



## Chapter 181

Yvette returned to her shop, still confused as she sat inside her office. She just asked Wilbur if he was the Baller, to which he denied.

Wilbur's dumbfounded look convinced her that he was not the Baller she was looking for. The identity of the Baller still remained a mystery to her.

Yvette's mind was full of questions. She turned her cell phone on and looked at the Baller's WeChat messages. He still wouldn't take back the money she owed him. The idea of



what he could ask in return bothered her.

Yvette sighed, shaking her head. She continued to transfer money to "Baller's" bank account.

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Chuck felt relieved when he checked his WeChat account on his phone. He ignored the messages since there was no way he would let the Baller appear again.

He saw Yvette leave in disappointment. He assumed that she didn't get the answer she longed to hear, especially since Wilbur

already knew what he should say.

Meanwhile, Wilbur continued admiring Zabrina's beautiful face in a daze, which made Chuck wonder: Is Zabrina that attractive? The most that she had would be natural beauty.

The dress she wore at the last party was quite provocative, but her beauty was nothing compared to Yvette's.

Especially in her hips.

Chuck stopped watching. Zabrina was Wilbur's cup of tea, and he shouldn't stare at his friend's girl for so long.

Lara stayed by his side the entire



time, with her eyes fixed on Zabrina.

She was dying to get her signature, but Chuck didn't care and left her alone.

He had to get his car from the BMW service center.

"Where are you going?" Lara finally came to her senses.

Chuck walked away without saying a word, prompting Lara to stomp her feet in anger. She chased after him.

"Chuck, don't do this, please."

Chuck frowned, "Why are you trailing after me?"

"Well... I just..." Lara stammered.



Yeah, right! Why was she chasing after him? Didn't she like him?

"You stole my heart and you're asking me why?" Lara announced confidently. He was the one who pretended to be the Baller and added her on WeChat.

"I'm sorry, but I already have a wife. She's your professor, Teacher Jordan." Chuck shook his head and left.

"B\*stard! You jerk! You lied to me! How could you do this to me?" Lara shouted.

Lara's eyes darkened in an instant.

She felt aggrieved and bitter. She didn't do anything to hurt him and even showed him her body. What more did he want from her?

Chuck stopped and spun around. He scowled, mainly at her accusations of him being a liar.

He merely asked for her naked photos. If he knew how mean and sarcastic she was, Chuck wouldn't add her on his WeChat.

Lara yelled, "Chuck, don't think you are so powerful because you have money. With my appearance and figure, I can get any man I want!"

She was upset, and she swung her gaze at the plaza as she announced, "You will regret this. I will find the plaza's owner and become his wife. He is surely richer than you. I will make you feel sorry!"

Chuck was stunned. What was she trying to do?

Lara felt gratified. It seemed Chuck had regretted his actions after she spoke. Lara had a slender figure and was brimming with confidence. When she was still in school, one official had taken an interest in her and asked her to be his sugar daughter, but she refused. It was a guarantee

that most men would fall for her looks!

Lara snorted, "I will find Yolanda tomorrow to ask for the plaza owner's phone number. If I make the first move in pursuing him, he will accept me. But if you apologize now and talk to me nicely, I won't go after him... Hey, where are you going?"

Chuck ignored her, turned around and left. He chuckled at her senseless statements. No matter how desperate she wanted to end up as the plaza owner's wife, he would never agree to it.

"Stop talking nonsense. You'll never become the owner's wife." Chuck's words came over.

Lara screamed, "B\*stard! You're a filthy b\*stard! I'll find him! I'll do it, I swear! Just wait and see!"

She was so furious that her whole body quivered with rage. She wiped her tears away and felt wronged. She returned to her store and looked outside the window in a daze.

After a while, Lara took out her mobile phone to delete the Baller's name from her contacts. However, after hesitating for a long time, she

couldn't bear to do it. Instead, she put her phone away to avoid accidentally deleting the contact. She vowed, "I will delete his contact after I return the sum I owe him! I must, and I will."

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"Zabrina, let's have dinner together. I know a few restaurants in my plaza where we can share a good meal." Wilbur smiled at Zabrina, who was resting at this moment.

Zabrina asked, "Well... What's the connection between you and Mr. Cannon?"

"Um... He's my friend." She caught Wilbur by surprise. Why did Zabrina have to mention Chuck?

"Friends? No wonder he invested in this movie and asked us to shoot here. It's all because of you," Zabrina said.

"What?" Despite his surprise, Wilbur tried to mask his surprise to his best ability. Why didn't Chuck admit it when he asked just now? It's amazing for him to invest in movies!

He was jealous of Chuck for having such an amazing financial ability!

"You didn't know?" Zabrina found it



strange for him to be clueless about this.

"I know, I just forgot. Are you done shooting today? Let's have dinner at night," Wilbur spoke nervously.

Zabrina felt that she was stuck between a rock and a hard place. She asked, "Will Mr. Cannon join us?"

"He has to be with his girlfriend. He doesn't have time," Wilbur made up a quick excuse.

Zabrina's expression changed as she said, "Oh, okay. Wait for me to finish the next scene, then we'll find a place to eat on the third floor."

Wilbur found it unexpected that his plan turned out well. It was easier to pursue women by assuming the plaza owner's identity.

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Chuck walked out of the plaza and saw Zelda Maine pulling over into the parking lot. He walked over to greet her. Yolanda had mentioned Zelda's store would be refurnished in the coming days. It seemed she wanted to open her store soon.

"Sister Zelda." Chuck smiled. She wore a uniform and a pair of stockings, and she looked lovely.

"Where are you headed to?" **Zelda** wanted to invite Chuck to her birthday party which was in a few days. She wanted to spend her birthday with him, but hesitated since Chuck looked pretty busy.

"I'm going to the BMW store to bring back my car," Chuck replied. Suddenly, he received a call from his mother. Chuck asked Zelda to hold on as he answered his phone, only to hear his mother ask him where he was now.

Chuck told her that he was at the plaza. Then, she said, "Chucky, I am still away from the city, but I found a

potential project in Ocean City. Can you go there and help me take a look?"

"Mom, what project?" Chuck interest was piqued. If his mom personally called this sudden, this project must be a big deal. It might involve a hundred million dollars worth of investment.

His mother continued, "A building will be up for sale, and I want to buy it. Please see what's going on first and update me about the particular situation. I'll text you the address"

"Sure, Mom. Send me the address

and I'll go take a look," Chuck answered. Since it was his mother who suggested this building, it must be superb. Otherwise, his mother wouldn't bother to tell him. He had to check out this structure no matter what.

"The building's owner suddenly published news of its sale. A few people have taken notice of it. If you like it, call me at once, and I will wire you the money so you buy it directly, okay?" Chuck's mother directed.

Chuck asked in surprise, "Mom, don't you want to take a look at it first?"

"Haha, there's no need. It's less than two billion dollars, so I don't have to examine it. I'll send you the address. Remember to go and inspect it," Chuck's mother repeated.

Chuck affirmed, "All right,"

After hanging up, he received the address. Chuck looked at it and was shocked. This was a building situated in the city center, so why was his mother planning to buy it?

Perhaps she wanted to open up another hotel? Most likely.

"Sister Zelda, I have to go now," Chuck said. Because of the sudden



turn of events, he couldn't fetch his car back today.

While waiting for him, Zelda noticed a lot of people in the plaza. She wondered out loud, "Chuck, why are there so many people here today?"

"Someone came to film a movie, so people are here to watch," Chuck said in satisfaction. Zabrina's popularity with the public was well-recognized.

"Why are they filming here? Did you invest in it?" Zelda was clever to figure it out. She knew Chuck had something to do with it because he



grinned when she asked.

"No... Well, yes. A little bit," Chuck replied helplessly. Zelda was too smart not to notice.

It amazed Zelda that Chuck had joined the entertainment business. She blinked and asked, "Where are you going? I can drop you off there."

Chuck looked in the car and saw that she had black stockings on. He shook his head to clear his mind of indecent thoughts.

Zelda could see through his thinking. She was relieved and smiled. "What are you afraid of? Don't all men like

this?"



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Chuck's embarrassment was evident. He could see Zelda's beautiful legs wrapped in silk leggings. He couldn't take his gaze away from it.

"Sister Zelda, did you wear this on purpose?"  
Chuck smiled bitterly.

Zelda chuckled, "Nope. Hop in the car. Are you scared? If you like it, you can touch it. I won't object."

Chuck felt vulnerable, and Zelda's smile faded. She chimed, "Don't be afraid, okay?"

Then, she took out a silk scarf from her bag to cover her legs and asked, "Is that all right?"

"Thank you, Sister Zelda," Chuck heaved a sigh of relief. Zelda was very considerate of his feelings.

"Why are you thanking me? You're the first person to see my legs, and I'm more than willing to let you see it," Zelda teased.

Chuck smiled wryly. His first impression of Zelda was that she was a bit cold. When he first met her, she gave Chuck an impression that he should not get close to her. Yet, now they were familiar with each other.

Chuck couldn't believe it happened. How could he have asked Zelda for help the first time he got in her car...

He shook off his unpleasant thoughts. He had married Yvette Jordan, and he refused to do anything to hurt her. After thinking of his wife, Chuck calmed down.

Zelda sighed, "You are so loyal to Yvette."

A hint of jealousy was apparent in her tone.

Chuck didn't have much belief in himself. He had cheated three times, twice with Zelda, and the other with Queenie Carson right in front of Yvette.

Chuck no longer wanted to think about it anymore. If Yvette learned what took place that night, what would happen to him? What he did with Zelda was fine, but with Queenie, it occurred just in front of Yvette inside her room. If she knew this, what would her expression be like?

Chuck prayed that Yvette would never find out about this matter.

The car was all of a sudden extremely quiet.

Zelda broke the awkward silence by asking Chuck where he was going. He told her the address, and she drove him to that location.

When they left, Chuck didn't notice Zabrina Yalden, who was inside the plaza filming.

Coincidentally, she looked towards their direction and wondered, "This figure... Could it be Chuck?"

The guy seemed to be Chuck. It made her wonder why Chuck, an investor and the plaza owner's friend, didn't show up today.

She didn't consider it normal. Suddenly, Wilbur Wendel came over and said, "Are you done now?"

Zabrina nodded, "Okay, but just give me a while."

She had to change her outfit first. If not, there would be unnecessary disturbances. Her facemask and sunglasses were necessary to hide her identity.

Wilbur was delighted since it would be his first dinner with a famous star. To him, Zabrina was perfect. He thought if he could get her to be with him today, then maybe...

Wilbur was thrilled just thinking about it.

After a while, Zabrina came over fully-prepared.

The crew began to clean up before getting off work, so Zabrina and Wilbur went out to dinner. It was Zabrina's first time coming to the plaza, and she found its layout warm and unique. The plaza's friendly design was due to the systematic management of the place,



plus having a competent manager with lots of ideas and visions.

Zabrina asked, "You put in a lot of effort into this plaza, haven't you?"

"Not much." Wilbur smiled and applauded Chuck secretly. Chuck had taken over the plaza for a short time, yet his effective management amazed Wilbur.

The more Zabrina looked around, the more she regarded the place excellent with a promising future. She didn't expect Wilbur, who sat opposite her, to be so capable. It was hard to believe that a young, nouveau riche businessman could be so full of promise. It was very rare to come by.

Wilbur was pleasantly surprised, and Zabrina's reaction gave him hope.

The two of them soon spotted a restaurant, and Wilbur started to chat away the minute they sat down. This was his chance to show off, so he tried his best to talk more about himself.

Zabrina felt odd listening to him. Why was Wilbur so skilled at managing the plaza, but he has only been talking of pleasure the entire time? Why wasn't he discussing more about his projects and plans for the place?

How did they run the plaza? How hard could it be? Did they hire an expert to do it?

Judging by Wilbur's look now, they probably did.

Zabrina just shrugged it off and continued to eat. She had worked hard the entire day and she was exhausted.

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As Zelda drove into the parking lot of a building, curiosity got the best of her. This building seemed familiar, and she finally realized why. Her previous boss had started this company, and the whole building was newly-renovated. For some unknown reason, the company seemed to be planning something big. If so, what was Chuck doing here?

