

Chapter 408

Manny sighed. Did Chuck not understand that they were all in someone else's territory right now?

"Zelda, tell Chuck to stop speaking please," Manny pleaded helplessly.

"Okay." Zelda started to worry. If Chuck spoke up, he would anger the Allen family, wouldn't he?

"Chuck," Zelda started to say as she bit her lip nervously.

"It'll be alright," Chuck reassured with a smile. Zelda was relieved by it and uttered, "Okay, I believe you."

She felt enveloped in a sense of security.

Zelda had remained single for a long while. She knew that she wanted to stay that way and never marry because men couldn't give her the sense of security she had longed for.

However, she had recently realized that Chuck could be that man for her.

The simple words he had uttered had lit a fire in her soul.

"Mom, let Chuck handle this," Zelda said reassuringly to Manny.

"I think we better leave it alone, Zelda. We really can't afford to offend them," Manny insisted with a bitter tone. How could they possibly deal with one of the Four Greatest Households?

They were next to nothing in their eyes.

Chuck was still young and too confident. He couldn't fully comprehend how awful the situation truly was.

They'd better not do anything rash. Otherwise, if they ended up offending the Allen family, Manny couldn't imagine what horrible consequences they might have to endure.

"Mom, Chuck will handle this. Don't worry," Zelda stressed. Maybe Chuck knew some of the other members from the Four Greatest Households. If he did, they could get away unscathed.

Or else, if they were kicked out in the end, Zelda's father's business was likely to come to an end. Everyone would know that they had somehow offended the Allen family. And if word got out, who in their right mind would dare work with their company by then?

Because if they eventually decided to work together despite that, it would mean that they have inadvertently offended the Allen family.

Generally speaking, ordinary people wouldn't compromise themselves like that. They would simply stop cooperating with her father's company and then, the company would eventually go bankrupt.

Which was why whatever unfolded on this day was extremely pivotal.

Manny let out a huff of exasperation. She knew she couldn't hold Zelda back anymore. She would just be ready to apologize as sincerely as she could and hope that the Allen family wouldn't further their argument with Chuck.

"I'm sorry to trouble you, Chuck," Zelda said gently.

"I'm glad to help," Chuck replied while looking back at her

When he saw Zelda's red lips, images of what had transpired between them earlier flashed across his mind. Zelda had actually pulled Chuck to the bathroom.

Seeing the lustful gaze Chuck directed at her, she turned away quickly and blushed shyly.

She felt that Chuck and herself were both getting bolder by the minute.

"Stop being such a fool already! Are you all playing dumb? Do I need to remind you whose property you people are on?" Hattie started to taunt. Was this guy stupid? How dare he act so recklessly in front of the Allen family!

He really was looking for trouble, wasn't he?

"Is it yours?" Chuck asked flatly.

"It's my relative's! Do you happen to have powerful relatives as I do?" Hattie mocked proudly. She had more control over the situation than he did, she was certain of it.

It made her feel superior.

"Well, you just said it was your relative's. It's not even your property, so what are you gloating about exactly?" Chuck questioned her.

"How dare you! Manager, get them out of here now!" Hattie yelled back in retort to his insult.

The manager nodded and said, "Don't let me repeat myself. Leave now or face the consequences!"

He had announced it to the public loudly this time. This was the beginning of a mess. The manager was going to kick them out no matter what.

"Oh, pray tell. What are these consequences you speak of?" Chuck inquired nonchalantly.

He knew that he couldn't keep a low profile now. If he didn't do something about it this time around, Zelda's father's company might be jeopardized.

The manager frowned and said, "This feels like déjà vu to me. You know, someone else had asked that same question before."

"What became of that person then?" Chuck asked curiously.

Manny let out a helpless sigh. She was quite petrified at the moment. She had heard of this matter before. After all, the person the manager had mentioned was someone she knew. It was said that this person was also a boss with a net worth of hundreds of millions of dollars. However, he had gotten drunk and stirred up some trouble. At that time, it was the same manager who had asked him to leave.

The boss had been drunk so he hadn't known what he was doing at the time. So, he had broken an ashtray at the hotel. Just one.

After that, one of his friends managed to pour some cold water on him which instantly sobered him up. By the time he had processed what he did, he looked horrified. The manager, however, merely looked at him quietly.

The boss had ended up crying and lost fifty million dollars.

As for the boss's company, it had mysteriously disappeared the next day. It was quite a nightmare. Just by destroying a mere ashtray in the Allen family's property, the boss had lost everything.

