

## Chapter 157

"Come on Chuck, let's play." A female classmate said flirtatiously to him.

The other students all looked at him expectantly. No matter what, they were all classmates, so Chuck Cannon would definitely agree to bring them in.

"If you guys want to play, then open a private room for yourselves. One hundred dollars per person should be enough." After saying that, he walked out with Queenie Carson.

"Sir, please take care!" The receptionist smiled.

The other students all stood there dumbfounded. What was going on? How could he behave like this? They were all classmates, and he didn't even want to bring them in to have some fun?

"Hey Chuck, come back!"

"D\*mn it, Chuck! Why do you have to be so mean!"

"Yeah man. We're all classmates. Why are you so serious? Just now, you asked the class monitor to kneel down and also for Karter to eat his own shit. What are you so serious about? You really are a disgusting person!"

"That's right! I think he did it on purpose! How could he treat us like that when we were all his classmates for a year?!"

"Alas, he has the money to do it. I'll be d\*mned, he really is the gold card holder. I never would've believed that."

"In my opinion, Chuck got close to Wilbur just so he could get his hands on that gold card!"

"I think so too. A person like Chuck has to rely on others just to get some power for himself. Last time I even saw him picking up other people's money without returning it to them, he's so disgusting."

"Forget about him, shall we? Everyone's here, so why don't we go in and have some fun?"

"Hell no! It could've been free, and now I have to pay? I'm leaving."

"Me too!"

Everyone slowly left and Francis Gellert slowly began to come back to his senses. He snickered, thinking that Chuck had gotten the gold card from brown-nosing Wilbur!

How else would such a rich person lend him his gold card?

"You can get up now, Chuck's gone." Francis looked at his classmate lying on the ground with disdain.

The student got up with a scared look on his face. "F\*cking hell, I was so scared just now. He actually asked me to eat my own sh\*t! I was only joking and he thought I was serious! How could a person like

that really exist..."

.....

It was already late. Chuck and Queenie went to get some food before leaving.

He sent Queenie back before heading to fetch Yvette Jordan.

When she was in the car, Queenie talked about working part-time to earn her school fees, or else she would have to drop out. It was the holidays, so she could probably work for two months.

"I can pay for you," Chuck said.

"No need, you've helped me a lot, it's really not necessary." Her voice was soft, but it sounded serious.

Chuck felt helpless. Queenie was simple-minded, and she had her own principles and self-esteem to uphold.

But Chuck understood that if he helped her to pay for it, it would show that she was insignificant compared to him, and it would make her feel bad.

"Also, I'm going to move out of Teacher Jordan's house." She whispered. She didn't want to bother Teacher Jordan anymore. Although Teacher Jordan didn't mind, it was still not good to keep bothering her.

"You're moving out? Then I'll find a place for you... Don't refuse me this time. Besides, you probably

don't have the money to rent a house now." Chuck said to her. The house that he bought for Yvette had been empty for a long time, so it was fine for Queenie and her sister to move in there for now.

"But..." She whispered. He was right. She really didn't have enough money to rent a house at the moment. "You're so nice to me. I really don't know how to repay you..."

As she said this, her heart was also feeling complicated.

She really didn't know how to repay him. Since Teacher Jordan was already his girlfriend, he didn't need her help anymore.

Her feelings for him had changed. That was why she was willing to help him.

The atmosphere in the car became awkward after this sentence.

Chuck turned his head and glanced at her. The two of them looked at each other in the eyes.

Queenie's face turned red. Was he expecting her to help him again?

She was getting nervous. It wouldn't be right to betray Teacher Jordan! But she couldn't refuse him if he asked for it.

Chuck hurriedly continued to drive and shook his head. "Don't think too much. Just stay there for now. Do well in your studies and you'll get rich in

the future."

If Queenie graduated from university, she could probably help him with managing his properties. That seemed like a good idea.

"Yeah," Queenie nodded.

"Then I'll take you to that place tomorrow," Chuck said. With her leaving, Chuck could go and stay over at Yvette's place for a few days.

"Does that place belong to your friend?" Queenie asked.

"Well, sort of."

"Then why don't you take me there now? Besides, it's still early, and I really don't want to bother Teacher Jordan anymore. Besides, aren't you two..."

"Now?" Chuck was surprised, but it was still not considered late. They could probably head over there now and sleep on the floor for the first day, then he could buy some furniture for her tomorrow.

"Yes."

"Alright then." Chuck nodded.

Soon, Chuck took Queenie back to Yvette's house. She got out of the car and quickly went upstairs to pack up her things with her sister. They didn't have a lot of stuff to begin with, so they quickly got back in the car. Then he brought them to the house which he had bought for Yvette earlier.

They were arriving soon.

Queenie was surprised. She had never been to this part of the area before, but it seemed quite luxurious and expensive. She and her sister exited the car and followed Chuck upstairs. He opened the door, and the three of them walked in.

Queenie was shocked. This house was exquisite. Which friend of Chuck's did this house belong to?

"Wait here. I'll head out to buy some blankets and daily necessities." Chuck said as he went downstairs.

"Sister, this house is so beautiful."

Queenie nodded. Ten minutes later, Chuck came back up with the supplies. He helped them clean up and told them to rest. It was fine for them to stay here since Yvette wasn't returning anytime soon. Besides, he didn't plan on telling her that he had bought this house.

He then said a few simple words and went downstairs. He had to go pick up Yvette.

Sitting on the bed, Queenie didn't know what she was thinking...

She sighed. How could she possibly repay him for his help?

.....

Chuck drove out of the area and called Yvette on his phone. He asked where she was and she

replied with the name of a restaurant. They had just finished their gathering. Chuck asked her to wait for a moment, saying that he would be there soon.

He hung up and was smiling. Queenie had just moved out, so tonight... They were going to... At the thought of this, Chuck sighed helplessly. He ought to start exercising in the gym!

He needed to let Yvette see how toned and strong he was!

At the entrance of the restaurant, Yvette came out with the other teachers. It was the holidays, and she could finally devote herself to her company now. She felt relaxed and nervous at the same time.

"Teacher Jordan, you didn't drive today?" One of the teachers asked.

"Nope, my car was totaled, so I sold it," Yvette said, she had sold her car for only approximately twenty thousand dollars. It wasn't much, but it was better than nothing. She didn't mind taking public transportation for now. After all, she was used to doing that when she still did not have a car back then.

"Then I'll send you back." The Vice Principal said. He drove a Mercedes Benz, which is more than enough to impress certain ladies.

"No need, someone is coming to pick me up." Yvette shook her head.