Chuck got out of the car. His mother mentioned several people had taken interest in this place. The building was around 20 to 30 years old and its value wasn't much. However, the piece of land where it stood was worth at least 700 or 800 million dollars. Chuck inspected the place and felt it had potential.

His mother had called him on purpose, so she must be very drawn to this place. However, he didn't quite understand what his mother planned on doing after purchasing this property.

"Chuck, what will you do here?" It surprised



Zelda to see Chuck checking this place out like he was looking at a product. Was Chuck thinking of starting a company here?

Chuck smiled and didn't say a word.

"You're starting a new company here, aren't you?" Zelda was stupefied. If he wanted a new business venture in the city center, he would need at least three billion dollars to rent the whole building.

"No." Chuck shook his head.

"Then what are you going to do?" Zelda didn't dwell on it anymore, but her fists were clenched in anticipation.

"I'm planning to buy this property!" Chuck announced, his eyes looking calm and confident.

Zelda was at a loss for words and mused inwardly, "Buy this place? My God, acquiring this building is way different from getting the plaza. It would cost him roughly two billion dollars! How long has it been since Chuck bought two cars, an apartment and a plaza. Now, this property?"

Zelda couldn't envision how wealthy Chuck must be like.

"Don't you believe me, Sister Zelda?" Chuck smiled.

"Of course, I believe whatever you say." Zelda

smiled with bitterness in her heart. How could she not believe him? How could someone who used a helicopter to deliver millions of ingredients not afford this place? Nevertheless, Zelda did not expect Chuck to come here for this purpose.

"Let's go up and have a look," Chuck implored. He couldn't wait any longer to go inside.

Zelda nodded. The two of them stepped into the elevator, and Zelda's eyes were secretly studying Chuck. She found it hard to see through his expression.

"Wait up!" Someone called out and came rushing toward them.

Chuck pushed down on the red button and waited for a man and a woman to come in. The young man was in his early twenties and wore a suit. The woman was about the same age as Zelda and was very attractive. Her figure was very provocative, but she showed no emotions on her face. She stood in front of Chuck, and her fragrance lingered in the lift. The curve on her back was very noticeable. She was an absolute beauty.

The man said, "President Miller, I have arranged the necessary documents to acquire this building. They are all here,"

He appeared to be the woman's assistant.

The woman glanced at him and asked, "How

much is the estimate?"

"Around 1.8 billion to 1.9 billion dollars," The man answered.

"The building's location is worth the price range." The woman nodded as if the matter was not a huge deal. Chuck sighed. This woman was most likely one of his competitors.

She looked like a filthy rich individual.

"Regardless of how many people there will be, we must try our best to secure this place," The woman spoke without taking a glance at Chuck. In her opinion, he couldn't be here to buy the building.

"Yes!" The man nodded politely.

However, the woman noticed Zelda. She scanned Zelda from top to bottom and asked, "Zelda, why are you here? Are you planning to open a restaurant in this place?"

Chuck was caught unaware that the woman knew Zelda. However, Zelda's expression was not very pleasant. It seemed that their relationship was slightly sour.

They were about the same age, so they must have been classmates back in the days.

The woman continued, "I've asked you before to do business and finance with me but you insisted on opening a restaurant. Do you

08:30



regret it now?"

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"I have no regrets." Zelda shook her head.

A half-smile surfaced on the woman's cold face. She spat, "No regrets? Do you know how much money I made last month? It's something you can't earn even if you ran the restaurant for 5 years."

"Congratulations to you then," Zelda said calmly. Just as Chuck thought, the two of them were classmates. They had initially opened a shop together, but after problems occurred, there was a significant disparity in the decision-making process. Soon, they parted ways.

After separating, Quinn Miller had started her own company. With luck on her side, she soon earned her first pot of gold: a full 30 million dollars. It was a considerable sum for a woman, but she didn't stop there. Since then, she created more companies, and just recently, she came to Ocean City to develop more properties.

Her sources suggested to her this building, and she made it her goal to acquire this property.

She had to purchase it today.



Quinn asked, "Congratulations? Why do I detect some jealousy when you say so?"

"Whatever you say." Zelda sighed. She sincerely congratulated her, but she had other thoughts weighing on her mind.

She used to be best friends with Quinn, but ever since they parted ways, they could never go back to being friends.

Quinn frowned. At last, she glanced at Chuck and said, "I can't believe it. Now you're starting to seek young people who can satisfy your thirst at your age!"

"Stop your nonsense," Zelda snapped. She didn't care what Quinn said about her, but she couldn't stand her criticism of Chuck.

Quinn sneered, "Nonsense? He looks like a college student, probably a freshman. You are ten years older than him. If you're not pursuing a young man, then what is it you're doing now?"

"You..." Zelda's eyes turned cold, but she didn't know how to refute Quinn. She kept quiet.

Indeed, she was wooing a young man, and Chuck was really just a freshman. However, she did help him twice and they almost slept together last time. Zelda sighed. Was she really that old?

Looking at Chuck, she felt disheartened.

"You can't even deny it yourself! It seems you finally realize you are chasing after younger men. Zelda, you make me despise you," Quinn scoffed.

Quinn wasn't married, nor did she have a boyfriend. However, she would never aim for someone younger than her. She just couldn't and wouldn't accept it.

She couldn't find anything beneficial from younger men, aside from lasting longer on bed. She hated useless men the most, especially those who relied on women.

Quinn asked Chuck, "Kid, how much does Zelda give you as a monthly allowance? 50,000 or 100,000 dollars?"

She hated Zelda very much after almost losing her chance to succeed because of her. Now that she was much more successful than Zelda, wasn't it the right time to take revenge on her?

"Why do you ask? Are you interested in me?" Chuck smiled.

Quinn simply shook her head, "No, I don't prefer guys your age."

"What a coincidence. I don't like women with saggy skin and wrinkles either," Chuck retorted.

Zelda was flabbergasted.



Quinn's gaze suddenly froze and she gave Chuck the death stare. Did he just accuse her of being saggy?

"What did you say?" Quinn's voice was frigid. Her assistant also looked mad, and he mulled over, "The nerve of this guy to comment something like that. My boss was obviously in good shape!"

"I'm sorry, but you're too saggy to me. It's not my taste so if you want to have me, I won't agree to it. I would have to pass," Chuck said.

Zelda subconsciously took a quick look at Quinn's busts and noticed her chest was not sagging at all.

"Ding!" The elevator door opened.

"Sister Zelda, let's go." Chuck smiled.

"Sure," Zelda responded.

When they walked out, Zelda asked softly, "Chuck, does she have saggy breasts?"

"I don't know. I never checked," Chuck said honestly.

He didn't really know anything since he had never seen a real one up close his whole life.

Quinn's breasts were the same as Lara Jean's. Although Quinn was thirty years old, she was particular at maintaining her looks and was into sports like Zelda. Therefore, her figure could be compared with Lara's but she



definitely had a more effeminate beauty.

Her irresistible appeal was a fatal temptation for men. However, for Chuck, it was a little disgusting. He was not interested in a woman who was so high maintenance and self-centered.

In addition, she criticized Zelda, so he had no reason to talk to her.

Zelda chuckled. She had never seen anyone mock Quinn like this. As expected, having money was enough reason for a person to do or say anything as they pleased.

"President, please ignore his nonsense." The man was so enraged he wanted to hit Chuck. However, today was not fitting for him to do so. If he delayed his boss's business dealing, he would lose his job.

Quinn glanced at him.

The man asked, "President, do you want me to find someone who can teach him a lesson?"

Quinn asked sharply, "Do you need me to teach you what to do?"

"No, I didn't mean it that way." The man lowered his head.

When Quinn stepped out of the elevator, she glowered at Chuck with a hint of bitterness in her eyes. She ordered, "Call four people over



and have them wait in the parking lot."

"Yes, boss!" The man quickly took out his mobile phone. Such a rude person deserved a lesson for throwing insults at his boss!

He's asking for trouble. Tragedy comes from careless talk. The kid is done for!

"President, I've made the call," The man confirmed.

Quinn nodded with her eyes fixed at Zelda. Why was she here today? She was just a meager restaurant owner, and she had no reason to be here at all.

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Those who came today were all affluent. Zelda saw a few people with a net worth of at least three or four billion dollars. She felt a little self-conscious when she came in. Without Chuck, she wouldn't have been able to come today.

Everyone who came had their means to receive the news, proving that they could acquire the building. Chuck and Zelda soon found a place to sit down.

Quinn also came in shortly with her assistant, but they settled in the corner.

Not too many people were around to offer their bids. All in all, there were approximately ten of them, but they were all well-to-do.

Soon, a man with a sad face came to meet them. Zelda introduced him to Chuck softly. He was the building owner. The message his mother sent him already contained a detailed introduction to this person. He had business in other places, but more than a dozen people had died recently due to accidents. This greatly affected him and had no choice but to sell this building to solve his crisis.

Without much formalities, the man started straight away, "I don't have much to say. I'll sell this property and land today. If anyone is able to give me 2.5 billion dollars today, I'll give them the building right away."

"2.5 billion dollars? Mr. Carter, are you trying to earn more than you should?" Someone commented unhappily.

The people present estimated the building's value to be less than two billion. Yet, the man was now asking for 2.5 billion dollars, which infuriated many people.

His selling price was way more than they had expected.

"I've already stated my price," The owner was firm on his decision.

"2.1 billion dollars, I'll give you the cash now." It was Quinn who spoke. She felt this was the highest price she could bid.

"No, it must be 2.5 billion dollars." The man



firmly asserted while shaking his head.

Quinn frowned. This place was not even worth that much, so she asked her assistant to calculate again.

Several wealthy people looked offended, but nobody said anything. How could a property worth only 2 billion dollars be on sale for 500 million dollars more? They wondered how the owner could betray them like that. They found him arrogant and manipulative.

"Mr. Carter, you can't sell it when the price you've set is so high," Someone said.

The owner acted indifferently, but with a closer look, one could notice how worried he was. He also knew this building wasn't worth that much, but he was in urgent need of money. Otherwise, his company would cease to exist overnight. He was left with no other options.

"Hmph! How dare you play us. Let's see how you're going to sell it. I won't stay here any longer!" Someone stood up and walked out. He didn't believe someone would spend 2.5 billion dollars to buy this place. How could they earn back the 500 million dollars they've already lost?

Before he went out, he saw someone on the phone consulting another person. After much deliberation, this person promptly stood up



and said, "2.5 billion dollars? Okay, I'll buy it. You may prepare the contract now!"

Zelda was appalled, and Quinn frowned. They both mused, "You're paying 2.5 billion dollars? Do you have that much money?"

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The man's eyes lit up, and the other rich people nearby looked at him. Did someone just buy this building with that price?

"Are you sure?" The boss contained his excitement and stood up to ask.

"Yes, you can prepare the contract now, and the money will be transferred to your account soon." It was Chuck Cannon who spoke.

He caught a glimpse of many wealthy people looking angry but nobody took action. Since the owner's attitude stayed resolute, he could only call his mother to inquire. Unexpectedly, she only smiled and gave him the go signal to buy the property.

Chuck heaved a sigh of relief. His mother had such a strong desire to own this place, but he didn't know what she planned to develop here.

This aroused Chuck's interest.

Everyone in the room grew quiet as they look at him in odd surprise.

Who could this young man be?

The owner bowled over because he managed to acquire 2.5 billion dollars within a minute.



He examined it thoroughly and confirmed it was a legitimate transaction. He said in haste, "Okay, I have received the money. Please follow me to sign the contract."

"What? You already have the money?" The others were shell-shocked.

How could that man directly send 2.5 billion dollars to the owner's account? Every bank transaction had a limit allowed for each transfer, so how high could his be?

Incredible!

Quinn, who was sitting in the corner, found it hard to believe. How could he give it to him right away?

By the looks of it, Chuck was probably taking Zelda as a mistress instead of the other way round. However, why would he take interest in a woman 10 years older than him?

"It's alright, someone will contact you about it." Chuck shook his head. Just now, his mother said that she would let Chuck sign on her behalf. However, he thought that the scale of the contract was too large, so he decided his mother should sign the contract herself. When he had the capacity, he could buy it later on his own.

Chuck didn't know his mother's intention in buying this place. He would feel embarrassed if he had to ask money from his mother again



next time.

Besides, he didn't have any other ideas. After signing, the contract would still be left aside for now. It was better to let his mother carry out her plan.

