

Chapter 389

Chuck was moved. He really wanted to have some time with Willa alone, just to talk about things. It had been a long time since they'd last seen each other. However, it seemed that this was not a good time to have a chat. Chuck thought that Willa, Betty, and the others around must already be aware of the seriousness of Black Rose's capability. He had to tread carefully.

After all, she would start hunting him down in the next five days. How should he deal with her?

Should he just hide in Mom's hotel?

Maybe he could find a more secluded place to hide in.

Perhaps he could take a direct flight to the United States tonight and ask Mom for protection.

With Karen by his side, definitely no harm would come to him and that wouldn't just apply for five days, he would probably be safe for five years, he figured.

However, Chuck thought that he could trust Willa's judgement and he believed that she would keep him safe.

"What should I do in the next five days?" Chuck wondered again. He did not know what else to think of, he might be dead soon.

He was feeling nervous and the fear of his imminent death was looming closely above him. Of course, the most he could do now was stay calm. It was useless to feel afraid at this point, anyway.

Now, all he needed to do was think of solutions to this.

"Chucky, let's get out of here first," Willa suggested gently. She was more worried than anyone else there. Chuck was not yet in a panic, he was similar to Karen in this aspect. The longer he kept his calm composure, the more it showed that Chuck had matured.

But he was still young after all. So young and still, he had to bear such great pressure. Willa felt distressed

just thinking about it.

Chuck had no objections. Since Betty was injured, she had to find a place to spend the night. Chuck decided to head back to the hotel first.

"Okay, let's go then," Willa said with a gentle smile.

People started to leave the scene. While Chuck went to pay for the painting, the other men waited outside. When Chuck reached the payment counter, he was met with Quinn's presence. She bit her lip and asked, "What are you doing? Why were there gunshots?"

She had really wanted to leave, but the series of gunshots that sounded had her trembling in fear. She felt that something bad must have happened to Chuck. She wanted to leave, but she couldn't make herself go.

Quinn couldn't get past the hate she felt for Chuck ever since he had said those words to her in the car.

However, she knew that nothing could be resolved if she continued on like this. What else could she do other than hate him? Kill him? She couldn't do that. But his presence only made her angry.

She had decided not to see Chuck ever again, but then, as if fated, she would meet him again somewhere else.

Quinn was hesitant about what to do, especially after the gunshots. She was even more at a loss.

"Should I just leave? But why won't my legs move?" Quinn thought in frustration.

Chuck did not answer Quinn's question. Instead, he had just walked over and gave Quinn a hug. Quinn was startled and immediately wanted to resist, but she ended up staying still. Chuck did not do anything else but hugged her.

What's going on?

Quinn could feel Chuck's calm heartbeat upon staying in such a position. Quinn actually felt a little warmed by his hug.

"Chuck, are you in trouble?" Quinn asked. She felt that something was off. Chuck was acting weird.

"I'm fine," Chuck said as he let go of her. "I'll pay for my painting now."

After that, he turned away and walked inside. Quinn was angry now and she snarled, "Chuck, you're going to be a b*stard again, aren't you? Just tell me, what happened?"

Chuck didn't want to let Quinn know about his possible death.

"It's alright, President Miller. I'll treat you to a meal six days later, how does that sound?" Chuck asked with a smile.

By the fifth day, Chuck must find a way to escape Black Rose's wrath.

"No, it sounds dreadful," Quinn rejected, she still felt that something was off. Why did he specify the days like that?

"Well... Alright then," Chuck said, disappointed. He then went to pay the bill and collected his painting. This painting was so expensive. Almost as expensive as his plaza.

He would need to keep this somewhere safe. If it got tainted accidentally, Chuck would be distressed to death.

Quinn was still there when Chuck had gotten back. He was surprised to see her and wondered, "Does she still have feelings for me?"

If not, what was she doing here?

"Tell me if you're in any sort of trouble, I may be able to help you. After all, we are... colleagues," Quinn said.

"It's nothing. I'll head back first," Chuck replied with a shrug and walked away.

Quinn stared at him as he was leaving. She really wanted to scream at him, but she couldn't bring herself to do so. Eventually, Chuck's figure disappeared from her view, and she watched on with a trace of sadness in her eyes.

