

## Chapter 411

"I beg your pardon?" Cheryl frowned. She could not believe how ignorant this man was.

The Champ family was one of the Four Greatest Households. Did he not know this?

Was he even aware that this hotel was owned by the Allen family?

How could there be someone as clueless as him? This was the first time Cheryl had met a person like Chuck.

Chuck looked at her cluelessly. While he knew for certain that he didn't know this woman, he had recognised her surname. After all, anyone born and bred in the country knew about the Four Greatest Households.

He wondered if the Champ family this woman had mentioned was one of the households.

Chuck stopped doubting himself eventually as he took in the woman standing before him. Yes, she was definitely from the great Champ family. The aura she emanated was one of nobility, a higher class. It seemed fitting.

"Oh, are you talking about the Champ family of the Four Greatest Households? If that's the case, yes, I do know of your family. Sorry, did you need something?" Chuck asked, feeling embarrassed.

"Does he really know?" Cheryl thought to herself in doubt.

She furrowed her eyebrows deeper and demanded, "Answer my question. Were you the one asking to buy the Allen family's hotel?"

"Yes, it was me. How did you know?" Chuck was very curious. Why had someone from the Champ family shown up in the Allen family's territory?

Could it be that the Four Greatest Households were on better terms with each other now?

Cheryl glanced at Chuck haughtily, ignoring his query. "How will you buy it then?" she continued to ask.

Right as that question left her mouth, she had regretted it. After all, it was pointless to ask this question to a nobody like this man.

Despite that, she did it anyway.

That was because she thought the situation was interesting.

As a member of the Champ family, she found it amusing that someone had wanted to humiliate the Allen family like that.

This was the reason why she had come over to inquire. If the person in

question turned out to not have enough money to purchase the hotel, she was willing to help them out and spare some to them.

However, looking at Chuck now, she had given up on that thought. Chuck didn't look like he could even pay for a quarter of the cost.

He might have just been messing around before.

And it just so happened that she had picked up interest on the matter.

"Well, if he is willing to sell it to me, I can buy it with a single phone call," Chuck declared as he shrugged nonchalantly. It was true. If he wanted to, he could just phone Karen and get the money instantly.

"With a single phone call?" Cheryl repeated in incredulity. She then scoffed and thought that this person was definitely lying. There was no point in furthering the conversation anymore.

This man was bold, brave even. But he was too ignorant.

"Yes," Chuck confirmed.

Cheryl stayed silent. There was no need for her to say anything else. This was plain ridiculous. She decided to stop snooping around as it would lead to unnecessary trouble.

Yes, she would just remain quiet for now.

"You don't believe me, do you?" Chuck asked dejectedly. Why did no one ever believe him? Did he look like a liar? He was sure that wasn't it.

Cheryl, on the other hand, waited quietly for the elevator door to open.

"I'll make the call right now if you don't believe me!" Chuck took out his phone and then dialed Karen's number in front of Cheryl. Soon, the call was picked up.

"Hey, Mom, there's this hotel I really want to buy... Well, it's owned by the Allen family... So, you agree then? Okay. Hmm... I think it'll cost about six to seven billion dollars at most... Alright, thanks, Mom."

Chuck hung up not long after. Karen had told him that she would transfer the money to him immediately.

He was quite surprised that such a large sum of money could be transferred in a short time. But what he didn't know was that Karen owned a bank in the United States.

"My mom will transfer me the money right away," Chuck told Cheryl as he wriggled the phone in her face.

Cheryl only spared Chuck a glance, then she proceeded to turn away to look elsewhere.

This must be a joke. Cheryl regretted ever coming down here. She couldn't believe that she had taken the initiative to talk to such a pretentious person.

Even she could not understand why she had done this.

Soon, Chuck's phone pinged. Reading the notification, he saw that Karen had already transferred eight billion dollars to him. His confidence skyrocketed at that.

"Look here. This is the transfer notification..." Chuck said as he started to show Cheryl his phone. However, she was still determinedly looking away from him.