"Sister Zelda, let's get going," Chuck said.

Zelda was still in amazement, "Chuck, you've given him the payment, but you don't want to sign the contract or complete processing the documents. Aren't you afraid he'll run away with the money?"

He had spent 2.5 billion dollars on buying this building in less than a minute!

This changed Zelda's concept of being wealthy. He was filthy rich.

"Nobody could run and hide with my money. Let's go." Chuck laughed. Who would dare to escape with his money? Where could that person run to?

His mother would catch that person at once.

When Chuck asked his mother the same question, she just chuckled, and Chuck got the message.

Zelda followed Chuck closely in a daze. Quinn stood up and asked, "Who the hell are you?"

She was hopping mad. She yearned to buy this building, but she failed.

"It's none of your d\*mn business." Chuck shook his head.

Quinn narrowed her eyes and said, "I had my eyes on this building."

"If so, why didn't you buy it earlier? Now that I have already bought it, what are you bothering me for?" Chuck ignored her and went outside with Zelda.

Quinn was foaming at the mouth.

The affluent people left in the room were all caught off guard. Did that man leave just like that?

"Mr. Carter, who was that young man? Why haven't I seen him before?"

"I know the woman he was with. She runs her own business at a restaurant. I've eaten at her restaurant a few times, but I'm pretty sure she can't afford this place!"

Several people with deep pockets were talking about it as well. They could not bear to spend so much money at once. Even if they did, they needed to save up for a long time first.

The building owner came to his senses at last. He felt like he was in a beautiful dream and just shook his head with a wry smile, "I don't know, but the young man gave me a feeling that there is a formidable figure we

can't imagine behind him."

His tone became dignified as he spoke.

"Like an influential person?" Everyone present was appalled. If he could take out 2.5 billion dollars with just one phone call, he could possess more than 10 billion dollars.

If today's incident spread, the entire Ocean City would get blown away!

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Chuck and Zelda took the elevator down with Zelda still in a stupor. She asked, "Chuck, am I hallucinating?"

"Sister Zelda, I can assure you that you're not," Chuck smirked. Zelda's adorable expression could make any man fall in love with her.

"I don't think so either," Zelda replied. Chuck, who stood beside her, was so real. How could she be dreaming?

The elevator door opened and the two of them headed to the parking area. However, Chuck frowned because he saw four people coming out of the corner looking very aggressive.

"What do you want from us?" Zelda was furious. She could tell they were coming for Chuck because of their fierce stares aimed at him.

"What do we want? Someone asked us to





teach him a lesson, so he won't be so ignorant later!" The bald leader said coldly.

Chuck frowned. Did Quinn arrange this? Nobody else apart from her could have planned an ambush like this.

"It was Quinn who ordered you to come here, wasn't it? How much did she offer you? I'll double it!" Chuck proclaimed. Zelda steamed up. It must be Quinn who made the arrangement. How could she treat Chuck like this!

"Double the pay? Can you even afford it? Get lost!" The bald man came over with a cold face and scoffed, "Guys, let's beat him up!"

The four of them gathered around Chuck while Chuck shielded Zelda behind him. Suddenly, Zelda took out a pepper spray from her bag and spritzed it directly on the two men nearest to her.

"Argh!! My eyes are burning! They hurt!" The two quickly covered their eyes and snarled in exasperation.

Pow! Pow!

Chuck punched the guys cold. Two days of training didn't develop his strength, but he now knew where he should strike. Now, he could make them lose their endurance fast. Chuck's quick punch made one of them groan and fall to the ground writhing in pain. Then,



he hit the man's cheek and knocked him out with one blow.

The bald man who took the lead was shocked and rushed over wildly. Chuck was ready to test his power. However, Zelda had already sprayed the bald man's eyes, making him growl in pain. He shielded his eyes with his hands, and Chuck kicked him down. The bald man fell hard as well.

After Chuck gave out a few punches, he let out a cry. Chuck beamed and added a few more strokes to the other three, trouncing the four men.

Zelda's quick thinking had helped Chuck. If not, Chuck might have gone through a tough encounter. It seemed Zelda had often got assailed. Otherwise, she would not have prepared for this.

"Sister Zelda, you're so amazing," Chuck praised.

Zelda's face flushed. Once, five people wanted to harm her, and this was how she dealt with them. She was well trained and prepared. When she saw Chuck about to get beaten, her instincts kicked in. After all, she liked him a lot.

Ding!

When the elevator door opened, Quinn and her assistant came out. The shock on Quinn's

face was apparent as she realized how useless those four guys were.

"President, you may go first. I'll stop them!"  
The assistant gritted his teeth.

"Can you deal with him?" Quinn was irate. She didn't expect her assistant to hire such incompetent gangsters.

Chuck and Zelda came over. Chuck stared at her with so much rage. The only thing he said was that she was saggy, didn't he? Why did she have to hire people to attack him? This woman had gone overboard.

"What are you doing?" The assistant blocked their path. Chuck responded by slapping him hard. With a thud, the assistant dropped to the ground.

Quinn stared at Chuck. She could also afford this building, so she had nothing to fear. She did not think that Chuck would hit her.

"Quinn, you've gone too far. How dare you try to do us dirty!" Zelda was infuriated.

"So what?" Quinn asked coldly. She didn't deny it since she really did it. What was there to fear?

"Is this your way of doing things? What if someone dies?" Zelda wanted to hit her.

"Say whatever you want. Get out of my way. I'm leaving this stupid place," Quinn said.



Her tone remained calm.

"Leave? Do you think I'll let you go easily when you've called people to beat me up?" Chuck suddenly smiled. If his mother knew, Quinn would be poorly beaten, at the very least.

Quinn sneered, "You don't want to let me leave? How dare you! You have no power to stop me!"

Chuck was in a towering rage with her self-righteousness! Let's see how long she can stay like that! Chuck approached her with a sinister look.

Quinn brooded, "What are you planning to do? Do you want to hit me?"

Chuck shook his head, "I don't hit women, but if someone is plotting against me, then it's in my personality to exact revenge, so..."

An idea lit up in Chuck's mind.

## Chapter 185

"So what's your plan now? Do you want to hit me?" Quinn snorted.

She refused to believe Chuck would lay a finger on her. She was a woman, and it was Chuck who had spoken mean things to her.

She had called those men over since he insulted her. She found nothing wrong with asking someone to beat him up, especially when he said she was saggy.

He deserved this!

"You are rude and shameless!" Quinn shouted.

She was offended because Chuck had ogled over her body the entire time. She felt sick with his actions.

She hated it most when younger men looked at her as though she was a promiscuous woman. She felt sickened to the stomach thinking about him fantasizing over her body!

It was so disgusting!

Chuck shot back at her, "What the hell is wrong with you?"

"Who are your parents? I will make you regret what you said today!" Quinn stared at Chuck.

She had more than ten billion dollars, and she wouldn't allow anyone to do this to her.

Zelda's curiosity stirred, listening to her words. She had always wanted to find out who Chuck's parents were because she found them too powerful.

"You are not qualified to know," Chuck said.

What a big joke. So what if Quinn had ten billion dollars? She was nothing compared with Chuck's mother. Was she thinking that she could do something to his mother?

Quinn thought too highly of herself.

"I don't have the right to know? I know many people. Tell me!" Quinn gawked at Chuck, feeling insulted by him.

"Or perhaps your parents aren't prominent enough for me to know?" Quinn showed a hint of sarcasm.

Chuck couldn't bear it anymore. He wouldn't allow anyone to criticize his parents.

His eyes turned forbidding as he approached her.

He had no intention of hitting a woman. He just wanted to humiliate her.

He got closer to her with every step.

Quinn was too disgusted by Chuck. How could she let a person like him approach her?

She felt Chuck would rape her and stepped backward but tumbled to the ground. She was so flustered, and her butt ached so much she almost couldn't stand up.

Slap!

With a stony expression, Quinn slapped her assistant, "The nerve of you to just look at me fall!"

"I didn't mean to. I'm sorry," The assistant held his stinging cheek and looked down. He felt oppressed and was afflicted that Quinn vented her anger at him.

"Check this person's background for me. I want to know who he is and who his parents are. I want him to kneel and beg before me!" Quinn's frigid eyes could make men cower in fear.

The assistant said, "Yes. I'm on it right away," It was no big deal for Quinn to investigate a person at all, and she could expect to have the results soon.

"Also, if the person you'll hire next time is still useless, don't bother showing your face before me again," Quinn's voice was full of disdain. If it weren't for those four pathetic idiots, nobody could have insulted her today.

"Yes, President. Don't worry!"

"Call a few more people and get ready to be



on standby! I'll make this person suffer," Quinn declared.

The assistant nodded, though he could still feel the sting of Quinn's slap on his face. Despite what happened, he found himself staring at Quinn's legs and was captivated by its flawlessness. If he could...

An evil plan surfaced in the assistant's mind.

Quinn's voice resumed, "Also, the investment in this building has failed. Are there any other properties worthy of acquisition in Ocean City?"

The assistant scanned through the file he had prepared for a while. His gaze was fixed on a certain plaza.

"President, I found several places, but there's a plaza that is worth buying. There are several schools nearby, and it has a very promising potential. I just don't know if their boss has any intention of selling it," The assistant said. If Chuck was still here, he would not know whether to laugh or to cry, because this assistant was talking about his City Square.

"How much is it worth?" Quinn asked, grabbing the document from her assistant. She looked over it a few times and felt it was not bad and worth investing.

"The estimated value is within 600 to 700

million dollars," The assistant said after a moment's hesitation.

"600 or 700 million dollars? Such a plaza is not worth so much. At most, maybe 500 million dollars tops. He will have earned a fortune if I give him 600 million dollars. Take me to this location immediately. I'm going to check it myself, and I'm going to take it down," Quinn said.

"Okay, but do you want to go now?" The assistant hesitated and stared at Quinn's leg again. Her skirt had torn apart...

Smack!

Quinn slapped him and said, "I'll dig your eyes out if you look at it again!"

The assistant stood outside beside the car, his hand touching his swollen cheeks, and his eyes were enraged, "F\*ck you, I have worked with you for so long. Just because you give me slightly higher pay doesn't mean you can treat me like your personal b\*tch. I will make sure to sleep with you someday..."

"Why aren't you inside yet?" After Quinn changed her clothes, she opened the window and exclaimed bitterly.

Chuck had no idea Quinn wanted to buy his building. It was already seven o'clock, and he had already taken Zelda's car back to the plaza. He could ask Yvette Jordan to come



down so the three of them could eat dinner together.

As Chuck was thinking of doing so, Zelda whispered, "Chuck, are you available the day after tomorrow?"

"The day after tomorrow?" She caught Chuck by surprise. Chuck was conflicted. He was afraid he would do something wrong with Zelda and betray Yvette. Both were nice women, and Chuck didn't want to make a decision he would regret.

If he went out with Zelda, Chuck would feel guilty and be apologetic for Yvette later on. He'd better not meet her.

"Well, I..." Zelda planned to reveal it was her birthday the day after tomorrow, and she just wanted to spend some alone time with Chuck. For many years, she had celebrated her birthday alone, so she wanted this year to be different. She finally met a man that she liked, regardless if he was married.

She just didn't want to be lonely on her birthday.

"I'll just call you in the morning the day after tomorrow. I'll ask you then if you're free," Zelda suggested. She could see the hesitation on Chuck's face and felt a bit disappointed.

"Sister Zelda, it's all up to you." That was all

Chuck could say. He was probably free then, but he felt as though there was something important on that day that he couldn't remember.

What Chuck didn't see was that Quinn's car had just pulled up into the City Square's parking lot.

## Chapter 186

"What do you think of this plaza?" The assistant asked confidently behind the wheel.

He just drove Quinn around the plaza. He could see from her expression that she was satisfied.

"Let's go down and look around," Quinn ordered.

The assistant nodded. He went out of the car and opened the door for Quinn. When she stepped down, the assistant's eyes lit up. Quinn had just changed into tight pants, and her leg caught his attention.

The assistant felt hypnotized once he snuck a quick look at her. The evil thoughts in his mind ran wild. He was willing to leave everything in his life behind just to sleep with her once.

The seduction was so fatal because his boss's figure was too tempting to ignore. He was attracted to her like how bees were attracted to flowers.