"Pick you up? As far as I know, you don't have a boyfriend right?" The Vice principal smiled. Naturally, all the other teachers who saw this quickly left. They all knew what he was intending to do.

The Vice principal wanted to spend some alone time with Yvette, but she always seemed to ignore him.

The other teachers left.

"I don't have a boyfriend." Yvette shook her head coldly. She already had a husband.

"If you don't have a boyfriend, then allow me to send you back." The Vice Principal smiled, making his move.

Yvette gave him a cold look and was about to say something when her cell phone rang. She took it out and answered, "Hubby, I am at the main entrance."

This vice principal usually didn't go to the school campus, so he didn't know about Chuck.

"You're almost here? Then I'll wait for you." Yvette then hung up the phone.

He frowned. Hubby? When did she get married? Impossible. Her resume stated that she was unmarried. "Humph, I'd like to see just who your husband is!" The Vice Principal sneered. Soon he saw a car coming towards him. After seeing the logo of the car, he felt disgusted. It was just a



08:43 ■

Buick!

Such a poor man!

## Chapter 158

The Vice Principal originally thought that with Yvette's looks and figure, she would get a boyfriend who at least drove a Mercedes Benz. Never would he have thought that Yvette would have such a bad taste, being with a man who drove a lowly Buick.

If he had known that Yvette so easily swooned, then he would have proposed to her earlier.

He was so annoyed.

"Teacher Jordan, is this your husband? He doesn't look all that impressive to me." The Vice Principal said in a strange tone.

Yvette Jordan cast him a cold glance and said nothing.

"Yvette, you should know how I feel about you, and to be honest, it shocks me to see you with someone as poor as him."

"No, he's my husband," Yvette said coldly.

The Vice Principal frowned. "Where does your husband work? If he drives this kind of car, then I'm guessing he earns around seven to eight thousand dollars a month. Is that enough for you?"

"It's enough."

"Teacher Jordan, people should try to move up in

life, and seeing that the school director is retiring soon, I think you would make an excellent candidate for that position." The Vice Principal said.

"You should be grateful that I'm using a director position to get you in bed. Your heart must be jumping in joy now. Stop pretending!"

"Could you so-called man ever give you a position like that? Never in a million years!"

The Vice Principal despised him in his heart.

"There's no need for that, I'm not qualified enough anyway." Yvette shook her head.

"Have you forgotten who I am? If I say that you're qualified, then you're qualified. It's up to you whether you want to accept the position or not. Well? What do you say..." The Vice Principal smiled slightly and said in a proud tone.

Indeed, as the Vice Principal, he could easily maneuver the school's human resources personnel to offer her the position .

"No thanks."

"Teacher Jordan, you really should think about what's best for you and your future." He was getting annoyed at Yvette's coldness towards him.

"Teacher Jordan, I have never heard that you have a husband. Were you too embarrassed to mention about him previously? Looking at his car, I'm

guessing he's probably an office worker right? He doesn't even look like he's able to buy a house for you. Don't tell me that you are still renting a place to stay in?" The Vice Principal was proud of himself. He had several houses to his name!

And they were all worth millions of dollars.

"Could he be compared to me?" he thought to himself.

"Yeah, we are still renting a house, but what does it have to do with you?" Yvette said as she looked at him coldly.

"I'm just worried about you. Your man doesn't look like he's capable of taking care of you. I just didn't want you to live a difficult life."

"I don't think my life is difficult. However, I must say that you're criticizing him too harshly now."

He frowned. "Teacher Jordan, is this the attitude that you're supposed to show to a principal?"

"Vice. You are the Vice Principal." Yvette shook her head coldly.

"You! Yvette Jordan, I guess that you don't want to work in our school anymore!" He said as his face darkened.

"You think you're so great, don't you? I was personally recruited by the Principal. You can try to fire me! Also, so what if my husband drives a Buick? He's much younger than you, and I'm sure

he can make much more money than you someday. As for you, you're already at your limits." She said as she walked over.

Just then, Chuck Cannon opened the door and came out. She bit her lips and ran over to hug him. "Hubby..."

This was the first time she took the initiative to hug him.

Chuck was stunned and excited at the same time, but he knew that something was off about her. He glanced at the man in the distance. Was that the Vice Principal?

Chuck still had a faint impression of him, but he knew he rarely came to the school campus.

Had he been bullying her?

"Wifey, did he bully you?" Chuck asked.

"No, hubby. Let's go." Yvette let go of him and got in the car.

"Sure." Chuck glared at the Vice Principal's ugly face.

Chuck and Yvette got in the car and drove away.

"Oh Yvette, do you think that I can't fire you?! Just you wait and see, I'll make you leave the school in tears!" He snorted, opened the door of his Mercedes, and sat in.

He was about to drive away when he almost ran

into another car.

"What the f\*ck! Do you even know how to drive? You almost crashed into my car!" The man slapped the hood of his car and was furious.

The Vice Principal's face turned pale with anger, and his hands were shaking on the steering wheel. He opened the window and said, "I didn't see you just now okay? I'm sorry!"

"You call that an apology?" The man came over angrily, raised his hand and slapped him.

There was a loud slap.

His face turned red, and he felt wronged and embarrassed at this moment. This guy actually had the audacity to beat him?

"I'll slap you first and then apologize to you. Is that okay?" The man sneered.

"You!" He couldn't stand it anymore! He got out of the car and fought the man, but was severely outmatched. He quickly begged for mercy, "Please stop, I'm so sorry..."

.....

Chuck parked his car at Yvette's rental place. "Be careful when you drive back, hubby."

Chuck followed her out of the car. She was stunned and whispered, "Hubby, what are you doing? Queenie and her sister are still upstairs. You really should be heading back now."

He walked over. "Queenie and her sister have already moved out."

"What?" She was surprised and quickly took out her mobile phone to call Queenie Carson.

Only then did she realize that Queenie had sent her a message saying that Chuck had already found a house for them, so she had moved away.

Yvette heaved a sigh of relief. But why did Queenie leave in such a rush? Did she feel that she was bothering her? Yvette was helpless.

"Wifey, shall I sleep here tonight?" Chuck asked.

She fell silent.

Yvette's pretty face was already as red as a peach. This was the first time Chuck had seen such an expression on her face. She looked shy and embarrassed...

"Sure." Yvette nodded and said in a low voice.

She was prepared to sleep with him since a long time ago. It had been a while since, but she finally felt that the time was right.

She was nervous. Will it hurt? Yvette really wasn't familiar with these.

Chuck was ecstatic. Tonight, he was going to sleep with her in his arms, just like how they did it when they were children.

