



**My
Billionair
Mom**

Chapter 1

"Get up!"

A cold voice rang in Chuck Cannon's ears. The next second, the quilt on him was completely lifted.

Chuck rubbed his eyes and looked at the woman. He sighed and felt a little uncomfortable.

The beautiful woman in front of him was Yvette Jordan, who was four or five years older than Chuck was. She was adopted by Chuck's grandfather and was groomed to be his bride since young.

But since his grandfather's death, her attitude towards Chuck had become more and more terrible.

"You useless piece of trash, your face even pisses me off!" Yvette's beautiful face was full of disgust.

"..." Chuck frowned and tried not to take Yvette's words to heart.

"Let me tell you, I have done my best to support you. If you don't behave yourself, I will chase you out of this house."

Chuck put on his clothes and clenched his fists. "But you are my wifey!"

"No, I'm not. It was your grandfather who forced me to marry you. Did he ever ask me if I agreed? If I

had a choice, how could I marry a good-for-nothing like you!"

Chuck put on his clothes and stood in front of Yvette. "Wifey..."

"Don't call me wifey. I'll warn you for the last time. The money that you use to eat and drink now is all mine. If you dare to call me wifey again, I'll let you die on the streets." Yvette snorted coldly and looked at Chuck with disdain. "But I'm sure that a trash like you won't be able to survive on the streets for long."

Since grandpa left, such humiliation was no longer strange to Chuck. His fragile self-esteem had been almost crushed by Yvette. Sometimes Chuck even doubted whether he was really a piece of trash.

"Um... Wife... Yvette, I don't have any money."

Chuck took a deep breath. He was just a freshman this year, and Yvette was not only a university lecturer, but also owned a company. She was a rich person.

"Look at yourself, you look like a beggar. It's disgusting!" Yvette looked at Chuck disgustedly. Then she took out 200 dollars from her bag and threw it on the ground. She turned around and left.

Looking at the money on the ground, Chuck clenched his fists.

In the end, he didn't pick up the money on the ground. He walked out of the house with his

remaining self-esteem.

Yvette's BMW drove out of the garage as Chuck stood by the roadside and watched. He was in the same university as Yvette, so they were heading in the same direction.

However, Yvette's car didn't stop and drove past Chuck.

"Get out of here and take the bus. A piece of trash doesn't deserve to ride my car." After saying that, Yvette stepped on the accelerator and left.

Chuck gritted his teeth and looked at the BMW that had disappeared at the end of the road. His eyes were slightly red. "Yvette, you've gone too far."

He was penniless now. His lunch money these days was borrowed from his classmates, and today was the day for him to return the money. Unfortunately, the two hundred dollars were too "burdensome", and he couldn't pick it up...

When he arrived at school, his worst fears came true.

As soon as he walked to the school gate, Chuck happened to meet a student who lent money to him.

Lara Jean was buying milk tea outside the school gate. When she saw Chuck, who was in a state of loss, she reached out and said, "Chuck, it's time to pay back the money, isn't it?"

Chuck wanted to bury himself out of shame. He scratched his hair and said with embarrassment, "Well... give me one more day, I'll do part-time work. I'll pay you back the money latest by tomorrow!"

"No, how long have you been delaying? You have to return the money to me today!" Lara said coldly, and there was no room for negotiation in her tone.

Chuck sighed. "But I really don't have any money now..."

"You don't have money to ask your parents for it? Are you an orphan?"

"You!" Chuck clenched his fists tightly. For as long as he could remember, he had been living with his grandfather. He had never seen his parents before. However, being called an orphan by Lara made him feel even more uncomfortable.

"You're really an orphan? Well, I'll give you an extension until this afternoon, but you have to pay me four hundred. If you don't pay me back, I'll ask my boyfriend to bring someone to deal with you!" Lara warned and left.

Chuck stood still in his tracks. He was extremely sad. He had enough of such humiliation.

Just as Chuck was thinking about what part-time job he was going to do, his phone rang.

Chuck looked at the caller ID and saw that it turned out to be a foreign number. He was afraid that it

was probably a swindler.

However, when he thought of the online recruitment of mercenaries in Syria which was quite popular recently, offering 8000 dollars a day, he became interested again. Although he knew it could be a scam, if it was true, he would definitely go to Syria without hesitation.

"Hello." Chuck greeted.

Unexpectedly, a flurry of words in Mandarin from on the other end of the phone, "Chucky, I am your mother!"

"..." Chuck was stunned.

He first felt that he had been made fun of others, but then he felt extremely sad. How could he have a mother?

"Chucky, don't blame me. I had no choice but to go abroad these years, but now I can finally return home. I will try my best to make up for the lost time with you. I will transfer five million dollars and you can use it first. If it is all spent, call me."

The strange conversation ended in a weird atmosphere. As soon as the call ended, a message arrived.

"Your account with the ending number 0123 has been credited with 5,000,000 dollars, and the current balance is 5,000,000.83 dollars."

Chuck was dumbfounded. His mother, whom he

had never seen before, actually gave him five million dollars?

He looked at the text message and counted the zeros, again and again, repeatedly confirming it more than a dozen times, and then went to the ATM machine to check if it was correct. He was ecstatic!

That was five million!

What more, it was his mysterious mother who casually gave him pocket money. Even Yvette who was busy with her business had less than one million dollars including her car and her savings!

Chuck giggled and walked to the campus.

At this time, Yvette, who was going to the public building for class, said with disgust after seeing Chuck, "Why aren't you in class but instead laughing here stupidly?"

"I'm not going to class anymore." Chuck stood where he was and watched Yvette quietly.

Yvette felt a little strange. She seemed to see a confident look in Chuck's eyes. Isn't he still the useless piece of trash? How dare he argue with her? Yvette was angry. "How dare you talk back to me? If you have the guts, don't come to my house today!"

Chuck was also tired of being treated coldly by Yvette. He said disdainfully, "I'm not going back, I'll sleep elsewhere."

"Is this a joke? Now that I have five million dollars, I don't need to look at Yvette's unhappy face anymore." Chuck thought to himself.

"You! Great! I'd like to see how brave you are. From now on, if you dare to enter my house again, I'll break your legs!"

Chuck ignored Yvette and directly turned his back and left the school.

Yvette stomped her feet angrily, but she couldn't do anything about it, so she turned around and went to class.

Chuck, who had left school, took a taxi to the real estate agency in the city center.

With this sum of money, the first thing Chuck wanted to do was to have his own house.

After pushing the door open and entering, the real-estate agency employees did not pay attention to Chuck who was dressed ordinarily. This kind of person was either looking for a part-time job, begging for food, or the type who wasn't interested in buying anything but just trying to enjoy the air-conditioned room.

Later, when the manager of the store came out of the office, those lazy employees hurried up and asked, "Sir, what do you need?"

"To buy a house."

"To buy a house?" Natalie Xavier's big eyes

narrowed. She stared at Chuck carefully for a long time. She had been a real estate agent for so long, but she had rarely misjudged someone.

There may be one in a thousand customers who would buy a house at less than 20 years old like Chuck, but all of them wore branded suits and drove high-end sports cars.

"Sir, for your information, the cheapest house in the city is around 12,000 per square meter. Are you sure you want to buy it?" Natalie didn't want to waste time on this kind of person, so her tone became impatient.

Chapter 2

"Yes, I..."

"The cheapest one is twelve thousand dollars, which means that a house of one hundred square meters costs about one million dollars. Even the smallest apartment house costs fifty or sixty thousand dollars! You must listen carefully, sir!" Natalie Xavier was very dismissive of this kind of person who was over-confident and maliciously delayed time.

"Well, I..."

Chuck Cannon didn't finish his words. At this time, a potbellied man walked into the real estate agency. The gold necklace on his neck was thicker than his fingers, and he looked like a rich man at first glance. Natalie immediately chose to leave Chuck aside and greeted the man with a smile.

It was totally different from the way she treated Chuck. When Natalie saw the fat man, she immediately put on a happy smile. "Sir, do you want to buy a house?"

"Yes, I want to buy a house. Introduce some high-quality housing sources to me!"

Natalie smiled even more happily. "Yes, yes. We have plenty of high-quality rooms here for you with our high-end service... Unlike some people who come to us even when they can't afford it. It's a

waste of time."

Natalie gave Chuck a disdainful look as she spoke, implying and cursing him.

Chuck looked at Natalie's attitude and felt disheartened. He was used to being looked down upon. At that time, he didn't dare to say anything without money. But this time, he had five million dollars. How could he swallow such humiliation?

"Where's your manager? Call your manager over!"

Hearing Chuck's words, Natalie sneered and said, "Do people like you still have the right to meet our manager? Don't make a fool of yourself here. Get out of here! Do you know that wasting one minute of our time will affect how much money we make?"

The manager walked over slowly at this time. As a service industry, it was a big taboo to be rude to guests.

"What's going on, Natalie?"

Natalie hurriedly explained, "Manager, this broke idiot isn't trying to buy a house, but instead he's enjoying the air-conditioning here. I'll get him out of here immediately."

The manager eyeballed Chuck's clothes from top to bottom and saw that he was dressed in ordinary clothes. Indeed, as Natalie said, he didn't look like someone who could afford to buy a house.

More importantly, he was too young to buy a house

as he looked just 18 or 19 years old. No one would believe he had the ability to.

Chuck did not say anything. He stood up and walked to the agency next-door.

"Can't afford a house? It seems that you are not the only real estate agency here."

Natalie looked down on him, "How is a poor person like you able to buy a house? I think you can't even afford a toilet."

Some employees also laughed at him, "He's afraid of making a fool of himself, so he found an excuse to run away quickly."

He said he wanted to go next door, but he could possibly just be trying to take advantage of the air-conditioning there too.

"Still pretending even when you're gone." Natalie sneered. They were familiar with the next-door real-estate agency, and they also knew whether they could sell it or not.

After watching Chuck leave, Natalie hurriedly ran to the Fatty and smiled apologetically. "I'm sorry, boss. Sorry to keep you waiting."

The Fatty shook his head and said, "It's okay, it's okay."

However, no matter how Natalie greeted him with a smile, the Fatty never talked about money. In the end, Natalie's patience was exhausted and she

even began to plead.

At this moment, all the employees of the real-estate agency looked outside.

Under the respectful guidance of the staff next door, Chuck got into the Mercedes Benz, which was specially used to look at the room.

What was going on? Generally speaking, only people who bought a house could enter this car. Didn't the next-door real-estate agency see that this little rascal didn't have the ability to buy a house at all?

The Fatty saw that these people in the real-estate agency were distracted, so he quickly sneaked out. Natalie turned around and looked at the customer who had disappeared. She was so angry that she stomped her feet. She didn't expect that the Fatty, who was putting on airs and graces, was actually here just to enjoy the air conditioner.

Natalie Xavier looked at Chuck and disliked him even more. She sneered and said, "Such a pretentious person, and even imitating others to inspect a house!"

At this time, an employee next door came quickly. He pushed the door open and said with a smile, "Thank you. You sent such an important customer to our company. We haven't run into any big business in the past two years. Today is a big day."

"Important customer?" The manager's face

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darkened and he hurriedly asked, "What did he buy?"

"Hehe, he bought a house worth more than three million dollars with a deposit of one million dollars. This business should be successful! Thank you! I'll treat you to a cup of milk tea later."

After that, the employee got on the Mercedes Benz and took Chuck to take a look at the house.

"Really... bought it?" Natalie's face was full of disbelief. Looking at Chuck, who was sitting in the Mercedes Benz with a smile on his face, Natalie felt very uncomfortable.

"How could it be possible! He is so poor, how could he possibly afford to buy a house..."

"Smack!"

Before she could blame herself, the manager raised his hand and slapped her in the face. His eyes were almost bursting out flames. "Look at what you have done!"

If the transaction is successful, the employees who have dealt with him will be given a five percent commission, which would be around one hundred and fifty thousand dollars. As for the manager, he would've gotten a ten percent commission amounting to three hundred thousand dollars...

But now.

The manager trembled with anger when he thought

of the commission of 300,000 dollars gone with the wind. He kicked Natalie again and said, "Get out! You're fired! Get out!"

Natalie was also losing her mind. Ignoring the pain on her body, she quickly got up from the ground and ran outside, then throwing herself whole at the BMW. She knocked on the window repeatedly and looked at Chuck, sobbing, "Sir, sir, I'm sorry, I'm really sorry. I failed to recognize your wealth before and I'm a snob. Please give me another chance. We have better houses here!"

Chuck shook his head and said, "It's alright, you can save it for the other customers."

After that, the Mercedes Benz started up in a hurry. Natalie chased after him all the way and finally sat down on the ground. She looked weakly at the Mercedes Benz getting farther and farther away.

Thud!

The manager threw Natalie's personal belongings out of the door and yelled at her, "Get out of here! Don't let me see you again!"

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Chuck Cannon was quite satisfied with the house. It had three bedrooms, two living rooms, and two bathrooms. Located in the downtown area, the business district was more prosperous and there was a lot of room for renovation.

Three and a half million dollars was paid in a lump

sum graciously. The salesman had not seen such a rich man for a long time, and his face was full of admiration and envy.

He then took the initiative to send Chuck back to university. When he arrived at the gate, Chuck nodded and said, "You can drop me off here."

The salesman smiled respectfully and said, "Alright, take your time good sir. The process of transferring the house should be completed tomorrow, and you should be able to move in the day after tomorrow!"

"Okay." Chuck nodded and decided to stay at the nearest hotel for the time being for the next two days.

However, he wanted to know more was what Yvette Jordan would feel if she saw that his house was three or four times bigger than hers.

When they arrived at the gate, Chuck first took out 20,000 dollars before strolling into the university.

There were not many classes in the afternoon, but Chuck had already been absent for a whole class because he had been held up outside for a while.

Seeing Chuck walking into the classroom, Lara Jean sneered, "Oh, who is this? Isn't this Chuck, the beggar of our class? I'm telling you, don't lend your money to such a person. When you lend him money, he acts as though you're his savior and bows to you. However, when you try to get the

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money back from him, he acts shamelessly like a scam trying to cheat off your money. Speaking of which, he hasn't even paid me back until now."

"Oh? This guy doesn't have parents, who knows which b*aastard he learnt these tactics from?"

The whole class burst into laughter...

Chapter 3

They all knew that Chuck Cannon was a poor man as he only seemed to wear two different shirts all year round. Although there was no strange smell, the clothes were already so faded and torn that they were simply unsightly.

Someone asked, "Lara Jean, how much does he owe you?"

"400 dollars. It's only a day's expenses for me, but for him, maybe a month? Putting aside how much he owes me, this kind of person is really disgusting. He doesn't even deserve to lick my shoes."

Chuck's expression was indifferent. He looked at Lara and took out 400 dollars from his bag saying, "I'll return you the money now. I was really grateful when you were willing to lend me some money when I was starving, but you just slandered me. Let's call it even now."

Lara frowned and looked at the 400 dollars in his hand. She asked coldly, "Where did you get the money? Did you steal it or rob it?"

Someone said, "Let's look at our pockets to see if we're short of money."

"I earned it myself," Chuck said calmly.

"You?" Lara sneered and said, "Why don't you look in the mirror before saying something so

outrageous? How can you earn yourself 400 dollars in the morning? Did you sell your body or something?"

The whole class burst into laughter and said, "Hahahaha, I'm afraid that this guy is not worth so much money even if he goes to sell his body."

Seeing as so many students laughed at him in the classroom, Chuck sighed and sat back in his seat. "Lara, you should be easier on people."

Lara snorted and put the money away. "Then tell me what you have done? Answer some of our questions!"

Chuck frowned for a long time and made up an excuse. He said casually, "I picked up the money."

"Oh, lucky eh?" Lara smirked, her malicious tone showing some envy.

The other students also asked with jealousy, "Hey, how much did you pick up?"

Many people were interested and asked one after another, "Yes, tell me, how much did you pick up?"

Chuck was speechless. He stared back at his classmates and continued to lie, "Two thousand."

"What? You actually picked up two thousand? Damn it, that's my living expenses for more than a month!"

All the students were surprised and envied him very much. If they had his luck and picked up two

thousand dollars, their lives would be much more comfortable and easier.

"Hmph, you suck. Picking up other people's money and claiming them as your own."

"Such a embarrassment for our class!"

When these "classmates" ridiculed Chuck because of jealousy, Queenie Carson was the only one who stood up for him in the class.

But Chuck didn't care about such gossip and rumors, so he just let them talk about it.

After class, Chuck went to Yvette Jordan's staff room.

Because there was no class in the afternoon, Yvette was listening to music in the staff room. When she saw Chuck, her expression soured. "What are you doing here? Didn't I tell you that you are not allowed to look for me in between classes?"

Chuck said with a wry smile, "I just want to tell you that I'm going to move out today."

"You want to move out? Are you kidding?" Yvette sneered.

Since young, she had grown up with Chuck. Knowing him like the back of her hand, how could he move out? Does he want to sleep on the street?

But he had been timid since he was a child, even insisting to use her as his body pillow when sleeping. If it weren't for the death of his

grandfather, god knows how much longer she would've have to be hugged by him to sleep.

Such a person sleeping on the street? He wouldn't dare to do that even if he had ten times the courage.

"I am not joking with you. I'll move out today."

Chuck said seriously.

"Well, I'd like to see how long you can. Don't come back begging to me like a dog."

"I won't."

After Chuck finished speaking, he turned around and left the office.

Yvette stared at his leaving figure thoughtfully. In the past, no matter how much she scolded him, he would not dare to talk back. She didn't know what happened to him today.

All of a sudden, her phone rang. After picking up the phone, she quickly changed her tone and answered "Hello, Director Chester, what happened for you to suddenly call me up like this?"

A middle-aged man's voice could be heard from the other end of the phone, "Yvette, I heard that your training company's business is not good recently. Do you want me to introduce some business to you?"

Yvette's heart was filled with joy. Her recent business in the training company could be said to

be very poor. It was already very difficult for her to make any progress. If she did not show any improvement again, she was afraid that she would have to close the company in half a year. She had already lost more than 100,000 dollars in the past two months. It was also because of this that she was recently venting all her anger on Chuck.

After hearing Director Chester's business proposals, a smile appeared on her face. "Yes, thank you for taking care of me, Director Chester!"

"Well, room No. 1218 in the Triumph Hotel tonight. Come over."

"A hotel?" Yvette was a little scared. "Director Chester, why don't I treat you to a five-star hotel dinner in the urban area? A hotel..."

"What's wrong? You don't even give me face?"

"No, no... It's just a hotel..."

Instantly, a steeled cold voice was heard from the phone, "Hmph, forget it if you don't come. This business is given by my friend's company as his employees need to be trained. You should know how much money you can make from a big company with 50 to 60 people. If you don't come, I won't force you!"

Yvette was very conflicted. She didn't want to go, but she didn't want to waste this opportunity either. Just when she had wanted to negotiate, he hung up all of a sudden.

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"If I don't take the deal, I'm afraid that I'll be going bankrupt."