But the assistant didn't dare to stare at her again. Quinn would have slapped him right away if she caught him. After she came out, he found himself staring at her hip. It's just...

The assistant felt Quinn was the most gorgeous woman, and his desire to snag her became even more extreme.

With those thoughts in his mind, they made their way to the first floor by riding the elevator.

She glanced around and felt the plaza's warm atmosphere. The overall design of the whole building was just ordinary, but the facilities were very user-friendly. She felt invigorated after entering the plaza and assumed its owner had some great talents.

Especially...

"Excuse me, President. Is that a film crew shooting over there?" The assistant saw some ads and posters announcing the ongoing shoot here, and the actress portraying the lead role was Zabrina Yalden.

"That's right. This plaza is making some positive developments." Quinn expressed her desire for the place.

The crew shooting affirmed that the plaza was a great location after it attracted heavy foot traffic despite it being quite late. It could be due to the filming crew or Zabrina's popularity, but it definitely had the potential to become a popular spot with the appropriate attractions.

Quinn was confident of her taste since it

managed to bring her the wealth she had today. She was confident that if the plaza could expand and undergo significant developments, its value would be no less than three billion dollars in the future!

Buying this place for just a few hundred million would be an excellent investment.

Quinn made up her mind to buy this place.

Regardless of the owner's decision, Quinn had to obtain this place. If the owner didn't agree, she would just give him more money. If it was worth three billion dollars in the end, paying one billion or 1.5 billion dollars would still earn her a big profit.

She found it unlikely for the owner not to show interest in money.

"Boss, what are we going to do now? Shall we head to the administration office?" asked the assistant.

"Yes. Let's meet with the manager first," Quinn said.

The assistant looked around and discovered the admin office on the fifth floor.

"President Miller, this way please." The assistant led the way.

They took the elevator, and Quinn's eyes kept scrutinizing the plaza. Her observation on every floor confirmed her thoughts. There



was an absolute advantage in acquiring this place here!

Soon, they arrived at the office.

"What can I do for you?" Yolanda Lane was shocked when she saw a man and a woman came in. The woman was graceful, and she recognized her handbag was worth over 700 thousand dollars. She knew then that the woman must be rich.

"Where is your boss? President Miller wants to see him," The assistant stepped forward and said.

Quinn looked at Yolanda. This office gave her a good feeling, a clear sign that this manager's ability was not bad. After buying this place, Quinn decided that she would retain this manager. From her perspective, she appreciated beautiful and capable women.

"Well, the owner is not here. What can I do for you?" Yolanda smiled and asked.

Quinn sat down, "How much is your monthly salary?"

"Huh?" Yolanda was taken aback and wondered why this woman was asking her this question.

"Please answer. President Miller is asking you," The assistant urged.



"I earn a little over 10,000 dollars." Yolanda frowned and answered. She did not intend to hide anything since most plaza managers received the same range of wages. This was not a secret in the industry, but Yolanda didn't understand the point of asking the question.

"I'll give you 20,000 dollars," Quinn stated matter-of-factly.

"What?" Yolanda was surprised as she thought this woman was bribing her.

"Thirty thousand dollars!" Quinn spoke again.

Yolanda didn't know how to react. She asked, "What do you mean?"

The assistant clarified, "President Miller has decided to buy the plaza, and so she is planning to give you this salary in hopes that you can continue to work here."

He was jealous. His salary was around 50,000 dollars a month, and Quinn would beat him whenever she was displeased. He wanted to resign, but he couldn't bring himself to since Quinn was just so gorgeous. Just the sight of her every day was enough reason for him to stay, especially when he saw Quinn wearing all kinds of short dresses, tight jeans and miniskirts. Looking at her was already some kind of enjoyment, and the thought alone excited him.

Yolanda smiled, "You want to buy this plaza?"

"Yes, my boss wants to acquire this place,"  
The assistant confirmed.

"So, you want to talk to my boss?" Yolanda asked curiously.

"Ask him to come out and see me. I'll talk to him about my offer." Quinn's tone was condescending. Money was her best proposal. She had a lot of funds, and she could ask the boss even to kneel and make her beg to buy the plaza for a hefty sum.

"I don't think my boss will agree to this," Yolanda shook her head and said.

"He won't agree to it?" The assistant sneered. "The market value of your plaza is between 600 to 700 million dollars. President Miller decided to give you a bidding price of 800 million dollars, which is far more than its market value."

"800 million dollars?" Yolanda exclaimed in surprise.

"That's right. When your boss hears this price offer, he will be tempted. Ask him to come now," The assistant said.

"I'm sorry. Eight hundred million dollars is a lot, but our boss may not accept it," Yolanda insisted. She said it because she knew Chuck was not short of money at all. She also knew Chuck had poured his heart and soul into this plaza. Since he had devoted himself to this

place, how could he sell it?

She knew that he would not just give this up. She had always talked with Chuck, so she knew clearly how far his vision was.

The assistant said haughtily, "It's not up to you to decide. I want to see your boss now."

Yolanda had no choice but to ask them to wait for a while. She took out her mobile phone and called Chuck. He had to solve this matter here. However, Chuck didn't answer her phone call.

"Sorry. My boss is busy at the moment," Yolanda said.

The assistant asked, "Can you give me his phone number?" Yolanda refused vehemently. Chuck had mentioned before that he didn't want others to know he was the plaza owner.

"Don't worry. I just want to ring him up. If you don't give me his number, he will lose the opportunity to know me," Quinn said. She was confident she could seal the deal.

Yolanda hesitated for a moment. This woman had an unusual nature. She couldn't have such confidence without some amounts of money.

Should she give it to her? Maybe Chuck would want to know her? She couldn't really refuse it since it would probably benefit Chuck in

some way. After Yolanda paused to consider, she said, "This is my boss's phone number."

The assistant wrote it down. However no one picked up the call after dialing it. The owner was indeed busy.

"President Miller, there's no answer," The assistant whispered.

Quinn stood up and declared, "He will pick it up sooner or later."

Quinn turned and walked outside but stopped short and spun around. She repeated, "Consider what I have offered you. I will soon become the plaza's owner, and if you work for me, you will have a good future."

"I'm sorry, but I don't have any plans of working for another boss." Yolanda smiled. She knew Chuck had other upcoming projects, so she decided to support him all the way.

"You will regret it," Quinn said faintly and walked out. The assistant taunted, "You'll feel sorry because President Miller is much richer than your boss."

After speaking, he went out. Yolanda smiled weakly. Was that woman very wealthy? She just felt that the woman was ridiculous.

However, she was curious as to what Chuck was doing now and why he didn't answer his





phone.

On the other hand, the assistant asked, "Boss, should I keep on calling him?"

Quinn shook her head, "No, I already gave him a chance. He'll call back later."

The assistant nodded. Quinn's phone number was not something ordinary people could have access to. Even if the owner of the plaza was a fool, he would have known to call back.

"Let's eat first," Quinn said. Since the plaza was about to become hers soon, she had to try the food there. If it were not delicious, she would promptly ask them to close down and get out of here!

"Okay," The assistant agreed, but when he saw Quinn walk in front of him with her long and beautiful legs... The assistant's heart was filled with even more wicked thoughts. He had to have his way with her soon.



## Chapter 187

The assistant followed behind and walked up the stairs. He had worked with Quinn for a year, but it was the first time he had the chance to dine with his boss. He couldn't help but imagine what it would be like.

He felt excited as he walked beside Quinn and took in her body scent.

Quinn surveyed the area and noticed a lot of restaurants that were doing well. She figured that the prospects of the plaza seemed promising and she was even more motivated to purchase the place.

"Hey, boss, look, isn't that Zabrina Yalden?" The assistant said as he suddenly noticed two people coming out of a restaurant.

He didn't know the man, but he recognised the woman with sunglasses as the celebrity, Zabrina Yalden.

Quinn looked over and realised that it was indeed Zabrina. Their company had once invited her to sing at their annual dinner party before she got popular. Hence, they sort of knew each other.

Zabrina turned and noticed Quinn at the same time. She was surprised and

immediately recognised her. She walked over and said, "Hello, President Miller, what are you doing here?"

"Just looking around," Quinn replied simply. She figured that if she really purchased the plaza, she could invite Zabrina for the opening ceremony.

"You're filming here, aren't you?" Quinn asked after she noticed the advertisement.

Zabrina nodded. Some students nearby had recognised her and they wanted to take photos with her. She had no choice but to do so. It was one of the inconveniences of being famous.

"Well, the boss allowed me to film here." Zabrina turned around to introduce Wilbur Wendel, who was standing next to her.

Wilbur had just had dinner with Zabrina, and he seemed to be very fond of her. However, she only dined with him out of politeness. Therefore, when he tried to invite her for a drink, she refused with the excuse that she had to work the next day.

Wilbur felt helpless, but was still content that he had a chance to get to know her.

The assistant was delighted to see Zabrina. It was such a coincidence! However, he knew better than to say anything.

Quinn scanned Wilbur from head to toe, then asked, "Are you the owner of the plaza?"

She was a little surprised to see that the owner of the plaza was so young. No wonder he didn't answer his phone just now. Turns out he was dining with a beauty here.

"Well, this square is registered under my name. Hello, I'm Wilbur Wendel." Wilbur greeted her and smiled. Quinn's temperament was appealing, which made him want to get close to her. If it weren't for Zabrina, he would've approached her right away.

Quinn frowned when she noticed Wilbur's disturbing gaze. She hated it when younger men looked at her with such an expression. It reminded her of how Chuck Cannon looked at her, and she felt extremely disgusted.

"Well, I have something to tell you," Quinn said calmly.

"Sure." Wilbur was surprised. This was certainly meant for Chuck, but if he was going to pretend to be the boss, he had to maintain his charade.

Quinn asked directly, "Have you ever thought of selling this plaza?"

She was already feeling very annoyed and frustrated because Chuck had peeked under her dress. Besides, she didn't want to talk to anyone younger than her.

"Selling the plaza?" Wilbur asked in awe. Was this woman trying to buy this place?

Even Zabrina was stunned. She didn't expect Quinn to make such an offer now.

"Yes, we can negotiate the price. I like this plaza quite a lot, so name your price," Quinn said calmly with no emotion in her tone.

Zabrina looked at Wilbur.

Wilbur was speechless. He didn't know how to answer her as he wasn't the real owner. Chuck was! However, he couldn't say that in front of his crush, so he was in a dilemma. Since Quinn had mentioned it, the offer must be attractive, but he didn't know if Chuck was willing to sell the place.

"The plaza is worth 700 million dollars, but I can pay you 800 million." Quinn made an offer.

Wilbur was shocked. The plaza was only worth 500 million dollars when his father sold it. How could the value have increased by 300 million dollars within such a short time?! That meant that Chuck had managed to make 300 million dollars in less than a month.

Quinn was expressionless. Wilbur's surprised look made her think that he was tempted. She was confident that no one would reject a 800 million dollar offer.





As for the assistant, he admired her straightforwardness. She was direct enough to make an offer during their first conversation.

"Well..." Wilbur regretted it. He was even more unsure if Chuck was willing to sell. Even if Chuck was rich, he would be interested in earning an additional 300 million dollars.

"Not satisfied with the price? I can add another 50 million dollars," Quinn blurted.

Wilbur was completely stunned and wondered, "She is willing to add more?!"

He was confused. Was this plaza worth that much? How did he not notice that before?"

"Are you serious?" Wilbur said as he swallowed his saliva.

"Yes. If you agree to the terms, I can transfer a deposit of 50 million dollars to you now."

Wilbur felt that he shouldn't be saying anything else anymore before seeking Chuck's consent. However, he didn't know how to invite him over. If he called Chuck over, Zabrina would find out his identity.

He felt particularly conflicted. He quickly came up with an excuse and said, "Why don't you talk to the plaza manager? I'm busy now."

"I've already talked to her."

"You have?" Wilbur was speechless. He could



only smile and said, "In that case, you can speak to my other manager. He will go through the details with you."

"Okay then." Quinn nodded. By the looks of Wilbur's expression, the deal was more or less sealed.

Wilbur heaved a sigh of relief and he immediately called Chuck. After a while, Chuck answered and Wilbur said, "Manager Cannon, someone is here to speak to you about the plaza. Can you come here? We're on the third floor dining area."