"Didn't you say you want to sleep here? Come on

then." Yvette blushed as she said that.....

Chuck came back to his senses and followed Yvette upstairs. When he reached the room, the feeling was different. It felt as if he had returned to his home.

Under this familiar atmosphere, Chuck suddenly felt a desire stirring inside him. He tried hard to suppress it. This can't do. He must build his muscles up first!

Otherwise, Yvette would look down on him.

She closed the door and whispered, "Hubby, you should take a bath first."

"Ladies first."

"After you..."

Chuck had no choice but to go to the bathroom to take a shower. The cold water helped to further suppress his desire. He lowered his head and sighed. Was he too nervous? Could it be that he was too eager to show himself off to Yvette?

Chuck clenched his fists tightly.

When he came out of the bathroom, Yvette's face turned red and her heartbeat became faster. This wasn't the first time she saw him half-naked, but she was still nervous. Moreover... she stared at his protruding abs, it's so perfect...

"My turn then." She went into the bathroom in a hurry. She was especially nervous. After she



finished showering, she shyly came out of the bathroom and took a few deep breaths. When she was getting ready to enter the room, she was stunned.

He wasn't on the bed. She felt curious and went to the living room to find him laying on the couch. She blushed. Was he planning to do it on the couch?

"Hubby..." Yvette whispered in a low voice, she was so nervous that her voice was trembling.

They had slept together before, so why did she feel so nervous? She felt so pathetic right now...

"Well, I'll sleep on the couch today," Chuck said.

"You..." Yvette was shocked. She had already prepared herself! Why did he now...

She was a little disappointed. She went over to the sofa and sat down beside him. "Hubby,"

When Chuck heard her familiar voice, he replied, "Sleep early, wifey."

"Yeah, you too." Yvette nodded. She was no longer nervous, but relaxed. "Let's talk tonight like how we did when we were kids."

## Chapter 159

Yvette Jordan lay on her bed and became nervous again. She had chatted with him for a long time just now and she clearly saw that Chuck was suppressing something. When she looked at him, she immediately understood what it was.

However, she was already mentally prepared, and had been ever since she was fifteen or sixteen. He could have touched her if he wanted to, but he didn't.

If he had mentioned it, she would have happily agreed to help him. She was ready, and as Susan Sun had said, you can't let your husband withhold his desire, but...

She blushed, realizing she shouldn't be thinking about things like this. It felt so slutty for a woman to be thinking about these matters.

She should just go to bed!

Yvette closed her eyes and went to sleep.

When she woke up, she heard some sounds coming from the outside. She poked her head out and saw Chuck Cannon doing push-ups. He looked so handsome and manly.

Seeing this scene early in the morning made her blush. She asked in a low voice, "Hubby, I've never seen you do this in the morning before."

"I've just started doing it recently," Chuck said. He couldn't possibly be saying that he was exercising was for the sake of impressing her, could he?

"It's good to exercise. The more you do it, the more powerful and impressive your muscles will be." She said.

She nervously went to the kitchen to make breakfast. She had to head to the company early. She needed to work hard to return the hundred thousand dollars to the loan shark every month.

Chuck continued his exercise for more than half an hour. He was out of breath but still felt that he could do another hundred more pushups. His physical strength was usually better than others'. Was he just too nervous?

Chuck was puzzled, but he quickly went to the bathroom to take a shower and had the breakfast that was prepared by Yvette. Then he drove her to the plaza. He wanted to go over and have a look.

He thought that he should go to the boxing gym to learn some useful techniques, just in case they run into any more trouble. He would then be able to protect himself and Yvette as well.

When they arrived at the plaza, Yvette went off to the company on her own. Chuck met with Yolanda Lane and they talked for a while. He then got ready to head to the boxing gym.

It was also a kind of exercise!

Chuck still felt tempted to buy Yvette a car. She was so elegant and graceful, so she really should have her own Benz or BMW right?

However, when he mentioned this to her in the car just now, Yvette shook her head and rejected the idea.

Maybe he should just buy it for her as a surprise?

But what if she doesn't like it?

Chuck sighed. As he was thinking about it, he had already reached the elevator. At this time, his mobile phone rang.

Chuck took it out and saw that it was from Charlotte Yates. His car had been fixed, but because he had been so preoccupied with the exams, he didn't think of collecting it from the shop. Maybe he would pick it up tomorrow or the day after.

After saying this to her, he hung up the phone. But as soon as the elevator door opened, Zelda Maine stepped out of the elevator. Chuck was stunned.

She was exceptionally beautiful today, wearing a pair of exquisite high heels which perfectly complemented her fair long legs. She wore a casual suit with a miniskirt. She looked simply gorgeous.

Chuck was surprised. Her long legs were perfect... .

"Are you going out?" Zelda asked as she came out

of the elevator. She came here today to find him. Her mother had been pressuring her to bring Chuck back to meet them, but how could she?

She wanted to tell her mother the truth, but if she did so, she would be nagged by her mother, and she really didn't want to face that. Furthermore, if she confessed the truth, there wouldn't be a reason anymore for her to be alone with Chuck.

"Yeah, didn't I tell you the last time I came to jog? I want to learn boxing," Chuck said.

"Are you free tomorrow? My mother wants you to come over. If we go in the morning, you will still definitely be able to come back at night. Are you available? Sorry for causing you so much trouble..." Zelda said nervously in a low voice.

Chuck hesitated. He wanted to stay with Yvette for the whole day tomorrow. But Zelda was so nice to him that it wouldn't be right to refuse her.

"Sure, let's go tomorrow."

"Thanks!" She was surprised that he agreed.

"It's fine. I'll be heading to the boxing gym now."

"Alright then, I'm going to meet with Yolanda to get the contract signed today." Zelda was in such a good mood that if she didn't have something to do, she would have joined Chuck at the boxing gym. She liked sports as well.

Yolanda had already told Chuck about Zelda's

contract with the shop owner. The fee wasn't too expensive at only four hundred thousand dollars. Chuck calculated that it would take about three million dollars for her to renovate the shop.

This was not a big deal for her investment portfolio.

Moreover, Chuck had already told Yolanda that Zelda didn't need to pay the deposit, and that the rent would be at the lowest price.

"Good luck." Chuck smiled.

"Thank you." She smiled and left to find Yolanda.  
"No staring while training."

Chuck was embarrassed. Her legs were so perfect that he couldn't help but look at it a few more times.

"In that case, you shouldn't wear such a short skirt next time then," Chuck said.

"Okay, I'll listen to you." Zelda then left to find Yolanda.