"He pissed himself in fright," the manager answered indifferently. For him, as long as the person he was threatening was not a member of the other three families amongst the Four Greatest Households, he would not entertain them. They were not worth anything.

Manny was about to say something but managed to stop herself in time, feeling conflicted.

"I'm giving you one last chance to leave this place quietly," the manager said eventually.

Chuck smiled slightly and thought, "This is really not a simple thing."

"Let's go out and talk about this," Chuck suggested. It was not appropriate to talk about matters like this with a crowd around them as they would cause a disturbance. This matter could be settled in private.

"What right do you have to suggest that?" Hattie snarled.

Chuck didn't spare a glance at her. Fixing his gaze on the manager, he continued, "So, what do you say?"

The manager frowned and questioned, "Do you think you have something to offer to null and void this?"

He thought disdainfully, "What does this fool want to do? Does he want to bribe me?"

Chuck taunted flatly, "Whether I do or not is up to you. Either way, you won't know until we talk it out, right? Are you perhaps afraid, Manager?"

"I have to say, you are very bold. You'll get something nasty coming to

you tomorrow if you keep speaking to me like this. If it's trouble you want, I promise you, I will deliver," the manager warned with a sullen expression.

Then, he turned around and walked outside.

Hattie started to mock Chuck after the manager had left. "You really are looking for trouble, aren't you? Wouldn't it be best to just listen to orders and leave?"

He was struggling at the brink of his death, how pathetic. Even if they knelt before her and begged, she wouldn't grant them mercy.

Chuck threw a glare at her and promptly walked out to meet with the manager.

"Manny, your family is so scr*wed. Your son-in-law is pretty useless, isn't he? He doesn't even know how to appreciate favors," Hattie sneered. She was feeling happier by the minute.

Manny was at her wit's end. This was really getting out of control, and their graves had been dug. Hattie was especially proud of that fact.

"Zelda, could you please tell Chuck to stop it? Just ask him to get back here," Manny said anxiously.

He had to get back here or the situation would escalate for the worse.

"Could it be that Chuck might offer them a way out in the end?" Manny thought wistfully.

"Mom, stop it. Just trust him, alright? I'm certain he can settle this," Zelda said in confidence. She believed in Chuck. He had remained calm just now which meant he definitely had a plan up his sleeve.

"Oh, I can only hope. Just how can he help?" Manny voiced out her desperation.

They were done for. If they didn't solve this matter now, it would only end up becoming more chaotic. She regretted not leaving straight away just now. She had completely scr*wed herself now.

It was getting more and more out of hand.

"Mom, why don't you believe in Chuck? You know he's very capable, right?" Zelda questioned in return.

Manny let out another sigh at that. Hattie, however, burst into laughter and started to mock, "Believe in him? Who the hell would believe garbage like that? He's nothing but trash to the Allen family. Actually, you know what, he doesn't even deserve to be their trash!"

"Hey!" Zelda gasped in fury.

"What? Are you going to hit me? Come on then, hit me if you dare!" Hattie stepped forward, taunting as she approached Zelda.

Zelda was furious at this point. She already had her hand raised and was ready to strike. However, Manny was frightened by the consequences and quickly warned, "Zelda, don't do anything rash. If you hit her, we'll be done for!"

She managed to stop Zelda just in time.

Zelda huffed in anger at that. Her mother had told her to stop so of course, she had to listen. Nevertheless, that did not stop the itch to beat Hattie up.

"Your mother's smart. If you dare to hit me, I promise to end you. You're a grown-up already, you have to wisen up. You can't afford to mess with someone like me," Hattie snarled.

Zelda sighed quietly as turned around, looking at where Chuck and the manager had left. Could Chuck really settle this matter? She hoped so. Manny was panicking already.

Seeing that Zelda was dejected, Hattie had started to grin. She thought that Zelda was quite sensible. Now all that's left to intimidate was that man.

Hattie looked outside as well with vengeance in her eyes.

At this moment, the people at the party had started to act a little strange. "What's happening? Why is the hotel manager here?" they thought.

When Chuck and the manager managed to get outside, the manager cast Chuck a glare and said coldly, "You have thirty seconds. That's all I'm willing to give you."

He had to solve this matter as soon as possible. He didn't want to waste any more time on people like them.

Chuck snorted in disbelief as he thought to himself, "Am I worth a mere thirty seconds of this person's time?"