That phone call assured Wilbur that Chuck was going to meet them.

Zabrina was curious. Manager Cannon?

However, Quinn raised her eyebrows and frowned when she noticed someone she detested walking towards her. Was he the manager here?

Chuck was also surprised. What was Quinn doing here? However, since Zabrina was next to Wilbur, he didn't plan to say anything. He figured that it would be best to talk to her as a manager.

Zabrina's beautiful eyes widened as she wondered the same question. Was he the manager here? That was impossible. If he was the manager here, why would a five-star hotel welcome him with the highest

treatment? Or why would he be able to invest in movies?

"He's the manager of the plaza?" Quinn stared at Chuck, her voice chilling people to the bone.

"Yes, he's our manager," Wilbur told her. Then, he walked over with a smile and whispered, "Chuck, this person wants to buy the plaza. She offered more than 800 million dollars, so you'd better talk to her yourself."

Chuck thought that Quinn was strange. She was just bidding for a building a while ago, and now she wants to buy the plaza?

"Well, I see. You and Zabrina carry on." Chuck glanced at Zabrina.

Quinn must've realized the value of the plaza since she offered such a high price. However, since Chuck wasn't in need of money, he was unwilling to sell the plaza. He was excited to hear that he could earn an additional 300 million dollars, but he was determined not to sell it.

"Thank you. My treat tomorrow." Wilbur gave Chuck a look that only a man could understand. Chuck nodded speechlessly. He would not go into that kind of place.

"Ask him to leave," Quinn demanded. Of course, that sentence was directed at Wilbur. She didn't want to see that disgusting person



who had peeked under her dress.

Wilbur was stunned. What had happened?  
"This....."

"How could you hire such a person to work in the plaza? It's such a disgrace," Quinn said as she shook her head. She immediately understood why Chuck didn't tell her who his parents were. It was because he was just a normal employee. The apartment was probably purchased by Wilbur, and Chuck was only his helper.

How dare a man like this peek under her dress?

"Is there some kind of misunderstanding?" Wilbur asked. Zabrina also wondered what was going on.

Quinn shot back, "Misunderstanding? It's not a misunderstanding. It was you who asked him to purchase the building, right?"

"What building? What are you talking about?" Wilbur was completely confused.

"There's no need to pretend. You have the capability to buy that building. And now, I have the capability to purchase the plaza. Ask him to leave and I'll talk to you."

Wilbur didn't know what was happening. Chuck just bought a building? What building?

"There's nothing to talk about with you,"



Chuck said.

"You do not have the right to speak with me. Get out of here!" Quinn said as she glared indifferently at Chuck.

"Well, you don't have the right to stay here," Chuck glanced at her and said.

## Chapter 188

Quinn's eyes became cold and she said, "Did you just say that I have no right to be here?"

Her assistant figured that Chuck was crazy. Quinn had already said she wanted to purchase the plaza, so how could a lowly manager say that to the boss?

"If my boss bought this place, you'll be the first one out of here!" The assistant thought to himself.

Wilbur felt a little anxious. He didn't know what happened between Chuck and Quinn, but he realised that Chuck was getting a little annoyed. If things were to escalate, Zabrina would eventually find out that he wasn't the boss of the plaza.

Zabrina's eyes darted between Chuck and Quinn. She asked Chuck curiously, "Why do you say that she isn't qualified to be here?"

Zabrina knew that Quinn herself was a billionaire. Could it be that Chuck was much richer than Quinn?

She felt extremely curious and suspicious.

After all, Chuck had left a deep impression on her since some time ago. She had seen him



as a premium VIP at a five star hotel. He publicly defeated a billionaire, invested in her movie, and now, he just told a billionaire that she had no right to stay in the plaza....

"Those weren't things an ordinary man could do, right?" She thought silently.

Zabrina was filled with curiosity as she wondered who he was.

"That's right. I can ask you to leave any time, because I'm..." Chuck was about to reveal his identity.

Wilbur suddenly cast him a pleading look.

He had just managed to get close to Zabrina through his identity as the owner of the plaza. If he were to be exposed now, she would think of him as a liar and that would definitely leave a bad impression of him on her.

It was just the beginning, so how could Wilbur give up?

Chuck secretly sighed as he understood Wilbur's intentions. Zabrina had just learned to accept him, so it wasn't ideal to expose him at that moment. Plus, he did promise Wilbur not to say anything.

"Who are you? Go on."

Quinn's voice sounded very cold and even had a hint of ridicule, "Were you going to say that you are the manager here, so you have the



right to ask me to leave?"

"What are you trying to hide?" The assistant sneered.

He thought to himself, "Know your place. Even I know when I'm supposed to shut up, so what makes you think that you have the right to ask my boss to leave?"

"Director Wendel, ask him to leave right now!" Quinn ordered. If he was an employee of her company, she would fire him immediately.

The manager definitely had no right to speak in such a situation.

Chuck frowned.

Wilbur hurriedly lowered his voice and said, "Chuck, I beg you. I owe you a huge favor. Anything you need in the future, just call me and I will come right away..."

Chuck sighed. He understood what Wilbur was thinking. Hence, he nodded and said, "You speak to her."

After that, Chuck turned around and left.

Wilbur breathed a sigh of relief and felt very grateful towards Chuck. He calmed down and said to Quinn, "Why don't I talk to you tomorrow?"

He would definitely send Chuck to speak to her the next day. For now, it was important for Zabrina to believe that he was the owner of

the plaza.

"Sure." Quinn nodded. Since she was hungry and the deal was most likely sealed, she didn't mind waiting another day or two. Her mood had been completely ruined by the person who peeked under her dress.

Wilbur heaved a sigh of relief.

Quinn and her assistant left and headed into a restaurant. Zabrina looked at the direction in which Chuck had left and wondered why he left so willingly

She found it a little hard to believe. It was a bit fishy for Chuck to just be the manager of this plaza.

"Zabrina, let's take a walk," Wilbur suggested.

Zabrina hesitated and asked, "Is Mr. Cannon really the manager of the plaza?"

Wilbur explained with a smile, "Yes, he has always been. He has exceptional management skills, so I hired him to help me manage the plaza. Of course, he's also my friend, so he didn't turn me down."

"I see." Zabrina finally understood the situation. No wonder the plaza looked so good. It turned out that Chuck was responsible for managing it. He must be a good person since although he was rich, he was willing to help a friend manage the plaza.

"Alright, let's go down for a walk."

"Okay... Is it true what Quinn said earlier? About having Mr. Cannon buy a building on your behalf?" Zabrina had overheard what Quinn said earlier and was surprised. It would have cost him more than a billion dollars to purchase a building, and she didn't think that Wilbur was so rich.

But at the same time, she was also shocked at how busy Wilbur was to ask Chuck to help him purchase a building. Was he that low-key?

"Sort of." Wilbur smiled bitterly. Since Quinn had said so, then it must have been the real deal. He wondered, "Chuck, how rich are you? You just bought the plaza, and now a building....."

"Where is the building?" Zabrina was puzzled.

"Well, I'll tell you once I settle the procedures." Wilbur didn't know where the building was, but he knew that it must be a big one since Chuck had purchased it. He could only ask Chuck the details in a few days' time, or he would not be able to lie anymore.

"Okay." Zabrina was also curious about the location of the building that Wilbur bought.

.....

Chuck was chatting with Zelda in the car



when he stepped out to answer a call from Wilbur. The conversation with Zelda went well, but the topic had strayed off to that topic again. Chuck was nervous because he almost committed a grave sin.

Fortunately, he managed to calm down.

Zelda asked, "When are you planning to go for a run?"

Chuck thought that running was definitely a good idea. However, he had been living in Yvette Jordan's house and had been exercising around that area. Hence, it was almost impossible to do it with Zelda. To be honest, given Zelda's sexy figure, he really wanted to see her in yoga pants.

He shook his head, trying not to let his imaginations run wild. If he continued to think about it, he would not be able to resist the temptation and have Zelda help him in the car.

"Maybe within the next few days," Chuck said.

"Okay, I'll head back first."

"Okay."

Zelda drove away. She wanted to go to her shop to check on the interior design, but decided not to.

As she drove off, Chuck thought of looking for Yvette so they could go home together.



However, just as the elevator door opened, Quinn and her assistant walked out.

Chuck laughed softly as he noticed the assistant staring at Quinn's butt with a devilish expression. Since they were both men, Chuck instantly knew what the assistant was thinking.

Was he thinking of raping Quinn? It would have been funny if she got raped by her younger assistant. What would she think?

Chuck couldn't wait to find out.

"You again?" The assistant scolded. Now that there was no one around, he had to pretend in front of Quinn.

Quinn stared at Chuck and thought, "Is this person still shadowing me? I thought we asked him to leave, so why is he still here?"

"You're out of your mind." Chuck didn't want to talk to them anymore. He had to go and find his wife.

"You b\*stard!" The assistant fumed, "You are of a lower rank than I am. I'm a personal assistant, and what are you? Just a lowly plaza manager."

Chuck walked towards the assistant and gave him a roundhouse kick.

"Ouch..." The assistant covered his stomach and squealed in pain. He never imagined that

Chuck would dare to hit him!

"How dare you?" Quinn was fuming with anger.

"So what? I demand that you leave now." Now that Wilbur and Zabrina were not around, there was no need for him to pretend anymore.

"You have no right to ask me to leave. You're just a manager, you..." Quinn stared at Chuck and felt ridiculous. Who did he think he was to ask her to leave?

He was just an inferior plaza manager. He had no right to even talk to her like that.

Chuck said, "By the way, I'm not a manager."

"You're not a manager? Haha, did your boss fire you just now then? You're so short-sighted. If I were your boss, I'd fire you immediately." The assistant got up and said sarcastically with a hand on his stomach. How dare Chuck speak so arrogantly if he wasn't a manager?

"Get out!" Quinn's eyes were full of murderous intent.

Chuck revealed, "No, the plaza belongs to me. I'm the owner here, and you're standing on my property. It's you who should get out."

## Chapter 189

Quinn asked in disbelief, "The plaza is yours?"

The assistant covered his stomach and laughed at Chuck, wondering why he was so arrogant. How could he say such shameless words?

The assistant scoffed, "Isn't the owner of the plaza Wilbur Wendel? Do you really think that I am deaf? Wilbur said that you are just a lowly manager, a person he could fire at anytime. Just because you helped him buy a building doesn't mean that you can act so arrogantly. You're just a dog who helps its owner run errands, so how dare you be so thick-skinned?"

At least back up your claims if you want to pretend!

Quinn frowned and glared at Chuck, "Get out of here. Do you hear me?"

Chuck glanced at her, took out his mobile phone and continued, "There was a missed call just now. It should be your number, right?"

The assistant sneered, "Stop faking it. You think you can use this as an excuse to get out of here? I've seen too many pretentious tricks like this"

Chuck didn't say anything and just dialed the number. The phone started ringing in just 10 seconds.

The sound rang out loudly in the parking lot.

Quinn felt the ringtone to be particularly piercing. Her expression changed slightly, and her assistant was also stunned. What was going on? Did he really just call them?

Quinn stared at the assistant. Confused, he took out the mobile phone and looked at it. He was shocked to see that the caller was the plaza manager.

"Boss, we got the wrong number, right?" The assistant was confused.

They figured that it must be because the manager didn't feel comfortable providing them the plaza owner's number.

They weren't just going to believe that he was the plaza's owner.

Quinn grabbed onto the phone, glared at Chuck and said, "It's just a phone call. Why should we believe that you're the owner of



this plaza simply because of one phone call?" Zabrina wouldn't lie to her. She just said that Wilbur was the plaza owner, so he should be. The man in front of them was just Wilbur's assistant.

How could he be the owner of the plaza?

She was absolutely not going to believe it.

Chuck hung up the phone. He knew that the unique number definitely belonged to Quinn.

"Don't believe me? It doesn't matter. You will believe it soon," Chuck said as he took the elevator up.

"Boss, let's go. This guy is faking it and he said that on purpose. He is afraid of losing face, and that's why he slipped away," The assistant said. He was even more certain that the reason why Chuck managed to call them was because the beautiful manager just now gave them the wrong number.

"What is there to believe? Chuck just found an excuse to run away!"

Quinn frowned. After a moment of silence, she nodded and said, "Get the car."