He smiled, then took the elevator to the parking lot. However, just as he was about to drive off, he saw Yvette coming out of the elevator. This was the parking lot. Which means...

Chuck was surprised, and soon saw that Yvette was a little confused. Maybe she came down to this floor out of habit. She sighed and whispered, "I forgot that I don't have a car anymore. Well, I better hurry back up to catch the bus, or else I'll be late."

She turned around and walked back. She was going to meet a client who said that some workers were coming over for training. He wanted to discuss it with her face to face, since she was referred by someone else.

"Hubby, where are you going? I'll take you there." Chuck's said. Yvette turned around and saw Chuck smiling at her.

That was awkward. He just saw her coming down to the basement car park. She bit her lip and nodded. "Okay."

Sitting in the Buick, Chuck asked where she was going, and she replied that she was going to meet some clients. Susan had recommended these clients to her, and they even took a plane to meet her.

So that means they were going to the airport.

Chuck drove Yvette to the airport.

"Hubby, could you wait for me in the car for a while? I'll pick up the customers. Can you bring us back then?" Yvette said in a low voice.

"Alright then, go ahead." Chuck smiled.

Yvette breathed a sigh of relief. She opened the door and then went to pick up the customers.

Chuck waited for her in the car.

Yvette entered and quickly found the two clients whom Susan had referred to her. They were two

middle-aged women wearing black silk stockings, high heels, and exquisitely professional suits. They had their own shops, but they were newly opened. They wanted to bring over their employees for training but felt it was better to come personally to check it out.

"Hello, I'm Yvette Jordan." She walked over and said.

The two middle-aged women took off their sunglasses and sized her up. They were very graceful, they should be high-ranking employees. After all, Susan had recommended her to them, and the training fee was very cheap. So of course, they had to come here to check it out.

"Hello," said the two women.

"Director Clare, Director Ayana, I've got everything ready. Please follow me to my company."

"No problem."

The two women followed Yvette to the parking lot of the airport. They saw that all the cars parked there were expensive cars like Mercedes Benz and BMWs. They looked at each other and muttered in their hearts. Not bad, this should really be worth their time and money. This company looked good, and the fees were really cheap as well!

But...

"Director Clare, Director Ayana, please get in the car," Yvette said to them. Chuck also came down



the car. He couldn't be rude to his wife's clients.

This old Buick? The two women frowned. Didn't they have a BMW or Benz to pick them up with?

The two women were suddenly disappointed and felt that they shouldn't come here. It was such a waste of their time. A company that couldn't even afford a Mercedes to fetch them. Could that even be considered a company?

Both of them shook their heads.

## Chapter 160

Yvette Jordan knew what they were thinking. Indeed, company cars were an important symbol of how successful a company was. She herself understood this.

But... this car was not that bad, was it? It was nice, quiet, and comfortable.

However, they simply rejected it the moment they laid eyes on it

Yvette sighed, "Please enter."

"Forget it. Since we're already here, let's go and have a look."

"After all, Susan introduced us to her, so it shouldn't be all that bad right?"

The two women said and got into the car.

She breathed a sigh of relief and said to Chuck Cannon, "Hubby, let's go."

He nodded. He could clearly see that the two women were looking down at Yvette.

Chuck could tell that Yvette was feeling upset. She didn't bring it up, but it was obvious. He needed to buy her a good car soon.

He got in the car and drove.

Yvette sat next to him.

After reaching the parking lot of the plaza, the two women got out of the car. Yvette told Chuck to go ahead with his own plans, but he shook his head. He wanted to stay by her side.

Yvette was touched. She then brought the three of them into the company.

"Director Jordan, how did you get the idea of starting a company here?" Director Clare asked.

"There's a school nearby..."

"No, what I'm asking is, this plaza's location is quite remote. How did you find this location? Is it because the rent is cheap?"

"There are many factors," Yvette said. The main reason was that it was close to her school, so she felt that it would be more convenient for her.

"Oh, so it must be because of the cheap rent." Director Clare said.

Yvette was speechless. Why did so many bosses think that this plaza was not suitable? It was indeed remote, but the business prospects of this venue looked good. At least that was what she thought.

Moreover, the plaza had developing rapidly recently, with many investments to improve the facilities here. This would mean that the owner of the plaza was working to renovate this place.

So the future of this plaza looked good. Perhaps it might even become an excellent place in the

future. But she had just never met the plaza owner.

"The rent here will be quite expensive in the future," Yvette proudly said.

"I don't think so. I feel that the rent will get only cheaper and cheaper." Director Clare shook her head.

"I think so too, Director Jordan. The prospects of this location don't look that good. I feel it would be better if your company changed places." Director Ayana also said.

"The two of you are mistaken. The prospects of this plaza are very good, and the rent will only be more and more expensive," Chuck calmly said.

Yvette was shocked, her hubby really had a good eye.

The two women glanced at Chuck.

Director Clare shook her head. "You're wrong. This square is too remote. There are no office buildings around here except for the school nearby, and it doesn't seem that there are luxury boutiques here. This plaza is surviving on the income from those low-end businesses. The prospects here are worrying."

"That's right. The foot traffic here is miserable. Without customers and the profit they bring, these shops wouldn't even make enough money to stay afloat. I'm guessing that most of these shops are just barely holding on, and if they start to lose

money, they will surely start to move out of here." said Director Ayana.

They had sharp eyes. Looking around, the plaza didn't seem to have many customers, and the shops were clearly recording losses. This would lead to a decline in the level of service provided and the loss of customers. In their minds, if things took a turn for the worse, then the only way out for this plaza would be to close down.

"Although there aren't many people now, there will be soon enough," Chuck said.

"Soon? I really don't see it." The two women shook their heads disdainfully.

"Yeah, there will be a movie production crew coming out to shoot a movie scene in this plaza soon."

A movie production crew? Yvette was shocked. Why didn't she hear of this?

"A movie production crew?" The two women were surprised, but soon laughed.

"What's the use of some rubbish production crew coming to shoot here? That would not help the plaza at all." Director Clare shook her head and laughed.

"The only reason any production crew would be shooting their scenes here would be because the cost is cheap. A poor production crew with outdated stars, it wouldn't help the plaza at all."

Director Ayana laughed.

Any crew shooting their movie here would mean that they only had a cheap budget of maybe around one or two million dollars. It wouldn't even be watchable, much less attract crowds to come.

"I think you're mistaken. The director of this movie is the famously acclaimed Erica Yannic, and the female lead is Zabrina Yalden. Surely their appearance here would bring about some crowds right?" Chuck said.

