

## Chapter 387

Chuck looked at Duncan, who was still smiling at him.

Chuck despised that smile of the person who had threatened Yvette. Chuck would definitely not let him off that easily!

"Betty, get everyone ready. I don't want him to escape!" Chuck demanded coldly.

"Yes, Young Master!" Betty obliged. She immediately took out her mobile phone and ordered the people on standby outside to make their appearance now. These people were all elites of Karen's family, she had personally trained them so it was safe to say that they were all professionals. As long as Chuck gave the order, they would all barge in within ten seconds.

The phone was still connecting. The elite fighters outside were buzzing with readiness for their orders.

Betty felt as if they were facing a formidable enemy. Duncan's combat skills were very powerful. Betty had never witnessed it with her own eyes before but she felt that he should be almost on par with Karen's skills.

After the auction had ended, many people began to leave. However, there were still a few who loitered around the scene, reluctant to leave.

Chuck's stare was hostile as he looked at Duncan.

"We'll have to settle the score today," Chuck thought.

Then, he shouted, "Everyone, out!" He thought that the people loitering around were in his way.



"Excuse me, what did you say? Just who do you think you are?" a baller shouted angrily.

How could such a rampant person exist?

"Do you think you're all that just because you bought a ridiculously priced painting?" the others echoed the sentiment. Who does the young man think he was?" They were all invited especially as guests! Chuck wasn't even the organizer, so why should they listen to him?

The people who still remained were furious. They had started to criticize Chuck, pointing at him from time to time. They were all wealthy people, and they had never been driven out of a venue before!

Quinn was a bit taken aback by it. Why did Chuck ask everyone to go out? What was he planning to do?

Curious, she decided to walk over to Chuck and asked, "What are you trying to do?"

Having just gotten those words out, thundering footsteps started to sound from behind her. A group of men in suits barged in.

Quinn was shocked and wondered, "What is going on?" From the looks of it, there must be at least hundreds of people here now! And it had only been a few seconds!

The person who had raised his voice at Chuck did not dare speak now. Everyone else was afraid. They could sense that Chuck was a little more than capable.

"Aren't any of you leaving?" Chuck shouted once more.

Hearing that, the people started to rush out the door, some had even taken to running.

The atmosphere had stilled and Quinn was shaken.



"What are you going to do?" she asked Chuck again.

She noticed that Chuck had been staring at someone for a long while. Was he going to initiate a fight now? It looked like it.

"You should leave as well," Chuck said to her as his tone softened.

Quinn bit her lip anxiously and muttered, "Whatever!"

Then, she walked out with long strides. There were so many people around, she had no need to feel worried or scared. She still had to settle her 400 million dollars bill after all.

"What a show you've put on! Seems like you really are afraid of me," Duncan smirked slightly as he spoke. He looked so calm that Chuck wondered if he had not realized that he was alone and surrounded.

After that, Chuck walked over to Duncan with Betty following him closely.

As Chuck approached, the men in black had followed suit, slowly trapping Duncan in a tight circle. Most people would've already pissed themselves in fright by now but Duncan was still enjoying his drink in leisure. Chuck glared at him and thought to himself, "Even if he is equally skilled as my mom, it would still be impossible for a single person to defeat a hundred well-trained fighters at once."

What was more, Betty was there as well!

Chuck sat in front of Duncan. He looked to be about seven or eight years older than himself, but the cool, calm, and collected composure that Duncan possessed



was beyond Chuck's ability. It was more than tough.

"Let's play a game, shall we?" Duncan inquired with a smile.

"I don't like games. I like beating people up though," Chuck retorted, not moving his glare away from Duncan. The other men circling them started to move closer to Duncan. He was surrounded entirely.

"Well, what do you know? We really have a lot in common! I like beating people up too," Duncan replied.

Chuck didn't want to speak to him anymore. He was not interested in what Duncan had to propose, game or not. Thus, he stood up in a flash and ordered, "Betty, cripple him!"

"Yes, Young Master!" Betty yelled and ripped the bottom of her dress. The dress was hindering her too much and it restricted her movements.

Chuck then started to head backstage to pay his bid, but he was caught off guard as Duncan smiled at him. "Do you really think I came here unprepared?" Duncan scoffed.

Chuck stopped at that. Betty instantly knew what was going to happen and she yelled in panic, "Young Master!"