She decided to take the risk!

After leaving school, she drove home, planning to simply tidy up and change her clothes. However, when she just arrived at the door of the house, she saw Chuck coming out of the house with a suitcase.

The two of them looked at each other. Chuck said, "Wifey..."

As soon as he spoke, Yvette interrupted him with disgust, "Don't call me like that!"

"Yvette, no matter what, you've been taking care of me for almost a year after grandpa's death, if you..."

Yvette snorted and said, "What's wrong? Do you regret it? Do you want me to give you a chance?" Yvette sneered impatiently.

"No, I mean if you have any difficulties in the future, you can tell me." Chuck nodded before walking past Yvette.

After all, he and Yvette had been sleeping in the same bed for so long. He still had some feelings for her in his heart.

Yvette was also absent-minded for a moment. She didn't expect that this man, whom she looked down upon the most, would say such comforting words

today. It was as though in a trance, she had found someone to rely upon.

But then, she smiled coldly and said, "Tell you? What good would it bring me to tell you? Can you give me money or bring me some customers? You can't give me anything and you can't even afford a meal yet you want me to tell you?"

Chuck shrugged. He still had more than one million dollars in his hand. Even if it was not enough, he still had his mother. The money would be transferred to his account with just a phone call. "If you need money, I can give it to you."

Yvette feebly waved her hand and sneered, "You'd better keep the money for yourself to buy instant noodles."

Chuck did not defend himself. He left with his suitcase.

Chuck walked with his suitcase for a while. After inquiring about the hotels nearby, he got on a taxi and went to the Triumph Hotel.

The magnificent buildings, the glorious decorations, and the luxurious European interiors shocked him to his core.

This was the busiest hotel in the city, which cheapest standard hotel rooms cost at least 800 dollars.

In the past, Chuck did not dare to think that he could spend in such a place, but now it was

different.

When Chuck was about to go in, he saw Yvette's car swerving in and parking itself in the parking lot.

Chuck was so shocked that he hid aside in a hurry.

"This is a hotel! What is she doing here?" Chuck felt extremely bitter in his heart. Is his wifey going to sleep with another man? Although the two of them didn't get a marriage certificate and it was just grandpa's arrangement, he felt very uncomfortable when he thought that the woman he once held in his arms was going to sleep with others.

After Yvette went in, Chuck took his luggage and walked in.

As soon as he entered the door, he heard a strange voice saying, "Oh my god, who is this? Isn't this Chuck?"

Chuck turned his head and found Lara strolling in with her boyfriend, Conrad Lee in her arms. Lara's face was full of scorn as if Chuck was not qualified to come to such a high-end hotel.

"Who is this?" Conrad glanced at Chuck and asked casually.

"Chuck Cannon, my classmate, I'm telling you, this person picked up two thousand dollars, but he didn't return it and instead spent it himself. I really admire this kind of person."

Conrad glanced at Chuck, the corners of his mouth twitching in sarcasm. "Haha, maybe such a trash hasn't seen two thousand dollars before."

"Don't talk nonsense with this kind of rubbish. Let's go in quickly, my dear." Lara held Conrad's arm tightly in her arms as if she couldn't wait to enter the hotel.

Chuck frowned slightly and ignored them, dragging his luggage into the hotel.

"A standard room please." Conrad took out his identity card, and Lara followed suit shyly.

The pretty staff at the front desk checked on the hotel's database and said, "I'm sorry, today's standard room has been fully booked."

"Ah..." Lara's face was full of dissatisfaction and loss.

Conrad continued to ask, "How about a larger room?"

"I'm really sorry." The pretty staff at the front desk checked again, her tone extremely apologetic. "Only the presidential suite is currently available."

Conrad probed carefully, "The presidential suite? How much is that?"

He said so in an hesitant tone. For them, they would usually get a standard room that costs a few hundred dollars every time they got a room. As students, it was already pretty extravagant for

them to spend a few hundred dollars like this.

"Yes, it's 8888 dollars for the presidential suite."

Conrad shook his head hurriedly. "It's way too expensive."

"Forget it, let's go find another hotel." Lara muttered and pulled Conrad out.

But before they went out, they saw Chuck walking to the front desk.

"This rubbish really thinks that he is rich after picking up 2,000 dollars. Just look at his beggar-looking clothes? How dare he try to book a room in this kind of place?" Lara sneered.

Conrad also sneered. He was pretty sure that this guy had most two thousand dollars on him. He would definitely be shocked to death once he heard the price for a night in the presidential suite.

However...

"How's that even possible?" Conrad's mind was filled with doubt as he watched Chuck walking towards the elevator with the room card in his hand.

"What's going on? Wasn't there no standard room?"

"How did that trash Chuck Cannon manage to get a room?"

Lara Jean saw it too, and she became more and

more annoyed. She walked quickly to the front desk and patted it hard, asking defiantly, "Hey, didn't you just say that there was no standard room left? Why did you let that person book one then? Call your manager! I'm going to make a complaint that you are cheating your customers!"

Conrad's face was cold too. After all, he was a VIP member of this hotel. How could he be fooled by such a receptionist? He was full of anger. "Hurry up and call out your manager."

The girl at the front desk was stunned. After a long pause, she said helplessly, "You two misunderstood me. The standard rooms are indeed all fully booked. The room that the person has booked just now is the presidential suite."

"How is it possible?" Lara's face changed, before she retorted hurriedly, "It's impossible. How can that broke idiot afford to book a presidential suite?"

The girl at the front desk handed over the receipt which was issued just now. When the two of them saw the payment fee, their faces changed dramatically.

"Could it be that he picked up more than two thousand? Probably twenty thousand?" Conrad could only think of such a possibility.

"It's very likely!" Lara was even more jealous. That broke idiot actually picked up 20,000 dollars! This was almost her living expenses for one year! What a stroke of luck!

"He is really good at spending money! Picking up 20,000 dollars and spending half of it lavishly, such a spendthrift!" Lara was bitter, and her face was full of discontent.

"Idiots are still idiots. He probably thinks that he is rich with that little sum of money. 20,000 dollars is my dad's income for three or four days, but my dad will never waste it by booking a presidential suite. How dare a broke idiot like him even spent his slim stroke of luck like this! Hilarious!" Conrad laughed disdainfully.

Chuck placed his luggage in his room and went downstairs to eat. When Lara saw Chuck coming down from the elevator, she thought of something and whispered, "This loser likes to show off right? Why don't we play around with him for a while?"

Conrad was puzzled. "But how?"

Lara smiled and shouted at Chuck, "Hey, Chuck!"

Chapter 4

Hearing the sound from the front desk, he was stunned to find that the two people had not left yet.

"Where are you going?" Lara asked.

Chuck replied, "To get something to eat."

"Eat?" Lara was contemplating silently. For a trash like Chuck, he would probably prefer fast food on the the streets even after living luxuriously. After all, he was still part of the low-class commoners who would never be able to climb up the ladders of wealth. She coughed and said seriously, "Chuck, I lent you money and you haven't thanked me, have you?"

Although Chuck was disgusted by Lara's words, he still nodded calmly. Although he had borrowed 200 dollars from her and was eventually forced to pay back 400 dollars instead, it was evident that without the 200 dollars he would've starved long ago.

"Thanking you is what I should do."

Lara sneered and continued, "My boyfriend and I haven't eaten yet. Would you like to invite us to have a meal in this hotel?"

Chuck nodded. "Okay."

He took the bait!

Lara and Conrad looked at each other. They had eaten here before. Although they ordered the most ordinary dishes, it cost at least a thousand dollars for just a few dishes! Three people would cost at least two thousand dollars.

Chuck no doubt loves to show off, he even straight up agreed to it!

"Thanks. Let's go then, I'm so hungry." Lara smiled while holding Conrad's arm and walked to the restaurant.

Chuck followed them. The three of them found a place in the restaurant and sat down.

Soon the waiter came over with the menu and said, "Good evening. We have a Friday special offer of set dishes here. Three meat dishes, one vegetarian dish, and one soup at only 888 dollars. Would you like to think about it?"

The waiter knew that the three of them were all students, so he recommended a cheaper option for them.

Lara shook her head hurriedly and pouted, "I don't want to have set dishes."

"I don't want it either," Conrad agreed.

Lara looked at Chuck and asked cunningly, "Chuck, to thank me. You won't just treat me to set dishes, will you?"

Chuck said casually, "Well, you can order whatever

you like."

Seriously? Whatever I like? Lara snorted and rolled her eyes. How much do you actually have to ask me to simply order whatever I like?

So pretentious!

Lara, of course was more than happy to hear so. She took the menu and pointed at whatever she liked.

She ordered a total of seven dishes, and at this point even the waiter's expression was a little strange. These dishes were all Triumph Hotel's expensive recommended dishes, costing them around four to five thousand dollars in total. Judging that they were students, how could they afford such expensive dishes? He confirmed once more, "Are you sure you want to order so much? Each dish in Triumph Hotel is not only of high quality, but also of great quantity. Generally speaking, four or five dishes should be enough for three people."

Lara looked at Chuck, attempting to sense panic from his expression. She smiled and asked, "I'll confirm if you don't have anything else to add on?"

Chuck nodded casually. "Yep, that's all."

The waiter took a look at Chuck with full of sympathy. At first glance, he knew that Chuck had been ruthlessly conned. Yet, he had no choice but to take the menu and leave.

Soon the dishes were served. There were a lot of dishes, and the three of them definitely could not finish them all. Lara ate only two pieces of beef before getting a more evil idea. "Chuck, it seems I ordered too many dishes. Since there are such lot of dishes here, would you mind if I ask a few friends to come over and eat together? It will be livelier!"

Chuck said indifferently, "Well, it's up to you."

Lara looked at Chuck's calm face and sneered in her heart. At this time, he still pretended to be generous. "Since there's going to be more people later, it'll be alright if we add on a few more dishes, right?"

Chuck nodded.

Lara and Conrad looked at each other and chuckled. Then, they buried their heads in their meals and continued to eat.

Not long after, two beautiful women came with their boyfriends.

Chuck knew these two beauties. One was called Moon Cherise and the other was called Tia Thomas. However, he didn't know the two men.

The two of them rushed over after hearing Lara claiming that there was an idiot treating them to food at Triumph Hotel. When they came and realized that the idiot was Chuck Cannon, their faces were full of surprise.

Tia sat down and whispered in Lara's ear, "Isn't this Chuck? Does he even have money?"

Lara said in a low voice, "This idiot has a stroke of luck since he picked up a lot of money."

Saying this, Lara called over the waiter. The newly came four people ordered dishes, which costed around four or five thousand.

All the dishes cost more than ten thousand, and Chuck was pretty sure already dying inside. Lara gloated at Chuck's misery.

The dishes were soon served. The three couples were eating happily. However, no one spoke to Chuck as they isolated him completely.

Chuck had nothing to say either and ate his own food quietly. After a while, since he was almost done with the meal, he called the waiter over.

The waiter rushed over with the bill and said respectfully, "Sir, the total is 9,302 dollars."

She looked at Chuck who was dressed cheaply and wondered how he was going to pay.

Lara, Conrad, and the four who came afterward looked at Chuck maliciously. They were so happy since they wanted to see him make a fool of himself.

However, Chuck took out ten thousand in cash from his bag and Lara's eyes shot open. Sure enough, he had picked up twenty thousand dollars!

Conrad and the others were full of bitterness, but even if he was lucky, what could he do? Today, they would force him to spend everything!

Chuck took out 3,000 dollars calmly and handed it over to the waiter. After that, he stopped taking out any money anymore.

Everyone was stunned and puzzled!

The waiter said, "Sir, this is 3,000 dollars. It's not enough."

Lara said, "Ya, it's nine thousand and three hundred dollars."

"What's wrong with that? You lent me some money. It's very reasonable for me to treat you." Chuck said calmly, "But who are these people? I don't know them. What does their meal have to do with me?"

Chapter 5

"What the f*ck are you saying? Didn't you say it was your treat? I even asked you before ordering didn't I? When I invited people over you also agreed to it, and now you're trying to pretend nothing happened?" Lara Jean was furious and pointed angrily at Chuck Cannon.

Conrad Lee's face darkened. Moon Cherise, Tia Thomas, and their boyfriends didn't look well either. They just came here for a free meal and didn't want to pay a penny. Unexpectedly, they encountered such a thing, Lara cried out suddenly and everyone in the restaurant stared at them. They felt so embarrassed.

"You've lent me some money, so it's reasonable for me to treat you. Now that I've treated you, you should settle the rest by yourself. I don't know these people, and I don't have the interests of treating strangers." Chuck stood up.

Lara was so angry that she was going crazy!

"F**k you, are you trying to play tricks on us?" Conrad glared at Chuck. Was he being forced to pay the remaining 6000 dollars himself?

"I'm sorry, but I don't know you!" Chuck looked at Conrad. He wouldn't have dared to do that previously, but now that he had money, he wasn't afraid of anyone!

Conrad stared at Chuck, clenching his fists, but he frowned. Chuck, who used to be timid, was not afraid of him? This kind of calmness...

"F*ck, loser, putting on airs? You don't have money to pay for this meal?" Lara burst out in fury.

"This person is just reluctant to pay. He did it on purpose. This sort of person even exists, if you don't have money don't put on airs then, huh? This is such a disgusting attitude." Moon shook her head angrily. Being looked at by people around her made her feel so ashamed.

"That's right! What kind of person are you? You refuse to pay for a treat! How could there be such a shameless person like you? It sickens me!" Tia was not polite at all.

Lara continued chastising Chuck in a blast of rage, "F*ck, you have the guts to dupe me? No matter what, you have to pay, whether you want to or not!"

"In that case, that means you'll treat everyone here to a meal?" Chuck chuckled. His calmness surprised the people around him!

"Damn it, are you deaf? When did I say that I'll treat them? Do I know them? Why should I treat them? I asked YOU to pay for us!" Lara was so angry that her face turned scarlet.

"You say you don't want to treat everyone here because you don't know them. Then, why should I

treat your friends to a meal? Do I know them?" Chuck retorted sharply.

"You! Hey!" Lara's face was as red as blood. She was going crazy!

Moon and Tia's expressions twitched, they were angry as well but they were rendered speechless.

"Poor f*ck! You're just a poor f*ck!" Lara cursed incoherently.

However, she was immediately shocked by her own words!

Chuck glanced at her. A poor f*ck? If she knew that his mother had given him five million dollars casually, would she still think that he was a poor f*ck?

The corner of Chuck's mouth curled up and he "accidentally" broke a bowl. With a bang, the bowl was smashed to pieces on the ground.

"Ah? Sir, are you okay?" The waiter asked in a hurry.

It was normal for restaurants to break their bowls, but it was a taboo for customers to be hurt by it.

"I'm fine. I'm sorry for breaking a bowl. As compensation, keep this." Chuck placed all the remaining money into the hands of the dumbfounded waiter.

"Sir, this..." The waiter was stunned. It was just a bowl and this guest compensated over seven

thousand dollars?

The customers around them were shocked. A 7,000 dollar bowl? And this was still considered poor? He was totally a baller!

Conrad's eyes widened in disbelief. How could he spend 7,000 dollars on a bowl that probably cost only three to four dollars? Did he really pick up just 20,000 dollars?

Moon and Tia were even more dumbfounded. 8000 dollars was their living expenses for two months. How could he just give it away like that?

Chapter 6

While everyone was stunned, Chuck Cannon had already started walking out.

"Ah!! Chuck dammit, go to hell! You rather give it to others than me!" Lara Jean screamed!

"Lara, what should we do now? We don't have money." Tia Thomas immediately said.

"Yes, my boyfriend and I didn't bring money neither." Moon Cherise added immediately.

Lara was so angry that she gnashed her teeth in annoyance. She glared at them, took out a credit card while gritting her teeth, and squeezed out three words from her mouth, "pay by card!"

Moon and Tia heaved a sigh of relief.

The waiter came to his senses and went to the front desk with a stack of money and a credit card in his hand.

"He had used almost eighteen thousand dollars. I'd like to see how long will this bastard take to spend the twenty thousand dollars he picked up!" Lara was so frustrated her nails sunk deeply in the flesh of her palm.

"He's so pretentious. It's likely that he'll spend all his money today! He won't be able to show off for a long time. He'll surely ask you to borrow money to him like a dog when he runs out of money. At that

time, don't lend him a cent even if he kneels to you!" Conrad Lee said coldly.

"Kneel? I won't lend him any money even if he calls me mom!" Lara was furious.

"He's just a pathetic dog once he has no money. He'll definitely come to ask you, Lara for your help. Then, you can embarrass him!" Tia said added.

"Yes, Lara, don't be angry. Why should you be angry with such a person? He didn't even want to settle a single bill easily and rather spent 8,000 dollars to buy a broken bowl than to pay the bill. I really hate such a person!" Moon asserted.

"Don't be angry? It's six thousand dollars! My dad is going to curse me to death. No, I must ask him for the money!" Lara's eyes were glued firmly in the direction which Chuck had left.

"What are you going to do then?" Conrad asked.

"Hmph, he dares toy with me? I'll teach him a lesson!" Lara remarked coldly...

Chuck took the elevator back to his room. In fact, he didn't feel good deep down because Yvette Jordan was also in this hotel now. Although she had been scolding him all the time, Chuck had been sleeping with her for more than ten years. Moreover, after grandpa died, she had spent money to raise him, and Chuck still had feelings for her. He wanted to find out which room Yvette was in, but unfortunately, he couldn't find her.

When he was about to go back to the room, he suddenly saw Yvette running out drowsily from around the corner. Her face was red as if she was drunk. Two large men were smiling at each other evilly while taking Yvette back to her room.

"No, I'm going back, I already drunk." Yvette covered her chest with her hands and was about to puke. She was very unwell.

After seeing this, Chuck hurriedly hid aside. These two wretched men pulled Yvette into a room while saying, "If you are drunk, let us take care of you. Don't worry and just enjoy yourself!"

"Haha, I can't wait any longer. This bitch was still pretending just now. Continue pretending while you still can, I'll give you the time of your life in just a moment." The other man smirked lecherously as he also pulled Yvette into the room.

"I'm going back. You said that you'll introduce me to a business if I drink. You... help me!" Yvette still managed to remain sober despite drinking a lot, but the alcohol had zapped her dry of her remaining strength to break free from their grasps.

"I'm giving you some business now, am I not? Hehe, how can I introduce the business to you if you don't let our two brothers have some fun with you?"

"Say no more, just drag her in!"

Chuck clenched his fists. No matter what

happened, Yvette was still his wife.

He was very angry. He immediately rushed over and shouted, "Stop!"

The two men were not doing anything glorious anyway, thus they were startled by Chuck's sudden roar. However when they saw his young appearance, they immediately calmed down and said, "What does it have to do with you? Be careful and scram or else I will find someone to mess with you now!"

"Get out of here, do you hear me?" Another man threatened him viciously!

Chuck took out his mobile phone. "I called the police!"