Indeed, she did not believe the person who had peeped under her dress.



The two turned around and they were ready to leave. However, the elevator stopped on their floor again.

When the doors opened, Chuck walked out with some documents in his hand.

The assistant was stunned for a moment and thought that he was still trying to show off.

"Here." Chuck handed over the documents in his hand. Quinn frowned and stared at Chuck. She opened the documents impatiently and carefully glanced through them. This was the transfer contract of the plaza signed by Harold Wendel and Chuck Cannon...

Harold Wendel was Wilbur Wendel's father?

Quinn was instantly dumbfounded. She thought she was dreaming. The plaza was his!

Looking at the signature on the contract, the assistant was also shocked.

If it were true, he would have the absolute right to ask them to leave.

"Done reading? That's why I'm asking you to leave right now. You're not welcomed here," Chuck said as he took the contract back.

"What's going on? Isn't the owner of the plaza Wilbur Wendel?" Quinn still didn't believe it.

She really liked the plaza, but if he was the owner...

Chuck said, "It's simple. Wilbur wants to date Zabrina, so I did him a favour."

Quinn's face turned sour. The plaza was really his!

Chuck said as he looked at Quinn, "Leave now! Or do you want me to ask security to escort you?"

"Since you are the boss, I'm interested in buying this place. Name your price," Quinn said. She didn't want to give up the plaza, nor did she want to be kicked out either.

She was determined to be the boss here.

"It's not for sale," Chuck shook his head and refused. Were they joking with him? He had no reason to sell it since it was profitable for him to continue business here. He would not let Quinn have her way that easily.

However, Chuck admired her for her exquisite taste in property.

"Why not?" The assistant was annoyed.

"Because I'm the boss here," Chuck said calmly.

The assistant was rendered speechless. He

didn't know how to refute that.

"One billion dollars. If you agree, I will transfer the money to you right now." Quinn's tone was determined. Then, she continued, "One billion dollars is way more than the current plaza's worth."

"You're crazy." Chuck ignored her.

"1.2 billion dollars!" Quinn gnashed her teeth and blurted. She was eager to buy it and make him regret.

"If you enjoy asking people to sell their stuff, why don't you just sell yourself?" Chuck said.

Slap!

Quinn angrily raised her hand and was about to slap Chuck. However, Chuck was obviously not going to allow her to do that. He managed to grab her wrist.

"Let go!" The assistant shouted as he tried to save his boss.

Chuck glanced at him. Without a word, he lifted his leg and kicked him. The assistant covered his stomach and howled.

"What are you trying to do? Let go!" Quinn's eyes were filled with hatred.

The assistant covered his face with his hands, covering the resentment in his eyes.

He deliberately wanted to touch Quinn just now and Chuck had figured it out.

Quinn glared at Chuck and said, "I will never forget what you did to me today. You'd better be prepared to scram!"

She limped to her car, opened the door, and went in. She couldn't sit properly because her butt hurt too much.

The assistant gritted his teeth and drove away with Quinn.

Chuck shrugged and thought, "You want me to get out of here? Well, let's see how you're going to buy the plaza if I get my mom to buy your company."

"Honey, why are you still here? Let's go home together... What's that in your hands?" Yvette Jordan asked from behind. She was a little confused because she saw the words "City Square" on the file.

Chuck was startled and hurriedly hid the contract in his hand. He said, "Nothing."

"Okay." Yvette approached him and thought it was probably a contract for his part time job at the plaza. She continued, "Honey, let's go home."

"Okay." Chuck sat in Yvette's car and put the

documents away. He couldn't let her find out what was in the file yet.

The two of them left.

.....

"Boss, what are you going to do now?" The assistant whispered.

"Take me to the hospital," Quinn said coldly.

"The hospital?"

"Are you deaf?"

"Okay."

Soon, they arrived at the nearest hospital. Quinn asked the assistant to wait in the car while she personally went to see the doctor.



## Chapter 190

After a while, Quinn exited the hospital and got into the car. The assistant felt confused and wondered what medicine his boss had bought.

He tried to observe her through the rear view mirror and noticed that she was sitting differently, as if she was trying to avoid something. Also, she looked slightly uncomfortable as she sat. Could it be that...

The assistant suddenly recalled that Quinn's hips were probably her most precious possession.

He also knew that she would go to the beautician three or four times a month, and she would spend more than ten thousand dollars to maintain her hips. That was why whenever she wore jeans, her hips would look visually-pleasing.

The more the assistant thought about it, the more triggered he was. He was determined to get with her within the next few days.

"When the time comes, I'll be sure to get naked photos of you. How dare you hit me

whenever you feel like it?"

The assistant secretly snickered.

"Are you tired of the job? Get out of here if you don't want to work anymore!" Quinn said coldly.

"No, no." The assistant hurriedly drove her to a five-star hotel where she had been staying since the past few days.

They were staying at the Hotel Luna.

Chuck would've laughed his head off if he were there, because Quinn was staying at his mother's hotel.

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The next morning, Chuck and Yvette headed to the plaza. He noticed that she was extremely busy, and she looked very stressed. Chuck wanted to help her relax a little, but she only laughed it off, saying that she wanted to earn more money.

Chuck felt helpless.

He was thinking that he could drive his car back that day. He said a few things to Yvette, then proceeded to drive to the BMW store. As he got into the car, he texted Charlotte Yates on WeChat, who replied saying that she was free.

He asked her to drive the BMW there.

"What are you doing here? It's not time to pay yet." Yvette frowned because the loan sharks had appeared in her office.

Their expressions were a little off.

Dread looked around Yvette's office with an eerie smile on his face. Then, he sat down and said, "You've earned some money recently, haven't you? I saw your new Benz.. Not bad!"

One of his men was at the plaza with his girlfriend when they saw Yvette driving a Benz. Therefore, they informed Dread.

"I'll definitely pay you back, not a penny less," Yvette said coldly.

Dread smirked, "With interest? Are you sure though?"

"What do you mean? The first payment will only be due in 15 days." Yvette frowned uneasily. Something was wrong.

"Fifteen days? Please look at the contract carefully." Dread snapped his fingers and his men handed him the contract. It was a contract signed by Yvette.

Yvette pursed her lips as she read through the contract carefully. At first, she did not find

anything wrong. However, the second time she read through it, she noticed something fishy.

"You!" Yvette bounced up. This contract stated that if she borrowed 700,000 dollars, she'd have to return 100,000 dollars every month for a total of 10 months. In actuality, they didn't even lend her the full 700,000 dollars. It was all a trap!

"How? Have you read it carefully? Seems like you didn't read it properly when you signed it. But that's okay, you're all clear now, right?" Dread smiled as he stared at Yvette's figure. He felt excited at the possibility of sleeping with her.

His men were also thrilled because they knew that they would have a chance after their boss.

It would be amazing!

"You!" Yvette wanted to tear up the contract. However, Dread snatched it over and said, "You read it clearly, right? You need to pay me back 700,000 dollars per month for 10 months, which is a total of 7 million dollars. Otherwise, you'll have no choice but to give me your company."

Yvette glared at him coldly.

"But that's okay. Since you have a nice figure and an attractive face, I'll grant you a month's extension if you agree to sleep with me for a few nights. What do you think?" Dread cackled and continued, "Or you could just be my woman, and I'll help you pay off the debts."

The other men's eyes lit up at the thought of possibly sleeping with a beauty like that.

"Shameless! I'm going to call the police!" Yvette said as she took out her phone. She wasn't going to accept such a despicable act and she was going to hand it to the police.

"Call the police? I advise you to think it over. The terms on the contract are clear, so the police can't really do anything. Also, I asked my men to tail you, and I found out that you have a kept man! If you dare call the police, I will have my men give him a good time," Dread sneered.

As a loan shark, how could he not be prepared? He was confident he could control a woman like Yvette.

"No! Don't touch him!" Yvette panicked. She knew that this guy was talking about Chuck. These people had no ounce of compassion and might beat Chuck up badly whenever



they felt like it. She was scared at the thought of it.

"No? Haha, are you for real? If you really need a man, you should consider me instead. I'm a lot stronger and more powerful than that boy."

Dread mocked her gleefully.

His men started to laugh as well. No wonder she had to borrow from them.

Yvette's gaze was cold. She grabbed the document on the table and threw it at them, threatening, "I will bring you down with me if you dare touch him!"

Her voice was indifferent. She had been an orphan since she was little, and the only person she grew up with was Chuck, who also became her husband. Hence, she wasn't going to allow anyone to hurt him.

If something happened to him, she would be lonely and miserable.

Dread laughed and said, "Look, if you can't afford to pay me back, I'll have to take your company. Oh, and also your car! This is my phone number and my WeChat contact. Give me a call once you've thought it through. I'll prepare a room for you. I promise you..."

He took out a business card and winked at Yvette slyly.

"Get out!" Yvette screamed at them.

Dread continued to laugh as he walked out with his men. As they reached the entrance, he ordered, "Send a few people to keep an eye on her for 24 hours. If she does anything funny, catch her immediately."

"Yes, boss, don't worry!" The underlings chuckled. They were more than willing to keep an eye on the charming lady.

"Don't touch her. She'll be yours after I'm done with her," Dread warned.

"Yes."

"D\*mn! It's no wonder that she's losing money opening her company at a sh\*thole like this! Let's go!" Dread ordered his men to leave. As they approached the parking lot, they noticed Yvette's new car. He walked over and sneered.

Yvette sat in the office and kept thinking about the contract. How could she be required to pay back 7 million dollars if she only borrowed 700,000? However, she was afraid that if she called the police, the loan sharks would hurt Chuck. She didn't know

what to do.

She struggled. She was most worried about Chuck.

What could she do? She couldn't just worry with no sense of direction. Therefore, she grabbed her phone and dialed Chuck's number, but no one picked up the phone. Her fists were clenched anxiously. What was going on? Was Chuck alright?

Yvette panicked.

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Meanwhile, Chuck sat in his new car and was ready to leave. Charlotte wanted to send him off and he agreed. However, after drinking a cup of water she offered him, he started to feel slightly uncomfortable.

"Chuck, what's wrong with you?" Charlotte was excited. She had prepared for this and added some sort of drug in his drink so that he would have sex with her.

"I'm fine, just a little tired. I need to rest," Chuck said. Coincidentally, they were approaching his mother's hotel. All he could think about was that he wanted to rest. He felt very uncomfortable and even more uneasy at the sight of Charlotte's slender legs.

What was going on? Was he holding back for that long? Chuck shook his head. He could not do anything that would betray Yvette.

"Okay, we'll go to that hotel." Charlotte smiled. It turned out that Chuck also wanted to sleep with her. He must have been pretending and knew that she had drugged him, but decided to keep quiet. She figured that he was actually still sober and knew what he was about to do.

Chuck drove into the hotel. When he arrived at the parking lot, Charlotte noticed that he was blushing. She chuckled at the thought of possibly snagging herself a rich man.

She helped him get out of the car.

## Chapter 191

Charlotte's heart ached a little at the thought of paying seven or eight hundred dollars a night at the five star hotel. However, she got over it pretty soon.

As she got ready to pay, the receptionist smiled and told her that Chuck was a VIP member.

Charlotte was surprised, but soon realised that it was probably normal since he was a rich person after all.

She took the key card and went upstairs with Chuck. When they arrived at the room, she was once again taken aback. It turned out to be a presidential suite. She had not been in such a place before.

"Sit down. I'm going to take a shower." Chuck was determined to wake himself up. He wasn't going to allow himself to cheat on his wife.

Of course, Charlotte wasn't going to let go of this opportunity. She walked over shyly and said, "Let's go together..."

Chuck was embarrassed. To be honest, he



really wanted to pounce on Charlotte, but his rational mind told him that he could not do so. Yvette would be devastated if she found out.

"It's okay, I'll go myself," Chuck replied as he tried to turn his gaze away from her legs.

Charlotte was worried.

She controlled the amount of the drug she used so that Chuck wouldn't realise it. Now, she started to worry if she had used too little as he still looked sober.

Charlotte bit her lip and had to take the initiative. She approached Chuck and said shyly, "Chuck, it doesn't matter. I've told you that..."

She spoke in a delicate and shy tone which Chuck found unbearable. However, as he tried to step back, he accidentally knocked over a vase.

The vase broke into pieces onto the ground.