He was now in the film industry. This definitely wouldn't be the only movie he invested in. For all his future movies, he planned for the production crew to shoot their scenes here. He had already started planning for his next movie, which would be a sort of secret dungeon film, also to be filmed here.

The two women were surprised. Of course, they had heard of Erica and Zabrina. Would they really be coming here to shoot the movie?

Yvette was even more stunned now. So did Zabrina come to their school the other time to discuss with Chuck about using the plaza as a backdrop for their movie? But shouldn't she discuss this with the plaza manager Yolanda Lane?

"What's more, there's not just one movie going to be filmed here, but many many more," Chuck continued.

"Alright then, it seems like we're wrong then. If this plaza was really chosen by them, then perhaps the boss of this plaza really had some skills." Director Clare said as she shook her head.

Director Ayana was envious. This plaza was so lucky to have been chosen as a movie shooting venue. Why didn't her farmhouse get that chance!

When they arrived at her company, Chuck saw the two of them criticizing every little detail and continuing to push the price down. Even at Yvette's absolute minimum price, they still wanted the fee to be cheaper.

Chuck knew what they were doing. They were trying to get the best service for the absolute cheapest price.

Yvette sighed coldly. She was under a lot of pressure. She still had a lot of loans to pay, and she absolutely needed them to accept her proposal.

"Let us think about it." The two of them stood up.

Yvette felt disappointed, their words could only mean that that they were not interested to deal business with her.

She couldn't afford to lower the fees for her to be at a loss right? Moreover, the teachers she hired were the best of the best, and the price which the two women were offering was already close to the wages she needed to pay for the teachers. So even if close to twenty people attended her training, she

could only earn five to six hundred dollars per person at the maximum.

It was such a big concession, but they still weren't agreeing to it. There was nothing more she could do now.

"Let's not worry about that first. Shall we go for lunch and talk about it after?" Chuck said.

The two of them looked at each other. Did he really think he could persuade them to sign the contract with a mere lunch?

Impossible!

"There's no need for that." Director Clare shook her head. Agreeing to sign the contract over a meal worth two to three hundred dollars? It was not worth it.

"Yeah, we can eat at the airport."

"A meal at the airport doesn't even come close to a five-star hotel, don't you think?" He smiled.

"What? A five-star hotel?" The two of them were surprised. They expected them to treat them to a roadside stall for lunch, but they were actually bringing them to a five-star hotel!

This.....

Yvette was stunned. A five-star hotel? A meal like that would cost at least several thousand dollars!

"That's right. I know a five-star hotel that serves



delicious seafood. Since both of you are already here, you should most definitely try it out," Chuck said.

"Is it really a five-star hotel?" Director Ayana asked tentatively.

"Of course." Chuck was confident that if this deal worked, they would surely recommend them to their friends and bring them more clients. The priority now was to convince them to sign the contract with Yvette. With Yvette's capabilities, there was no doubt that these two women would become long-term customers.

The two women hesitated. They were close to agreeing to the terms, and since they were so generous to offer them such a meal, it wouldn't be right to reject them.

"Alright then." The two women nodded.

"Let's go then!" Chuck said as he led the two of them out. Yvette took out all the cash she had on her and gave it to Chuck. She was thankful to him for trying everything he could. She didn't even think of treating them to a meal to secure the business.

"Take it. It'll be expensive to eat at a five-star hotel. You can use this money to pay for it later," Yvette said.

Chuck laughed. Did he even have to pay for eating at his mother's hotel?

## Chapter 161

"It's alright, wifey." Chuck Cannon smiled. It was his mother's hotel, why did he have to pay?

Chuck thought of bringing Yvette Jordan to see his mother right after that.

If she had met his mother, she would then believe that he came from a very rich family wouldn't she? Plus since Yvette was so pretty, his mother would definitely like her.

"Please take it, hubby." Yvette's tone was very serious. Although she was almost broke, this was still her company's business. How could she let him pay for it?

Furthermore, it would not be cheap to dine in a five-star hotel. It could easily cost them up to several thousand dollars a meal.

She never had a chance to eat with him at a place like that before as well.

"Hubby, I know that you've earned some money recently, but please use mine. I'm older than you, so I have to take good care of you." Yvette continued.

Chuck was touched by her words. She had said similar words to him when he was about seven years old. They were still innocent children, but he had always liked to hug her whenever they slept

together back then.

In the end, Chuck had no choice but to take her money and head downstairs together.

In the parking lot.

Director Ayana and Director Clare were waiting for them.

"Do you really think that we'll be dining in a five-star hotel?" Director Clare was still a little suspicious. It would be costly to eat at a place like that. Was Yvette really that generous?

"They should. Our business is quite successful. It should be normal for them to treat us at a place like that right?" Director Ayana said as she shook her head. It was only a given.

"That's true though. But it still feels a bit weird to drive a Buick to eat at a five-star hotel. But if they insist on keeping up the pretence, then fine by me. They could drive their lousy ass car for all I care. But I'm still going to enjoy my fine meal." Director Clare smiled.

"I'm guessing that maybe they want us to introduce some clients to them, so that's why they are being so generous now."

"I'm fine with that, but the meal is only going to cost one or two thousand dollars, then forget about it. If it's around five to eight, then we'll introduce some to them."

"That's what I thought too. Oh right, I just remembered that I have an old friend around here, so I'd better ask her to come over as well." Director Ayana said as she remembered.

She had promised to bring her friend out for a good meal, and this was the perfect time. They were going to eat for free, so why not call her to come together?

"Will they agree to that? After all, another person would cost an extra several hundred dollars." Director Clare hesitated.

"Would she dare to disagree? If she doesn't agree, then I'll leave immediately." Director Ayana said as she curled her lips. "Besides, it's just one extra person right? What's the big deal?"

"Yeah, it's nothing, but..."

"No buts. If they dare to disagree, then I will just refuse to sign the contract, let alone introduce some clients to her." Director Ayana shook her head and said seriously.

"Fine then, let's not talk about it anymore. They're coming," Director Clare said. The two of them stopped talking immediately.

At this time, Chuck and Yvette came down together. Chuck started the car and everyone got in it.

As Chuck was ready to drive, Director Ayana, who was sitting behind him, said, "Wait a minute,

Director Jordan. It just so happened that I have a friend here. I had asked her to come to lunch with us, is it alright for you guys?"

Yvette froze, and so did Chuck.

"Director Jordan, my friend doesn't eat much." Director Ayana continued, her tone was a little arrogant. "If she dared to reject me, then I'll walk out right now." she thought to herself.

If she said no, then Director Ayana would definitely cancel the deal. It was useless to have connections with such a petty person.