"Ding!"

The elevator door opened at that moment. Without looking back, Cheryl walked out right away without saying a word. She wasn't interested to see whatever it was that he had wanted to show her.

Chuck was rendered speechless by that. He had been telling the truth all this time and now that he had the evidence to prove himself, this woman didn't even want to look at it! One look would be all it took to prove that he wasn't a liar!

Once Cheryl walked out, she headed straight to her car.

She was ready to leave at once. She couldn't believe she had wasted her breath on nothing just now.

However, as soon as she started the car, three vehicles drove into the parking lot at the same time. These were all vehicles owned by the Allen family. What was going on?

She watched on in confusion.

Eventually, thirty people got out of the vehicles. They were all Landon's men and each of them was well-trained.

They wanted to seize Chuck and cripple him. After all, Landon had given them the order.

Chuck frowned at the sight of so many people. Sure enough, Landon had sent for them to stop him.

Chuck exited the elevator soon enough.

There were too many people. He definitely couldn't beat them all at once. He could just run away as a last resort.

Chuck was not afraid in the slightest. His training in martial arts had made him stronger. If he decided to run away, he was sure these people would not be able to catch up with him.

The thirty men started to surround him all at once, every one of them cast menacing glares at him.

Not a moment later, the elevator door opened again with a ding. Following that, Landon and Patricia appeared. When Landon saw Chuck surrounded, he smirked and raised a finger, ordering the people around him to halt momentarily.

"What were you saying?" Landon asked as he walked over with a worried Patricia at his side. She thought helplessly, "Chuck, your family is rich, but didn't you know that there is still a huge difference between the Allen family's wealth and yours?"

"I want to buy your hotel. State your price!" Chuck answered unrelentingly.

Chuck was very calm. He found the situation better now that Landon was here. Worst comes to worst, he could easily take Landon hostage and use him to get away safely.

"Right. You think you can afford it, don't you?" Landon grinned as he taunted him. This was getting funnier by the minute.

"I can," Chuck replied.

"Alright, then. I'll give you the price now. Six billion dollars! If you pay me now, I'll sell it to you!" proposed Landon.

He didn't believe that Chuck had the money to buy it in the first place. Moreover, the hotel had belonged to the Allen family, one of the most powerful households in the country. Would this punk really have the guts to buy it from him?

If he really did end up paying up, there would be no turning back. Landon was never going to return the money to him.

Landon pondered it for a while and decided that it might be a deal worth taking. Since Chuck was not from the other three households, he did not pose as a threat at all. In the end, Landon would profit off of it either way.

No one would dare take the Allen family's properties. They knew what consequences would await them if they did.

If Chuck ended up paying him six billion dollars, Landon would merely count it as a sign of respect he had paid to the Allen family. So, why wouldn't he accept the money if that were so?

However, he was sure the loser didn't have that much money. It was impossible.

"That's a little high," Chuck murmured under his breath. Of course, Chuck wasn't willing to pay that much. It was 300 million dollars more than he had estimated the hotel to be valued at. He wasn't so foolish as to get swindled!

"High? Haha! Then, how about you set the price?" Landon asked with a mocking smile. He found Chuck to be a real fool. With so many people around, did he really have the guts to whip out so much money out of his pockets? They could all rob him and then beat him to death after. Even then, no one would dare pin it on the Allen family.

After contemplating a while, Chuck decided to negotiate, "Four billion

dollars should be enough."

Landon burst out laughing as he heard that. What? Four billion dollars?

Even Patricia felt embarrassed by the price proposed. How could Chuck think to buy this hotel with such a low price?

The others around started to sneer at Chuck, and snickers were heard all around. They looked at Chuck as if he was an idiot. This guy was truly ignorant.

"So? What do you say? If you agree, I'll pay you upfront," Chuck said.