Quinn Miller, who was reading a book next door, frowned. What was going on? Could it be the young couple next door? They're pretty wild.

Splash!

The noise came from next door again. Quinn

snorted at the noise that disrupted her peace. She stood up but chose to endure it. If it happened again, she would no longer endure. However, in less than three seconds, there was once again another sound.

There was another loud noise, and Quinn's face turned cold. She thought they were being rude.

Quinn opened the door and went out. She wanted to warn the person next door. She paid to stay in this hotel for its peace, not for the noises.

.....

On the other hand, Charlotte was dumbfounded. At the sight of the broken vase, she immediately hurried over to help Chuck up. However, Chuck didn't realise that he had also broken an ashtray and a fish tank while he was at it. He was speechless.

Charlotte became extremely worried. Those items were probably very expensive.

"Chuck, are you okay?" Charlotte asked and was no longer in the mood. Chuck shook his head, "It's okay. Just broke a few things. I'm going to take a shower now."

At that moment, there was a loud knock on

the door. Charlotte had no choice but to put on her clothes. As she opened the door, she noticed a beautiful woman with a cold expression standing outside.

"What's wrong with you? Do you need to be so loud?" Quinn said coldly.

"I'm sorry, I'm sorry." Charlotte blushed and hurriedly apologised. She felt embarrassed that she had disturbed their neighbour.

Quinn took a peek inside and noticed the messy scene. Her face relaxed and asked, "What's wrong? Did someone try to rape you? I'll help you call the police."

After all, the scene was so messy that it seemed like someone had struggled furiously. Although they were young and strong, they wouldn't have broken so many items in the process. Surely they would have to pay for all these.

"No, no. You've misunderstood it," Charlotte said helplessly.

Just when she was trying to explain the situation, she suddenly shrieked because Chuck had grabbed her hand. He tried to get a cold shower, but the longer he was there, the less he could control his thoughts and impulses. He was confused by what he was

imagining.

How could this be?

He usually had no trouble controlling himself in front of Zelda Maine.

Bang!

The door slammed shut.

Quinn was furious, and she screamed, "Shameless! What did you do to me?"

Slap!

Quinn raised her hand and tried to slap Chuck. Charlotte was so frightened that she tried to block Quinn and took the slap instead. The crisp sound woke the intoxicated Chuck. He suddenly realised that he had grasped a woman's chest, and that woman was... Quinn?

What was she doing here?

Chuck was astonished.

He knew what he did was unjustifiable despite being under the influence of drugs. He immediately apologised but Quinn glared at him and stammered, "You!"

"I'm sorry, I just..." Chuck was at a loss. He knew that it was wrong to grab Quinn.

Quinn's eyes were burning with rage. She

hated men who were younger than her who tried to take advantage of her. It was disgusting!

"You're finished!" Quinn roared as she took out her phone. Exactly, she was going to call someone. She wasn't going to let herself suffer because of this.

She opened the door and was about to leave, but Chuck subconsciously pulled her back. This was his mother's hotel, and she would be very disappointed if she were to find out what he did.

Quinn was shocked and struggled wildly, but Chuck held on to her firmly. In the end, he had no choice but to hug her and beg her not to make the phone call. However, Quinn wasn't going to listen. Just as they were struggling, Chuck's towel fell off.

Charlotte's eyes lit up but Quinn's eyes widened in disgust.



## Chapter 192

Chuck was extremely embarrassed. He hurriedly let go of Quinn and wrapped the bath towel around himself. However, Quinn took the opportunity to slip away.

Her fiery expression left Chuck speechless. He had no choice but to close the door behind him. After such a disturbance, he had lost his desire for sex and turned around to put on his clothes instead.

Charlotte bit her lips and felt disappointed. Chuck obviously wanted to do something to her but was disrupted.

"Chuck..."

She walked over and hugged Chuck from behind, murmuring, "Don't go. Stay here with me today, okay? I'll satisfy you. Really..."

She had never said such words to anyone else. She had already taken the initiative to seduce him, so why wouldn't Chuck touch her?

As for Chuck, he was already dumbfounded by his actions just now. If it wasn't for Quinn, he would already have slept with Charlotte.

After all, Charlotte looked very attractive, especially her long slender legs.

"Chuck, I really like you," Charlotte confessed as she knelt down.

Chuck was startled. He stammered, "Don't..."

He was already feeling guilty that he had already cheated on his wife three times: twice with Zelda Maine and once with Queenie Carson. What if Yvette found out? She would be devastated.

Charlotte asked bitterly, "Chuck, am I not attractive enough?"

He shook his head. If it weren't for Yvette and Zelda's particularly charming figures, Chuck would have thought that Charlotte was a beautiful woman. However, he had already gotten used to Yvette's curves, so he wasn't that attracted to Charlotte's slim figure.

That was what Chuck had thought of Charlotte.

"No, you are pretty and in good shape. It's just that I have a girlfriend," Chuck said.

Charlotte stood up and replied, "I really don't mind."

She knew that his girlfriend was Yolanda Lane. However, the first time he sent her

home, the admiration she received from her roommate gave her great satisfaction. She fell in love with that feeling, and Chuck was the only person capable of making her feel that way.

Chuck sighed, "What if Lara finds out?"

Chuck wanted to use Lara Jean as an excuse.

After all, she was Lara's cousin, so he hoped she would feel a little ashamed.

"Why? Do you like Lara?"

Charlotte bit her lip and said, "If you do, I'll call her to come over now, and we can have a threesome..."

She knew that Lara was attracted to Chuck because he was rich. She even confessed it herself.

Charlotte also noticed that Lara had been moody for the past few days. If she called her over for a threesome now, Lara would probably still come despite being embarrassed. She knew Lara well.

It'd be shameful to share the same man since they were cousins. She didn't know if she could be herself if Lara was there. They were very close and would often have sleepovers,

but it would be different if there was a man present.

Chuck was stunned. He could picture the scene if Lara was here, and it would be undeniably heaps of fun.

However, he wasn't ready for that yet. Right now, he still hated her very much although she had an attractive figure like Quinn.

He wouldn't allow himself to touch someone he hated.

"No, there's really no need for that," Chuck said with a wry smile.

Charlotte felt disappointed and knew she could no longer stay in the room. She said, "Well... have a good rest then. Call me if you need anything."

She meant every word she said.

Chuck nodded. Since it was getting late, he wanted to ask her to stay. He could leave instead, but he couldn't bring himself to say it.

He watched as Charlotte left with tears in her eyes.

He sighed and decided that it would be best if he left instead. He'd feel more comfortable sleeping with Yvette in his arms.

However, as he was about to leave, there was a knock on the door.

Chuck was confused. Was it Charlotte? If it was, he couldn't bring himself to reject her anymore. Was he really going to do it with her? He was determined not to cheat on Yvette again.

Chuck walked over and opened the door, only to see Quinn standing there with a cold expression. Behind her were four security guards.

Chuck immediately understood. Quinn was enraged and had asked for the guards' help.

The security guards were also stunned when they saw Chuck. Quinn told them that she had met a pervert, and they were just trying to do their jobs by ensuring the guests' safety. However, they didn't expect the pervert to be their young master.

"That's him! Keep an eye on this person!" Quinn said. She had already called her assistant to help her, but she was worried that Chuck would run away. Therefore, she called the security guards to keep an eye on him.

Otherwise, if Chuck ran away, she would never be able to take revenge on him.



Quinn shrieked, "How could you treat your guests like this? I spent money for quality service and some peace and quiet, but this man had to harass me like that. Shouldn't you take responsibility for this?"

"There must be a misunderstanding," The senior security guard said politely.

"Misunderstanding? You guys think I'm being unreasonable, aren't you? Take a look inside, he broke several items in the room! I don't need to tell you what kind of person he is," Quinn was fuming.

"Leave this to me." Chuck felt helpless. He knew what he did was unjustifiable, so he wanted a chance to explain to Quinn.

The security guards nodded.

"No! Don't go! He harassed me and broke the hotel's possessions. How can you just leave like that?" Quinn was infuriated. What was wrong with those security guards?

"He is our..." The security guard said softly.

"You what? Your VIP member?" Quinn was enraged. It was natural that Chuck was a VIP since he owned the plaza, but being a VIP didn't mean that they could ignore what had happened.

She had to keep an eye on Chuck so she could have her men beat him up later!

"No, he is not our VIP member, but our master," The security guard said respectfully.

"Master?" Quinn froze, "What master? What do you mean?"

She was at a loss for words.

The security guard revealed hesitantly, "This is the son of our boss."

Quinn was shocked, "What? This is a five-star hotel. He's the son of your boss?"

How was this even possible? She was staying in the hotel of the pervert that had peeked under her dress! She felt both surprised and disgusted that she had spent a night in that room.

The security guard could only try to ease the tension and said, "It must be a misunderstanding!"

Quinn snorted, "Misunderstanding? So what if this is his hotel? That doesn't mean that he can harass me."

"Let me explain..." Chuck sighed. He didn't know why he acted so impulsively just now, but the feeling that Quinn left him still lingered in his mind.

"Shut up!" Quinn stared at Chuck. She was really angry and in disbelief. Chuck owned the plaza, bought the building, and now this hotel belonged to him too?

That meant that Chuck's net worth was probably similar to hers.

Since he owned the five-star hotel, he was probably rich.

Chuck said, "It was my fault. What do you want me to do?" He rubbed his temples in annoyance.

"What I want?" Quinn felt disgusted, "Ask your parents to apologise to me, then I will forgive you!"

The humiliation was too much. Quinn vowed to exact revenge. When his parents arrived, she would make sure to force Chuck to kneel down and apologise to her!

Chuck shook his head and refused, "No. Something else."

His mother would kill him if she found out.

"No?" Quinn's expression turned cold, "It's not up to you! If your parents aren't here, I won't let you off! I swear!"

She had already called for help. There was nothing to be afraid of since she wasn't in the

wrong.

Chuck had no choice but to ask the security guards to leave as he tried to settle things with Quinn. Just as he asked them to leave, his mother opened the door and walked in.....



## Chapter 193

"Who are you?" Quinn's expression was livid. She stared at Karen Lee cautiously.

Karen's noble temperament was something she had never felt in another woman before.

The security guards immediately lowered their heads respectfully.

Quinn caught on and said, "Are you the owner of this place? You're his mother?"

"Yes." Karen nodded.

Quinn stared at Chuck again. For a





moment, she was confused. Why was the mother so elegant whereas the son was so disgusting?

Was he her biological son? Since they did somewhat resemble each other, they must be biologically related.

However, how could such an elegant woman give birth to such a son?

The security guards immediately went out and closed the door behind them.

Quinn frowned and asked, "What are you trying to do?"

"Don't misunderstand. I'm not going to do anything. I'm here because my son told me to come over," Karen

answered.

Chuck felt awkward. How did his mother find out? That meant that she must've known that he was here with another woman.

His mother would definitely be disappointed.

He felt nervous and he didn't dare to look at his mother.

"Your son harassed me just now. I want him to kneel down and apologise to me," Quinn said calmly. She was initially slightly taken aback, but quickly regained her composure.

She didn't care that Chuck's mother



was here. She was being reasonable as he really did harass her by grabbing her chest.

"No, he won't kneel to anyone."

Karen shook her head. "I just watched the CCTV footage. From the looks of it, he was in the wrong. Therefore, I will apologise to you on his behalf, but there is no way he will kneel to you."

Chuck felt guilty. He knew that his mother was extremely rich. She had never had to apologise to anyone before.

"You apologise? Why would I need your apology? I want him to kneel down to



me!" Quinn stared at Chuck.

Karen shook her head, "I told you, he is not going to kneel to anyone as long as I am here. You may name another request."

"Other requests? Do you want to compensate me with money? Do I look like I need money?" Quinn replied coldly.

"Well, you probably don't need money, but it does solve a lot of problems."

"Do you really think I'm going to accept your cash compensation?" Quinn narrowed her eyes at Karen.

The people she had called would arrive



soon. She was determined to **have** Chuck kneel in front of her today.

"It's up to you. I think there's always room for negotiation for anything."

Karen's face was calm.

Quinn was adamant, "Too bad, I want him to kneel before me!"

Karen glanced at her and raised an eyebrow, "There's no room for negotiation?"