After a moment of silence, Yvette said with a smile, "Sure, you should ask your friend to come along as well."

Director Ayana smiled. At least she still knew how to treat her clients well. "Fine then, I'll let my employees get their training here." she thought to herself.

She took out her mobile phone and dialed a number. It soon got connected. "Hello, Director Zannel, it's me. I'm here at Ocean City. No, no, I'll treat you to a meal. I have several friends with me here. Are you at the office? I'll pick you up. Okay, okay, just wait for me downstairs in ten minutes. I'll be there soon, okay..."

The call ended, and Director Ayana was satisfied. "Let's go to Fowley Tower. My friend will wait for us there."

Chuck nodded. He knew about Fowley Tower. There were a lot of companies there, and if the person mentioned by Director Ayana was also the boss of a company, that would be fine.

Soon, they arrived at Fowley Tower. Director Ayana called her friend and asked where she was. Soon, Chuck saw a charming young woman walking toward them. However, there was a hint of disdain in her eyes, as if she was looking down at the car.

Director Ayana got out of the car to welcome her. Seeing Chuck and Yvette in the car, she frowned and said, "Director Ayana, where are you bringing me to? You know I won't go to any ordinary places."

"A five-star hotel." Director Ayana said as she winked at Chuck. He nodded and drove silently to his mother's hotel.

"Now that's about right, but still there are plenty of fake five-star hotels nowadays. You should be careful not to end up in one of those places. Not only is the food terrible, but it is expensive as well." The woman said.

Chuck stayed silent and continued driving.

"We're really going to a five-star hotel. Don't worry about it." Director Ayana said as she looked at a magnificent building on the far side. Surely this was the place they were heading to?

She hadn't expected Yvette to be so generous.

"Are we almost there?" Director Ayana came over, indicating that they should eat at this place. The building was gorgeous!

Director Clare was also very satisfied. The name of the place looked very classy.

Director Zannel looked out and said, "This place? I've been here a couple of times. I suppose it's decent."

"That's good then. Alright then, let's stop here." Director Ayana said.

Yvette looked at Chuck and felt curious. Was this the place? Chuck shook his head and said. "We haven't arrived yet!"

"Haven't arrived yet?" Director Ayana frowned. She had taken a fancy to this hotel and felt that it would be best to have their meal there. From Director Zannel's eyes, she could tell that this place was good.

"Yeah, it's a little further ahead," Chuck said.

"A little further ahead? All that's left there are just garbage hotels," Director Zannel said disappointedly. The food at the hotel they had just passed was excellent and she was satisfied with it. But they weren't going there anymore?

Were they going to eat at some garbage hotel? How disgusting!

Director Ayana was a little unhappy. Did he not

understand what they were implying? Couldn't he tell that they wanted to eat at that hotel? They would be able to take some photos as well if they ate at such a high-class building.

"There is a better hotel up ahead," Chuck said. Yvette was stunned at first but she immediately understood. Was it that place?

"Just go back to that hotel. We can eat over there." Director Ayana said. It was such an embarrassment to bring her friend over to an ordinary hotel for a meal.

"There's a five-star hotel ahead," Chuck said helplessly.

Director Ayana leaned back and muttered in her heart, "Let's see if you can find me a five-star hotel in a place like this."

"Don't try to fool me with a rubbish place!"

Director Zannel was also very unhappy. There weren't any five-star hotels up ahead. Did they think that she didn't know?

"Hey, there's a building in front of us. It looks quite magnificent actually." Director Clare, who was pretty quiet the whole time suddenly piped up.

Director Ayana and Director Zannel both looked out and their eyes lit up.

The building in front of them looked several times more amazing than the one they had passed by



just now. Were they going to eat here?

Director Ayana was confused. "Well, it's not bad."

Director Zannel was ecstatic. She hadn't been here before. This hotel was quite famous, and she had been wanting to come here for the longest time. She had heard that even it was rather expensive, the food there was excellent.

"Ayana, is it here?" Director Zannel smiled, and her tone was full of expectation.

Director Ayana was delighted, feeling that she had gained her pride back. She nodded and said, "Yes, it's here. Let's eat here."

## Chapter 162

Chuck Cannon drove in. The security guards of the security booth were confused at first, but when they saw that it was Chuck, they respectfully saluted and allowed him in.

"The service in this hotel is good."

Director Zannel said. When the car drove in, she could see the luxury of this hotel. She didn't expect that Director Ayana would invite her to such a high-end place. This hotel must be over five stars. It could be said to even be a six or seven-star hotel.

"Yes, you're right." Director Ayana's face lit up.

After Chuck parked the car, they got off and went into the restaurant of the hotel.

Director Ayana walked in front of them. After all, she was the one "treating" them. So she needed to act as if she was the one who found and decided to eat at this place.

Chuck and Yvette followed behind them. Yvette was a little worried. The last time she came here, someone called the "Baller" had paid for her bill.

But she didn't accept his treat, and still paid before leaving.

It would probably cost more than ten thousand dollars for a meal for five people. Yvette sighed, She hadn't gotten the chance to eat with Chuck

here yet, and although they were not alone, it was still good enough.

She would just think of it as a day for the two of them to relax.

"Hubby, I'll go buy a bottle of red wine. The wine here seems to be very expensive," Yvette Jordan said.

"No need for that. Let's just order inside." Chuck shook his head. Just one command and he could have any of the wines inside.

"Of course I have to. The food and wine here are so expensive. So it's better to try to save some money. You should go on ahead, I'll be back soon with the wine," Yvette said as she went to the cigarette and wine shop nearby.

Chuck had no choice but to walk ahead.

"Welcome, how many of you today?" The receptionist of the restaurant asked with a smile.

"Five," said Director Ayana.

"Please come with me, do you have a reservation?" The receptionist led them inside.

"No, you can just open a private room for us!" Since they had come all the way here, she must book a private room to impress her friend.

Ayana had called her friend here to return a favor, and she would like to return the favor in the grandest way possible.

"Sorry, all of our private rooms have been fully booked today." The receptionist showed an apologetic expression. The restaurant had been extremely busy for the past few days, and there was a waiting period for walk-in customers.

"No private rooms? The five of us will be spending a lot, are you sure you can't open a room for us?" Director Ayana said.

She could see that the business here was very good, and there were no more private rooms available. But she needed to at least give it a shot. If things did turn out the way she wanted it to, wouldn't she look even more impressive?

The receptionist's face was apologetic, but there was nothing she could do. Just as she was about to decline her request, Chuck came into her sight. She was stunned. He was someone whom even Betty had to personally serve. She remembered him clearly.