Landon kept laughing as he said, "Haha! Fine. If you pay me four billion dollars, my hotel..." All of a sudden, Chuck took out his mobile phone and said, "Hold on, I'll have to record this interaction. Otherwise, you might go back on your word."

Loud laughter echoed in the parking lot for a long time.

Everyone was ridiculing his foolishness.

Eventually, Landon managed to calm down and said with a smile, "Sure, go ahead. If you pay me four billion dollars right now, I will sell this hotel to you."

Chuck filmed him throughout the ordeal.

It was better to have a piece of evidence in hand.

"Pay me the money now." Landon guffawed, thinking what a fool Chuck was.

"Alright. Hold on, I'm going to make a call," Chuck said as he dialed Karen's number. His card wasn't equipped to transfer so much money out at once. He had to ask Karen to do it for him.

"Hey, Mom, we've reached an agreement. Four billion dollars... Well, yes, I didn't believe it either but he agreed to it. I have video evidence of it as well. Could you transfer the money from my card to his account?" Chuck asked as he motioned for Landon to tell him his bank account number.

"Aren't you a professional little liar? You're even asking me for my bank account!" Landon couldn't control his laughter as he took out a card, directing one of his men to hand it over to Chuck.

Soon, Chuck finished reading out the numbers on the card over the phone. "Did you get that? Okay... Yes, I'm fine. Alright, I'm hanging up now. Bye, Mom!"

After that, he hung up the phone. Karen had said that the transfer would reach the recipient soon. With a snap of his fingers, Landon had all his men gather around Chuck menacingly. With a lazy shrug, Chuck merely looked at them and said, "Hey, patience now. This hotel is going to be mine soon. You won't be allowed to stay once that

happens."

Hearing this, Landon cackled. This fool was really making his day!

Not long after, Landon's phone pinged loudly. He had received a text message.

## Chapter 412

Having heard Landon's phone ping, Patricia spared Chuck a nervous glance and walked over slowly. "You just got a notification," she informed Landon.

Landon had not meant to look at his phone at all, she had realized.

Yes, he really wasn't going to!

It had only been a few minutes. It was impossible for him to be getting notifications from the bank this fast.

Landon grinned proudly as he replied, "I know, I heard. So what?"

"Well then, have a look. The four billion has been transferred to your account," Chuck said in a serious tone.

Karen was nothing but efficient. That must've been a notification from the bank to inform Landon of the successful transfer.

Karen had also told him that he had scored a huge bargain. Chuck knew that without being told. Landon had it coming by looking down on him.

He had sold the hotel for a very low price.

"Haha! Do you think I'll believe you?" Landon sneered.

Landon did not want to look at his phone. If he did, he was sure everyone would laugh at him for being gullible, especially Chuck.

They would think that he had really believed it. It would be a particularly dumb move.

Landon's face turned cold as he thought of Chuck laughing at him. This guy was clearly toying with him in public!

Without a moment's hesitation, Landon raised his hand and snapped his fingers.

The thirty or so people present immediately surrounded Chuck with murderous glares. To them, he was nothing but garbage. If each and everyone one of them punched him once, he would probably be beaten to death.

"Look at your phone! It's transferred!" Chuck frowned as he raised his voice.

What was wrong with Landon? Chuck had already transferred the money, why won't he believe him!

"Beat him up!" Landon roared.

Patricia was at a loss now. She didn't know if she should speak up or not.

If she did, it would no doubt be an offence to the Allen family.

But she didn't say anything, Chuck would definitely get beaten to death.

Instantly, the people ordered to beat Chuck started their task. Chuck, on the other hand, did not cower in fear. With a steel pipe raised in hand, he proceeded to fight back against them.

However, there were too many people all at once. Soon, Chuck had been dealt with too many punches at once, it was beyond painful.

All of a sudden, everyone stopped their movements.

Landon's cell phone was ringing. No one would dare interrupt him if he were in a phone call. Therefore, to cause less disturbance, the fighting had momentarily ceased.