Once Chuck got out, his men were all waiting in their cars. He got into his car. This time, Willa was the one

who drove him back to the hotel.

They arrived at the hotel safe and sound in the end. Betty had ordered the hotel to put a hold to its business for five days to prevent anyone from seizing an opportunity and bringing harm to Chuck. This would reduce the possibility of Chuck being assassinated.

The rest of the men stationed themselves at the hotel's exit and even at some nearby buildings that were likely to be infiltrated by Black Rose. They patrolled and guarded these places to ensure Chuck's safety.

Chuck and Willa entered the hotel together with Betty soon after.

Frieda, who had been waiting for a long time, watched as they walked in. When she saw Willa from a distance, she had felt even more ashamed. Willa's figure, appearance, and composure made Frieda lose all confidence. How could such a perfect woman exist?

Frieda could not believe that Chuck had such a perfect girlfriend like Yvette. And now, here was another perfect woman by his arm!

Frieda was shocked and very unhappy as she came to a realization. No wonder Chuck didn't like her, there were so many perfect women around him.

Thinking of this, she was jealous now. Under these circumstances, it would be very difficult to get Chuck's private photos.

Knock, knock.

Just then, someone had come over to knock on her car window.

Frieda frowned and rolled her window down.

It was a man who wanted to speak to her. He said, "Hello, Miss. Could we have you leave the premises this instant? Our hotel has some matters to deal with,"

"What matters?" Frieda asked angrily. She couldn't believe she was being driven away.

"No comment. I can't disclose any information, please understand," the man replied and began to clear the

hotel's premises accordingly.

They were trying to eliminate all possible threats.

"You want me to understand? How am I supposed to do that? What you're doing is kicking everyone out, how can this be allowed?" Frieda said as she was extremely angry.

"Sorry, but I still insist that you take your leave. Please leave," the man said firmly.

"Well, I don't want to. What are you going to do about that?" Frieda sneered. She wanted to stay here just to see what a mere security guard could possibly do to her. She did not believe that the man could do anything to force her out.

Seeing this, the man started to call on people through his walkie-talkie. Frieda sneered. Did he really think she would get scared if he got more of his buddies here? Soon, more than a dozen men had started to surround her. Frieda remained calm and asked them, "What is the meaning of this?"

"The Young Master has ordered us to close the hotel." Then, the men started to lift Frieda's car. Frieda was fuming and she complained, "What are you all doing..."

Collectively, they managed to carry her car outside and left it on the side of the road. As soon as she was put down, Frieda angrily opened her car door and got out, shouting, "You little..."

"Miss, if you take another step closer, you'll have to excuse us for our rudeness," the man did not let her finish.

"Are you threatening me? I'll have you know, if you dare lay a finger on me, I'll..." Frieda started to mock. How dare they? Did they not know that the customer was always right?

A slap sounded.

The man had merely glanced at her before slapping her hard in the face. Once the slap had hit her, she fell unconscious. Her face was red and swollen, shocking

her still. How dare a lowly security guard hit her?

She really couldn't figure it out.

These men then lifted Frieda up and put her in the car. Then, they proceeded to walk back to the hotel.

In the presidential suite, Betty was still protecting Chuck closely with Willa guarding outside his room. She had to ensure Chuck's safety.

Chuck rested peacefully that night. He had to in order to properly deal with Black Rose the next day. To be honest, Chuck wanted Willa to go and rest in her own room but he knew that she would definitely not agree. So, he decided to just leave her be.

Morning came.

Lara was waiting in the classroom, she had prepared coffee for Chuck. However, he did not show up, even when it was time for class.

She took out her phone and sent Chuck a text, but he did not reply. "Is he planning on skipping class?" she wondered.

"Chuck is absent today, he skipped class," someone mentioned.

"Alas, he does own a fortune. He was coming to class for fun, it doesn't really matter if he shows up or not," another said.

"That's true. I'm so envious of him!" another student piped up.

"What are you jealous of? Chuck had only gotten lucky because he was born to rich parents. Do you think he has any extraordinary talents?" someone scoffed.

"No, I guess not. If I were as rich as him, I would have done bigger things than him, instead of a plain old plaza..." someone said.

The students were all bitter. Hearing this, Lara had gotten angry and had a spat with them. Around noon, Chuck was still absent. Lara felt a bit upset. Chuck, what are you doing now? Why don't you come to class?