Chuck nodded at her.

The receptionist immediately understood and smiled. "Yes, right this way please."

Director Ayana laughed in her heart. They were really lucky.

"Ayana, do you know the people here?" Director Zannel was surprised. Just now, there were no vacancies for them, and now there suddenly was?

"Maybe! After all, I know a lot of people." Director

Ayana smiled. Of course, she didn't know anyone at the hotel, but perhaps it was because she had said that they were going to spend a lot of money there, only then did they get a private room for them.

The receptionist led them into a private room.

The three women were all surprised. It was so luxurious, as if they had entered into a presidential suite. This hotel was really high-end!

Director Zannel immediately took a few photos and posted them on her social media account. She was the boss of a small company, and she even had to cooperate with others to start up the company. She had never been to such a high-end place for lunch, so of course, she had to take photos to remember this moment.

They sat down, and Director Ayana glanced at Chuck. "Where's Director Jordan?"

These words were seemingly spoken out of concern, but she was actually worried that Yvette would run off.

"She's just buying something. She will be back soon," Chuck said.

"Well then, let's order some food! Please feel free to order anything you like!" Director Ayana put the menu in front of Director Zannel.

As the three of them ordered their meals, Director Ayana asked, "Why don't we order a bottle of red

wine? Let's see what kind of wine they have here."

When the receptionist was about to speak, Chuck shook his head and said, "No need. She's buying it now."

The receptionist was stunned. Why did she have to buy it? All the wine in the winery was available for Chuck.

Director Ayana muttered in her heart, "Was that really necessary?"

"Fine then, there's no need for red wine. Just hurry up and serve the food." Director Ayana said as she put down the menu.

The receptionist nodded, then immediately left with their orders. Chuck said that he was going to go out and see if Yvette had returned yet.

"Thanks for today, Ayana!" Director Zannel said as she took a few more photos. She was really happy today.

"It's not a big deal." She felt very proud. This made her swell with pride.

"By the way, who is the man and the woman who went out just now?" Director Zannel was puzzled. She knew Director Clare, but she had never seen Chuck and Yvette before.

"They're just my friends. I have something that needed to ask them about, so I called them to join us for lunch," Director Ayana said.

Director Zannel nodded. So they were just freeloaders. No wonder they were driving a Buick! When their food arrives later, she was going to take plenty of photos and post them on her social media!

.....

"Young Master, we have a piece of exquisite Wagyu beef in the kitchen today. Would you like to have it?" Seeing Chuck come out, the receptionist asked in a low voice.

He shook his head. This beef was very expensive. He would have been fine with ordering it if he had come with Yvette alone. But with those three women with them today, he was certain that both he and Yvette would not be able to enjoy the steak in peace.

"No need, just prepare the food that they had ordered. Chuck said.

"Certainly." The receptionist immediately went to the kitchen.

Chuck went to the side and took out his mobile phone to call his mother. He thought that it would be a good time for her to meet with Yvette later after lunch, as the two of them were bound to meet sooner or later.

However, after the call was connected, his mother said that she was not at the hotel at the moment. This made Chuck feel helpless.

"Chucky, Betty and I are out looking at a new project. If you're going for lunch, then just go on ahead. Oh, by the way, I heard that a few pieces of Wagyu beef had just arrived at the kitchen today. Shall I call them to have it prepared for you?" His mom said.

Chuck was a little disappointed. "It's okay, Mom, I was about to let you meet my wifey."

"No rush, it's Yvette, right? I know her, don't worry."

Chuck was not surprised at all. With his mother's ability, she would have already thoroughly investigated Yvette. Otherwise, she would not have allowed her to stay by his side.

"Okay, Mom, please continue with your business." Chuck was ready to hang up the phone.

"Wait, Chucky, I have something to tell you. I want to see how Yvette is as a person and whether or not she is a gold-digger. So don't tell her that I'm back already," his mother suddenly said.

"Mom, Yvette is not a gold-digger." Chuck said anxiously.

"Yeah, I think so too, but let me have a look at her first, okay? After that, you could bring her to meet me, no rush at all." Karen Lee was looking at Yvette through the security cameras.

"Are you really the daughter of my enemy? But you don't look like it. Your parents must be very



generous to have planted you by Chucky's side since you were young. Chucky is still very innocent, so I'd better be careful." Karen muttered to herself.

"Mom, what are you talking about? Your voice is too low. I can't hear you."

"Nothing. Let me have a good look at her first before you bring her to see me. Don't worry about it."

Chuck was really helpless. "Okay, Mom, see you soon."

"Yeah, eat whatever you want, and drink whichever wine you feel like. But don't drink if you are going to drive."

"Okay."

Hanging up the phone, Chuck saw Yvette coming over to him. Why did his mother think that Yvette was a gold-digger?

She most definitely was not. Because if she was, Yvette would have already run off with some rich young master.

"Hubby, who were you calling?" Yvette came over.

"No one." Chuck shook his head. He had planned to bring Yvette to the top floor today, but since his mother was not here, and she said she wanted to observe Yvette first, it would be better not to.

"Let's go in then." The two of them were ready to enter.

However, the door opened first. It was Director Ayana. She said, "Director Jordan, you should settle the bill first. We have decided to cooperate with your company already."

How embarrassing would it be if Director Zannel saw that it was Yvette paying the bill later? She needed to keep this show going on.

## Chapter 163

Chuck Cannon knew what she was trying to do. She wanted to continue showing off! But how would he allow her to?

What if she refused to sign the contract in the end?

Chuck said, "Well, since you've agreed to the contract, then why don't you sign it and pay the deposit first?"

Chuck knew Yvette had brought the contract along with them.

Director Ayana frowned and felt unhappy. Were they afraid that she was going to go back on her word?

How dare they look down on her like that?

She said angrily, "What's the meaning of this? If I tell you to foot the bill, then you should just do as I say! Are you afraid that I will rip you off without signing the contract?"

Yvette sighed, "Don't be angry, Director Ayana."

"How can I not be? What did he mean by that?" She glared at Chuck.

"Fine! Bring it over now! Otherwise, you both will be calling me a freeloader." She was not happy.

Yvette hesitated. To be honest, when she heard what Director Ayana said about Chuck, she didn't

want her to sign the contract anymore. She didn't want Chuck to be wronged as well.

"Wifey, could you bring the contract over?" Chuck said.

Yvette was silent, but Chuck smiled at her.

She was moved by his gesture. Yvette took out the contract. Director Ayana signed it with a snort and immediately transferred thirty thousand dollars to Yvette's bank account.

"Are we done now then?" Director Ayana said as she glared at Chuck.