"F*ck you!" The two men looked at each other panicked. They gritted their teeth and said, "Hey, I'll remember you! Let's go!"

The two men left quickly!

Chuck breathed a sigh of relief and looked at Yvette, who was struggling in a daze on the ground. Without a choice, he carried her into the room and blocked the door with a chair to prevent them from coming back.

"Don't touch me, you bastards!" Yvette struggled strongly. Chuck attempted to carry her to the bed, but amongst all the struggling he fell on top of her instead, his hands accidentally feeling up her chest. Instantly, his face turned beet red, and he

hurriedly got up from her.

Soon after, Yvette fell asleep while struggling. Chuck covered her with the quilt and stared at this familiar face, Yvette was indeed gorgeous.

In the olden days, Yvette would deliberately hug Chuck so tightly against her chest. Sadly, that happened seven or eight years ago when he didn't know anything. But now that he knew, Yvette wouldn't let him touch her again. Chuck continued staring at Yvette who was sound asleep and sighed. As he stood up and prepared to leave, she suddenly screamed out, "Chuck!"

Chuck was startled. "Didn't she fall asleep?"

Chapter 7

However, Chuck Cannon took out Yvette Jordan's mobile phone, opened her WeChat, and added himself with it. Chuck's current WeChat account was a blank slate with no friends added ever since he opened this account. Yvette would never know it was Chuck's WeChat account.

There must've been something wrong with Yvette's training company, otherwise, she would not have come here to drink. If she needed money, Chuck would not mind transferring it to her.

After helping her accepting his WeChat friend request, Chuck left.

Chuck took a shower and wanted to sleep after returning to his room. When dawn broke, he had already checked out early. He had to go to the real-estate agency to settle the house procedures today.

"My head hurts!"

She tried hard and recalled someone shouting loudly. Yes, that's it, someone must've saved her, right?

It must be so!

Yvette gave a sigh of relief. She put on her clothes and sat on the bed. Sighing again, she decided it was probably time to transfer the ownership of her

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company to someone else. She didn't want to go through last night's incident again.

Ding!

Yvette turned on her phone as she received a WeChat message. It was actually a stranger's WeChat account, whose name was "Baller".

Is it really a baller?

"Are you awake?"

After seeing this message, Yvette was surprised. This person must have saved her last night and then added her on WeChat!

She immediately replied, "Hey, did you save me last night?"

"Well, sort of."

"Thank you, do I know you?" Yvette asked.

"No."

"Then how can I thank you? If it weren't for you last night, I would have been... (three crying face emojis)"

"You don't have to thank me, but I have to remind you not to stay over with others in a hotel. It's too dangerous!"

"Thank you, there was something wrong with my company. That's why..." Yvette replied.

The man didn't reply for twenty seconds and

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Yvette sighed. He probably thought that she was an easy woman, so he ignored her. However, she still thanked him in her heart and wanted to see this man. Yvette put down her mobile phone, but!

Ding!

The baller transferred one hundred thousand dollars!

Yvette was dumbfounded. "This guy actually transferred 100,000 dollars to me?"

She was stunned and replied in a hurry, "What are you doing, Baller?"

"Isn't your company facing difficulties? Then I will transfer the money to you so you don't have to drink with others anymore."

Yvette double confirmed that she did not mistakenly read the message. She took a deep breath and replied, "Thank you, Baller, but you saved me last night and I haven't even thanked you, how can I take your money?"

The other party did not respond! But! Ten seconds!
Ding!

The baller transferred one hundred thousand dollars! Again!

Yvette was completely shocked. Is this guy really a baller? If so, when did she ever know a guy like this?

Yvette felt puzzled and clicked on the his profile.

She wanted to see his album, but she didn't find anything. Who was this guy?

"Thank you, but really it's fine. I will solve my own problems." Yvette finally replied after some thinking. This man gave her 200,000 dollars out of sudden. She couldn't accept it, and she didn't dare to accept it.

"Well, if you're in trouble, you can contact me."

Seeing the message, Yvette put down the phone in bewilderment after replying a "Thanks". Who is this guy? Why is he helping her?

She was full of doubts.

She thought about it for a while and decided to sell out her own house. She could buy a smaller house and use the remaining money to see if she could revive her training company.

After all, she only managed to buy her current house and car thanks to the money earned by this training company! She would not be contented to give up just like this!

She made up her mind to pack up her things and check out. Then, she would contact the real-estate agency to sell her house...

Chuck looked at his mobile phone and gave a wry smile. Yvette didn't accept the money transferred to her? At least, he finally managed to 'become friends' with Yvette, and even managed to chat with her so casually. Unfortunately, it was not a

face-to-face conversation.

Chuck thought to himself, if Yvette was really facing problems, she would definitely ask him for help. Then, he could help her.

Soon, he got to the real estate agency. When the employee saw Chuck coming over, he immediately served him tea and gave him a seat. He had made a lot of money this month, Chuck was definitely his God of Prosperity!

"Mr. Cannon, please wait for a moment. The owner will come soon," the employee said politely.

Chuck nodded. There was nothing to worry about. After all, it was almost the holidays and there was no class this morning. However after playing with his mobile phone for a while, he suddenly saw Yvette's car at the door. He was shocked. No way, was WeChat already so high-tech for her to be able to track him down?

Don't panic, it's impossible. But why is Yvette here? Is she selling her house?

Chuck took a deep breath and hurriedly said that he needed to go to the washroom before dashing inside. He carefully looked out and saw Yvette coming in with a bag. The other employees immediately served her politely. Her clothes were not cheap so everyone could see that Yvette had purchasing power.

With only a few words, the employee had Yvette

sign some documents before driving off in her car.

Chuck walked out and asked, "What was the pretty lady doing?"

"She wanted to sell her house!"

He was speechless. Was Yvette really selling her house? Is her company facing that much hardship? They didn't talk much before, so Chuck naturally didn't know her situation. He didn't expect it to be like this.

Soon, the owner of the house that Chuck wanted to buy dropped by. He went out with the real estate middleman to complete some paperwork documents until late afternoon. Finally, Chuck had his own house! Mind him, a few days ago he was still fretting over what to eat, but now it felt so good having a baller as a mom!

Back at the agency, Chuck asked the staff who had just returned from Yvette's house. The staff said, "The pretty lady just now was selling her house, three rooms, 130 square meters. According to market price, it would cost about 1.2 million dollars. She said that if she could be paid all the money at once, there could be a discount up to fifty thousand dollars!"

"That means it can be taken care of with 1.2 million dollars!" Chuck's eyes flashed!

"Are you interested, Mr. Cannon?" The employee's eyes lit up. It was not a big deal for a person who

could pay up three million dollars at once to buy another house.

"Wait, I'll make a phone call and ask." Chuck took out his mobile phone to call his mother and it was quickly connected, "Chucky!"

"Mom, I still want some money..." He said.

"Okay, Mom will transfer you ten million dollars now!" His mother chuckled.

"Mom, I'm using it to buy a house. I didn't have enough money, so that why..." Chuck explained hesitantly.

"No need to give any reasons. If my son wants to spend money, just spend it. Remember I'm your mom, I'll give you as much as you want."

Chuck's eyes reddened. He never felt the warmth of parents since young, but now that he had, Chuck felt warm inside. Although it was normal for moms to be like this, he still felt like he was dreaming.

"Thank you, mom."

"Silly child, I'll transfer it to you now."

The call ended in less than ten minutes, Chuck received a message on his mobile phone, indicating that he had just received 10 million dollars! Together with with the remaining money in his account, he now had about 11.3 million dollars. Chuck took a deep breath and walked up to the

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employee before announcing, "Call her now and say that someone wants to buy her house!"

Chapter 8

"What? Someone wants to buy my house so soon? And it's gonna be paid in full?" Yvette Jordan was stunned after receiving the phone call from the real estate agency. "Isn't it too fast? The news was just released in the morning!"

"Yes, a gentleman has taken a fancy to your house. If it's convenient for you, please drop by so we can finish up the transfer procedure tomorrow," the agent said.

Yvette felt like she received a gift from heaven. Despite repeated confirmation, she was surprised. Her house was really sold in one morning. When she bought this house, she only bought it for six thousand dollars. In just one morning, she had already made hundreds of thousands of dollars! She thought that it would take at least a month to sell the house, but she didn't expect it to be sold so fast.

"Okay, please take the buyer to the Real Estate Bureau tomorrow. I'll meet you there," Yvette said.

"No problem. See you tomorrow morning."

Seeing the real estate agency hanging up the phone, Chuck Cannon breathed a sigh of relief. "What did she say?"

"Very pleased!" The agent smiled and said. He was even more polite to Chuck. Chuck, who looked

extremely normal and low-profiled, had bought two houses in his agency in two days. He would be a big customer in the future, so he couldn't afford to offend him.

"That's great. Please help me complete the transfer procedure tomorrow," Chuck replied. He couldn't let Yvette know that he was the one who bought her house, or she might not want to sell it.

"Me? Mr. Cannon, this transfer has to be done by yourself." The agent was surprised because he had never encountered such a request before!

"Please replace me, I will give you the money tomorrow. You can transfer the house under your name first and then transfer it to me," Chuck said.

The agent was stunned. Was there such a way? However, he would receive a lot of commission after selling this house, so it was worth going through the troublesome matters.

"No problem, I'll call you tomorrow morning," the agent said.

"Okay." Chuck gave him a deposit of 100,000 dollars and went out.

"Mr. Cannon is really rich." After Chuck left, several agents expressed their envy.

"Yes, although Mr. Cannon wears cheap clothes and looks like a loser, he is generous. He spent more than five million dollars to buy houses at once. His assets should be more than 50 million!"

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"That many? He's still a student at this age, isn't he?"

"Student? He's obviously a rich kid, isn't he?"

"I really can't see that, are rich kids so low-key now?"

"Who knows?"

.....

Chuck was waiting for a taxi while his mind was wandering. How would Yvette react if she knew he was the one who bought her house? Maybe she would be surprised?

Maybe!

Chuck shook his head. Now he was ready to go to the furniture store to buy some furniture. After all, the house had been transferred today, but the original owners had moved out with their furniture. Fortunately, no renovation was needed as the house was still relatively new, so he could just buy some furniture and move in.

However, Chuck felt that it was troublesome to go back and forth and thus thought of buying a car. It felt so different when he had money, he could change his mind whenever he wanted.

He took a taxi to the 4S Automobile Store.

After attaining his driving license for a few months, he had already thought of buying a BMW. Now, of course, he was heading straight to the BMW 4S

Automobile Store.

However, Chuck was not dressed attractive enough to get the attention of the staff in the store. They glanced at him a few times and their eyes were full of disdain. Nobody bothered to greet him at all. They were guessing that this person came in just to have a look around the cars for fun.

Chuck took a fancy to a big BMW, but he didn't know what it was called. Thinking that it belonged to a certain series, he walked over and saw a saleswoman. Chuck asked, "Hello, what car is this? How much is it?"

The saleswoman looked at Chuck with distaste. She didn't want to talk to him at all and just walked away with no intention of responding to him. This poor loser was asking her the price of the car although he didn't even know what its name was?

Chuck was a little distraught, and could only try to open the car door and take a look inside himself. However, he felt awkward as that door was locked so he could only have a look outside.

The manager of this store glanced at Chuck and asked the intern, Charlotte Yates, to come over.

"Manager, you called me?" Charlotte greeted him cautiously.

The manager pointed to Chuck, who was examining the car. "Go serve the man who just walked in. This sort of person is just taking a look at

cars, they will never have the ability to buy the cars. You can practice serving him so that your communication skills can improve. After all, we can't let you, an intern, to greet guests with the ability to purchase cars. It's best to practice on such a person with no money as it won't cause any loss to the store. Go!"

"Yes, manager." Charlotte calmed herself down and walked over. The manager reminded her, "Remember, be careful and don't let him touch anything. He can't afford to compensate if he leaves some scratches on the cars."

"Yes manager, I know." Charlotte nodded and walked over to Chuck with a smile.

The manager and the other salesmen were too lazy to bother. They didn't even pay attention at Chuck, who looked like the shameless type of person who would enter the store to check out the cars but not buy anything.

"Hello, are you interested this car?" Charlotte smiled and asked in a sweet voice.

"Yes, which series is this car from?" Chuck breathed a sigh of relief. Finally someone paid attention to him.

"Yes, this is the luxurious version of the BMW seven series. Wheelbase..." Charlotte was about to introduce the details of the car as practiced, but before she could finish her sentence, Chuck interrupted her and asked directly, "How much is

it?"

Charlotte was stunned momentarily. "Well, this is the top car of the BMW seven series. It costs 2,480,000 dollars!"

"Okay, I'll take it. Do you have any available cars in stock?" Chuck asked.

"What? What did you say?" Charlotte Yates was stunned.

"I said I've made up my mind. Is there any of it available currently?" Chuck repeated weakly. Didn't he seem like he was going to buy a car?

"Are you sure?" Charlotte subconsciously rose her voice, which immediately attracted the other salespeople in the store. What happened? Could it be, this guy damaged the car?

Their salesmen all looked at them. The manager frowned and could only walk over, muttering unhappily under his breath, "I told her to be careful. Why did she let this kid touch the car? Can he even afford to pay for the damages? Sigh!"

"What's wrong?" The manager tried his best to remain calm. If Chuck had no money, he would immediately call the police!

"Manager, this gentleman here said he wanted to order this car!" Charlotte said in a daze. She couldn't come back to her senses.

The manager was stunned, his eyebrows knotting

themselves further. Not a bit glad, he examined Chuck from head to toe for a few times. Unsatisfied although he had let this person come in to take a look, and even trying to make a joke? He was unhappy as he thought that this had gotten too far.

"What? Did I hear it right? This guy, dressed in drags, has the money to buy a BMW? What's more, a BMW of the very highest caliber?"

"I think he'd better to buy a bicycle."

"That's right. Doesn't he feel embarrassed when he hears this price?"

The other salesmen all sneered. They had seen too many people like Chuck, just simply claiming to buy it. They wouldn't be surprised if he tried to find an excuse to leave later.

"Sir, are you kidding?" The manager was impatient. He wanted to throw Chuck out.

Chuck looked at him, took out his card, and gave it directly to Charlotte. "Do you have ready available stock?"

"Yes." Charlotte nodded in reflex.

"Then I'll buy it, swipe my card!" Chuck replied calmly.

Charlotte was really confused. This was her first day at work and she didn't know how to deal with it, so she could only ask the manager, "What should I do?"

"Since he wants to buy it, then swipe his card. Currently, this car has a discount of 30,000 dollars. Since he has money, then he can pay 2,450,000 dollars!" the manager sneered. He couldn't understand why Chuck had the courage to present his credit card after asking about the price of the BMW. Will he feel embarrassed of himself only when the machine states that there is insufficient amount in his bank account?

Well, since you're so pretentious, let reality give you a big slap in the face then!

He had been in the car business for so many years, and he had never seen anyone enter a BMW store to buy a car in clothes that cost less than a hundred dollars. Chuck was definitely the first one. The manager sneered and said, "Go and swipe it!"

Charlotte brought Chuck's card over to the counter in a daze. She didn't want to issue an invoice first and directly swiped the card.

"Haha, it's the first time that I've seen such a person. This kid must be playing truth or dare!"

"Me neither. Will he feel embarrassed if the card can't be used later?"

"I don't think so. He's so thick-skinned. Why would he feel embarrassed?"

The salesmen at the scene laughed mockingly while the manager glared at Chuck. He waited for Charlotte to inform him that the balance of this

card was insufficient. In less than 30 seconds, Charlotte trotted over. The manager glanced at her and said, "Return him the card and ask him to get out!"

"No, manager!" Charlotte replied breathlessly, "Manager, his bill was paid! That 2,450,000 dollars has been paid!"

Chapter 9

"What?"

The manager was shocked, and the other salesmen gathered around them in surprise. How could it be possible? This poor boy actually took out 2,400,000 dollars?

"Are you sure?" The manager asked in a serious tone. He knew that Charlotte Yates would not dare to joke with him at this moment, but he still asked because he couldn't believe that he had misjudged Chuck Cannon.

"Yes I'm sure!" Charlotte was also flabbergasted just now, but the credit card machine wouldn't lie. There was no insufficient of balance as expected, and the payment was successfully made in one swipe. She had thought that it was an illusion, but it turned out real!

"Oh gosh!"

The manager was shocked!

"He really bought it? I really can't believe that he is actually so rich when he is dressed like this. Are the rich people so low-key now?"

"Who knows? It's probably just these rich kids and their weird antics. This must be one of the ways for them to have fun."

"Sigh, if I had known that this person was so rich, I

should have answered him properly when he asked me the price of the car just now. Then the commission of this car will be mine, sigh..."

The saleswoman's heart from just now was full of regret, but it was no use regretting it anymore. He had already bought the car.

The manager's attitude took a 360 degree turn and he and smiled politely at Chuck. "May I know your surname, sir?"

"My surname is Cannon. Please help me settle the insurance and the temporary car number plate as well. I'll take the car out later." Chuck said to Charlotte after answering the manager.

Charlotte nodded robotically. So this meant that she had sold a car on her first day of her internship? She felt as if she was dreaming, but this dream was real.

Seeing as Chuck ignored the manager, the manager immediately felt awkward. He winked at Charlotte as a sign of asking her to deal with Chuck properly since he was now an important customer of theirs.

Charlotte nodded and brought Chuck to finish up the necessary procedures. Since the money had been paid, the rest would be quick. An hour later, Chuck drove out of the 4S Automobile Store slowly. He planned to go to the car management office the day after tomorrow to install the car plate. Before he left, he also added Charlotte's

WeChat account. Chuck didn't think too much since it was the first time he had bought a car. He could get her help on WeChat if he had run into any problems while maneuvering the car.

To be honest, it was the first time Chuck had driven such an extravagant car, so he was extremely tense. However, he definitely knew he paid well for the car, as even though his speed on the road was slow, the other cars didn't dare to honk at him. Well, not everyone can afford to drive such a car after all!

Chuck deliberately drove to a road with no cars to practice driving around, parking and reversing a few times. He was ready to drive to the furniture store to buy some furniture when he became more comfortable with his car.

Just as he was about to leave, Yvette Jordan called. Chuck's phone was connected to the car and it took him some time to find the button to pick up the call on the steering wheel. As soon as he answered it, Yvette's impatient voice blasted, "What are you doing? Why did you pick up the phone so slowly?"

Chuck sighed. He could only say that he didn't hear it just now.

"Come home and pack up all your things before tonight."

"Huh?"

"Are you deaf?"

"No, why do you ask me to pack my stuff?"

"I sold my house. Do you expect me to clean up the rubbish that you left behind?" Yvette replied coldly.

"All right."

After hanging up the phone, Chuck drove home silently. Since Yvette's house would be his starting tomorrow, it didn't make any difference if he cleaned up his things or not. However, since Yvette called him, it was better for him to go back.

As soon as he started driving, he received a WeChat notification. Chuck took a look and instantly felt faint as the message was from Yvette.