Landon frowned as took out his mobile phone. The housekeeper of the Allen family was calling him. Why was he calling at this hour?

He decided to answer it.

"Hey, what's the matter?" Landon asked. His grandfather trusted this housekeeper greatly. Therefore, he dared not disrespect him.

"Young Master! What have you done?" A croaky voice answered back through the phone.

"What do you mean?" Landon asked back in confusion.

"Oh, don't worry. It's just that there was a big sum of money credited to your account. I was just curious," the housekeeper informed.

"Money?" Landon questioned. He didn't even spare a look at Chuck. The money must have been transferred to him from a friend. He had loaned out some money before. However, it had only been 300 million dollars which wasn't much to him. He didn't think the housekeeper would be alarmed by such a small amount of money.

Puzzled, Landon asked, "How much was it?"

"Four billion dollars!" The housekeeper announced. This figure was nothing to the Allen family. However, Landon was one of the family's many descendants, so it was a bit off that such an amount was only credited to him. The housekeeper had to figure out how such a huge sum of money had suddenly materialized in Landon's account.

"What? How much did you say?" Landon asked in incredulity, his voice rising.

The parking lot was filled with a pin drop silence.

Everyone at the scene did not dare make any movements. Something looked off. Was Young Master Allen alright?

What was going on?

Patricia's mind was racing. Could it be that...

"Young Master, why are you so surprised by this? Didn't you know in



advance? Four billion dollars had just been credited into your account three minutes ago," the housekeeper repeated.

Landon wasn't hearing things now, was he? Four billion dollars! This was...

He couldn't believe it. He could hardly get over the shock.

Then, he stared at Chuck and thought, "How could this fool have so much money?"

"Are you certain?" Landon asked again, angered.

"I know I'm old, but I'm not blind. It's definitely four billion dollars I'm seeing here. What's going on, Young Master? Could you fill me in?" he replied.

Landon was shooting fire out of his eyes at this point. "I'll tell you later when I get back. This money... Well, it's a gift from someone."

"Oh, I see. Alright then. I guess such a gift isn't all that surprising," the housekeeper said and promptly hung up the phone. It was nothing out of the ordinary.

Someone must have wanted to work with the Allen family on some project or business venture. Four billion dollars for cooperation with the Allen family was a reasonable amount.

Once, someone had even paid Elder Allen six billion dollars in exchange for protection.

Compared to that, four billion dollars was not considered a big deal at all.

Landon put away his phone and then looked at Chuck with a taunting smile. With a snap of his fingers, he had his men back off.

"I can't believe it. You really do have four billion dollars. Not bad, not bad," Landon said with a chuckle.

Hearing this, the dozens of people present were dumbfounded. Did this guy really just transfer four billion dollars to Landon?

Did that mean this kid was also a rich second generation?

Nonetheless, in front of the Allen family, it didn't matter at all.

He was nothing compared to them!

Patricia was not surprised by that. After all, Chuck had effortlessly taken out 2.5 billion dollars the last time they had met. Needless to say, he could afford a mere four billion dollars.

But even though he had paid the four billion dollars, would he have the guts to take this hotel from the Allen family? Wasn't he afraid of their wrath?

"This hotel is mine now. I will send for someone to deal with the transfer-of-hands procedure tomorrow," Chuck spoke just then. He

would let Yolanda handle this and let her manage the hotel. However, Yolanda might get too busy. He wondered if he should think about hiring other people to take over?

After all, it was impossible for Yolanda to manage so many places all at once. He would let her hire a few assistants and make her the boss. Then, he would search for more people with the same capabilities as her. He would have to think more on this later.

"Who did you call just now? I'm curious," Landon eventually asked with sarcasm.

"My mother. She's very rich, you know," Chuck said earnestly.

Landon continued to laugh regardless.

Everyone else followed suit as well. How could a person stand in front of someone from the Allen family and proclaim themselves to be rich? How ignorant was this fool? They were going to die laughing.