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It was the first time Chuck had been absent from class so the students were gossiping about by themselves. Lara was feeling particularly upset. Did something happen to Chuck? Was that why he didn't come?

Why hasn't he replied to the WhatsApp messages?

Lara did not have the mood to study anymore. She longed to call Chuck, but she was afraid that he would not answer the phone. She held her chin up with her hands as she daydreamed.

One of her classmates was sneaking dirty looks at her. When Lara had caught on, she immediately got angry and yelled, "What are you looking at! Get lost!"

The whole class really is filled with perverts. Only Chuck could look at her like that!

Her body had tensed straight with anger. As Abigail walked in, she noticed the empty seat in the corner where Chuck usually sat in. "Is Chuck absent today?" she questioned in her head.

She thought more about it after class. Then, she decided that she would ask about it. After all, she was specially hired to teach Chuck.

"Everyone, let's begin," Abigail said.

Zelda, on the other hand, had the same uneasy feeling. Chuck had promised to return back home with her the day before, but he had suddenly cancelled their plans. He had said that he couldn't make it and so, she had been bombarded with calls by her mother about their absence.

Zelda found an excuse to fool her mother, but it was already noon. "Could Chuck spare some time today then? Is he busy? Would I disturb him if I were to call now?" she wondered.

Zelda sighed. At this time, the phone rang. She looked at the caller ID and nearly yelled in frustration because it

was her mother calling again. She didn't know what to say, but she had to answer it. Otherwise, her mother would continue to call, annoying her to death. And so, she answered the phone. Sure enough, it was her mother asking her why she hadn't come to visit her yet.

"Mom, Chuck is busy now... No, no, I didn't break up with him. It's fine. In a few days, when Chuck is done with his work, I will bring him back with me. Yes, I know..." After hanging up the phone, Zelda's eyes were dimmed. She lay her head on the table helplessly and thought, "Chuck, what are you busy with?"

Chuck had now been absent for three days. Lara couldn't get in touch with him and all the other students' discussions about him were getting to her. They said that Chuck did not want to continue his studies anymore, and that he was too lazy to study at the university since he was wealthy already.

There were some who even said that Chuck's family might have gone bankrupt and he couldn't afford to study in the university anymore.

All sorts of speculation were thrown about.

Lara was getting less interested in school because Chuck wasn't there anymore.

Aaron smirked as he was glad that Chuck had been absent all this while. He thought Chuck had felt too embarrassed to show up because perhaps Frieda had taken her revenge on him as well, so he had chosen not to come.

"What a classic rich fellow. Let's see how soon your family goes bankrupt!"

"You'd better flaunt all your money everywhere, spend it all. By the time you end up with nothing, I swear I'll have you bowing at my feet!" he vowed in his mind.

Aaron smiled coldly as he set himself a new goal. After all, there were four campus belles in the school. Since he was done with Frieda, there were still the three other girls waiting for him.

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During these three days, Chuck had been stuck in the hotel. The entire staff was protecting him day in and day out. However, Black Rose did not seem to make an appearance anywhere. What did she have planned?

Chuck couldn't figure it out. He could only stay in the presidential suite every day and didn't dare to go anywhere else. He wanted to see how she would get to him like this.

Yvette already knew about Chuck's situation. She had stayed by his side day and night. She wanted to protect him.

Willa didn't move from her spot as well, staying close to Chuck. If Black Rose appeared, Willa would be able to dispose of her.

She had stayed in the hotel for three days. She didn't get much sleep, neither did Betty.

"Hubby, aren't you scared?" Yvette asked. Chuck's forced calm composure made her heart ache. She thought that this Duncan fellow was too abominable.

"No, I'm alright," Chuck smiled in response. These past three days were honestly going great for him. Yvette had listened to him and did whatever he wanted.

It was in fact, very enjoyable.

Chuck held Yvette in his arms, her face flushed red with worry. She murmured, "Hubby, you have to restrain yourself. When Black Rose comes, how can you run when your legs are weak?"

After all, Chuck only knew of this method to relieve stress. If he didn't do it, he would really have a mental breakdown. He really had no way of knowing when the sniper would show up and kill him.