"What are you doing, baller? I'd like to treat you to a meal to thank you."

"Are you free?" Chuck replied.

"I'm waiting for an annoying person to come over and pack up his things. After that, I'll be free so let's have dinner together."

Chuck smiled bitterly. He knew that the annoying person she was talking about was himself.

"I'm not free." Chuck could only reply like this, he didn't want Yvette to know that it was him who saved her yesterday.

"Ah? It doesn't matter. When do you have time then?"

"Sorry, I would not be free recently."

"Well, okay, let's talk when you may available."

"Yep."

At this moment, Yvette sat on the sofa and kept clicking on the profile of this "Baller". She was a little disappointed. Why didn't he post any photos?

She felt that he didn't really want to talk to her. Did he think of her as a flirtatious and easy girl?

Yvette sighed helplessly.

She really wanted to know how the man who saved her last night and even transferred 200,000 dollars to her looked. Would he be a very handsome person?

Yvette was curious, but when she remembered that Chuck would come back soon, she went downstairs to buy a big bag so that he could take away all the garbage in the house.

The road to Yvette's residential area was not easy to drive through, especially with such a big car. Chuck took a long time to park into the garage cautiously as he was a newbie when it came to driving. However, just as he got out of the car and was ready to head upstairs, he heard Yvette 's voice. He was immediately shocked.

"How many times do I have to tell you? You should be observant and knowledgeable, why are you leaning so close to other people's car? This kind of

car pretty sure costs at least a million dollars onwards, if you scratch it you'll never be able to pay for the compensation!" Yvette scolded sharply. He had only picked up two thousand dollars and he probably only had a few hundred dollars left. How could he be able to pay back the owner of this car if he damaged it?

Chuck smiled dryly and didn't say anything.

Yvette was too lazy to say anything more. She stuffed the big bag into Chuck's hand and said, "Take all your garbage away."

Chuck nodded and went upstairs with the bag. Previously when he left, he had already took back whatever he could with him, so the things left here were literally trash. After packing for an hour, the big bag was fully loaded and he dragged it downstairs.

Seeing him panting out of exhaustion, Yvette frowned. She took her car key and followed him out. "You have too many things with you, it'll be difficult if you drive alone. Where do you live? I'll send you back."

"There's no need for that. I have..." Chuck stopped in a hurry.

"What do you have? Money for a taxi?" Yvette frowned even deeper.

"Sort of." Chuck didn't say much.

"Sort of? I think you can only live luxuriously for a

few more days with the money you picked up." Yvette didn't want to talk too much, so she followed him downstairs.

She planned to go out for some food and see if there were any houses for rent. She wanted to buy a smaller house, but it was not something that she could get in such a short time. She could only rent a house first.

However, as soon as they went downstairs, he heard someone cursing, "Whose car is this? Being so arrogant just because rich? You can't just park in other people's parking space even if you are rich!"

Chuck thought, "Oh crap. We need to buy parking spaces in this residential area, and most of them were already bought by someone." He wasn't paying attention when he was parking his car and probably parked his car in someone else's parking space.

As expected, when he went out, he saw a man with a pair of glasses shouting loudly. The man was looking into the window angrily while holding his mobile phone.

Chuck was startled when he saw that the man was looking for a number to call. However, he remembered that fortunately, there was no mobile phone number displayed on the car. He didn't have the time to do that.

The annoyed man walked around the car a few

times and didn't see a number, almost resorting to kicking the door. Chuck's heart skipped a beat and his fists slowly tightened. Anyone would feel distressed if their newly bought car was kicked.

However, the man knew that this car was very expensive and was certainly a car that no ordinary people could afford. He didn't dare to touch it, so he could only mutter, "Hey, what kind of person is this? Not only do they simply park their car, they don't even leave their number! I'll head out to buy something. If the car hasn't been moved when I'm back, I'll smash it!"

Chuck heaved a sigh of relief when he heard the last sentence being yelled out. It was likely that the man wanted the owner of the car to hear it.

The man got into his car and drove off. Yvette glanced at Chuck's car and asked him, "Didn't you see whose car it belonged to when you came over?"

"I didn't see it." He shook his head.

"The car is a good car, but it's not right to park it wherever he wants." Yvette went to her car, opened the door and got in. She asked, "You really don't need a ride?"

"There's no need for that. I'll just take a taxi," Chuck said.

"Whatever. But let me give you one last word of advice, you'll never have a good future if you

continue acting like this." Yvette was too lazy to say anything else to him and drove away. Chuck scratched his nose and thought to himself, future? Now that he was a rich guy, he already had a wonderful future right ahead of him.

After confirming that she had left the residential area, Chuck pressed the car key and opened the trunk to put the bag in. Then he drove out slowly. However, as soon as he came out, he broke out in a cold sweat as he saw Yvette's car turning back. She had probably forgotten something. They would definitely meet up if this continued. Oh no, he would be seen by Yvette!

Chapter 10

Chuck Cannon was very worried. If Yvette Jordan knew that he had bought this car, what would she do? He didn't want her to know now.

However, Chuck's worry was obviously unnecessary. Yvette drove very fast. They passed by in a flash of light and she did not even look at him at all. It seemed that she never thought that he would be able to afford this car. He breathed a sigh of relief and stepped on the gas pedal to speed up.

Yvette glanced at the rearview mirror with a cold look. She was a little confused. "This car is one of the top luxury cars in its series, isn't it? It costs more than two million dollars. Whose car is it?"

She had been living in this area for a long time, and she knew almost all the cars. Someone must've bought a new car. However, such an extravagant car cost a lot, so who could afford it?

As she pondered about it, Yvette had already returned to her residential area. She had come back to retrieve her cell phone as she realized she forgot to bring it out when she came out just now. Yet, she didn't see Chuck who was supposedly heaving a large bag downstairs. She frowned to herself and muttered, "Did he take a taxi and leave so soon?"

"Still taking a taxi in such a money-lacking

situation? Hopeless of him." Yvette shook her head coldly...

Chuck drove his BMW to the furniture store. He didn't want to buy any over-the-top furniture since practicality is more important.

However, others didn't think so. Driving such an amazing car, the saleswoman had recommended the most expensive furniture for Chuck. A bed which cost hundreds of thousands of dollars, and a sofa that cost around seventy or eighty thousand dollars. Chuck sighed. Yes, he had money now, but he couldn't spend it recklessly.

In the end, Chuck spent 200,000 dollars for two beds, a sofa, cabinet, etc. They were almost done. They could be delivered by tomorrow. Chuck took the receipt and walked out of the furniture store, but...

When he went out, he saw his classmate Queenie Carson, who had a good relationship with Chuck. He still remembered how she defended him the last time when he said he had 'picked up some money.' However, he was slightly frustrated as she had somehow accidentally scratched his new car with her bicycle.

Queenie was visibly scared that her face turned pale. She had been wiping the scratched area with wet tissue while tears welled up in her eyes. But how could the scratch be covered up with tissue?

Queenie realized this and couldn't help crying. Her

family was very ordinary, but she definitely recognized such a popular brand like BMW. She cried because she couldn't afford to pay for it!

Chuck couldn't stand it any longer and hurried over. "Queenie, what are you crying for?"

When Queenie saw that there was someone she knew, she stood up and cried even more anxiously. She couldn't stop her tears from flowing. "Ah? Chuck, I hit someone's car. I didn't notice that I accidentally hit it when I was riding my bicycle. I've been trying to remove it with tissue, but I can't. What should I do? What should I do?"

Seeing Queenie crying so sadly, Chuck couldn't bear it. He really wanted to say, "It's okay, this is my car."

However, there would be some trouble if he said so. Queenie would certainly ask him where he got the money from. It was not easy to answer. His mother was still abroad and had not come back yet.

"This is a BMW, which is definitely very expensive. It may cost over three hundred thousand dollars. What should I do?" She was so anxious that she burst into tears.

Chuck felt helpless. If he told her that the car was worth 2,400,000 dollars, she would probably cry for a whole day.

"It's just a small matter, people won't notice it. It's

okay. Let's go," Chuck said.

"I... no, I have to admit that I have done something wrong. I will pay for it, but I have to pay in installments. I will beg the owner of the car to let me do so. Just don't look for my family..." She bit her lip and sobbed with tears in her eyes.

Chuck stood powerless. Queenie was a good person with principles and virtues. She would definitely admit what she had done wrong. But who would she admit to in this situation?

"Chuck, can you accompany me to wait for the owner to come over? I'm afraid to be alone." Queenie whispered in a pleading tone.

"Okay, let's wait." Chuck smiled and pulled her to sit down on the ground next to him.

"Thank you."

"It's okay."

"By the way, what are you doing here?"

"I, I was looking if there's any part-time job here."

"Oh..."

After a moment of silence, Queenie's thoughts started to drift away. "Will this owner be very fierce? What if he wants to beat me up? Will he..."

"It's okay." Seeing that Queenie was about to cry again, Chuck hurried to comfort her.

"How I wish the owner of this car was someone I

knew! I would be able to ask him to let me pay in installments. But now, this is a stranger, I'm afraid he won't agree..."

"Yes, he will. Don't think too much. If you are sincere, others will definitely agree."

"I hope so..."

Chuck waited with Queenie until ten o'clock in the evening and the shops nearby were all closed. As it was already dark, she was even more afraid. Chuck could only say, "The owner has not come after a long time. I don't think he will come. Let's go back."

"But..." Queenie thought for a moment and took out a pen and paper from her small backpack. She wrote "sorry" on the paper, and notified that she was willing to take responsibility and so on. Finally, she left her phone number and carefully stuffed the paper underneath the wiper. Only then did she let out a sigh of relief.

"I hope the owner of the car will call me, I'll compensate for it," She said.

"Yes." Chuck nodded, but he certainly would not call her. He would ask the saleswoman Charlotte Yates later and see how much it cost. He would solve it by himself.

"Thank you for waiting with me for so long, let me treat you to supper. But I don't have much money, is 50 dollars enough for the both of us?" Queenie looked at Chuck seriously and said in a small but

sincere voice.

"I'll treat you," Chuck said with a smile.

"No, you've been with me for so long, so I have to treat you. What do you want to eat?"

"Well, it's up to you."

"Then, how about noodles?" Queenie asked.

Chuck was okay with it, so they went to the nearby noodle restaurant. Chuck was hungry and felt much more comfortable after eating a bowl of noodles. Queenie was in a better mood, but she was still worried. She probably was still thinking about the compensation. Halfway through the meal, Chuck received a phone call from Lara Jean, which was unexpected.

Chuck was not surprised. After all, Lara paid more than 6,000 dollars yesterday.

"Hey, is this Chuck? I'm sorry about what happened yesterday. I'll treat you to dinner and apologize. Are you free now?" Lara asked in a sweet voice.

Of course, Chuck would not be fooled. "I don't have time. I have to work part-time tomorrow."

"Ran out of money so soon?" Lara was full of disdain, but she was even angrier. If he really had no money, then what would happen to the six thousand dollars she was forced to pay yesterday? She definitely couldn't fill the financial gap in her

pocket money, and she absolutely had to find Chuck to get it back!

"Of course."

"It's all right. I'll treat you to dinner. Only the two of us," Lara said.

Chuck was surprised. Just him and Lara? Indeed, Lara was still very beautiful, with a curvy body size and sexy fashion sense as well. They were all in the same class, and it was inevitable that he would see something when she bowed her head or bent down. Chuck did not deny that he had seen it before. However, he had no interest in such a woman.

"How about your boyfriend?" Chuck asked.

"We broke up just yesterday. I'm really sad, can you accompany me? Please." Lara sneered. Conrad Lee, her boyfriend, held Lara by his side and kept touching her, with a sinister smile on his face.

"Break up? But I really don't have the time. You can find someone else."

"It's alright. It doesn't matter if you don't have time tonight. We can meet the day after tomorrow or tomorrow. Just let me know the time and I'll be there."

"We will see."

"Okay, I'm hanging up. But don't tell others that I broke up with my boyfriend. I'm afraid that they will

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mock me."

"Okay."

As she hung up the phone, Lara exclaimed defeatedly. "I can't believe he didn't take the bait!"

"Why don't you go and flirt with him tomorrow? Give him a taste of forbidden lust first, and he'll ask you out himself," Conrad thought for a moment and said.

"Are you crazy? Asking me to flirt with him. How disgusting will it be? I don't even want to see him, and you want me to flirt with him?" Lara was angry.

"What else can we do? If you don't flirt with him, he'll never take the bait! If he doesn't take the bait, who can we ask for the 6,000 dollars?"

"But! Ah, damn Chuck, it's an advantage for him!" Lara stamped her feet!

"Well, for 6,000 dollars, we can only sacrifice a little." Conrad said and started to play tricks with Lara.

.....

Chuck and Queenie came out from the noodle shop. All of a sudden Queenie cried out, and Chuck asked what happened.

"It's 11 o'clock, the hostel's gate is closed. What should we do?" Queenie was anxious.

Chuck used to live with Yvette. He didn't stay in the

dormitory, but he knew that the gates of the school's dormitory was closed at eleven o'clock sharp. It was true that she couldn't access it now.

Chuck didn't think of this just now. He could only say inadvertently, "Why don't we get a room to sleep tonight?"

It was estimated that the furniture could only be moved to the house tomorrow. Chuck had already planned to book a room for today, so he said so on impulse, but... it probably wasn't something decent to be said to girls.

Would Queenie agree?

Chapter 11

"Ah?" Queenie Carson's face turned red, and she whispered, "My mother said that we can't share a room with boys."

In fact, Chuck Cannon didn't think much about it either and just said so on impulse. But to be frank, Queenie is actually very young and beautiful.

Because she was poor, she usually wore cheap clothes and didn't wear any makeup when she went out. How could she look good? But with a little make up and some short denim pants that revealed her long, slender legs, she would definitely look prettier than Lara Jean and the other girls.

"Err... But the school's dormitory has been closed. Where are you going to sleep if you don't get a room?" Chuck said helplessly.

"I..." Queenie's heart beat faster.

In fact, she didn't have many feelings for Chuck. She had good impressions of him and were at the most just good friends. It was true that she was really touched that Chuck accompanied her and waited for the car owner just now. But, even though she was touched, she couldn't share a room with him!

"But if we don't get a room, does it mean that we'll sleep on the street?"

Queenie was in a dilemma. She bit her lip and looked at Chuck. She was worried that he would do something to her if they shared a room.

As soon as she started to speak, Chuck said, "Ok, let's not get a room then. I'll take you to a place and you can have a rest there."

"Really? Where?" Queenie was surprised.

Chuck could only tell her the address of the house he had just bought today. The previous owner had already moved away from all his furniture and items and since it was rather hot, they could just buy a mattress and sleep on the floor. Anyway, it had three bedrooms and two living rooms, so Queenie would feel more at ease.

"Highstreet district? It's a very lively place in the city." Queenie was surprised that Chuck knew such a place. After all, she knew that Chuck was as poor as her.

"Yes, it's there. I'm doing a part-time job as an agent recently. There's a house to sell and the owner is in a hurry, so he gave me the key to make it easier to take a look at the house. We can stay a night there since no one else knows." Chuck said.

Queenie hesitated. "Isn't it inappropriate to do this?"

"It's up to you. If not, our only option is to get a room. Don't worry, no one else will know, the owner is not in the city anyway." Chuck persuaded.

"Okay." Queenie bit her lip. She had not done such a thing like living in someone else's houses yet, what if the owner came back at night?

But if she didn't do so, she could only get a room with Chuck, and everyone knew the meaning behind getting a room together. She knew that it was better to be friends with Chuck rather than cross the boundary of friendship.

"Well, then wait a minute. I'll..." Chuck almost spilled the beans and said that he was going to drive.

"What are you going to do?" Queenie was confused.

"Nothing. We can go there by taking taxi," Chuck said.

"Yep."

The two of them went to the roadside to get a taxi. Chuck had no choice but to park his car here for the night.

Soon, they got a taxi and went to Chuck's house. When they got out of the car, the driver was surprised and asked enviously. "Young man, you bought a house here? The houses here cost almost 2 million dollars, you must be a rich guy!."

Chuck coughed. It was indeed the house he bought, but...

Queenie just felt embarrassed and thought, "This is

the house of the owner. We just came here secretly for a night..."

The driver drove away and the two of them stood in silence. Queenie felt that she was doing something bad, so she was nervous. What if the owner came back?

But now, she could only follow Chuck inside. Queenie had never been here before, and the interior was amazing. She wanted to live here in the future, but the price was too expensive. She would never be able to afford it even if she worked for the rest of her life, so she had no choice but to dispel the thought.

They took the elevator and arrived at the designated floor. Chuck opened the door and went in, while Queenie followed and immediately heaved a sigh of relief. It was indeed empty inside. Chuck really didn't lie to her, the house was currently vacant.

The roof, the wall, and the cabinet that couldn't be removed were in top condition. One could already imagine how extravagant it was before.

"This house is so big and beautiful. How much does the owner intend to sell it for?" Queenie asked curiously.

" 3,560,000."

"Ah, it's so expensive. Is there anyone who can afford it?" Queenie asked in surprise.

"Yes," Chuck said with a smile.

"True, there are still a lot of rich people, I don't know who will buy them in the end." Queenie nodded, eyes darting around the house. "Then, which room should I stay in?"

"It's up to you. There's a bathroom in every room," Chuck said.

"Well, then I'll stay here." Queenie pointed at a room and walked over. Then she turned back and waved at him, saying, "Thank you Chuck, good night."

"Well, good night," Chuck said with a smile.

Seeing that Queenie had closed the door, Chuck began to study how to place the furniture the next day. After he had a rough plan, Chuck entered a room randomly.

Queenie, who was leaning against the door, let out a sigh of relief when she heard Chuck entering the room, but soon she felt a little depressed.

She sat on the floor, her thoughts swirling. She was actually in a house with a boy. Although they were not in the same room, it still felt strange. She was very nervous when she leaned against the door just now, afraid that Chuck would come over. If he barged into the room, she, as a girl, would certainly not be able to defend herself. What should she do? Refuse him fiercely, or...

She had thought of countless countermeasures

and waited anxiously. However, Chuck didn't come over, which also made her feel a little uncomfortable.

It was difficult to describe. It was strange, just like the story of the Monkey King in the Peach Garden, who stopped the gorgeous Seven Angels from moving just to go pick some peaches and totally ignored the beautiful fairies.....

Queenie also didn't understand why she would think so. Soon she was depressed. How much would the car owner ask from her if he called her tomorrow?

Would the owner agree to let her to pay in installments?

Queenie was upset. She leaned against the wall and closed her eyes slowly.

.....

When Chuck was still sleeping in the morning, he was awoken by a phone call from the real estate agent saying that Yvette Jordan was ready to leave as well. Everyone was going to gather at the Ministry of Housing to prepare for the transfer of ownership of the house.

Chuck immediately got up. His back was sore and painful because he slept on the floor last night. Fortunately, he could sleep on a big bed tonight.