Patricia felt a bit mortified as well but her interest was piqued by Chuck. Who was he to show off like this in front of the Allen family? Was he really as rich as them? It was simply impossible.

The Four Greatest Households were the wealthiest people in the country.

"Are you trying to kill me with your ridiculous jokes?" Landon walked over to Chuck and patted him on the shoulder.

"I'm not joking. This hotel is mine now. Please leave," Chuck said plainly.

"You really are a fool, aren't you? Even if I do hand the hotel over to you, do you have the guts to take it?" Landon sneered.

"You don't have a choice. I bought the hotel from you, it's a fair transaction. You have given it to me either way," Chuck responded with a shrug. If Landon didn't hand it over, he would rain hell on him.

He would order hundreds of his people to break into the Allen family's house. Let's see if Landon would dare refuse to hand it over when that happens.

After all, those people were personally trained by Karen. Each of them could fight against more than ten people.

Landon frowned at that and his eyes narrowed ferociously. "You fool. The money you sent me was merely a gift. Don't you understand? Whatever. Everyone, beat him up!"

Chuck glanced at him and his heart sank. Was he really going to go back on his word?

He took out his mobile phone and made a call.

"Young Master." A voice answered when the call had gotten through. 1

It was Betty.

"Get someone over here. I've bought over a new hotel," Chuck instructed.

"Okay, Young Master. Please give us a moment," Betty replied.

After Chuck had hung up the phone, Landon sneered at him and asked, "Do you know what the Allen family is capable of?"

"I don't, actually. But I've already bought something of yours, fair and square. If you don't give it to me, I will make sure you regret it," Chuck threatened.

He was extremely calm. What was there to be afraid of, anyway?

"Gosh, talking to you is a waste of breath. I don't care anymore. Beat him into a pulp!" Landon ordered with a cold sneer. He would beat Chuck to death and make his entire family kneel before him to apologize. How dare he offend the Allen family!

"Yes, Young Master!" The men immediately besieged Chuck once again. Chuck cast the sneering Landon a quick look and pounced on him.

"What are you doing? Let go of our Young Master!!" someone yelled.

The thirty men who were present glared intensely at Chuck.

Landon was calm though. Chuck was trapping him against his chest with a steel pipe in hand, but Landon wasn't afraid. They were still on his family's property after all.

In this country, he really hadn't met anyone who had dared to attack him like this.

On this day though, he had finally met someone who was not afraid of death.

Patricia didn't know what Chuck was planning to do. She didn't think he knew either.

This all just screamed trouble.

"Punk, I'll count to three. You'd better let me go by then. Otherwise, I'll have your entire family killed," Landon seethed a threat. How dare Chuck touch him! He would face the consequences soon enough.

"Tell me, are you really planning to go back on your word? Are you really not going to hand the hotel over to me?" Chuck asked as he stared at him.

"Do you dare to take it if I do?" Landon scoffed. This fool really did not know his place!

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## Chapter 413

Did Chuck think taking one of the Allen family's property was that simple?

Would he be willing to trade his life for it?

How dare this punk hit him!

Landon sneered at Chuck and said, "It'd be a good idea to let me go now or I'll have you killed today."

"Let go of him this instance!" one of the men yelled.

"Let him go! Otherwise, I swear I'll beat you to death!" another shouted.

They were all yelling threats at Chuck. If anything had happened to Landon, they would be in big trouble.

Patricia's mind was running a mile. She had made friends with Chuck last time and she had gotten the impression that he was pretty wealthy. Much wealthier than her, obviously.

What's more, she knew that he had a short fuse. However, Patricia had never imagined that he would be bold enough to buy the Allen family's hotel and hold Landon captive like this.

This went way beyond her expectations!

"You're really pushing my buttons, you know that?" Chuck muttered to Landon.

Betty was gathering reinforcements as she made her way here. He understood that all he could do now was wait so he had nothing to panic about. Landon was already at his mercy now. Even if he got more people to surround him, he would still be safe.