What else could Chuck do anyway? If he really had to die, he might as well enjoy himself while he can.

"Hubby, you're getting spoiled. Alright, we'll do it once." Then, Yvette took a deep breath and was about to do something else when suddenly, Chuck heard someone knocking on the door. "Young Master!" the voice shouted.

"Is she here?" Chuck asked. He was no longer in the mood, and Yette had also become extremely nervous.

She knew that Black Rose was very skilled to attain the title as the world's best female killer. It was scary to even think of her.

Chuck went to open the door and in came Betty and Willa. "Young Master, Black Rose is coming," Betty said hurriedly.

"How did she get in here?" Chuck asked as he was shocked. More than a hundred people were on patrol in the hotel. It was difficult even for a fly to get in, how did Black Rose manage to do it?

"I found some of our people dead in the parking lot just now. She came from the sewers. She must have found the blueprints to the hotel within these 3 days," Betty replied and she was feeling particularly angry. She had forgotten that Karen had bought this hotel. Although she had modified many places to change the layout, there were still places that she had missed to renovate. Black Rose must have found out about the sewers and took the chance to infiltrate the hotel.

Chuck understood the gravity situation at the moment, but there was technically nothing to panic about.

"Young Master, she is almost invincible. She once killed a leader of a mercenary that had a team of three hundred men as protection. She'll find a way to get to you soon! Please be careful. She must be right below us now, so I think it best if we were to head to the top floor. Let's go!" Betty insisted. There were helicopters ready to take off at the rooftop. They could take Chuck away instantly and contact the air traffic. Chuck could be flown to the United States right away.

"Alright," Chuck agreed.

"Auntie Logan, let's go," Chuck then turned to say, but Willa merely smiled at him. "No, I'll go downstairs and stop her, or she might do something that will surprise us all," Willa shook her head and said.

Willa knew Black Rose's character, who would stop at

nothing until she had killed her target. In order to achieve her goal, she would do anything. Knowing this, Willa would not put it past Black Rose to play dirty.

"It's too dangerous," Chuck said as he was worried. Willa had nothing to say to that. Chuck was overwhelmed by the sacrifices Willa was making for him. Last time, she had been caught by Levi and was forced to stab herself a few times then. And now, she was going to put herself in danger again.

"It's not. I can fight against her, don't worry. Just follow Betty. Go upstairs. I will be fine," Willa assured them.

"Young Master, let's go up there and we'll get you to a safe place, alright? I'll come back to help your aunt," Betty said anxiously. They had to move fast to minimize the risks.

They had to leave as soon as possible, Black Rose was on her way.

"I won't feel relieved until you leave, Chuck," Willa smiled and said.

Chuck sighed. He was not skilled enough in fighting and he had never held a sniper rifle. He knew he couldn't help in the slightest. He knew his own limits. However, Chuck was still very reluctant to let Willa take this risk for him again.

"Go! I have to fight her," Willa urged him.

Chuck sighed again and finally promised, "Well, okay. Auntie Logan, please be careful. If I survive this time, I won't let you have to protect me anymore. I will protect you in turn!"

Chuck's eyes lit with spirit as he spoke.

If he was strong enough, he could prevent the people he loved from getting hurt, and he could protect himself as well!

"Alright," Willa replied and she felt pleased. "Chuck really knows how to make me happy. It's adorable that he wants to protect me... That is a nice thought," she wondered in her heart.

After all, Willa had never let a man protect her before. She certainly would not agree to that, but if that man were to be Chuck, she would be willing.

Once they had reached the top of the building, Chuck was reluctant to part with Yvette and Betty. Willa's eyes sharpened. "Black Rose, if you dare lay a finger on Chucky, I'll kill you!" she supplied in her mind.

Then, she left the room and opened up the box she was carrying. There were guns and ammunition in it. She held the gun with one hand, took out enough bullets clips, and then went downstairs.

It was true that everyone in the hotel was nervous. If a person had suddenly appeared out of thin air like that, anyone would be scared. Fortunately, these people were trained by Karen, and so their mentality was strong. They immediately arranged their people to scavenge every inch of the hotel to find Black Rose.

Suddenly, a yell came from downstairs followed by a gunshot. "She's here, we just saw her..." one of the men trailed off.

A loud then boom sounded.