After going out of the room, Chuck found that Queenie had been waiting for a long time. Seeing

that she was tired, Chuck asked curiously, "Didn't sleep well last night?"

"Well, I'm worried that the house owner will come back, so..." Queenie said softly, "Let's leave quickly, or else the house owner will be here. It will be difficult and awkward for us to explain why we are here."

Chuck smiled and agreed. Queenie was curious. How could he be so calm after doing such a bad thing?

She did not think much about it. The two of them exited the house and took the elevator down. By the side of the road, Queenie asked Chuck if he wanted to go to class together. Chuck had to deal with the transfer of house ownership, so of course, he couldn't go to the university. He could only say that he wanted to leave for his part-time work.

"Alright, I'll go back first." Queenie took out some small change and went to take the bus.

"Okay."

As Queenie got on the bus, Chuck hailed a taxi to the parking spot yesterday. Queenie looked through the window and saw the BMW from yesterday still parked there.

Queenie was perturbed. When would the owner call her? As the bus pulled further and further away from the BMW, she sighed. How nice would it be if the owner of the BMW was her friend? If so, they

could discuss about the compensation of the car's damages in installments.

It was a pity that she did not have such a friend. Queenie's gaze dimmed.

Chuck drove to the Ministry of Housing. When he arrived at the car park, he called the agent. The agent said that he saw him and would come over soon, but when he arrived he was overwhelmed with admiration and envy. He thought he was wrong when he saw Chuck driving a BMW 7 series. But from another perspective, what was wrong for someone who could buy two houses consecutively to buy a luxury BMW? It was a good match!

"Mr. Cannon, changed car?" The agent was envious. He thought that Chuck had several cars and this was just a new car to his collection.

Chuck shook his head and said that it was his first car. The agent was surprised and looked again at Chuck, this time with approval. He was obviously a rich kid, but this was only his first car. If he knew how to control his desires, this Mr. Cannon would have a great future!

He was definitely rich for a reason.

Chuck had already told the agent yesterday that he would first transfer it to the real estate agency, and then the agency would transfer it to Chuck. He didn't have to contact Yvette during the whole process. For Yvette, it was impossible for her to know that the person who bought her house was

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Chuck.

However, while they were discussing, Chuck suddenly heard a confused voice. "Chuck, why are you here?"

Chuck looked back automatically and realized that it was Yvette, a puzzled look hanging on her face. He suddenly panicked. "Oh no, I can't let her know."

Chapter 12

"What are you doing here?" Yvette Jordan's brows furrowed. This was the Ministry of Housing. It was surprising to see Chuck Cannon in such a place.

"I'm doing a part-time job, learning how to transfer customers' ownership." Chuck came up randomly with an excuse. Otherwise, what could he tell Yvette?

"A part-time job?" The surprise on Yvette's face was swept away. It was logical for him to be doing a part-time job here. Or else, what other business would he have here?

"Since you have chosen to do this, then do it well. If you do it well, I've heard that the salary for an agent can be as much as over 10 thousand dollars," Yvette informed him with a look of resignation.

Chuck nodded, it was meaningless to him to have more than ten thousand per month now. If Yvette knew that he had bought over her house, what would she think?

The agent was momentarily stunned but soon understood Chuck's words. So, he smiled and said, "I see you two are acquainted. Yes, Chuck is a part-time agent. Today, I brought him here to let him get familiar with the process. Miss Jordan, would you prefer for him to follow you or..."

"Whatever," Yvette said coldly.

Chuck heaved a sigh of relief.

Yvette looked around and was a little confused. "Where is the person who bought my house?"

"The boss is very busy. He won't be able to come over today." The agent apologized.

Chuck was a little nervous, because Yvette's brows knitted themselves deeply once again in a slight annoyance. "The agreement has already made. How can we transfer the ownership if he doesn't come?"

"Miss Jordan, don't worry. The boss has already told me to have Miss Jordan transfer the ownership to me first, and then I will transfer it to the boss," the agent said.

"Isn't it troublesome? When will that boss be free then? I am not in a hurry since the deposit has been paid anyways. I can wait for one or two days." Yvette's expression eased.

Chuck hurriedly winked at the real-estate agent.

"The boss has been busy recently, so he has asked me to do so. It is a little troublesome, but there is no other way. Don't worry, Miss Jordan. After the transfer today, the money will be immediately transferred to your account," the agent said.

Yvette thought for a few seconds and nodded. "Well, that's fine, but who is the boss? He trusts you too much!"

"Haha, it's all because I'm trustworthy, isn't it?" The real-estate agent laughed.

"Trust is only one aspect. This person must be rich to not care about this amount of money, so he let you deal with it. There are many rich people in the city, and I know some of them. Who is this boss of yours? Maybe I know him." Yvette asked coldly.

Chuck glanced at the agent and laughed silently. Indeed, they knew each other.....

The real-estate agent smiled and then laughed. "Haha, I guess so. Anyway, this boss is young and promising, so Miss Jordan should know him."

"Should?" Yvette's gaze glistened. This reminded her of a certain someone. She had always wondered why someone would choose to buy her house despite it being on sale for just half a day. In addition, they insisted on not showing up during the transfer process. Could it be him?

Chuck was curious. Who did she think of?

"Then what's the name of this boss?" Yvette asked, and her tone... became a little expectant.

Chuck suddenly became nervous. This real-estate agent was smart, he wouldn't say it out directly, would he?

"This person... Anyway, he is young and promising. Miss Jordan, you can think about it by yourself," the agent said with a smile.

Yvette's face was full of disappointment, but she didn't give up and asked, "Baller! Is he called Baller?"

Chuck was stunned. Turns out that after some analyzing, Yvette had guessed it was "him"!

"Baller? He must be a baller. How could he not be a baller since he had bought Miss Jordan's house in full payment?" The real estate agent said with a smile.

Yvette was speechless. They were talking about two completely different things.

"Miss Jordan, please follow me!" The agent said.

Yvette strolled forward, her long slender legs making her way across. However, when she saw Chuck not moving from his spot, she frowned. "Chuck, don't you want to learn the process of the transfer? Why aren't you following? If you're trying to slack off, how will you be able to do your job properly?"

"What are you looking at? Hurry up!" The real-estate agent was clever enough to wave to Chuck.

Chuck walked over embarrassingly.

"If you want to do it, just do it well!" Yvette said coldly.

"Yes." Chuck could only nod.

The three of them entered the Ministry of Housing. When the real-estate agent went to line up to

process some documents, Chuck's mobile phone suddenly vibrated. He doubtfully took it out and looked at it. It turned out to be Yvette's WeChat message: Baller, are you nearby me?

Seeing these words, Chuck was quite stunned. He looked at Yvette secretly and found that she was sitting and glancing around, but she didn't look at him at all.

Chuck sighed in relief, but at the same time, he smiled bitterly. Seems that Yvette never expected him to be the "baller"!

If she knew that "Baller" was indeed Chuck Cannon, who she had never thought of, what would be her expression.

Chuck was afraid that Yvette would find out, so he hurriedly switched his phone to silent mode and put it in his pocket.

It vibrated several times in a row, which meant that Yvette had sent messages in succession. However, Chuck did not reply or check the messages at all. After a few minutes, the vibrations stopped.

Chuck looked over and saw the disappointed look on Yvette's face. It was probably because Baller was ignoring her.

As expected, during the transfer process, Yvette's expression was stoic all the time, but thankfully the process was quick. Two hours later, the transfer process was completed, and they headed to the

bank

Chuck followed the whole process. When they came out of the bank, Yvette looked at Chuck in disapproval and said coldly with disappointment, "You are really not suitable for this job."

After that, Yvette drove away.

Chuck was stunned. What's wrong? Did Yvette mean he was incapable? He was helpless and could only follow the agent to the ministry once again. It was not until afternoon that he had transferred the ownership of the house. He heaved in relief.

Just as he was about to rest for a while, the furniture he ordered had reached his doorstep. Chuck could only drive back as they had called him up. It was not until seven or eight o'clock in the evening that the furniture was placed according to his request.

Sitting on the soft sofa, Chuck felt like the past few days were just a flurrying dream. In just a few days, he actually owned something that most ordinary people could only dream but never actually have, two houses and a BMW.

After lying down for a while, Chuck finally had time to check his phone. When he opened the WeChat, he was stunned.

Yvette had sent seven or eight messages:

"Baller, why aren't you saying anything? Are you in the Ministry of Housing? Are you afraid that I will

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see you?"

"Baller, you saved me and even transferred 200,000 dollars to me. You must've helped me because I know you, that's why I think my house was bought by you."

"Are you busy?"

"I'm sorry to disturb you. You go ahead with your work first..."

"Baller, the transfer is completed. I'll treat you to dinner, don't reject me. I'll be at Modern Restaurant today."

"I've arrived at Modern Restaurant. Where are you?"

"Is it too sudden? If so, I'll apologize to you, but I've arrived at the restaurant. Can you come out to meet me? I just want to thank you."

"I will wait for you today. Whether you come or not, I will wait for you..."

.....

Chuck read these messages, the last one being sent just a few minutes ago. Her last message was filled with disappointment. Does that mean that Yvette has been waiting for him in the Modern Restaurant for more than an hour? Chuck was surprised. It was already 8 something in the event, so Yvette should have left, right? Chuck hesitated for a while, then he got up and drove to the

restaurant.

Halfway, Queenie Carson called, saying that she was very anxious. Why wasn't the car owner calling her? Chuck could only reply that the car owner probably didn't mind, and asked her not to think too much.

"But I've done something wrong. I should bear the responsibility," Queenie said.

"Since you have a good attitude, they probably knew and chose to let it go. Don't think too much." Chuck comforted her.

"Well, I'll still wait for his call. I've found a new part-time job today. It's in a western restaurant, 15 dollars an hour. I need to make some money. Otherwise, if the owner calls me, I won't have the money to pay them back."

"Yep."

After hanging up the phone, Chuck was tongue-tied. Such a serious and hardworking girl was hard to come by. He didn't know where the restaurant that Queenie was working part-time as was, but at this time, he had already arrived at Modern Restaurant. Hence, he didn't continue to think about it.

He drove into the car park. As the security guard noticed such a luxurious car swerving in, he immediately gave way and helped Chuck arrange for a parking space. There were too many luxury

cars nearby, so Chuck had to be careful when parking. When he finally parked his car, he came out and saw that Yvette's car was still there. She was still waiting.

Chuck hesitated for a moment, then his cell phone rang as a WeChat message arrived. He opened the app and noticed that the message was from Yvette. There was inconceivable disappointment in her words. "Baller, are you coming?"

Chapter 13

Chuck Cannon didn't answer after reading Yvette Jordan's Wechat. In fact, he also didn't know what he was doing here, he wouldn't be able to meet Yvette anyways. If she saw that Baller was actually Chuck who had been sleeping with her since childhood, she would probably be furious!

After a moment of silence, Chuck decided against replying to her WeChat nor going in. However, her WeChat message arrived once more.

"Whether you come today or not, I will wait for you today. I just want to see you."

"I can't do anything! The point is that you would be pissed if you saw me." Chuck thought.

Chuck didn't reply. Conflicted, he decided to go in and have a look. After all, he was already here. Yvette couldn't be just sitting near the door right? But...

Chuck was just about to enter when he saw a beautiful woman driving a luxury car passing by him. It seemed that she was ready to park the car, and there was only one parking space left. It happened to be next to his car.

However, Chuck's parking skill was really not very good. With the width of the car, the parking space was too narrow, so that the beautiful woman's car could not get in at all.

If they hit each other, Chuck would feel distressed.

Chuck hurried over and was about to ask the beauty to stop first. He would park the car again, but when he got closer, he was amazed.

The woman had already left for the security booth of the parking lot, her long legs etching themselves into Chuck's mind. He came to his senses and was puzzled. Why did the woman leave before she parked her car?

While Chuck was confused, he saw the woman coming with the security guard. She pointed at his car with her slender fingers and said coldly, "What's the matter? I have told you many times that everyone has different upbringings. Every time they come in, they have to park the car properly. The parking space is already so small and yet he double parks? Whose car is this? Not even leaving a phone number, is this person used to acting so rudely? Go in and call this person to come out!"

"Yes!" After being reprimanded, the security guard immediately nodded and was ready to go in.

"Hello, I..." Chuck was stunned by the woman's strong demeanor. She looked like the perfect example of strong, independent women. Could she be the boss of this restaurant?

"What's wrong with you?" The woman looked at Chuck coldly, and she was very angry. "If you came to apply for a part-time job, sorry, you are unqualified!"

Chuck was stunned. He looked down at his own clothes and realized his mistake. In such a high-end place, his clothes and shoes cost less than a hundred. No wonder she thought he was looking for a part-time job.

It seemed that he had to change his clothes.

"Go, go away. Director Maine ask you to leave, do you hear her?" The security guard came over again and scolded him!

Chuck said helplessly, "I am not applying for a part-time job."

"Why did you come in if you're not applying for a part-time job? Get out!" The security guard glared at Chuck. Now that the boss was angry, he had to act quickly according to the circumstances.

"Aren't you looking for the owner of this car?" Chuck asked.

The woman frowned and glanced at him, her tone sounding even frostier. "Do you know?"

She knew that this car was a brand new version of BMW's seven series, and it should cost more than two million dollars. This was the standard for successful people. Would the young man in front of her know? She observed this person sharply, gaze like a hawk circling its prey. This person looked timid, would he know such a successful person who owned a BMW seven series?

She didn't think so, because Chuck's gaze just now

made her hate him.

"Director Maine, don't listen to his nonsense. How could he know who the owner of the car is? Wait a minute, I'll go in and ask the owner of the car to come out. ... Leave, do you hear me?" The security guard said politely, and glared at Chuck with the last sentence.

Chuck ignored the security guard and said seriously to the woman, "Sorry, I just started driving not long ago..."

The woman looked at him differently now. What was this person saying?

"What does your driving experience have to do with Director Maine?" The security guard came over impatiently to shoo Chuck away.

But the security guard was stunned as he walked over. "You..."

The woman was also surprised. She stared at Chuck from top to bottom once again, the surprise in her voice visible. "This car is yours?"

This was because Chuck took out the car keys from his pocket that matched exactly the car keys to the BMW car.

"Sorry, I'll park again." Chuck opened the door and went in, trying his best to park the car as carefully as possible.

The woman's eyes glistened with surprise. The

owner of a BMW that cost more than two million dollars, but dressed in such low-key clothes? She knew too many young rich people. They were usually arrogant and domineering, but none of them was as modest as the one in front of her. This was really rare.

"Director Maine? This car seriously belongs to this guy?" The security guard couldn't react in time. He was too overwhelmed, such a luxurious car wasn't driven by a famous boss or someone of higher caliber?

"Watch your words, this is a guest!" The woman said coldly.

"Yes, yes!" The security guard agreed repeatedly.

After Chuck parked the car again, he came out of the car and said, "Sorry, you can park now."

"Alright." The woman nodded.

When Chuck was in the car, he received Yvette's message again. She looked very disappointed. He couldn't bear to see it, so he wanted to go in and have a look.

"Check the booking for this person!" The woman ordered calmly as she stared at Chuck, who was already walking into the restaurant.

"Yes, Director of Maine!"

The security guard immediately took out the walkie-talkie and asked, "Manager Cannon, where's

the reserved seat of the man who just entered...
What? No reservation?"

This time, it was the security guard's turn to be surprised, because the Modern Restaurant's business was very good. In the evening, if there was no reservation in advance, there would be no empty table. That was to say, only those who reserve could have seats. Wouldn't a person who drove the BMW seven series know?

"No reservation?"

The woman's eyes flashed with amusement. Today, this person actually managed to surprise her twice, interesting.

"Give him a VIP room!" The woman commanded!

"Yes, Director of Maine!" The security guard was envious and hurriedly told Manager Cannon...

Chuck had no choice. He didn't know that Modern Restaurant needed a reservation. There was no vacant seat at the moment, and the receptionist gave him a nasty look. It was probably because he looked like he was dressed simply and they thought he was just coming in to ask around. Chuck could only ask, "Can I go in and have a look?"

"Let me ask, you're here for the toilet, aren't you?"
The receptionist frowned. Coming into such a high-end place dressed like a beggar, he definitely wouldn't be able to pay if he broke a cup.

"No." Chuck shook his head. At this time, his cell phone rang. He took it out and looked at it. It was Lara Jean. Chuck ignored it, but she called again. He had no choice but to answer it. "Where are you, Chuck?"

When Chuck was about to speak, a few customers walked into the restaurant. The receptionist immediately said politely, "Welcome to Modern Restaurant. Do you have a reservation?"

"Yes." The man said.

The receptionist immediately came out and made arrangements, not forgetting to shoot Chuck a distasteful glance before leaving.

Lara, who was on the phone, heard this. "Chuck, are you in Modern Restaurant?"

Lara was very surprised. The Modern Restaurant was a high-end restaurant. A piece of steak cost more than three thousand dollars, while the red wine cost at least fifty or sixty thousand dollars. She had never been there. Why was Chuck there?

"Modern Restaurant?" Lara's boyfriend also heard it and sneered. "This guy is probably doing part-time work there."

Lara nodded. Of course!

Lara chuckled arrogantly. "Chuck, are you working as a part-time waiter in Modern Restaurant?"

"Uh, no."

"No? Don't worry, I won't discriminate against you. I just want to know why you didn't come to class today." Lara smirked coldly in her heart.

You have to do more part-time work. Otherwise, how can you pay me back the 6,000 dollars from last time?

Lara was prepared to invite Chuck out. However, before she could ask, she heard another voice. It was an unknown woman's voice that sounded very polite. "Ah, hello. The VIP room you booked has been prepared for you. Please follow me!"

On the other side, Chuck was stunned.

On the other end of the phone, Lara was stunned, and Conrad Lee also heard it. The two of them stared at each other, and Lara sneered. "He is really good at acting. Even though he is a waiter, he still doesn't admit it, even asking his colleagues to put on an act with him! Does he think I am a fool?"

Conrad winked at Lara, who continued in a delicate voice, "Chuck, you actually booked a VIP room in Modern Restaurant. I'll come over to see you, okay?"

Continue pretending!

"Whatever." Chuck was also confused. What was going on? He just replied without thinking.

Chapter 14

The manager of Modern Restaurant brought Chuck Cannon to the VIP room. He felt puzzled. "What's going on?"

"Miss, I didn't book it." Chuck said.

"Hello, sir. It's Director Maine who arranged it for you." The manager smiled slightly. She was also surprised, why would the director arrange it so? After all, only a few people had the luck to be escorted to their rooms by Director Maine like this!

This confused Chuck. The woman outside just now? What did she arrange for him? However, since the arrangement was already made, Chuck just accepted it nonchalantly and followed the manager into the VIP room.

However, when Chuck passed by the hall, he suddenly saw Yvette Jordan sitting at a table. She was just staring blankly at her phone, her gaze already dim and upset.