Soon, Betty would come over with the bunch of well-trained people to protect him. They would surely trample the Allen family in no time.

"You are digging your own grave! Let go of me this instant! Let go!" Landon shrieked as he struggled in vain. He felt so ashamed by the position he was in.

He was a member of the Allen family, one of the Four Greatest Households!

He had lost his dignity upon being held hostage like this.

"Have you never considered that there would be someone more powerful than you?" Chuck asked him.

Karen used to stay abroad, but recently she had returned to the country to start some development. Chuck didn't know how her businesses were doing in the United States, but he thought they must

be doing decently.

His mother had never focused her business developments in the country. She had wanted to broaden her horizons and grow her business from all around the world.

Chuck thought that Karen had to be richer than the four households. He clearly remembered that when he had asked her to buy the plaza for him, she had done it without a sweat as she dished out five billion dollars right on the spot.

He was sure that Karen was extremely well to do because she had owned too many businesses around the world for her not to be.

"You mean to imply that your family is richer than mine?" Landon laughed at him.

"That's hard to say. Can you guarantee that your family is the richest family in the world?" Chuck retorted.

"You're nothing but ignorant! What do you know? The Allen family is not as simple as you think. We have tons of businesses all around the world. You don't know how much money we have in our family. How dare you compare yourself to us," Landon said in disdain. The Allen family had a dozen businesses at work in the United States.

"What's more, I have never heard of the Cannon family!" Landon continued to sneer.

There were no wealthy families under the name of Cannon in the whole country. The whole world, even. Landon was sure of it. They were non-existent.

"I've never heard of the Cannon family either," Chuck shook his head as he said. "But what I do know is that my mother is very rich."

"Your mother? Alright, what's her surname then? Care to share?" Landon jeered at him.

Which family could he be from? Women were never prioritized in families and they had never held any important positions in the family households. After all, the next generation that they bore would not grow to have their family name so they were essentially irrelevant. Landon had never heard of the existence of powerful women in this country or in any parts of the world.

Except for Willa, of course. The one who was from Central City.

He had to admit that Willa's capabilities were nearly on par with that of the four families. She was only thirty years old. But it didn't look like she could be related to Chuck.

Chuck hesitated as he thought about the Lee family. He hadn't heard of the family being held in high regard before. Though, this could be attributed to the fact that he had isolated himself from the high-end

society for too long. After all, he had only recently been in contact with it.

His own hesitation rendered him silent.

"Why aren't you telling me? You don't even know who your mother is, do you? You're too embarrassed to tell me her name, aren't you? She must be trash!" Landon mocked loudly.

Was this fool really afraid of being laughed at? Maybe that was why he was staying silent.

Chuck tightened his grip around Landon and was about to slap some manners into him. How dare he insult his mother!

Chuck had also wanted to slap himself. Why didn't he just reveal Karen's name? She was rich enough to be known, surely?

But before he could, they heard police sirens from a distance. A line of police cars were slowly making their way into the parking lot. What was happening?

The dozens of people from the Allen family looked at each other in dismay. Why were the police here?

It turns out, Zelda had called the police.

In the midst of the party, she had realized that Chuck had gone missing and she panicked. She had searched high and low for him but could not find a trace of him anywhere. She was worried that Chuck might have encountered some trouble and so, she had called the police.

She was glad that she did.

Zelda ran towards them at the sight of the police cars.

A bunch of policemen started to get out of their vehicles and were greeted by Zelda who took the lead, "Over there! Follow me!"

The police followed Zelda into the parking lot. Cheryl, who was in the parking lot all this while, was a little surprised to see that Chuck had grabbed Landon. He must be fearless!

Cheryl couldn't be bothered to continue watching anymore. If Chuck held Landon hostage, he would end up in big trouble.

Knowing the final outcome, Cheryl grew bored. The only other thing that piqued Cheryl's interest was that Landon's face had darkened when he had answered his phone just now.

"What was that about?" she wondered.