Once the loud noises had ceased, Willa's eyes started glinting murderously. "Black Rose, I am going to kill you once and for all!" she thought.

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Willa went downstairs with a gun in hand. She had specialized training under her belt, she had made it out alive under a sea of dead bodies, and she had been to the Amazons. She was very capable and experienced.

Her ability to fight was acquired from the many battles she had fought and won. Her gunmanship echoed that sentiment.

If Willa's aim was to become a killer, her ranking would definitely not be lower than that of Black Rose.

After her last encounter with Black Rose, she knew of her strengths and had figured out ways to kill her.

She went downstairs with the gun and was met by a corpse. She was vigilant. The shot fired at the dead body was impressive, but it didn't seem like Black Rose's technique.

Willa frowned at this and looked around. As if sensing a disturbance, she suddenly pulled her trigger and fired a shot.

The bullet hit nothing but air.

However, a figure had appeared and run down the stairs. Willa immediately chased after the person.

On the stairs, gunfire could be heard. It was continuous and it made people tremble with fear!

Willa saw her window of opportunity not long after, and she took an aim at the figure then pulled the trigger.

"Boom!" the shot sounded.

"Ah!" a shout of pain followed.

The figure had fallen to the ground. After convulsing a bit, the person started to bleed profusely. Willa hurried over and she felt as if something was off because she had fought Black Rose before. Why was she so weak this time around?

Willa didn't use any practical skills at all to kill this

person.

She turned over the corpse and was shocked. It was a blonde woman who had the features of a man. This was not Black Rose. Willa thought, "She is the best female killer and is known to be a beautiful one. How could this be her?"

"This must be a trap, a diversion! Oh no, Chucky!" Willa's face turned pale at the realization. She immediately called Betty, but no one answered. Willa was anxious and she ran to the top floor as fast as she possibly could. "Chucky, please be safe..." she prayed.

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"Young Master, hurry up," Betty was paranoid and felt uneasy, but Willa was dealing with Black Rose so she thought it should be fine. "Willa should be back soon, but where is she?" she wondered.

Chuck and Yvette quickly ran out. Because of Chuck's dilemma, Yvette had already sent Lisa and her bodyguard somewhere else. They would not be back until a few days later.

When the three of them arrived at the top floor, Betty hurriedly went to start the helicopter's engine.

"Young Master, hurry up!" Betty yelled anxiously. Chuck and Yvette were so close to the helicopter, they were a few steps away from getting on when suddenly someone shot at the fuel tank.

Betty almost choked on air in shock.

Chuck and Yvette froze as their hearts sank, standing there was a beautiful woman in black. She was in a tight suit with golden hair and beautiful blue eyes. She was the world's number one female killer, Black Rose!

Chuck glared at her as Yvette tried to calm down. She had started to walk in front of Chuck, planning to fend bullets off with her own body. But how could Chuck bear that? Knowing what she was about to do, he quickly pulled Yvette to the side, away from his front.

Betty came down from the helicopter then.

"Black Rose, how much did Duncan pay you? President Lee will give you ten times, no, a hundred times more!" Betty stared at her and said.

"I know Karen is rich and can give me any amount I desire, but unfortunately, my principles aren't that easily bought over," Black Rose spoke with a strange accent.

"But you must know, if you attack the Young Master today, President Lee will find you and kill you!" Betty exclaimed.

"I don't think so. They say Karen and I are much the same. Karen is invincible, therefore, so am I," Black Rose shook her head slightly as she replied. The sniper rifle in her hand emitted a flashing red light in the dark night.

"You best not get in my way. Every bullet is precious," Black Rose added as she started to come over. Betty stopped her and said determinedly, "I won't let you kill Young Master."

"But you don't have a gun. You have no power over me. Stop wasting my time, get lost!" As soon as Black Rose said that, Betty suddenly grabbed at her gun.

Black Rose smiled slightly at her attempts and mocked, "Karen can't even kill me, yet you think you alone can? Go away!"

She then aimed a kick at Betty, kicking her away. Betty's shoulder was already wounded from before so she was weak. She couldn't defend herself against the kick properly and thus, she was kicked five or six meters away and fell to the ground, throwing up blood.

Betty got up though, and she looked about ready to fight back. Black Rose spared her a glance and without hesitation, drew her gun and aimed it at Betty. She pulled the trigger.