She was very beautiful today and dressed up on purpose. She was wearing a knee-high dress, revealing her long legs, her skin as fair as snow. Chuck could say for sure that she had grown to be a beauty since he had grown up with her from young. Today, she looked stunning as her beauty reached its pinnacle.

Chuck still remembered that when he woke up in

the middle of the night a few years ago, he could see Yvette's figure, but she didn't know.

It was rare to see Yvette dressed up so meticulously but looking so down in the dumps. Chuck almost couldn't hold himself back to tell her that he was the "baller".

However in this situation, it would only ruin the beautiful fantasy in her head, earning Chuck a big furious slap from her.

This thought dispelled Chuck's previous idea. In order not to let Yvette see him, Chuck walked close to the manager. The manager was a woman, and she was also gorgeous. Seeing as this unknown man was walking so close to her, she blushed immediately. "Sir, please don't do this. I have a boyfriend."

"I'm sorry." Chuck's face turned red. After passing Yvette, Chuck apologized.

"It doesn't matter." The beautiful manager blushed like an apple.

"Sir, please come in." The beautiful manager opened the door of the VIP room.

There were countless luxurious things inside. Chuck had never been to such a high-class place before. He was really surprised. He sat down and didn't know what to do. Since he was hungry, Chuck casually ordered a steak. The manager was surprised that he ordered it first. Why did he come

here alone?

"Sir, are you alone?"

The manager asked tentatively. After all, the VIP room's expense was not low. Isn't it a waste to come here alone to eat steak without a girlfriend?

"Yes, I am alone." Chuck nodded.

"Alright, please hold on!" The manager went out.

Soon, the steak was brought in. Chuck had never eaten this before, so he asked, "Miss, do you have chopsticks?"

"Ah?" The manager was surprised. The person who Director Maine arranged personally for the VIP room had never eaten steak before?

"I've never eaten before, so..." Chuck was embarrassed.

"Sir, please wait for a moment." The manager walked out with a smile.

At that moment, Conrad Lee brought Lara Jean over to the Modern Restaurant in his BMW. She had never been to this place before but heard that it was a high-class place. She said disdainfully, "That loser Chuck actually managed to find a part-time job as a waiter here. It seems that this place is not so good after all."

"Based on how Chuck is, he'll probably be around in one or two minutes. Let's enter in five minutes." Lara said with a look of disdain.

"Well, Chuck is here as a waiter. If I catch him in the act, he'll not dare to say anything or make a scene. After all, in such a high-end place, such a poor guy doesn't even have the confidence or the right to speak loudly. He will only beg for compensation like the lowlife he is. Doesn't he like to show off? This time, I will make him pay one or two thousand. I'm looking forward to it!" Conrad said expectedly with a evil glint in his eyes.

"He dare cheat my 6000 dollars, I'll make him pay with all the interest! Remember, come in in five minutes!" Lara said.

"Got it."

Lara opened the door and got out. Conrad said in a hurry, "The space is not wide enough. Be careful when you open the door. There is a BMW seven series next to you! You will need to pay tens of thousands of dollars with just a scratch!"

"Got it."

Lara opened the door and got out. Seeing the new car, it didn't even have a car plate so she wouldn't know which big boss it belonged to. She looked at the BMW seven series several times and then back her boyfriend Conrad's car, which cost around 100,000 dollars. She suddenly felt a pang of embarrassment.

She thought, "Why can't I find a boyfriend who drives this kind of car? How amazing would it feel if the owner of this car is my boyfriend? Driving this

to university would feel so satisfying."

Lara was looking forward to it. It was a pity that there was no phone number in the car. Otherwise, she would keep it in mind and take the initiative to invite the person out...

She took out her mobile phone to call Chuck and asked him his VIP room number, which Chuck actually revealed directly. Lara hung up the phone and sneered, let's see how long you can be arrogant for!

Lara walked in. Seeing Lara dressed well, the receptionist at the front desk smiled and served her. Lara asked, "Do you have a waiter named Chuck Cannon here?"

"Chuck Cannon? No." The receptionist shook her head.

Lara looked down on Chuck further. His acting skills weren't bad, and even his colleagues were cooperating with him. She knew that the service charge of a VIP room cost 1,000 dollars alone, with the lowest expenses being 9,000 dollars. Chuck could never afford it.

"Hmph, do you think I don't know that you only picked up 20,000 dollars?" Lara muttered before continuing to say that she was looking for someone, even giving the VIP room number to the receptionist.

The reception brought Lara in.

However, when she saw her teacher Yvette, Lara was surprised. How could Teacher Jordan be here?

It didn't matter anymore, Yvette would definitely not know as the meeting was in a private room. Lara followed the receptionist and left quickly.

In the VIP room.

Chuck's WeChat rang with a loud "Ding", indicating that he had received yet again another message. He clicked on it and found that it was still Yvette. "Baller, can you come here soon?"

Reading between the lines, he could still hear the disappointment in her voice.

Chuck was conflicted but still chose to ignore it. At that moment, someone knocked on the door of the VIP room, and Chuck answered. The door open and Lara walked in confidently, staring at Chuck's cheap attire. She was even more disgusted by him.

Come on, if you're pretending try to act the part too. Dressed in such trashy clothes here in a VIP room, do you think that you're a clown?

Chuck glanced at Lara and immediately regretted his actions. He just said it casually and didn't expect Lara to really show up. However, since he already agreed, Chuck couldn't reject it now.

Did she really break up with her boyfriend? Chuck didn't believe it.

"Chuck." Lara walked over with red eyes. She

pulled the chair and sat down beside him, Chuck's face turning red because of the sweet scent from her.

"Chuck, I broke up with my boyfriend. Can you comfort me?" Lara squeezed out tears, looking pitiful.

When she spoke, her soft, supple thigh leaned over intentionally. Chuck immediately backed up. Although Lara looked pretty and had a good figure, Chuck didn't hate her but he didn't want anything to happen with her.

Lara saw Chuck retreating and grabbed his thigh. "Are you a man? Why are you running away? Eh... What's in your pocket?"

Lara touched something square.

"It's car key." Chuck blurted out, but he felt uncomfortable after saying it.

Lara wanted to laugh out loud. Car key? Isn't it just a lighter? Try to act the part properly! She sneered coldly. "Ah, car keys. Shall I take it out and have a look? I want to see what kind of car you bought."

Chuck could only say, "It's not a car key, it's a lighter..."

Lara's heart was full of scorn. He couldn't continue to act when she asked him to take it out. Since he had admitted it, he was definitely still a loser. Lara felt thrilled to catch him in the act of lying.

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"Chuck, this private room was reserved by you. Now no one has come in. Don't you want to do anything to me?" Lara suppressed the disgust in her heart and came over. The clothes on her shoulders naturally fell down, revealing a black strap on her shoulder.

Chapter 15

Lara Jean's figure was indeed amazing. At this moment, as her clothes shuffled off her body, Chuck Cannon could see her figure uncensored. He had been Lara's classmate for so long. Usually, when she bent down or bowed her head, he could occasionally capture this scene. However, the feeling of peeking at her was nothing compared to the real thing today.

Chuck's heart beat faster, but he calmed down immediately. He clearly knew what kind of woman Lara was. What was she doing here today?

Chuck retreated.

Lara clung to Chuck as close as she could and did not let go at all. Deep down, she was anxious: She had sacrificed so much, but why was Chuck not moved at all? Why didn't he touch her?

What a loser!

However, she didn't know that Chuck was also anxious. Normal men would definitely have some reaction if they were by Lara like this. Chuck struggled to get away. Lara scoffed silently and looked at Chuck's pants. He obviously wanted to, but still pretended to not want to. He really was pretentious.

She continued to seduce him selflessly, but a few minutes later, Lara frowned. What was going on?

Why hadn't her boyfriend rush in at this time?

She was secretly furious at the unreliability of her boyfriend. Did he want to wait until Chuck was raping her before coming in?

Disgusting!

After waiting for a few minutes, Lara was furious. She stopped seducing Chuck and stared at him angrily. She snorted and stepped aside. In front of Chuck, she took out her mobile phone and sent a message to Conrad Lee, asking him what was going on.

Conrad did not reply to the message, but when Lara checked her social activity she was absolutely pissed!

Because he was very busy at this time!!

He was actually taking selfies with the BMW seven series on his phone, even adding a caption beneath the photoes: My dad's new car, I really want to drive it out for some fun...

Lara was so furious that she almost erupted on the spot, your dad's car?

She knew that Conrad's father drove a Helanda, which was eight or nine times cheaper than this car. She angrily replied, "Come here quickly, Do you want me to get eaten by him?"

If Chuck knew that the car he bought had become "Conrad's father's car", he would probably be

confused but amused too.

.....

Chuck was currently distressed because his cell phone was ringing. He took it out and saw that it was Yvette Jordan's Wechat message of disappointment and sadness again. He couldn't bear to see it anymore. If he didn't go back, he might really go to see Yvette.

Then it would be hard to put an end to it.

Lara received a message from her boyfriend, saying that he would come over now and asked Lara to continue seducing Chuck. Despite feeling disgusted, Lara still pulled open her collar and turned to Chuck once more. Seeing as Chuck was about to leave, she hurried over and hugged him again. After rubbing him, she raised her hand and slapped herself. Chuck was stunned. What was going on?

"Chuck, I didn't expect you to be such a person... Uhh..." Lara squeezed out tears. When she heard footsteps outside, she quickly opened the door. Conrad then rushed in angrily. "Lara, are you alright?"

"Chuck bullied me... He pulled open my clothes and said if I didn't let him, he would hit me..." Lara hugged Conrad and cried, looking wronged and sad. She was really putting on an act.

Chuck finally understood what she meant. Lara was

trying to plot against him.

No wonder she was so seductive and focused on him just now.

"Look, my face is swollen. He is a bastard. How could he do such a thing to me? Help me get back at him!" Lara cried and looked as though she was the victim.

Conrad was furious. When he came over, he pointed to Chuck and scolded fiercely, "How dare you touch my woman? You want to die?"

Conrad sneered. He wanted to see this person kneel on the ground and beg for mercy after being caught red-handed.

Chuck didn't say anything.

"Call the police? Okay!"

Chuck chuckled and pulled the chair to sit down.

Lara, who was proud in her mind, was stunned. What did he say?

Conrad was stunned and angry. "What did you say? You hurt my girlfriend, but you still act like this?"

"Then what do you want me to do?" Chuck raised an eyebrow and looked back at Conrad.

"You!" Conrad was at a loss for words for a moment. Why isn't he begging for mercy?

"Chuck Cannon, you are a bastard! My dear, call

the police. I want him to go to jail! How dare he do this to me!" Lara cried.

"Don't be sad. Justice would be served once these people are sent to jail! Calling the police!" Conrad said, pretending to call the police, but in truth he was confused. Something was wrong. Chuck was a waiter, so he should not even have the right to make a ruckus here. Why was he still sitting so calmly?

Chuck smiled.

"How dare you laugh at me? Don't you know that you broke the law? You'll have to serve jail time for at least 5 or 6 years! Just wait and see!" Conrad snapped.

"Then hurry and call the police," Chuck said with a smile.

"You..." Conrad was speechless again. What was going on?

"You bastard, sob..." Lara cried even harder.

"Cry louder," Chuck said.

Lara wiped her tears and glared at Chuck!

"You guys put on quite a show. Since it's over, I'll pay and leave now." Chuck said.

"You're just a waiter! Paying the bill? Stop pretending!" Lara was extremely mad. She did not expect Chuck to be so calm. If such, wasn't it a waste of effort to sacrifice herself to seduce him?

"Chuck, you hit my girlfriend!" Conrad continued glaring at Chuck. It was beyond his expectations, but at this moment, he couldn't give up!

"Then you can call the police to examine your injuries!" Chuck said calmly.

"How dare you play tricks on me?" Conrad came over and grabbed Chuck by the collar. Chuck just looked at him. "You can continue, because I am going to call the police!"

"Conrad!" Lara was angry, but if he really called the police, they would be arrested instead. Lara could not stand this, she was annoyed because she had let Chuck look and feel her up!

Conrad let him go angrily.

At this time, the restaurant manager pushed the door open and came in as she heard some noise. She asked, "Sir, what's wrong?"

"It's none of your business. Get out!" Lara was already angry. She couldn't help shouting at the manager who she thought was still acting for Chuck's sake.

"Miss, please don't make a ruckus here!" The manager frowned. She had seen a lot, and knew instantly that nothing good would come from these two people barging in.

"What ruckus! Still pretending! Your acting is too fake I tell you! Do you think I will believe that the poor guy wearing clothes less than 100 dollars can

afford the VIP room? He is a waiter!" Lara mocked.

"Miss, please be respectful. This gentleman is a VIP in our restaurant!" The manager said seriously.

"A VIP? You are so funny. If your boss knows that you are pretending to put on airs at work, you will definitely be fired! Call your supervisor over! I want to complain!" Lara sat down with a sneer on her face. She must vent her anger today!

"Hurry up!" Conrad's face also darkened.

The manager frowned. "I am the manager here!"

"You are not qualified enough. I want to see your boss! I want to complain!" Lara shouted.

The manager looked at Chuck, and she could only go out apologetically. At this time, Chuck sat down, but at the same time, his heart suddenly raced, because he saw Yvette pushing the door and entering. Apparently, she passed by and heard Lara's voices, so she wanted to take a look.

"Lara, Conrad, Chuck, why are you here?" Yvette asked in surprise.

Chuck's heart beat faster. It's over. Why is Yvette here?

"Teacher!" Lara immediately put on her puppy eyes. "Teacher, Chuck just hit me."

"Did he hit you?" Yvette's eyebrows knitted fiercely and she glanced at Chuck.

"Yes, he hit me. He called me and asked me to come meet him here at the Modern Restaurant. He said that he would treat me to dinner. I didn't expect that he would hit me... Oh, he wanted to... oh..." Lara said and burst into tears.

"Did you really hit her?" Yvette's voice was sharp and unforgiving. "Chuck, she's your classmate. How can you treat her like this?"

Chuck was enraged by Yvette who was obviously taking sides without listening to the full story. "I didn't hit her. I'm here for dinner!"

"Dinner?" Yvette looked disappointed. "Do you know how expensive it is here? And you're here for dinner? It doesn't matter if you don't have money, but you can't pretend to have them when you don't!"

"Pretend?" Chuck was angry. He wasn't going to keep everything a secret any longer and he was going to tell Yvonne everything!

Chapter 16

"You're just pretending, aren't you? Who are you to have dinner in Modern Restaurant?"

Lara Jean was very happy. She was angry that she had sacrificed herself for nothing just now. Now, she was overjoyed to see Yvette Jordan despise Chuck Cannon.

Did he really think that by picking up a few trashy dollars, he could forget the nature of being a poor man? He was just a loser, it was hilarious.

Conrad Lee's face was contorted with a mixture of loathe and joy. Still pretending? He won't be able to any longer now!

"Chuck Cannon, you've disappointed me too much!" Yvette shook her head with disgust in her eyes. She knew that he was working part-time at the agency, but was the money from his part-time job enough for him to come here to spend? He was definitely lying to her!

What's more, he was talking so big about spending money. In his own world of lies, he really would not have any success in his life. Yvette was truly disappointed!

It was the right decision to stop him from sleeping in her own bed.

"Well, guess what? You've also let me down!"

Chuck shook his head.

She was just like a docile woman, speaking softly to Baller in such a soft and sweet tone, even begging Baller to come meet her. However, towards himself, her attitude was so different just like the difference between heaven and earth. She was always disappointed in him, like a vengeful woman always coming after him.

If Yvette knew that the two people whom she faced with two different attitudes were actually him, the same person, what would she think?

Chuck suddenly did not want to argue anymore.

"You're disappointed with me? You're not qualified to say that! Well, if you say you're here for dinner, where is the message for the VIP room reservation? Show me your proof!" Yvette retorted coldly.

"I don't have any proof." Chuck shook his head.

"Have you ever been to a high-end place? This kind of place needs to be reserved, but you don't have to. You have the privilege, because you are the waiter here!" Lara did not miss any chance to ridicule him.

"That's right. It's a privilege for you since a waiter just comes in and cleans up the VIP room. At least you can come in and go out at will. Unlike us, we have to make troublesome arrangements just to reserve a seat to eat here. Chuck definitely has it

much easier. You can just come in with a dirty rag. Once you take off your clothes, you can pretend to be eating here. Just so simple! I envy you." Conrad mocked.

"Teacher, he used his identity as a waiter here to simply call girls over, and even pretended to spend money here as a customer. I only came because I felt he was pitiful, but who knew he was a person like this! Teacher, let's go. Ignore such trash!" Lara said to Yvette arrogantly.

Yvette was deeply displeased. "You don't even have a reservation text message. How can you be so self-righteous? You lie so naturally without even thinking it true. Remember, when you lie next time, check it out first. This is no seat without a reservation. Do your research more, then your lies will sound more legitimate."

After saying that, Yvette turned around and left.

Lara scowled at Chuck and pulled Conrad outside by his arms.

But precisely then, a tall and beautiful woman walked in confidently. Her red lips parted to reveal a cool, unfazed voice. "Miss, who said that this is no seat here without reservation?"

"Who are you?" Yvette frowned. She did not know this woman, but this woman's temperament told her that she was not simple.

"Hello, my name is Zelda Maine!" The beautiful

woman said.

"Zelda Maine? Are you the owner of this restaurant?" Yvette was surprised. She often invited people out for dinner here. How could she not know this?

But what was she doing here?

"Yes." Zelda nodded. "Miss, our restaurant's VIP guests don't need to book. There will be seats for them any time."

"Well, I know that." Yvette nodded.

Lara couldn't help sneering. Did the manager just say that Chuck is a VIP here?

How could it be possible?

She had never been here to spend money, but she also knew what conditions she needed to become a VIP of a restaurant. First of all, the expenditure must reach their standard. For a restaurant of this level, it would cost at least 300,000 dollars to become a VIP!

Chuck had always been poor. It was only recently that his luck took a turn and he managed to pick up some money, but it was only 20,000 dollars. Even if he spent all of it, he was still far from the standard of the restaurant's VIP guests!

How could it be? She looked down on Chuck even more. Seriously, even if he asked other employees to cooperate with his acting, he had to do some

research on his own too!

Lara felt that now the word "VIP" had a derogatory meaning.

Hearing the laughter, Zelda glanced at Lara and asked gently, "Were you going to complain about our employees just now?"

"That's right, it's me! It's so nice being a waiter here!"

Lara sneered, "A waiter actually managed to make other employees cooperate with him to lie to us, even saying something like he was here just to eat..."

Yvette looked at Chuck disappointingly.

"So you think that this gentleman in front of you is a waiter here?" Zelda said calmly.

"Of course! Look at his cheap clothes. He doesn't look like a customer who can spend half a day here. He is definitely a waiter. As a boss, I think you should severely punish staff with this kind of behavior! He should be fired immediately!" Lara's voice toned down, full of the pleasure of revenge!