"No!" Quinn stared at Chuck. She was determined to let Chuck kneel before her. She wasn't going to accept the fact that a boy ten years younger than her had grabbed her chest.





She felt disgusted.

"Alright." Karen helplessly walked towards Quinn. Then, she said, "If there's no other way, you..."

Before she could finish her sentence, the door was kicked open, and more than a dozen men rushed in. Their fiery gaze stunned Karen. Chuck frowned. Quinn actually called so many people over? Was she trying to destroy this place?

"What about now?" Quinn's face became expressionless and scoffed, "Have him kneel down, and we can call it a day."

Karen suddenly smiled and **said**,  
"There's really no need to go through  
so much trouble."

"Trouble? Your son did to me what I  
hate the most," Quinn roared.

Karen subconsciously glanced at  
Quinn's belly. Quinn was even annoyed  
and shrieked, "What are you looking  
at?"

"Nothing. Everyone, please show  
yourselves out of here," Karen said.

Everyone sneered at that statement.  
They had been hired by Quinn's  
assistant at 30,000 dollars each. If they  
left, they weren't going to get paid.



"Not planning to leave? Alright." **As**

soon as Karen finished her sentence, someone shouted. Then, a woman appeared and grabbed the men's necks. She threw them out one by one as if they were rag dolls. It was Betty Bernard, and those men were no match for her.

Since Betty had defeated them so easily, the men did not dare to stay in the room any longer. They hurriedly escaped the place.

Quinn was surprised that the men she hired were defeated so quickly. Her expression darkened completely and she said, "You're pretty powerful.



What's your name?"

"It doesn't matter who I am. I'm just here to find a solution to this problem."

"Well, I admit that you're a force to reckon with. Unfortunately, there is no other way to solve this. He needs to kneel before me," Quinn said firmly as she walked away. However, Betty kept staring at her.

"Get out of my way!" Quinn yelled.

Betty did not move but just continued glaring at her.

Karen said, "You think I don't know that you sent someone to beat Chucky up?"  
Chuck was surprised that his mother





had found out.

"Yes, I asked someone to beat him up. That's because he said that I..." Quinn tried to explain but was cut off.

"You don't need to explain to me. I'll give you a choice now. Let's just call it quits today since you also tried to beat Chucky up," Karen was unfazed.

"And if I don't?" Quinn retorted.

Karen replied, "That'll be easy, then. You can scam now,"

"Are you threatening me? What do you want to do? Are you going to tell someone to hit me?" Quinn's voice was as cold as ice. She had a net worth of





ten billion dollars too, and she was **not** afraid of anyone.

"I wouldn't do that. By the way, my name is Karen Lee."

Quinn stole a glance at Karen, opened the door and went out.

It was quiet in the room.

Chuck felt embarrassed. "Mom, I..."

She looked at her son and ordered Betty to go and prepare some food.

Then, Chuck said nervously, "Mom... are you disappointed?"

"A little." Karen nodded.

Chuck lowered his head. His mother

was really disappointed.

"Mom, I won't do it again," Chuck said. He felt uneasy that his mother had found out about what he did.

Karen said, "Words are cheap, but let's not talk about that anymore. Your career is going well, and I've decided to open a hospital with the building that you bought yesterday,"

Chuck was surprised. Hospitals aren't easy to operate, and not everyone could open one so easily! He shook his head, his mother was pretty exceptional herself.

Meanwhile, Quinn walked out of Hotel



Luna, climbed into her car, and slapped her assistant across the face. Were they useless? Why were they so easily defeated by a woman?

Then, Quinn closed her eyes and felt uncomfortable. Whenever she looked down, she would remember where Chuck had grabbed her. She was determined to teach him a lesson.

She then made a phone call to learn more about Karen Lee. However, her friends knew almost nothing about Karen, other than the fact that this woman had been purchasing properties like crazy recently. She had bought a hotel, cinema, restaurant, bar...

After hearing the information, Quinn was dumbfounded. Her friend said that Karen was a capricious woman, and she had a net worth of ten billion dollars.

Did that mean that the person who peeked under her dress was actually a kid from a rich family?

The assistant who was driving seemed puzzled and thought, "What's wrong with my boss?"

.....

Chuck was chatting with his mother when his phone rang. He answered the phone doubtfully. It was Yvette Jordan. She sounded anxious and asked where



Chuck was. However, since he couldn't say that he was in a hotel, he just told her that he was busy.

Yvette breathed a sigh of relief. She was worried sick. She had been calling Chuck for some time already, but since he didn't answer the calls, she assumed that something had happened to him. She was finally relieved to hear her husband's voice.

"Honey, can you come home earlier?"

Yvette said softly. She was too worried about Chuck. If something happened to him, she would have no one left.

"Alright."





After hanging up the phone, Karen was silent. She hadn't learned much about Yvette yet, so she had to be wary. In fact, she thought Yvette seemed like a decent person, but she was still suspicious.

What if she was their enemy's daughter? All in all, she still had to be careful.

After hesitating for a while, Karen said, "Chucky, what do you think of Willa Logan? You met her once at Central City."

Chuck said that she seemed nice. Auntie Logan was very gentle and her car smelled great. Of course, he

couldn't tell his mother the last part. It would've been awkward if his mother heard that.

Karen looked at Chuck again and an idea suddenly popped into her head. However, she didn't know whether Chuck would accept it or not. Compared to a stranger like Yvette, Willa was more reliable.



## Chapter 194

In fact, Karen had always thought differently about Willa. She enjoyed helping people, and that was why she helped Willa establish her own company. On top of that, she also wanted to groom her to become her daughter-in-law.

She had always wanted Willa to call her 'aunty', but it seemed like Willa had yet to catch on what she meant.

Since she had suspicions about Yvette's identity, she wanted to bring Chuck and Willa together. She knew Willa quite well, and Willa was also



gentle and beautiful. Hence, Karen thought that Willa was more suitable for her son.

Of course, Karen would never force Chuck to do anything against his will, nor would she force him to leave Yvette. He had to make that decision on his own. It seemed like Chuck was quite popular among the girls.

Karen wanted to think of a way for Willa and Chuck to communicate more, so that Willa would slowly fall in love with him.

However, her son's popularity was overwhelming. She didn't know whether to smile or be upset about his

harem of women.

As a mother, Karen wanted Chuck to have the right values. She wanted him to be in a monogamous relationship that would last until his old age. That would be good for Chuck in the future.

Karen didn't want her son to be dissolute like immoral men of ancient times. However, he was really lucky with women. Karen was out of ideas. She couldn't order her son not to speak to other women, right?

That wouldn't work. It was good that her son was so lovable, but she had to think of a way to bring him back on track.





She sighed silently. Seeing that his mother did not speak, Chuck could not help but ask, "Mom, what's wrong?"

"Nothing." Karen shook her head. "You should get in touch with Willa. She's very gentle and nice."

Chuck was confused. What did his mother mean? He didn't think much about it. Anyways, he thought that it was probably a good idea to get in touch with Auntie Logan, since her car smelled nice anyway.

In addition, Willa's gentleness was rare to come by, and she had an adorable smile too.



Chuck nodded and agreed. However, Auntie Logan lived in Central City, and he had no intention of visiting that city any time soon. He couldn't ask her to visit him, right?

He knew that with a phone call, she could come over right away. It wasn't nice of him to do so though.

Therefore, he decided to wait on it.

"Mom, Yvette called and asked me to go back. I'll get going now," Chuck said.

Karen sighed. "Well, the chef prepared some dishes. You can ask them to pack it home."

It seemed like Chuck valued his



marriage more than his mother. Karen really wanted to have a meal with her son.

"Alright."

Chuck walked out happily as he headed downstairs to get some food. He figured that he could have dinner with Yvette, and then hug her to sleep.

.....

A while later, Betty walked in and said, "Do you want me to teach Quinn Miller a lesson?"

"No. Strong women have their tempers. She isn't that bad of a person, so let Chucky handle it himself. After all, he



was in the wrong today." Karen shook her head.

Betty didn't know whether to cry or laugh when she viewed the CCTV footage. No wonder Quinn went ballistic. He actually grabbed her chest and pulled her into the room.

As a woman, she was speechless. If Chuck treated her like that, she would have probably...

Betty immediately shook her head. Chuck probably wouldn't do it to her.

Karen asked, "By the way, what do you think of Chucky and Willa?"

"Erm... President Li, you mean as a



couple? Would Willa agree?" Betty asked curiously. After all, she didn't think Willa liked Chuck that way. She probably just thought of him as an amiable junior.

"Willa has always been single. Although she is a little older than Chucky, she has a good character and will take good care of him. I am quite satisfied with that. Since she is a gentle person, she might consider it if I mentioned it to her. Although whether they end up together or not would be entirely up to Chucky himself," Karen said.

She took out her phone, found Willa's number, and called her. After a while,



Willa answered. Karen smiled and asked, "When are you free?"

.....

Meanwhile, Chuck had just reached home. He had parked his car in the parking lot. Since Zelda Maine's car was still in the plaza, he thought of returning the car to her the next day. She did say that she needed his help as well.

He carried the packed food upstairs and knocked on the door. As soon as the door opened, he felt a warm embrace. Yvette actually took the initiative to hug him and Chuck was surprised. What happened?



"Hubby, remember to answer my call next time, okay?" Yvette held Chuck tightly in her arms, just relieved that he was fine.

Chuck was embarrassed. He recalled all the disturbing thoughts he had when he sent Charlotte Yates away. That was probably why he didn't hear his phone ring. He didn't know that it was because she had drugged him.

"Well, let's eat first," Chuck said. Chuck knew Yvette was hungry, so he had asked the chef to prepare several dishes. Yvette was surprised to see so much food.

However, she didn't think too much



since she was hungry. After eating with Chuck, she cleaned up a little, and took the initiative to lie in his arms. She closed her eyes and fell asleep. She felt very tired, but as long as she was in Chuck's arms, she felt extremely safe.

Even though the incident with Quinn had shook Chuck out of whatever he was feeling when he was drugged by Charlotte, he still could not restrain himself from those thoughts.

He had been exercising, and was already looking forward to showing his body off to Yvette.

The next morning, Yvette woke up early to prepare breakfast. After Chuck

finished eating, he wanted to call **Zelda** about her plans. However, because Yvette was worried about the loan sharks getting to him, she wanted him to follow her to the office. She needed to keep an eye on him.

Otherwise, if something bad happened to Chuck, she would really hate herself.

As Yvette was planning everything in her head, she suddenly received a phone call, and was completely stunned.

Meanwhile, Chuck hid in a toilet and called Zelda about her plans. She was surprised to hear from Chuck so early in the morning and told him excitedly, "I



really want to go for a drink today. If you have some time, come and have a drink with me."

She didn't tell Chuck that it was her birthday. After all, she didn't want him to buy her a gift. At the very least, she just wanted Chuck to accompany her.

Chuck agreed, "Okay, what time?"

"Great! How bout this afternoon? Or tonight?" Zelda replied enthusiastically.

"I'm fine with anything."

"Alright, I'll wait for you in the parking lot of the plaza."

"Okay."





Chuck hung up the phone and walked out of the toilet wondering why Zelda sounded so excited.

"There must be something that she needs my help with. Of course I'll help her," Chuck thought.

"Hubby, are you free today?" Yvette asked eagerly.

She had just received a phone call from her classmate about a class reunion. She initially didn't want to go because she had been busy and the usury matter had been stressing her out. However, she remembered that one of her classmate's husband was a lawyer, and she could use his advice now.



Otherwise, she would need to fork out 7 million dollars, as well as worry about Chuck's safety. If something happened to him, she would really break down.

Chuck was surprised. He had just promised Zelda...

He could only ask her, "Honey, what can I do for you?"

"I have a class reunion today and I'd like you to come with me. It'll be from noon till night," Yvette said with excitement. She had always gone to reunions alone, and it would be the first time bringing someone along.

Chuck looked at Yvette. Her eyes were



full of anticipation, and Chuck couldn't bear to turn her down. After a moment of silence, he nodded with a smile, "Okay."

"Thank you, hubby..." Yvette sighed with relief. Now that she had a husband, she would not get harassed by the boys anymore.

Just as Yvette went into the room to change, Chuck entered the toilet once again. He called Zelda and said, "Sister Zelda, I'm sorry, I actually have something going on today..."