"Landon, what's going on? We got a call just now saying someone was hurting people!" A police officer came over as he spotted Landon. By then, Chuck had already released Landon from his grip. With the police present, it was unnecessary for him to use him for protection now.

"Sorry, I think there's been a misunderstanding," Landon said. He was fuming on the inside. Who had been nosey enough to call the police?

"Are you sure?" the policeman looked at Chuck as he asked. He couldn't properly discern if he had been injured or not as he seemed to look mostly unruffled.

"Yes, Sir. It was just a small misunderstanding," Chuck insisted.

"Alright, then. Just stop messing around," the policeman replied, somewhat unconvinced. Since both parties had disregarded the matter, there was nothing more he could do.

"Chuck, are you alright?" Zelda asked hurriedly once she spotted Chuck.

Chuck nodded and shrugged in indifference. He had been punched a few times just now. Fortunately, he was now no longer in pain.

"Landon, get them to leave now," the police demanded upon seeing the crowd of men hovering around them.

With a wave of his hand, Landon dismissed the thirty people easily. They scattered like flies.

The police then glanced at Chuck and asked, "Young man, do you need someone to send you home?"

Send him home? Chuck told him that wouldn't be necessary. Betty was coming over with his people now anyway, he just had to wait a bit.

"Okay, let's call it a day for now," the policeman said as he started to leave with the others.

After their departure, Landon shot Chuck a death glare and accused him, "Aren't you bold? How dare you call the police!"

Zelda was fuming on the inside. When she had noticed that Chuck had disappeared, she had been so flustered and her heart had nearly beaten out of her chest. After all, she was the one who had brought him here in the first place.

"You've been lucky today. Get out of my way, you hear me?" Landon snarled.

"It's you who should get out of mine. Are your memories damaged? Let me remind you, this hotel is no longer yours," Chuck said calmly. His reinforcements were coming soon, he had nothing to be afraid of now.

Zelda was stunned to hear this. What did he mean by that? Wasn't this hotel owned by the Allen family?

Could it be... Zelda was startled at the thought. Could it be that Chuck had managed to buy this hotel from the Allen family?

That would be too audacious of a move, wouldn't it?

"Is it not? Whose is it then? Yours? Get out of here!" Landon snarled. It was not a good day to fight. Walking up to Patricia, he murmured, "Come on, Patricia, time to go."

Patricia spared Chuck a few glances.

She hadn't moved from her spot as Chuck slowly walked over to them and threatened, "If you don't hand it over, I'll come by your house!"

He was being extremely patient. He had already paid for the hotel, fair and square. How could Landon not hand the hotel over to him now? It was unreasonable.

"Fine, I'll be waiting for you there. Come if you dare!" Landon laughed wildly.

"I see how it is. Alright then, I will see you soon."

Landon burst out laughing at that.

He was going to die of laughter. He couldn't look at Chuck anymore without cackling. This day was going great! After all, he had just earned four billion dollars in exchange for nothing on his behalf.

Soon, Landon and Patricia left. Chuck merely stared after their retreating figures.

"Chuck, did you really buy this hotel?" Zelda asked in a daze.

This was shocking news. It shocked her more than the time when she had found out that Hotel Luna belonged to his mother.

He was essentially setting himself up to go against the Allen family.

"Yes, I did," Chuck confirmed.


"But, do you really think he'll hand it over to you?" Zelda asked worriedly.


"Of course," Chuck said confidently. Once Betty and his men arrived, they would set off to the Allen family. It was simple. He had already paid for the hotel, so of course, it now belonged to him. It had to!

"But..." Zelda started to trail off, still stunned. Chuck was so confident, wasn't he? She wondered, "Could it be that Chuck's family is more powerful than the Allen family?"

That should be impossible.

In this country, the ones who held the most power were the Four Greatest Households.

Not a moment later, Chuck cracked a smile at what he spotted. A car was heading towards their direction. In its driver seat was Betty... 

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