Chapter 409

Since the manager had laid it out like that, Chuck did not bother trying to keep a low profile and started to say, "My friend is having a party here. We won't be leaving until the party has officially ended."

Zelda's father was holding a company party. It would be absurd to kick everyone out so suddenly.

It was unacceptable.

"It's not up to you. Young Master Allen issued the order for you all to leave," the manager said, his tone indifferent. He thought this situation was ridiculous. Who was Chuck? How could he be so bold?

"Well, I don't care. I stand by what I said. I won't leave until the party ends," Chuck said firmly.

The manager frowned and inquired once more, "Is this your final decision?"

"It is," Chuck confirmed.

"Then, I'm afraid I'll have to disappoint you. If everyone doesn't leave immediately, I'll call security here to throw each and every one of you out," the manager threatened. He didn't want to waste any more time here with this punk.

"Do you even know whose property this is?" he continued to ask.

"I do," Chuck replied.

"Then, you should be clear on where you stand. The Allen family are not people a person like you can deal with willy-nilly. You'll suffer if you continue pushing it. You don't know who you're messing with!" the manager snarled.

When he was about to leave, Chuck unexpectedly spared him a smile.

Seeing this, the manager frowned and warned, "Do you want to get into trouble?"

He thought Chuck was definitely trying to stir up some trouble.

"Tell me your price," Chuck stated abruptly.

"What do you mean? What price?" the manager said as his face contorted into one of confusion. What was he talking about?

"The hotel. How much does it cost? I'll buy it," Chuck replied boldly.

This was a five-star hotel and it was located in a prime spot which was good for business. Chuck thought that he could get Karen to send him the money to buy this hotel as it did seem to be a good investment. Hotel Luna was valued at about 4 billion dollars which should be similar to this one. He thought that 3.5 billion dollars should

be enough to lock it down.

After all, this hotel was clearly not as impressive as Hotel Luna.

The manager laughed at him when he heard this. He then taunted, "What are you talking about? Are you kidding me?"

He was amused by Chuck's initiative to purchase the hotel, a five-star hotel at that! Its boss was from the Allen family! Who would dare buy anything from them?

This kid really didn't know his limits!

"I don't gain anything by joking now, do I? Go ask your boss. How much is he willing to sell it for? I'll take it," Chuck demanded.

The manager's face darkened and he started to yell, "Do you even understand what you're proposing right now? If Young Master Allen were here, you'd have a broken arm by now!"

Chuck's arm would definitely have been broken by Landon. The act of buying this hotel would be a direct insult to the Allen family. It wasn't like they were short of money! Tens of millions of dollars was nothing to them.

What was more, Chuck was dressed so poorly. The manager doubted this punk could have that much money in his possession.

"Well, you're not very good at doing business negotiations, are you? You're turning down a chance to earn money," Chuck responded indifferently towards his threat.

"How dare you throw out these insults!" the manager scoffed in anger and incredulity.

"So what if I did?" Chuck looked at him and said calmly.

"Snap!"

With a snap of his fingers, the manager managed to get more than a dozen security guards to gather around them.

"Take him to the basement," the manager ordered.

The security guards glared at Chuck unwaveringly. Chuck merely sent them a sparing look and uttered, "Fine. Let's continue our conversation there then."

Eventually, he was brought to the basement.

"Look at his attitude! Come now, break his legs!" the manager ordered the guards.

With steel pipes in their hands, Chuck was instantly surrounded by them. He reiterated, "Hold on. I only came down with you to talk. I don't want to fight,"

The manager sneered, "Talk? Please, do you think you're worthy enough to do that? Get him!"

"If that's the case, let's fight!" Chuck bellowed as the guards started to charge at him.

Chuck kicked an oncoming man in the stomach hard.

"Ouch!" the man exclaimed as he flew from the powerful kick. Chuck managed to snatch the steel pipe he had dropped and proceeded to fight the others.

Three minutes later, Chuck and the manager were the only ones standing. The other ten bodyguards were all lying motionless on the ground.

Chuck had been trained in combat. With a steel pipe in hand, he was undefeatable!

Nobody could defend themselves against his punches.

Then, Chuck started to walk towards the manager, touching his shoulder gently with one end of the steel pipe. The manager had managed to remain calm despite the frown on his face and taunted, "I admit that you do have some impressive tricks up your sleeves. However, it's all useless. Do you have the guts to hit me?"

No way this punk was going to hit him. He wouldn't dare hit the manager of the Allen family's hotel.