"Sorry, I can't do that." Zelda shook her head.

"As a boss, you still want to side with your employees in front of customers? Well, the way Modern Restaurant deals with this really shows us customers some things. Isn't the customer always right? Now employees are godly correct instead?"

Haha, so rare!" Lara snickered.

"First of all, you are not our customer!" Zelda retorted calmly.

"You... Why do you say that I am not a customer here?" Lara was angry.

"Secondly, he's not an employee here, but a VIP in our restaurant! That's why I can't fire him!" Zelda glanced at Chuck as she spoke.

Chuck was a little surprised.

Yvette's expression changed, a hint of astonishment appearing on her pretty face! She couldn't help but gawk at Chuck, and she was even more surprised by him!

It was because she suddenly realized that Chuck was so calm. If he encountered such a situation previously, he would have panicked and tried to look for help from others pleadingly. But, today was different. It seemed that he had changed... He was weirdly confident.

"What's going on?"

Lara widened her eyes and tried to cover up her shock, "Do you think I will believe it? People like him, a VIP of your restaurant? Do you really think that I don't know the standard for VIPs in your restaurant? If you don't spend hundreds of thousands of dollars, you would never get the title of VIP. If he is your VIP, then your restaurant is not as high-end as I thought, maybe even low-end!

Because if a garbage like this can become a VIP of this restaurant, it means that you have abandoned the word high-end."

Conrad chuckled slyly. She's just adding oil to the fire. Why didn't she fire Chuck earlier? What's there to pretend?

"You're right. The VIP room needs a large sum of money, but this gentleman is my friend. As my friend, can't he be a VIP?" Zelda's expression did not change, and her tone was still so indifferent.

Conrad was surprised that Chuck was Zelda's friend. After all, his father was a interior designer who did many high-end restaurants such as the one owned by Zelda. How could such a person think that Chuck was a friend? Conrad found it incredibly impossible!

Yvette was surprised. She didn't expect that Chuck's words were true. He really came here for dinner, so was she jumping to conclusions?

She examined Chuck once again, her eyes scanning his expression carefully. For some unknown reason, she felt that he had suddenly changed. That confidence that he had was something she had never seen before. Chuck was changing...

"Friends?"

Lara frowned and glanced at Chuck. "You know such a friend? Look at his cheap clothes. Don't you

think it's a disgrace to know such a person?"

"I don't think so." Zelda glanced at Lara.

Lara was so angry that she clenched her teeth in frustration. How could it be possible? She didn't even know such a rich person, so how would Chuck know her? Lara was envious! After all, Zelda's politeness to Chuck obviously genuine! He really knew such a rich person!

Lara was going crazy!

"So this gentleman is a VIP, he doesn't need a booking. How can I fire a VIP?" Zelda looked at Yvette, but her last sentence was actually directed towards Lara. Lara's face turned red. She felt so embarrassed today!

Yvette was silent. "Well then, how do you two know each other?"

Chapter 17

Hearing Yvette Jordan's question, Zelda Maine rolled her eyes and looked at Chuck Cannon calmly. She found he was a little nervous and was puzzled.

Why was he nervous? He was driving a car worth more than two million dollars, did he still want to keep a low profile?

Despite knowing, she helped him cover-up, "I can't answer that. Anyway, this gentleman is a nice person. I will definitely make friends with him."

Chuck heaved a sigh of relief.

"A nice person?"

Yvette glanced at Chuck inadvertently. She had known him for so many years, but she had never felt that he was good. However, his calmness today really surprised Yvette. Maybe he was really changing.

"Why didn't you take notice of this gentleman?" Zelda asked curiously.

Yvette shook her head and walked out without saying a word.

Zelda thought of something and immediately called out, "Miss, my staff said that you have been waiting for someone for a long time. You'd better ask him if he will come. It's not a good idea to continue

18:10 ■

waiting like this."

Yvette stopped and said, "I'll wait!"

After that, she went out!

Lara Jean and Conrad Lee were confused. Who was their teacher waiting for?

Yvette sat down again and took out her mobile phone. Seeing that the "baller" hadn't returned her message on WeChat, her face darkened. She just wanted to treat him a meal to thank him. Why didn't he show up?

Why weren't you replying to me?

.....

Zelda shook her head slightly. She could tell that Yvette dressed up deliberately. Was it a date? Did the man skip the appointment?

She rolled her eyes and suddenly noticed that Chuck was acting weirdly, his eyes glued to the leading figure of the woman just now. Was the lady just now waiting for him?

Zelda raised an eyebrow at Chuck questioningly.

Chuck coughed and his expression returned to normal.

Zelda's lips twitched as she realized the truth. She was really waiting for him, but why didn't he go meet her then?

"Do you have anything else to say?" Zelda asked

Lara Jean.

"Is he really your friend?" Lara asked cautiously. How did Chuck manage to befriend someone so amazing? She was really envious.

"Yes." Zelda was serious.

Chuck felt strange. He was really surprised that Zelda would come in, even going as far as to defend him. After all, the two of them had only met when they parked the car. Their meeting could only be considered a fleeting moment, they couldn't possibly be friends like this.

"Since I'm his friend, can you give me a VIP title?" Lara said expectantly. If she had a VIP title from Modern Restaurant, it would be so glorious for her at university.

"You are his friend?" Zelda smiled sarcastically. "You are his friend yet you sneered at him just now?"

"It's not sarcasm at all if it's true. I mean, look at his clothes, you can tell that he is a waiter." Lara was dissatisfied.

"A waiter?" Zelda was amused at Lara's absurd logic. A man driving a car of more than two million dollars was a waiter? What was this woman thinking?

"Although he is not a waiter here, he could be a waiter somewhere else too! He is just lucky to have met a friend like you, otherwise, how can he have

the right to speak here?" Lara continued to pick on Chuck mercilessly.

"Miss, do you know that he drives..." Zelda couldn't bear to listen any longer and started to stay. She stopped suddenly when Chuck rushed over and signaled for her to stop.

"He drives what?" Lara asked disdainfully.

Zelda shook her head and said it's nothing. Lara continued to beg shamelessly. "Can't you give me a VIP title?"

"No!" Zelda refused at once.

"Don't pretend. Since you can give VIP titles to people like him, why can't you give it to me? I won't come to your restaurant again! What's so great about it?" Lara snorted in annoyance and dragged Conrad out of the room.

Zelda's eyebrows knitted tightly as her tone suddenly dropped. "What did you say?"

"I said that since a person like him has a VIP title, why can't I have it? Aren't I be a hundred times better than him?" Lara was stubborn!

"Your mouth is a hundred times fouler than his, isn't it?" Zelda said.

"You..." Lara was angry. Was she trying to say she had a foul mouth?

"Oh, I know. Don't tell me you're actually Chuck's mistress, aren't you? That's why you've been

helping him all this while, he's your gigolo boy. No wonder a loser like him has a VIP title! Turns out you two are lovers, but don't you feel that you rich bastards have bad taste?" Lara said scornfully. Once he heard her words, Conrad knew that she shouldn't have said that. After all, she was speaking to the owner of Modern Restaurant!

Conrad secretly nudged Lara.

"Stop pulling me!" Lara smirked condescendingly, "I must be right!"

"That's enough, Lara!" Chuck said coldly. Chuck didn't want to pay attention to her just now, but she actually had the audacity to mess with the boss?

Slap!

Zelda raised her hand and slapped Lara. "Why are you such a b*tch?"

Chuck was stunned. This woman... was really fierce!

Lara had been spoiled since she was a child and had never been beaten before, what more to be slapped. The pain that she felt on her face induced a sense of shame within her and she cried out wrongfully, "Why did you hit me?"

"Because you're a b*tch!" Zelda's look was as cold as an ice queen. For a moment, her demeanor as a boss had crushed Lara's self-pity and sense of superiority to the ground.

"Conrad, did you see that? She hit me, she hit me. Come on, hit her!" Lara took Conrad's hand and pouted.

"Lara, let's go." Conrad tried to pull Lara away. His father's small company was counting on such big bosses like Zelda. HE would never have the guts to offend her!

"What do you mean 'go'? Don't you see your poor girlfriend being slapped? Why are you so timid? Help me get back at her!" Lara was so furious that she threw a temper at Conrad.

"Are you leaving or not?" Conrad glared at Lara.

"No!" Lara sat down directly in an effort to make Conrad stay!

"Who asked you to be so bitchy? She is a big boss, how dare you talk about her like that? Do you want to ruin your father's business? Be careful, she'll definitely take her revenge on you," Conrad said cruelly.

"I'm not leaving!"

"Okay, I'll go if you don't!" Conrad loosened his grip and walked out after apologizing to Zelda. He didn't want to offend her.

If this went on, his father's company would be jeopardized if Zelda had her eyes on him.

Lara was dumbfounded. She did not expect Conrad to really leave.

The great sense of shame caused Lara to burst into tears. "Conrad, you are a good-for-nothing! Break up, break up!"

After clearing her head, Lara stood up and also realized that Conrad's words were reasonable. The boss of Modern Restaurant should be wealthy. She must have millions in assets, and Lara's family could not afford to provoke her. What if she spent hundreds of thousands of dollars to find someone to deal with her?

After all, she had heard of such news before.

The more she thought about it, the more scared she became. Tears rolled down her cheeks and she cried out to Zelda, "I'm sorry, I'm sorry..."

"I'm pretty sure you're looking for hell!" Zelda's eyes were as cold as the depths of Antarctica, and they stared deep into Lara's soul.

This was a kind of gaze that was full of the power of someone who had survived in the cruel business world, which made Lara cry even harder. "I'm sorry, I was a b*tch just now. Everything is my fault, please don't come after me..."

Seeing Zelda's cold expression, Lara came over to plead Chuck, "Chuck, you are her friend. Can you speak up for me? I know I was wrong, I really am."

Chuck wanted nothing to do with this. After all, Zelda was such a powerful boss with both a fearful temper and a limited fuse. Lara was already lucky

that Zelda didn't take out her phone to call someone out.

"Chuck, say something. After all, I am your classmate. Please help me." Lara tugged on Chuck's sleeve.

"Lara, how can I help you?" Chuck shrugged.

"You're just taking revenge on me. You could just say a word but you're not!" Lara started to make a scene.

Chuck had no choice but to ignore her. He had already met Yvette and his purpose was achieved. He could pay the bill and go back. He said, "Thank you, Director Maine."

"Call me Zelda." Zelda's expression softened.

"This is inappropriate, isn't it?" Chuck hurriedly shook his head. She was a boss with status, so it was certainly not appropriate to call her directly. He could only add, "Why don't I call you Sister Zelda?"

"That's fine!" Zelda smiled.

Lara saw it and hurried over. "I'm sorry, Director of Maine, I'm sorry..."

Zelda expression immediately darkened. If she had followed her previous temper, Lara would have already been sent to the hospital. How dare she say this to her! If her father heard this, Lara would be much more miserable!

"Chuck, please put in a good word for me, okay?"

Lara grabbed Chuck and pleaded with him, but Chuck just shook his head. This was not something he could have a say in. He just wanted to laugh. How could he help?

As Zelda's expression continued to darken like rainclouds, Lara's heart sank. She gritted her teeth and begged, "Chuck, why are you such a jerk? Do you really want me to beg you with tears? Well, if you put in a good word for me, I'll leave with you tonight. Is this enough?"

Chapter 18

Chuck Cannon was surprised by Lara Jean's words. She had always been dismissive of him.

The only reason why Lara was willing to lend money to Chuck was because she had made an agreement with him for him to pay her back double if he couldn't pay up on time. Despite it being an extremely ruthless deal, the truth was without this condition, she would never have agreed to lend Chuck Cannon any money even if he begged her to.

Was it not possible for Lara who looked down on him to say something like that?

Chuck looked at Lara doubtfully.

Lara was also nervous and even felt ashamed.

Lara was already furious that Conrad Lee had left her alone. She suddenly found that her boyfriend was a wimp, not willing to even stand up for his girlfriend when she is hurt. Compared to Chuck, Conrad was as timid as a mouse!

Just like this, Lara suddenly found that if Chuck could know a boss like Zelda Maine, he probably had hidden talent. In addition, she was really scared just now, so she really needed Chuck to put in a good word for her to Zelda. Moreover, when she seduced Chuck just now, he had seen most of her body. So Lara gave herself an excuse that she

was reluctantly giving him some benefit.

Zelda rolled her beautiful eyes and smiled.

"Say something!"

Lara's face was burning with shame. She thought Chuck was doing it on purpose, what type of men wouldn't gobble a pretty lady if offered to them willingly? She knew it too well, the reason why he didn't speak was to embarrass her. Did she want to make her say it more straightforwardly?

The more Lara thought about it, the angrier she became. "I will have sex with you, do you understand? As long as you can put in a good word for me, my body is yours to play with tonight!"

Chuck wanted to laugh just now. He never thought that Lara would say such sexually explicit words, to offer to have sex with him so that he would put in a good word for her.

The main point was that Zelda was extremely mad at the moment, and Chuck didn't actually know her for long.

Maybe, Zelda would do him a favor and let her off the hook, but this would break the newly made friendship between the two. They would probably become less acquainted and slowly become strangers, and it just wasn't worth it.

Chuck shook his head helplessly. "You can talk about it yourself. I can't help you."

"You!" Lara was angry. "You are really a loser. Go to hell!"

Lara was furious but at the same time fearful towards Zelda, pleading to her in a small, timid voice, "Director Maine, I really know I was wrong. I won't say that again."

Chuck felt helpless upon seeing Lara's teary-eyed face. After all, he had borrowed money from her last time. Although it was over the top, she had temporarily solved his meal problems. It was better to say a few words.

Chuck started, "Sister Zelda..."

"You don't have to say anything else. Since you've already spoken, let's forget about it this time," Zelda said.

"Thank you, Director of Maine!"

Lara was so surprised that she almost cried. She was relieved. If a rich person like Zelda decided to keep a watch on her, she might not be able to live out her university life peacefully.

"You should thank him, not me," said Zelda coldly.

Lara looked towards Chuck and gaped in awkwardness. She thought that he wouldn't have said anything for her, but he actually did. It was complicated for her, as she felt both ashamed of herself and also surprised.

She whispered, "Thank you... thank you. I'll call you

later."

Lara ran out with a red face.

Chuck on the other hand hoped that he would never receive her call.

Zelda smiled. "I still don't know your name."

"Chuck Cannon."

"Chuck Cannon?" Zelda was surprised. She had never heard of this name, which meant that he wasn't in the upper class that she knew. Who were Chuck's parents? She was curious.

"Then I'll just call you by your name in the future," Zelda announced after a brief moment.

"Sure."

The two of them then added each other on WeChat. Zelda's beautiful eyes twinkled as she changed the topic. "Wasn't that beautiful woman waiting for you?"

Chuck nodded. He had already noticed just now that this clever woman had seen through him.

"Then why don't you go meet her?" Zelda asked curiously.

"It's complicated." Chuck sighed. He didn't want to say that Yvette Jordan was his child bride.

"Well, I need to go now, enjoy yourself."

Chuck nodded. He was also ready to pay the bill,

so the two of them came out together. Chuck saw that Yvette Jordan who was well dressed, was still waiting. He had no choice but to go outside.

When they were paying the bill at the counter, Zelda offered to treat Chuck for the meal. However, Chuck shook his head and declined her offer politely. He said that it was not right for her to treat him to a meal when they had just known each other. After all, this was Zelda's business.

Chuck surprised Zelda even further with his polite speech and nice attitude. Who were his parents? He was young and knew how to handle affairs. In the future, he was bound to have greater achievements!

She was thinking about whether she should invite him to the party the day after tomorrow? Let's wait and see, Zelda thought.

"Sister Zelda, I'll go back first then," Chuck said.

"Okay."

Chuck walked out.

Zelda glanced at Yvette, who was in a daze. Then, she beckoned the staff to come over and ordered the staff to make a steak in the kitchen. Soon, the staff came over with the cooked steak. Zelda took it and placed it in front of Yvette.

Yvette came to her senses, shook her head and said, "I haven't ordered anything yet."

"Someone treated you!" Zelda said.

"A treat? Could it be..." Yvette was pleasantly surprised. He's here?

She looked around but did not see the person she had imagined. She asked, "Where is this person?"

"You've seen him in the VIP room just now."

Yvette was stunned. So this was a treat from Chuck? Where did he get so much money? This cost more than 800 dollars.

"Is he using a credit card?" Yvette asked carefully.

"A credit card? He doesn't need a credit card."

Yvette understood. She did not know why or how Chuck befriended Zelda. Since they were friends, how could Zelda charge him for this steak?

"He's not as simple as you think!" Zelda said.

"Really?" Yvette shook her head. Apart from making Yvette feel a little surprised today, she didn't think Chuck was not as 'simple' as she thought. He had always been simple.

"Yes." Zelda nodded and turned to leave.

Yvette was silent. She lowered her head and just continued staring at the steak, not attempting to take a bite out of it. She was determined to wait for the "baller" today...

However, this restaurant was about to close at ten o'clock, so she had no choice but to pay the bill

and leave disappointedly. She drove back without eating anything. After she went back, she stared at her prettily dressed up self in the mirror and felt wronged. She took out her mobile phone and looked at her WeChat. After some hesitation, she decided to have a video chat with the baller.

She clicked "call", but the other party immediately refused.

Yvette was still slightly taken aback, at least the "baller" was still there, but why was he always ignoring her? The "baller" had transferred 200,000 dollars to her a few days ago, but now he was ignoring her again. The huge difference made her anxious. Did she do something wrong?

Yvette pondered silently. After thinking about it for a long time, she sent a message on WeChat, "Baller, did I do something wrong?"

.....

Chuck had already driven back and was staring at Yvette's WeChat message on the large sofa, thinking of what to reply. What should he say? After thinking for a long time, he could only reply, "You did nothing wrong. I just don't want to see anyone today."

Yvette immediately replied, "Alright, let's talk about it tomorrow."

Yvette was a little surprised to his the message since he was replying to her. She lay on the bed

and started imagining, what would this generous man that was willing to give her 200,000 dollars look like?

.....

Chuck did not reply and put down his mobile phone. He was just about to take a bath and go to bed when his mobile phone rang. He looked at it and was wide-eyed. Why was Lara still calling him?

Did she still want to trick him?

Chuck didn't pick it up and let the phone ring on its own. But after a minute, Lara called again. Chuck could only pick it up. "What do you want?"

"Chuck, I don't owe others a favor. I said that I will sleep with you today, so I will sleep with you. Come out and get a room. I don't mind." Lara had hesitated and was conflicted for a few hours, but eventually, she still called him. She didn't want him to look down upon her. She had to do what she said.

"There's no need." Chuck quickly replied. He'd better not provoke someone like Lara.

"Chuck, stop pretending! I remember when I bent down in the classroom last time, I found you looking at my chest. How dare you say that you don't want to sleep with me?" Lara was angry. But before she could finish her sentence, Chuck had hung up the phone.

