seeing anything and everything.'

'Even if you live stream for the entire day, we won't go offline.'

'We love you very much! We want to see everything!'

Most celebrities did not like to reveal their personal lives, but Hanson was different. If he could live stream 24/7, then he would pounce on the chance to openly show his affection to his wife at all times.

He turned toward the camera with a grin on his face. "You're too greedy. I have decided to show you a little bit at a time. I'll show you the rest during the next episode."

'One episode isn't enough! Just this wardrobe alone can last us for an entire season!'

'Why don't you start a live stream program that exclusively streams your daily lives, President Luke? I can guarantee that the ratings will be overwhelming.'

'I support the netizen who commented earlier. We love these kinds of live stream channels.'

Fortunately for the netizens, he had quite the tendency to spoil his fans. So, when he read through the comments in the live stream channel, he immediately promised, "This program will definitely be recorded and broadcasted for you."

'Wow! You're so nice, President Luke! I've decided to buy some stocks in the Luke Corporation.'

Chapter 869

Vania shrugged lazily. "Don't keep your fans waiting. You should quickly get started."

Then, she quickly took advantage of his inattention as he live-streamed as she leaned against the chair and closed her eyes for a short nap.

At this moment, Hanson had just walked over to where she stored her bags and said, "In that case, I'll introduce you to some bags today."

While he spoke, the camera panned toward where the bags were neatly arranged.

'Wow! Is this a shopping mall? Why are there so many bags?'

'It's not just the quantity. They are all customized models that can't be bought.'

'Not only do I have to suffer through a heavy dosage of lovey-doveyness so early in the morning, but I even had to swallow a truckload of envy.'

Forget the netizens; even he felt blinded by the colorful variety of bags on display.

As a man, he did not understand much about women. He was simply responsible for paying the bills. However, most of the time, his excellent wife didn't even require him to pay the bills. So he couldn't help but feel rather useless. The money he earned could not be spent, and it was an odd sense of discomfort...

But why does a woman need so many things?

"Do you also have these many bags?" He couldn't help asking.

Even if she uses a different bag each day, isn't this enough to last her for several years without any repeat?

'We don't. We're so envious.'

'Even if we do, our collection is not on the same level.'

'We can't compete. We can't compete at all.'

He took one of the bags down out of curiosity. He had a good eye for quality and casually grabbed the most expensive bag in one try.

That was the most popular bejeweled bag during autumn this year. It had a black base, and the exterior was encrusted in diamonds. Naturally, each and every one of those diamonds was real.

He held the bag carelessly in his hands, looking as though he could drop the bag on the floor at any time.

"Can you even put anything in this bag?"

He could not understand the purpose of this bag. It's so tiny... Even a phone wouldn't fit in there, would it?

'Be careful with that bag! Your wife will beat you up if you drop it!'

'Even we who are watching this behind the screen are feeling nervous on your behalf. Can you hold the bag with both hands?'

'He's a straight man through and through. Half of the function of the bag is decoration. Of course, it's not meant to hold anything.'

'Listen to us. Put that bag down. It's not something you can touch so carelessly.'

As he read the comments from the netizens with a slight frown, he felt as though he was holding onto a scalding hot potato instead of a purse.

"Is it costly?" The wealthy president began to calculate the value of this bag.

Isn't the exterior simply encrusted with some ordinary diamond fragments? There are many of these in the mines, and they are worth as much as broken glass. Are they really worth the fuss?

It was fortunate that the netizens could only see his doubts but couldn't hear the thoughts in his heart. Otherwise, they would have thrown eggs at him in anger.

Yet, the people in the crew were watching him from up close. They could sense the disdain that was practically oozing from him.

Chapter 870

'All the bags on display are worth millions at the very least. You're way too generous, President Luke!'

'Are you really going to give us one of those bags?'

Hanson was puzzled when he read the comments from the netizens.

It's just a few bags. So why can't I give them some? But it's best if I don't randomly give away anything that belongs to my wife without her express permission.

"The program crew will randomly select five lucky fans from the comment sections. The winning fans will each be presented with a classic handbag from Chanel. Then, like before, we will mail them to you." At this moment, the host of the program crew explained the rules of the lucky draw.

Although they were not giving away Vania's handbags, it was definitely the most expensive and luxurious lucky draw ever.

The netizens started bombarding the comments section enthusiastically as a result.

After the lucky draw session ended, the staff on the program crew gave Hanson a kind reminder, "President, it's almost time. We need to set off for Gansdorf."

Gansdorf was quite a distance away, and there would be another live stream broadcast of the prime-time program this evening.

Hanson nodded affirmatively. "Okay."

Nevertheless, he continued the live stream there. In addition, the live stream before departure was also another highlight of the show.

Vania had already fallen asleep on the chair by this time. It was because she slept too late last night and woke up too early this morning, so she could no longer keep herself awake.

He walked over silently and whispered, "My wife is a little tired from last night. Hehehe. I'm going to carry her into the car."

There was no doubt that his words were a double entendre, and anybody who heard him could tell that he meant something else entirely.

'I'm quite certain he is talking about something naughty, but I don't have any evidence. Whatever, we love this topic anyway. Give us more.'

'No more! If he adds any more, the live stream broadcast will be censored!'

'We're in a live stream with minors. So don't get into too much detail!'

'Why does President Luke always like to emphasize what he did last night? I suspect that he is doing it on purpose.'

'I'm so curious about what kind of expression Vania would have shown us if she were awake. I'm sure she would have rolled her eyes at him again.'

'But, Vania is cute whenever she rolls her eyes at him. I like it.'

Hanson saw that the comments in the comment section were getting rather racy and rowdy. Thus, he couldn't help feeling highly satisfied with his handiwork. That was the exact effect that he wanted to achieve.

Vania did not wake up when she was carried in his arms because she was far too exhausted.

When she felt the gentle embrace enveloping her, she unconsciously snuggled against his embrace. The familiar scent reassured her.

As he gazed down at her kitten-like behavior, he felt slightly distressed on her behalf. I shouldn't have kept her up so late last night.

His actions became even more gentle than before, and his eyes were filled with tenderness.

The netizens were filled with jealousy when they saw the way he carried her in his arms.