Hitting him was equivalent to insulting the Allen family, so he didn't think Chuck would do it.

"Tell your Young Master to come down here. I'll buy the hotel from him," Chuck ordered.

"That is just plain ridiculous, you br*t! How dare you... Ah!!" The manager's voice was cut off and his body swayed as he was struck by the steel pipe. His face had turned pale in an instant.

"Tell your Young Master to come down. Do you hear me?" Chuck repeated more aggressively this time. He was not in the mood to wait around any more.

"You're looking for trouble, you know?" the manager roared in pain.

How could he fail such an easy task? He was just supposed to remove everyone from the party.

"Slap!"

Chuck slapped the manager's face. He didn't care about what the manager said. Disobey his order? Slap! End of the question.

The manager was confused when the sting came. He had never been hit in his lifetime.

Chuck merely looked at him silently. He didn't want to waste any more time. He pointed the steel pipe at the manager's hand and threatened, "Are you going to call him or not?"

"Okay, okay! I'll call him!" the manager yelled, terrified. He felt that if he fought with Chuck, he would lose his hand.

He quickly took out his mobile phone and called Landon. "Good," Chuck said.

The call got through soon enough.

"How is it going?" Landon asked impatiently.

"Young Master, we've run into a little bit of a problem..." the manager trailed off.

"What problem? Why are you so useless?" Landon roared from the other end.

"It's just... there's someone here that wants to buy the hotel!" the manager stuttered out.

"Buy the hotel? You're kidding!" Landon laughed on the other side.

"Young Master, he wants you to come and discuss with him regarding this matter," the manager supplied weakly.

"Discuss? There's no need. Get people to take him to the basement and cripple him!" Landon instructed.

He hung up the phone immediately after that.

The manager was stunned by that. Chuck, on the other hand, decided to throw a kick at the manager, causing the latter to yelp in pain.

"Come on then, let's fight!"

Hearing this, the manager hurriedly dialed Landon's number again. When it got through, Landon's sneer could be heard from over the phone as he muttered, "You really want to get fired, don't you? How dare you keep bothering me!"

"I'm sorry, Young Master, but he's in the basement. He had beaten all of us," the manager explained hurriedly.

"Oh?" Landon uttered in surprise.

"Young Master, please come down. It won't take long. He just wants to talk to you," the manager insisted.

"How interesting. Alright then, get someone else to deal with him first, I'm a bit occupied right now. I'll come down when I'm available," Landon said.

Landon chuckled at what he had just heard. Was this a joke? Someone was actually bold enough to buy his hotel...

How foolish was this person?

"Wait, Young Master. Please, I am at his mercy," the manager pleaded.

"What? So, is he beside you now?" Landon frowned. This person sounded pretty capable. He had managed to beat up more than ten

people at once and had even proposed to buy his hotel.

"Yes, he's right by my side. He's asking for the price," the manager continued.

"Do you think I'd ever sell it? Tell him not to stir up trouble. I can kill him in more ways than one!" Landon threatened.

Landon's eyes narrowed into a vicious glare as he spoke.

"How much do you want? Give me a price," Chuck suddenly poked out loud.

Landon frowned when he heard his voice. The voice sounded a little familiar...

Then, his eyes lit up in recognition.

It sounded like Chuck! That garbage he had just met in the parking lot!

"You want to buy my hotel?" Landon mocked. This was interesting. Chuck didn't want to be kicked out and so he had devised such a horrible plan. But Landon had to give it to him, he was quite good at fighting. He had managed to beat up more than a dozen security guards at once.

"I do. State your price," Chuck replied.

"You sure are quite good at pretending to be well off. Do you really know how much do five-star hotels cost?" Landon asked.

"My mother owns one actually. They're worth about three to four billion dollars," Chuck answered straight away.

"Haha! Did you just say your mother has one? What nonsense! Haha!" Landon burst out laughing at that. Was this fool stupid? Almost 80% of the five-star hotels in the country were owned by the Four Greatest Households. Who was this punk to declare such nonsense?

"Tell me how much you're willing to sell your hotel. I'll buy it," Chuck said again.

"What's the point? You won't be able to afford it anyway! I'll let you in a bit though, the land alone costs about 2 billion dollars. What do you think now? Are you intimidated?" Landon mocked.

"A bit," Chuck admitted. He had thought it would only be about three billion dollars. He didn't expect the land itself to cost that much. With the hotel built on it, wouldn't that mean the whole place would cost six to seven billion dollars?