"Boom!" the shot sounded.

A bullet was fired and hit Betty. She was thrown back by the force of the bullet and fell to the ground, motionless.

Chuck widened his eyes and yelled in horror, "Betty!"

Was Betty dead? There was a lot of blood. At this

moment, Chuck was fuming with anger.

Black Rose continued to come over and directed at Chuck, "Your cousin paid me 10 million dollars to kill you. I think this price is a little high for someone like you. But it was Duncan's request so I agreed. He mentioned to let you die a little more painful than usual as well. I think we could very easily manage that, don't you think?"

As she spoke, she had pointed the gun in her hand at Chuck.

There was smoke coming out from the muzzle from after the shot fired at Betty.

Chuck was not afraid. What was there to be afraid of now? If she had killed him, he knew Karen would avenge him.

"No!" Yvette screamed as she was desperate. She reached out her hand, ready to disarm Black Rose. During her period of training, she had become much more agile, but of course, she was still no match to beat Black Rose. Having caught her attempts, Black Rose merely glanced at her and kicked her away.

Yvette, however, grabbed at her leg tightly and took out her dagger. She wanted to stab Black Rose. She twisted her arm to reach the sniper rifle, planning to remove it from Black Rose's grip. Seeing the unnatural angle of her twisting arm, Chuck stopped her. It looked as if it were about to snap.

"Boom!" another shot sounded.

Black Rose kicked Yvette away and she had her gun raised. She had missed Yvette by a hair. "Do you want to get shot?" she asked Yvette.

However, just as she uttered that threat, she was reminded of Duncan's instruction to not kill Yvette. Sensing this moment of hesitation, Chuck took the chance to kick at her gun and it went skidding to the side. He then pounced on her to pin her down.

Black Rose frowned as she was pinned to the ground. Chuck's attack was not bad. There was a little bit of

Karen's shadow in his movements but he was too far from his master. Black Rose swiftly kicked Chuck in the stomach causing him to double over in pain.

Chuck tried to not let the pain get to him and fight on because if he didn't, he knew they would die.

"Your fighting is terrible," Black Rose muttered. The gun in her hand hit Chuck's head as she said so. It was made of steel pipe, Chuck's head bled at the contact and he fell to the ground.

With Chuck unconscious, Black Rose then took out her phone and rang Duncan for a video call.

After getting through, Duncan's smiling face showed up on her screen as he asked, "How's it going?"

"See for yourself!" Black Rose pointed the camera at Chuck, Yvette, and the motionless Betty.

Duncan laughed at that and he praised, "Sure enough, you really are the best killer in the world, you didn't let me down!"

"That is of course," Black Rose replied.

"Where is Willa? Don't kill her," Duncan reminded her when he didn't see Willa's body via the video call.

"Got it. Now let me give you a close up on how miserable I'm going to make him," Black Rose said as she propped her phone to stand somewhere so Chuck was in the shot.

Through the video call, Duncan looked to be drinking a glass of red wine. He was preparing himself to enjoy a good show.

When Black Rose started to walk over to Chuck, Chuck got up and started to attack her. Easily, she fended off all of his attempts. "How did Karen end up with a useless son like you? Your skills are complete garbage," she said.

"Slap!"

She had just landed a slap on Chuck's face. His face was now numb and burning in pain.

The force was too big. Chuck felt as if he were a primary

school student facing off an adult. He felt entirely powerless.

"Don't hit him!" Yvette's eyes were blood-red as she yelled. She rushed over to defend Chuck but was promptly kicked away again by Black Rose.

However, Yvette managed to avoid it at the last minute and landed a punch on Black Rose. "You have skills, but your punches are weak," Black Rose sneered.

Yvette was shocked at that. She had used all her strength in that punch, but Black Rose didn't even flinch. How could it be possible?

Then, another boom sounded.

With another kick, Yvette tumbled away from her. She spat out blood and couldn't even get up this time around.

"Be gentle. I want her," Duncan smiled, reminding Black Rose.

"You want a lot of women, don't you?" she scoffed in reply.

"You're right, I want you too. But, alas, you're still not willing," Duncan laughed as he said. Black Rose was a typical woman from the United States. Her figure was astounding and she was exquisitely beautiful.