Betty dashed towards Chuck to shield him. Then, a gunshot sounded. A bullet had shot into Betty's shoulder. Chuck was startled out of his mind as he thought, "He has a gun?"

Blood started to spurt out of Betty's wounded shoulder and her white dress slowly dyed red. "Everyone, protect the Young Master!" Betty yelled.



The men then all rushed to surround Chuck, making a human shield. They blocked Chuck's body with their own.

Chuck was anxious now. Betty had been shot. If it weren't for her, he would have been the one bleeding right now.

"Betty, are you alright?" Chuck asked, feeling furious. How did Duncan get a gun in here?

Chuck instantly realized this was why Duncan had been smiling at him the entire time.

"It's alright, Young Master. Be careful, there's a sniper!" Betty warned. From her extensive experience, she knew for sure there had to be a sniper planted somewhere.

"Haha! You really are Karen's trusty subordinate, aren't you? You're right, I do have the world's number one sniper, Black Rose, on my side. Why, didn't Karen tell you?" Duncan mocked with laughter.

Betty followed the trajectory of the bullet and traced it back to its origin. She found a beautiful blonde woman standing up from her hidden position in the opposite building, a sniper rifle in hand.

"Young Master, be careful. Black Rose has never missed a shot in her life!" Betty reminded him, tensing.

Of course, Chuck knew that if a bullet hit a person's body, they would either die or be injured. He had just witnessed it himself.

"Betty, you've just made me waste 500 thousand dollars. Every shot Black Rose takes costs that amount, you know. Say, why not think of it as a gift from me? You can



enjoy it however you like but please, don't compete with Chuck the next time. If you do, I promise you will die," Duncan said with a cold smile.

Needless to say, Betty knew Black Rose was a professional sniper. Hiring her would cost at least a million dollars. Ever since her debut, Black Rose has only failed three times. Once was a family leader from the United States, and her second and third failures were with Karen. She had tried to kill Karen twice but to no avail.

Betty really did not expect Black Rose to be working with Duncan.

"This game, Chuck, you better participate. You don't have a choice, it's not up to you!" Duncan sneered and added. He had been bored for so long, it was time to play.

He took so much pleasure in this.

"Fine, how do you want to do this?" Chuck asked, not a trace of fear in his voice. He was already a painted target to Black Rose, what could possibly be more terrifying than that? He did not see how fear would help him at all.

"Let me think. Oh, I know, let's play the game where you end up dead in five days! Sounds like fun, don't you think?" Duncan suggested with a lunatic smile.

Chuck's face darkened at that. He was not as observant as Betty, so he could not pin down Black Rose's position. If she fired unnoticed, it would be useless for Chuck to attempt evading something he cannot see.

"Don't you dare!" Betty was enraged. They had crossed a



line. The audacity this Duncan fellow has!

"Well, what am I doing here if not to kill him?" Duncan retorted.

"I won't let you kill him!" Betty yelled back.

"That's not up to you, is it? So, how about it, Chuck? Are you down to play?" Duncan directed back at Chuck. He couldn't wait to see Chuck forced onto his knees, begging for mercy. It would be very interesting indeed.

"What if I don't die in those five days?" Chuck asked. He still did not show any trace of fear. "If I could get Duncan killed within these five days, I wouldn't have to die now, would I?" he thought.

"You must be joking, that's just impossible! Well, I haven't thought about that yet, and I don't think I need to. You're unlikely to survive! However, I'll let you go today. Today won't count. I'll let you have one more night, am I not kind?" Duncan boasted with a smile.

Betty's face darkened further. If that were true, Black Rose would have to find an appropriate spot to shoot Chuck the next day. How should Chuck possibly hide? Black Rose was a crack-shot. What was more, the sniper did not merely know her way around a gun, but she was also well-versed in other forms of killing. If she ever got her hands on Chuck, he would be in mortal danger.

At this time, Karen was not in the country. How could Betty protect the Young Master from such an immediate threat?

Betty's mind ran miles and miles. She would rather die than to let anything bad happen to Chuck.

"Well, enjoy the remnants of your short life. You really don't have much time left. How long you have before you end depends on Black Rose's mood. If she's feeling good, you can live until the fifth day. Otherwise, you better watch your back after tonight," Duncan smiled as he said. He thought that this was a very interesting game, why wasn't Chuck showing any excitement? "He really is being a spoiled sport," Duncan mocked in his head.