"You can't even afford two billion! And yet you want to buy my hotel? Just get the hell out!" Landon laughed as he said. He found this fool so ridiculous.

"If I can fork out two billion dollars now, will you sell it to me?" Chuck

asked. He thought that it would be a good investment in the long run as long as the business was good.

If he needed another six or seven billion dollars, he could just phone Karen and ask for it. Quite easy.

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Chapter 410

After hearing Chuck's words, Landon merely laughed at him. Did this fool just say that he was going to pay him 2 billion dollars? Who did he think he was?

"Haha! You are one hell of a comedian. You will pay me two billion dollars now? Really?" Landon chuckled.

Patricia, who had been sitting next to him, was curious. Who was Landon talking to? Was he mocking someone over the phone?

Patricia wanted to listen in on the conversation but she wasn't within earshot.

However, he was a Young Master of the Allen family. Apart from the other three Greatest Households in the country, he could ridicule anyone he liked.

It wasn't a big deal. But at this moment, Patricia really wanted to know who he was laughing at.

She was very curious.

"Yes, I can do it. As long as you agree," Chuck said indifferently.

That sum of money was nothing to Karen at all. He could get it via one phone call.

"Sorry, but I can't take you seriously right now. Wait for me there. After I'm done here, I'll come down and talk to you in person. You better not have run away! I'll have you hunted!" Landon threatened.

The Four Great Households were not to be taken lightly.

He felt pretty confident. With that, he hung up the phone.

Landon chuckled once more and proceeded to dial another number.

"Yeah, send in thirty men to the hotel."

Landon smiled as he gave the order. Surely, thirty people were enough to beat Chuck up.

Then, he walked towards the beautiful Patricia, and the two of them clinked their wine glasses. Landon was feeling happy and excited. After drinking a bit of wine, Patricia had a beautiful red blush painted on her cheeks. She was an absolute treasure.

"Hey, let me tell you something funny," Landon said with a smile.

Patricia nodded in agreement. She assumed it would be about what had transpired just now. Was he going to tell her who he was laughing at?

"Just now, there was a person who said that they wanted to buy this hotel," Landon smirked as he said.

Patricia was a little surprised to hear that. No wonder Landon had laughed. Did someone actually offer to buy the Allen family's hotel? Which fool could be so arrogant?

Could it be someone from the other Greatest Households?

This hotel belonged to the Allen Family, that in itself would already be enough to warn people off buying it. The hotel's value was very high, and ordinary people could never dream to afford it. After all, Patricia knew that this hotel's land was worth more than two billion dollars. Without at least five or six billion dollars on hand, it was impossible for anyone to purchase it.

Patricia smiled at that and said, "That is indeed funny."

There was no doubt.

"How much do you think this hotel could sell for?" Landon then asked with a smile.

"I don't think anyone could afford it," Patricia replied as she didn't want to think too much about matters like this. She was feeling good on this day, and she didn't want to answer such questions.

Yes, the other three Greatest Households would definitely not be foolish enough to buy the hotel. So, which brave individual had proposed the idea?

If someone managed to buy the hotel from the Allen family, it would probably cause a great disturbance in the country.

Landon smiled at that. Patricia was smart, and he really liked her.

"By the way, who was the person that wanted to buy it?" Patricia asked.

She was still curious.

"Oh, you know him, actually. It was Chuck Cannon, that man who was in the parking lot just now!" Landon cackled as he said.

"Chuck?" Patricia was surprised to hear that. Why?

She knew that Chuck had a lot of assets, so it was definitely not a problem for him to pay up five or six billion dollars. After all, he had lost 2.5 billion dollars the last time like it was nothing. He was definitely able to fork out the money to buy this hotel.

But why did he want to buy the Allen family's hotel?

Didn't Chuck know that the Allen family was one of the Four Greatest Households in the country?

He was definitely trying to stir up trouble.

Patricia couldn't understand why.

"What is it? Do you actually think he can buy my hotel?" Landon teased lightly. At this time, his mind was riddled with dirty thoughts

about Patricia.

Patricia looked absolutely delectable right now.

The gown she was wearing looked perfect on her, showing off her stunning curves.

He had been with too many women. However, Patricia was the only woman that made him feel different.

"Well..." Patricia trailed off. She didn't know how to answer. If she answered yes, would Landon be angry? Would he vent his anger on Chuck? If he did, wouldn't that make her an accomplice in hurting Chuck?