It was a pity that Duncan was rejected after trying to court her. She didn't want him and so, he didn't force himself onto her.

"I wouldn't mind being asked to kill you though," said Black Rose.

"Haha! We'll see about that. Go on, let me see how miserable you can make Chuck!" Duncan said gleefully, and his face was sinister.

Black Rose ignored Duncan and walked up to Chuck. As she approached him, he got up and tried to hit her but Black Rose huffed in annoyance instead, easily kicking him away from her.

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Chuck got up from the ground. Black Rose really was too strong, it felt like he was facing Karen. "Is this woman as powerful as my mother?" he thought.

He sighed. He was self-aware and knew that he, who had just started fighting, could not be her opponent.

However, even if he died on this day, he wanted to die with courage and dignity.

Chuck spat out a mouthful of blood. His blood-shot eyes were particularly calm.

Black Rose frowned at that. She had already kicked at Chuck several times, how could he still be able to bear it? Admittedly, his physical strength was not bad.

Nevertheless, to her, Chuck was just a puny child.

Yvette stood up and ran purposefully to Chuck's side. At this moment, she had no other thoughts. She determinedly thought that if she could survive this day, she would train herself harder in the future, so that she could strengthen herself and protect Chuck, the man she grew up with.

Yvette's glare was fierce and full of fire.

However, this did not matter much to Black Rose at all.

She kicked at Chuck again!

As her leg made contact with his body, Chuck seized the opportunity to grab her leg tightly. He was shocked at what he felt and wondered, "Is she really a woman? Why does it feel like she's covered with muscles?"

Did she usually go through intensive workouts?

Chuck used all his strength to hold Black Rose still. Her struggle was very forceful, too forceful. He felt that he could not grab hold of her any longer and had to release her soon. This woman was simply too strong for him to handle.

In the end, Yvette took advantage of this and attacked

Black Rose.

She set off on her again.

"You're both garbage," Black Rose said coldly.

When she was just about to kick at Chuck, she suddenly felt a sharp pain on her shoulder. She turned her head and saw that Chuck had his mouth open and was biting hard on her shoulder.

"How could Karen's son resort to such a lame move?" she wondered with incredulity.

Chuck had no choice. He had almost been knocked out just now, so now, all he could manage was to bite her. This was the most direct attack he could think of. If she felt pain, she would slow down.

Sure enough, Chuck went ahead with his plan and bit her. She was in pain. Chuck had blood in his mouth, he had used all his strength this time. He bit her shoulder and near her neck. Chuck felt that he could bite off a piece of her flesh.

Yvette attacked at the same time this was happening. Black Rose had killed countless people and had been met with immeasurable pain. This pain she was feeling now was nothing to her. She then glanced at Yvette and knocked her away!

Yvette nearly avoided it, but Black Rose's legs were flexible, she could still reach Yvette with her foot even as she shied away.

That kick was almost fatal.

Yvette was sent flying again. An ordinary person would have fainted long ago or would have even died by now. But Yvette's willpower was too strong, right as she fell, she managed to get up again.

Black Rose frowned at her determination. At this moment, she felt a bit hateful. If she had allowed Yvette to go on like this, Yvette could possibly be on par with her if she had trained enough.

Back in the old days, Black Rose would have killed her in this instance. However, she had Duncan's instructions at

the back of her mind. She could not kill her.

She had to obey him.

Seeing Yvette rush over again, Black Rose grabbed Chuck by his head and threw him over her shoulder. Chuck then fell to the ground.

He coughed loudly.

Chuck felt as if he had fallen from the second floor. He coughed violently, blood spluttering out of his mouth upon each cough. There was a piece of meat in his mouth, which he had bitten it off from Black Rose's shoulder. Having looked at her mangled shoulder, Black Rose's glare at him turned murderous.

Her body had always been perfect. But now, a piece of it had been bitten off.

This was something that Black Rose absolutely could not tolerate. She walked up to Chuck, grabbed him by the neck and slapped him across the face. But Chuck had known this would happen. So, just as her hand was a few millimetres from his face, he opened his mouth and bit her hand.

"You really are looking to die!" Black Rose yelled.

She was swift enough though, successfully landing a punch to his chest.

Chuck sputtered out another cough.