"Okay, I'll pay the bill now," Chuck said as he headed to the front desk.

Just one word was enough to settle the bill.

"Director Jordan, is this your husband? I suggest you change a new one. He ought to watch his words." said Director Ayana.

Yvette frowned.

After finishing her words, Director Ayana went back inside, feeling satisfied.

Chuck returned after speaking to the receptionist. Yvette said in a low voice, "Hubby, do you feel wronged?"

Chuck smiled. Why would he? He could close down Director Ayana's company with just a simple phone call. In his eyes, she was nothing more than a

clown.

"It's okay. Let's go in," Chuck said.

Yvette was especially moved. She would never change her husband, not unless Chuck abandoned her himself.

They walked into the private room, and Yvette opened the red wine she had just bought. Looking at her, Chuck wondered why his mother suspected her of being a gold-digger.

He just couldn't understand.

He was so lucky to have met Yvette, and he was certain that his mother would like her.

The food was served quickly, and they looked spectacular. Chuck couldn't drink because he was going to drive later. However, Director Zannel kept looking at Chuck and Yvette with contempt in her eyes.

Chuck wondered why she was looking at them like that. He had done nothing to offend her.

"Wow, the food here is really delicious. I'd like to have another bowl of soup." Director Zannel implied.

She had been wanting to try the lobster bisque here. She had seen people posting about it on their social media, and she had forgotten to order it just now. How could she let go of the opportunity to try it since they were already here?

Director Ayana gave Yvette a look. Indeed, she also wanted to try the soup. But looking at the menu just now, the soups' prices were all more than five hundred dollars.

The expensive ones cost up to thousands, and some were even ten thousand dollars!

Yvette nodded helplessly.

Director Ayana smiled and immediately called the waiter to order the soup. At least she understood! After all, Director Clare hadn't signed the contract yet!

After the waiter came in, the three women browsed through the soup menu before settling on the large portion of the lobster bisque. It came up to about one thousand eight hundred dollars, and Yvette's heart sank. Still, it wasn't considered too expensive.

When the soup arrived, Director Zannel took a photo and posted it on her social media with the caption:

"I've had plenty of soup before, and this one is fairly good."

Then the three girls started to scoop the soup. Chuck was about to scoop a spoonful for Yvette when Director Zannel suddenly pursed her lips and said, "There isn't much soup."

She was signalling for those two freeloaders to not drink the expensive soup.

Chuck frowned, but still took over the ladle and filled up a bowl for Yvette. Then he prepared to fill up a bowl for himself. The soup indeed looked really fresh.

"That's enough, it's almost finished." Director Zannel said. The soup was so delicious that she wanted to drink it all by herself.

Chuck ignored her and scooped himself a bowl. Seeing this, Director Zannel filled up a huge bowl for herself to prevent Chuck and Yvette from drinking more.

Yvette didn't mind, but Chuck did. After all, she was the one here to eat for free!

"Ayana, don't bring such people over for lunch next time. They probably don't even know how to taste soups like this. What a waste." Director Zannel said in a strange tone.

Of course, Director Ayana knew what she meant. She could only laugh dryly.

After finishing the soup, everyone exited the private room. Director Ayana pretended to pay the bill, when in fact, Chuck had already paid for it.

Chuck drove over from the parking lot.

"Don't leave today, Ayana. Why don't the three of us come back here for dinner later?," Director Zannel said. Director Ayana's eyes twitched. If they came back for dinner, then she would be the one who needed to pay. Of course she didn't want to!

"I have something to do later."

"Alright then." Director Zannel was disappointed. She was furious at Chuck and Yvette for eating so much. It was all because of them that they couldn't return for dinner!

She was unhappy!

"Oh, why don't we just call a cab? I don't feel like sitting in this car anymore," Director Zannel said.

Director Ayana hesitated. They still needed to head back to Yvette's company since Director Clare had not signed the contract yet.

Yvette frowned. Chuck had already driven the car over. Director Zannel said directly, "You two can go back by yourselves. I feel uncomfortable sitting in that car."

Chuck was speechless. He came out of the car. He wouldn't mind leaving them if Director Clare had already signed the contract.

"What kind of car makes you feel comfortable to sit in?" Chuck said.

"At least a Mercedes-Benz or BMW I guess. Your car is as noisy as a tractor." Director Zannel shook her head.

Both Director Ayana and Director Clare thought the same.

Yvette was angry. The car was clearly comfortable enough! Why did they have to say that!



"Hubby, let's go back." Yvette didn't feel like signing the contract with Director Clare anymore. She was especially mad now.

"Why should we go back?" Chuck smiled. Didn't she want a Mercedes-Benz or BMW right? He could get one straight from his mother's collection in that very car park!

"Forget it, it's only for a while right?" Director Ayana said. She was still pleased as she was treated so well today. Then she and Director Clare sat back in the car.

Director Zannel curled her lips and said, "Fine then, I don't feel like calling a cab anymore. But I'm warning you, I won't get in a car like this for the second time!"

Then she got ready to get into the car.

Yvette sighed, feeling sorry for Chuck. He was really understanding.

Chuck could not be bothered to argue with her. He sat back in the car and was about to drive away. But at this time, the restaurant's receptionist ran out with a box in her hands. Chuck saw her and naturally stopped.

The receptionist ran over to the car window and said, "The manager had told us to bring the boiled soup to you. Please take it with you."

Chuck was surprised. The three women sitting behind him were stunned.

The boiled soup? They had checked the menu just now, and it cost over five thousand dollars. It was made with all the most expensive medicinal herbs.

And now they were giving it to him for free?

Yvette was also surprised. What was going on? Did the hotel manager know Chuck?

Taking the soup in the car, there was indeed a special aroma that made them salivate.

"Do you need a car as well? The manager had asked me to bring along the car keys as well. We have a BMW, a Mercedes, and a Rolls-Royce. Which one do you prefer?" The receptionist said with a polite smile. She had received a call from Betty to not refer to him as Young Master Chuck in front of Yvette.

There were a few keys in her hands. The three women were dumbfounded, especially Director Zannel. What was going on? He actually had so many cars to drive?

She herself had never sat in a Rolls-Royce before.

Both Director Ayana and Director Clare were surprised. What was going on? Did he bring them here because he knew the manager? If that was the case, then they should have ordered more just now!

"No need. This car is enough." Chuck shook his head. He didn't want to drive the other cars. Otherwise, he would need to come back for Zelda's

Buick.

"Hey, send me back with the Rolls-Royce. I've never been in one before!" Director Zannel said. Who knew that this person was actually this powerful?