Cautiously, Patricia answered, "No, I don't think he can."

Patricia had to contact Chuck to warn him of the situation. Chuck might not have known just how powerful the Allen family was. It was dangerous to play with fire.

The Four Greatest Households were at the top of the food chain. If someone dared to go up against them, it was the end for the other party.

They were too simply powerful. No matter how rich Chuck was, in front of them, he still had to keep a low profile.

Landon smirked at that. He was very satisfied with her answer.

"Cheers," Landon said as he clinked glasses with Patricia. She let out a sigh of relief and thought, "Chuck, what the hell are you doing?"

However, he realized that their conversation was overheard by another beautiful woman. Landon frowned as he watched the beauty walking past him. His eyes narrowed at her in recognition.

He knew that woman.

"Who was that?" Patricia asked. That woman's walls seemed to be lined with impenetrable ice.

"She's Cheryl from the Champ family," Landon answered coldly.

"What?" Patricia was shocked to hear that. This woman was another member of the Four Great Households, the Champ family.

The Champ family was equally as powerful as the Allen family.

However, this was the Allen family's hotel. What was Cheryl doing here?

"Don't look so shocked. Even though the Four Greatest Households don't get along as well as people think we do, we're not completely uncivil," Landon explained.

This was a party after all. Anyone who was worthy could attend. He often attended the parties hosted by other families as well. It was not a big deal.

It was just something they did.

Patricia was still confused by it because she couldn't possibly draw any comparisons between her family and the other Greatest Households.

Cheryl Champ was a widower. Her husband had passed away a while ago and she had a three-year-old daughter. That was just about all that she knew.

This was the first time she had seen Cheryl in the flesh. She was really beautiful and was good at subduing men.

Cheryl had been married twice. However, both of her husbands had unexpectedly passed away not too long after. This situation made other men who admired her beauty fear her.

Landon was no exception. He had always had a crush on this woman, but he was afraid of dying by her hand.

It was not a joke. He didn't want to end up like her two dead husbands. No matter how beautiful Cheryl was, he didn't dare touch her.

"Let's just drink. Don't worry about her," Landon winked as he spoke. He didn't want to pay any more attention to Cheryl.

"Alright then. Cheers to that," Patricia said as they clinked their glasses.

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Chuck eventually knocked the manager unconscious and was able to walk out of the basement. Landon had meant to give him a beating and had no intention of negotiating any terms at all. It was probably because he had deemed Chuck too poor to buy his hotel.

Chuck couldn't be bothered to wait down there any longer and so he walked out. He was still a bit curious though. Who was wealthier between Karen and the Four Greatest Households?

Chuck didn't know much about the four families. All he knew was that his mother was super-wealthy.

Chuck started to walk back upstairs to find Zelda. Looking at the time, the party should be almost over by now. He might as well leave by himself now.

However, as soon as he entered the elevator, Chuck was greeted by an extremely beautiful woman.

She was unbelievably gorgeous.

The blue dress she was wearing revealed her shapely figure nicely.

Nonetheless, Chuck didn't spare her a second look. This woman radiated coldness right off the bat. It made him shiver.

"Are you the one who wanted to buy the Allen family's hotel?" the

woman suddenly asked. Yes, the woman was Cheryl. She had been taking her leave when she had accidentally picked up the conversation between Landon and Patricia.

She thought it was rather funny as well. Chuck Cannon? She had never heard of such a name. There weren't many well to do people with the surname Cannon in this country. So, how could such a person even think to buy this hotel?

What was more, she was surprised as well. Why did he speak as if he were from a noble, wealthy family? Chuck looked like the sort who only had 300 dollars in his pocket.

Actually, maybe even less than that. He looked quite humble and poor.

Cheryl usually never paid much attention to gossip but on this day, she had been amused. She couldn't believe that someone actually said that they wanted to buy a hotel from the Allen family.

It was ridiculous!

She was from the Champ family. Of course, she thought it was laughable.

However, she was a bit disappointed to find out that this man here was Chuck.

"How did you know?" Chuck asked, a little confused. Did Landon ask this woman to come forward? Was she also a member of the Allen family?

"Answer my question," the woman retorted coldly.

"You're from the Allen family, aren't you?" Chuck questioned.

Cheryl frowned at the implication and corrected, "No, I'm not. I'm a member of the Champ family."

"The Champ family? Are you supposed to be famous?" Chuck asked.

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