He was about to throw up blood at this point. He would be unable to get up soon.

"Haha! Good, continue to torture him for me!" Duncan piped up through the screen. In the video call, Duncan held a wine glass in his hand and was enjoying the scene of Chuck being beaten up. He was immensely invested at the scene portrayed before him on the screen. This was getting really interesting.

He did not miss a single thing on the screen.

It felt great. Black Rose really was overwhelmingly powerful. Duncan thought that Chuck was tortured very well.

Black Rose, with her perfect long legs, strode up to

Chuck and lifted her foot. Now, she would step on and break all of his ribs, one at a time.

The bones on his hands and feet were all going to be broken. Black Rose could accurately control the force she applied. She would make sure all of his bones were broken, and in the end, she would ensure that he did not die. She would leave him in pain for a long while first. She wanted to see Chuck wriggling around in agony on the floor like a worm, and she wanted him to die in despair.

If he died like that, Duncan would definitely be satisfied.

Black Rose lifted her foot just as Yvette rushed over. Grabbing Yvette by the neck, she grumbled, "You're trying so hard to protect him, aren't you? That's sweet. Well, guess I'll let you watch him die like this!"

"No!" Yvette yelled in desperately.

She was being choked. Even if she struggled, she knew it was useless because Black Rose was just so strong. She could merely watch as Black Rose tried to crush Chuck's ribs!

Yvette cried out bitterly, "I'm sorry, Hubby. I can't protect you, but I'll avenge you soon and join you in the afterlife."

This was a glorious view. Duncan wanted to see that happen, only then would he be satisfied.

"When Chuck is dead, Yvette will have to be with me from now on. She should be grateful for my interest in her even if she has already been touched by Chuck," Duncan thought.

He couldn't wait to witness Chuck's agony. In the next second, Chuck was about to scream his lungs out! Duncan was anticipating that. He would catalogue it and remember his screams till the day he died.

He chuckled to himself.

Duncan was an animal.

Black Rose stepped on him then. She could break three or four ribs at one go.

"You bit my shoulder and ruined my body. This is the end for you!" she thought fiercely.

However, all of a sudden, her face started to pale.

A bullet had come out of nowhere with a loud bang! It hit her in the arm, and blood was slowly oozing out from her wound.

The pain immediately made her loosen her grip on Yvette and she lost her footing on Chuck's chest. She crouched and rolled to one side to find cover.

She turned her head and looked at her wounded arm. The blood oozed out in a continuous flow. She frowned at that, picked up her gun, and looked around for the shooter.

She didn't expect herself to come up empty. She could not figure out where the gun was shot from. "Hmph, was this Willa's doing?" she thought in contempt.

Black Rose's complexion got worse as time passed. She had been taking the lives of many for so long and she had only gotten shot once when she had first started her career. Later on, she had not even come close to being shot at again. That was until she was forced to face Karen. She had been shot twice then.

A new worthy opponent!

Chuck was still coughing violently. He got up and pulled Yvette to him, who was also coughing herself. He pulled them to one side for shelter as he had to find cover. A gunfight was about to go down.

Under such circumstances, no matter how powerful, nobody can survive a gun's bullet.

"Honey," Chuck's heart ached as he looked over Yvette and called. Yvette's injuries were much worse than his.

"I'm fine, Hubby," Yvette held him tightly as she said. At this moment, she cried. After being just moments away from death just now, she didn't want to leave Chuck's side ever again.

Chuck had already taken Yvette to the side. He coughed and bled, his whole body ached with pain. He made up

his mind to train in martial arts in the future.

He can't let himself be beaten so badly again!

Absolutely not!

"Boom!" the gunshots have started.

As soon as Black Rose popped out of her cover, a bullet was shot. She squatted immediately and narrowly avoided it. The bullet did not hit her.

She looked around for the source of the bullet but could not find anything. They were on the rooftop, and there were only a limited number of places with spaces to take cover. She could not tell where the shooter was, but there were not many places to choose from. So where were the shots coming from exactly?

As she was searching, her eyes suddenly flashed in realization.

The sound of a propeller was heard from a distance, a helicopter was hovering in the air. The sound of rumbling could be heard. Black Rose stared up at the helicopter and saw that someone was on it, holding a sniper rifle. That person looked merciless.

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