Lara was so mad that she called him again. Instead,

she found that she had been blacklisted by Chuck. She scolded furiously. "What a loser, not even taking up the chance graciously although I offered. You deserve to use your hands for the rest of your life! I did what I said, but it's you who didn't accept the offer. Don't blame me."

Lara muttered angrily, and then walked into the girl's dormitory. She was feeling a bit strange regarding this. Why was Chuck acting differently now?

Chapter 19

Chuck Cannon was still indulging in his satisfaction after he blocked Lara Jean's number. This was something the old Chuck couldn't bring himself to do. Now that he was financially stable, he felt like he had choices.

He needed to go to the car management office to apply for his car plate permits tomorrow, but judging that his car had been scratched by Queenie Carson not long ago, he still had to contact Charlotte Yates, the salesperson responsible for it. Chuck sent her a text about his inquiry immediately.

Charlotte replied almost instantly, "Mr. Cannon, please send your car to our center and we'll have a look at it."

Since Chuck was the person that made her the target of envy at work on the first day she started this job, she had a strong impression of Chuck from the very start. It could even be said that she was constantly waiting for Chuck to send her a message.

"How much?" Chuck asked.

"Approximately twenty thousand dollars."

"No problem. I'll come either tomorrow or the day after tomorrow," Chuck replied.

"Okay."

Chuck put down his phone, took a shower, and went to bed. The next morning, he brought the car to the 4S Automobile Store to be serviced by Charlotte. It was just a minor scratch, but it would still take some time. He definitely couldn't use the car today anymore, so he had to wait until tomorrow. Chuck parked the car properly and was about to leave.

"Sir, why don't I give you a ride?" Charlotte said sincerely.

Being professional and attentive to an important client could reap benefits far and wide. Her manager had been preaching hard about this constantly, telling her that she should attend to Chuck's needs no matter what it was. Charlotte kept those words in her heart.

"It's okay, thank you for the offer." Chuck shook his head politely with a smile and walked to the roadside to hail a taxi.

Charlotte felt a little discouraged. She even dolled up herself, hoping that he would notice. Since this did not work, she promptly urged the mechanic to fix his car by today. She was determined to give Chuck a surprise.

However, as soon as she turned around, she received a phone call, her cousin's name seen on the display. Charlotte picked up the phone, "Hello, Lara Jean..."

"Cousin, could you lend me some money?"

Lara still had six thousand dollars of debt weighing her down. Her cousin was her last hope. She knew that her cousin just started her job recently, but she really had no other alternatives.

"Okay, how much do you need?" Charlotte wasted no time in answering her cousin's prayers. After all, she earned some handsome commission from the sales of the car to Chuck.

"Wow, cousin, did you make a lot of money?" Lara detected the ease in her voice and was envious.

"No, I just managed to sell a car a few days ago." Charlotte laughed as she explained.

"Is it a very expensive car?"

"Yes, it's very expensive."

"Is the buyer a bald middle-aged man?" Lara giggled. To her, she always thought that only those guys were able to afford expensive cars.

"No, he's very young. He seems to be a student." Charlotte looked into the distance where Chuck had left and a grin appeared on her face. He really gave her a deep impression!

"Wow, a student? He might be from a wealthy family. How does he look like?" Lara asked curiously.

"As the saying goes, clothes make the man. He did not wear anything fancy but you can feel his

charisma seeping through the clothes. He would look handsome if he had shorter hair." Charlotte recalled the day she first met Chuck. Even now, it was still hard for her to believe that he could afford such an expensive car.

"Really? Can you introduce him to me?" Lara's voice lighted up with anticipation instantly. She had just broken up with Conrad Lee and was looking for a rich kid as his replacement. Her cousin Charlotte must have the guy's WeChat contact right? With her alluring figure, she had confidence in herself to lure in this wealthy young man.

"Well, this..." Charlotte hesitated. To be honest, who wouldn't like a rich and young man? Otherwise, she wouldn't have wasted time to dress up today.

"Oh, cousin, just give me his contact." Lara pleaded like a spoiled child.

Charlotte was left with no choice and conceded, "I can give you his contact, but promise me not to harass him okay!"

"Got it. Send it to me as soon as possible."

"Alright, by the way, how much do you want to borrow? I'll transfer it to you now."

"Six thousand dollars!"

"What? Six thousand dollars? What do you need so much money for?"

"It's all because of this one jerk, but I really don't want to bring this up right now. Cousin, please send me the rich guy's contact soon, and also the money too."

"Alright."

Charlotte was speechless with Lara but decided to help her.

Lara tapped open his contact's information once she received it, and was amused to find out that his nickname was "baller".

Hehe, let's see if you are the real deal.

Lara immediately sent him a friend request.

Chuck was on his phone in the car after reaching home when he received a friend request. He opened the request on reflex and was stunned to discover that it was Lara.

He was shocked, what was going on exactly?

This was a very private account that he only used to get contact two people, which was Yvette Jordan and Charlotte Yates. No one should be able to find his account so easily, unless..

When his eyes fell on the description on the friend request, he chuckled. Apparently, she was Charlotte's cousin! His finger was already moving to reject her friend request when he stopped. Hold on, this was an unexpected opportunity to get revenge on her!

Chuck accepted the friend request.

Almost immediately, Lara sent a shy face emoji to him. "Hi, baller."

Chuck, not knowing what to reply, just sent her a smiley face.

"Baller, my cousin told me that you are a student, I'm also a student, any chance that we are from the same school?" She wrote, followed by another two shy-face emojis.

Chuck was amused. "Maybe."

"If it's true, then we are destined to meet, baller. Are you free this afternoon? Let me treat you to afternoon tea," Lara tried to ask Chuck out. She had already decided to wear the sexiest and most revealing outfit from her wardrobe in order to win him over.

"I'm not free this afternoon." Chuck declined her invitation.

"Is that so? Alright then." Lara was let down, but she did not prepare to give up yet. He probably only rejected her invitation because he must have no idea that she had a killer body figure. In that case, Lara took a selfie that showed her cleavage generously and sent it to him.

She added the same shy face emoji again and typed, "Hey baller, do you think I look good in this outfit?"

Chuck snorted in glee. He tapped on the revealing photo and zoomed in, thinking to himself that she really had a big rack. If Lara knew the person who she was trying to seduce was Chuck, she would probably break down.

"Not bad," Chuck kept his reply short.

"Okay then, this will be my outfit for today," Lara chuckled to herself. Men are really easy to entice, she knew that she just had to put in some effort to get what she wanted.

Then, she decided to stop the conversation there. Like a fisherman, she was trying to reel Chuck in, and now she just had to wait for him to send her messages.

Unbeknownst to her, Chuck was not falling for her strategy. He placed the phone back into his pocket and went to the mall to purchase some clothes. He did not return to his school, as he really needed to get new fresh garments for himself. He took a car to the most luxurious shopping mall in town. Back then, he never had the chance to shop here since the clothes here had skyrocketing prices and he didn't have the ability to buy any.

But things were different now, he had all the money he needed for almost anything!

Chuck strode into the place confidently. He was looking for casual outfits instead of sports attires such as Nike branded clothes. The salesperson judged him by how poorly his outfits were and

didn't bother to attend to him. Yet, Chuck was not bothered by this at all. He started choosing what he wanted and then paid for them directly. After spending almost a hundred thousand dollars on clothes and shoes, he was finally looking brand new.

Chuck studied himself in the mirror satisfyingly, looking almost unrecognizable after wearing these outfits. The clothes he was wearing were not fancy in the slightest bit but they were expensive for a reason. They made him look like as if he had high social status, and he never thought that one day he would be able to exude this kind of aura.

"Sir, you look amazing in this outfit!" A shop assistant there was in awe of Chuck's look and couldn't stop flattering him.

Chuck did not entertain her but instead walked straight out of the shop. He desperately needed some grooming for his hair, so he immediately headed to the district's most expensive barber shop for a haircut.

Chuck marched confidently into the barbers in his new attire and instantly caught the attention of several hairstylists. They all studied him closely and came to the conclusion that he was really good-looking. It would be icing on the cake if he sported a stylish hairstyle. The female assistant hurried over to welcome him, "Hi, are you getting a haircut?"

18:11 ■

"Yes."

"This way please."

Chuck followed her to get a hair wash. After that, the female assistant introduced to him several packages available there, such as executive hairstylist or director hairstylist. He was spoiled with choices. The pricing was not a concern for Chuck though, so he chose the most expensive one, and was brought to the director's room.

A while later, a stylish and pretty hairstylist appeared in front of Chuck, giving him a surprise. He was amazed that such a pretty female hairstylist existed. In his memories barber shops were always full of old men. Looking at her, he was admittedly blown away by her beauty.

"What can I do for you, sir?" asked the female hairstylist.

"Make me look more handsome please," Chuck responded.

"No problem." The beautiful hairstylist immediately started designing and giving him a suitable makeover. She could see that he was very wealthy just by the clothes that he wore. Those clothes definitely costed a bomb. She must serve him well!

Half an hour later, the female hairstylist asked with a smile on her face, "Sir, what do you think about this hair cut?"

Chuck was perplexed at his new look. Who is this

18:11 ■

person in the mirror? He wondered what Yvette would think if she saw him like this.

Chapter 20

When Chuck Cannon was done paying the bills and was exiting the barbershop, the pretty hairstylist asked for his contact and urged him to come again the next time he decided to groom his hair again.

Chuck was actually quite impressed with her work. This hair cut really suited him and complimented his already dazzling look. He looked brand-new and this fact was still hard to register in his head. Who knew that he could be this good-looking!

When he was walking on the streets, he noticed many people were turning their heads in his direction.

All the pretty ladies who walked past Chuck couldn't help but look twice at him. He stood out because of his charisma despite looking normal. Coupled with the fresh hair cut, his already handsome face was even more attractive.

For the first time, he was turning heads. He felt odd and a little nervous at the same time. After all, people were looking at him in a new light. But as he put one foot in front of the other his confidence rose steadily and looked more at ease.

From now on, everything was going to change for the better.

Chuck wolfed down a bowl of noodles at a random restaurant and then left to the university by car.

.....

Lara Jean meanwhile was busy capturing photos in the classroom to try to seduce the baller later tonight. She chose the best-looking one for their conversation later.

Queenie Carson was quite depressed. She was still waiting for the car owner's call. Why hadn't she heard from him? She had been waiting anxiously for a few days, and she really wanted to talk to him. She sighed and decided to discuss it with Chuck later. She felt like she was on the verge of breaking down if this situation persisted.

There was the sound of high heels clicking outside of the classroom, and suddenly the noisy classroom became quiet. Yvette Jordan, their teacher was approaching and it was time for class to start.

"Ah, why is Chuck absent again today?" Queenie could not help but worry when she saw that the seat next to her was empty again.

"That jerk isn't coming anymore, he is totally different now, since he just hooked up with..." Lara was still browsing through her photos while throwing a jab at Chuck sarcastically.

Last night there must have been something wrong with her to actually call up Chuck for those reasons. Thinking back on it now, she couldn't picture how would she feel if Chuck really took the bait and went for her. She would definitely feel

sickened by that.

Fortunately, Chuck did not accept her invitation.

"Who is Chuck hooking up with?" A classmate asked.

A wave of panic swept over Lara. She was glad that she kept her mouth shut just in time. If she had blurted out Zelda Maine's name like this, the consequences would be severe.

She stopped talking and threw a cold glance at her classmate, before turning back to continue working on her own matters.

"Yeah, I think he most probably hooked up with a rich woman."

"Haha, I didn't think he's the rich woman's type. They usually look for attractive, handsome guys; he is not even in my league yet. It's hard to imagine that any rich woman would want him."

"You can't really blame him for not showing up, I heard that he suddenly had a windfall. He is probably spending that ridiculous sum of money in some high-end places as we talk."

"Haha ..."

The whole class burst into sarcastic laughter.

Queenie was the only one who was not laughing, her face reddening at those comments. Following the sound of the incessant laughter, Yvette walked into the classroom in a strict manner and put down

the textbooks.

She glanced at Chuck's empty seat and frowned. What's going on? Did he really get ahead of himself just because of hooking up with a restaurant owner? Even going as far as skipping class?

"Everyone, let's start the class." Yvette signaled the class to get ready. She decided against waiting for Chuck to arrive since it was not the first time he skipped class.

All of a sudden, she saw a figure of a guy panting breathlessly at the door from the corner of her eye. "I'm sorry, I'm late..."

Everybody in the class recognized this voice instantly. They all looked at the door and was ready to pick on the person, but they froze when they saw Chuck's transformation.

Who was this? Chuck Cannon?

"Is this f*cking Chuck? Are you kidding me?" One of the students was the first to exclaim.

"It's really Chuck! What's going on?" Another student's eyes widened.

"It's really him. Where did he get his hair cut? It sure looks good on him. His clothes are from CK, right? I'm pretty sure it costs at least a few thousand dollars."

"I bet it's fake goods, it's impossible that he can afford those!"

"True, not everybody can afford clothes from CK. But it's true that this guy looks like a completely different person, the fake clothes look like the true thing on him. This is unexpected!"

"What do you mean they look like the true thing? Anybody would look that good if they were dressed like him, the only difference is that he has a new hair cut. I'll ask him about it later, let's go get a hair cut at the same place next time."

"You are right, he only looks good because of his hair cut! I'm sure it's all the work of his hairstylist, nothing to do with him."

In a few seconds, the whole class was talking about him, some were amazed but some were bitter.

For a while, the class was as noisy as a market, sounds of classmates chattering away in bewilderment could be heard everywhere.

Lara was stunned by Chuck's appearance. She always thought that he was nothing but a loser. Even if he hooked up with Zelda, her opinions stayed the same.

But now, Lara didn't think so, Chuck's appearance today really blew her away. That crisp hair cut brought out her already excellent features, complementing his simple but classy clothes. It was as if he was a completely different person, someone who was full of confidence. He was really eye-catching today, Lara thought to herself.

If he looked like this last night, she wouldn't mind sleeping with him for a night, nor would she feel disgusted either...

What about asking him out tonight again?

At that thought, Lara immediately shook her head. So what if Chuck looks more attractive now? Her target was the baller and not him. Looks are just looks, and she should just focus on seducing the baller.

Although she felt that way, that didn't stop her from stealing glances at Chuck. So people really looked so different after putting in some work on their appearances huh. Lara really hoped that the baller looked as good-looking as Chuck as well. If so, she would be in for a fancy treat!

Lara was on cloud nine just imagining that if she was with someone who was rich and handsome at the same time. It was a pity though, how could Chuck have anything to do with the baller?

Queenie's heart was beating very fast.

She was awe-struck by how handsome Chuck was. "Handsome" was the first word that came to her mind when she saw him. She recalled the feeling of nervousness when she and Chuck secretly slept in the owner's house that night. If Chuck had knocked on her door that night, would she have rejected him?

Queenie's heart was in a frenzy. Her heartbeat

seemed uncontrollable, beating faster and faster as she started to panic. What was going on? Why was her heart beating so fast?

Could it be? This was love?

Queenie shook the thought out of her head. Chuck was just her classmate, nothing more...

Yvette's eyes couldn't conceal her astonishment.

The Chuck Cannon of today looked refreshing, and even she was captivated by his looks.

She had known Chuck for too long since they had spent a lot of time together since young. She had always thought of Chuck as somebody ordinary, weak, and lacking in masculinity. Yvette couldn't stand being in the presence of somebody like him.

However, today, although she was not sure whether he was wearing authentic or fake attire, his fashion style, hair cut, and overall charisma had managed to even win her over. Based on her high-standards, Chuck was actually looking quite handsome today!

His eyes shone with a glint of unseen confidence, giving him the masculinity that he lacked all along.

If Chuck had looked like this all this time, by now they would have probably even had a child...

Yvette was consumed in her imagination, and suddenly wished that the baller also looked like this. But it was just wishful thinking, she just

couldn't wait any longer to meet him.

She took a deep breath and said in an unusually soft tone, "It's okay. Don't be late next time. Come in!"

Chuck was surprised at her, she would usually reprimand him harshly if he was late. He was already prepared to face her wrath in front of the whole class.

With the class's eyes on him, he walked casually to his seat, soaking in all the attention. He had already felt the attention when he walked into the university just now, so he felt more at ease.

It was true that improving one's appearance really made a difference.

People really do need a makeover!

Chuck sat on his seat and noticed that Queenie's face was as red as an apple. He asked obliviously, "What's wrong with your face?"

"I'm fine, it's nothing," Queenie shook her head in a hurry. She took a deep breath, reminding herself to stay calm and pushed down her weird thoughts. She couldn't have feelings for him since they were just classmates. Even so, that didn't stop her from breaking into a sweat and hearing her heart pounding loudly. She blushed fiercely as her face turned a bright scarlet. She thought, "Have I really fallen in love with him?"

Please don't!

18:12 ■

Seeing Chuck and Queenie exchanging small talk in the corner of the class, Yvette felt a small prick in her heart and shouted. "Let's start the class!"

Chapter 21

After class, Yvette Jordan walked out of the classroom with a cold expression on her face.

The whole class breathed a sigh of relief. Yvette was inexplicably unfriendly and stern today during class, so it was really torturing for them. Maybe she was mad at something.

Finally, everybody could relax and their gaze fell unknowingly at Chuck Cannon's brand new look once again. Even if Chuck was wearing imitation attire, that still didn't make sense with the fact that he just stumbled upon two thousand dollars. That meager amount was not enough for his expensive clothes.

They were confused, but when they saw Chuck becoming the focus of the class, many male students were jealous.

"Wow! Lara, why are you taking such sexy selfies?" A female classmate was surprised. Lara Jean glared at her. She was preparing to send a photo to the baller, so the photo had to be sexy in order to capture his attention.

But she didn't expect it to be seen by her desk mate.

"What's wrong with sending this to my boyfriend?" Lara was annoyed. She took her bag and walked out of the classroom while sending off the photo.

Her desk mate could only scoff at her.

Meanwhile, Chuck who had already silenced his phone received a photo from someone. He took out his phone and checked: it was indeed a sexy photo of Lara. She even sent a message to him informing him that her class had ended, and she wanted to invite him out for steamboat or something like that.

He shook his head disapprovingly. Is Lara's head just full of thoughts of trying to hook up with rich men and nothing else?

At the same time, he also received a message from Charlotte Yates, informing him that his car has been fixed and he could retrieve it once he was free. Chuck was slightly startled at the efficiency of her service.

He stood up with a smile spreading widely on his face. Since his classes had ended for the day, he could go get his car back now.

"Where are you going, Chuck?" Queenie Carson had a blush on her face for the whole class. For the first time, she found it a bit nerve-wracking when she talked to him.

"I'm going home now." Chuck could not possibly tell her that he was going to get his car back.

"Okay, be careful on the way. I'm going to my part-time job now," Queenie said as she picked up her backpack.

"By the way, where is your part-time job now? I'll

go visit you when I'm free." Chuck grinned.

"What? No, you can't." Queenie shook her head furiously. The restaurant she worked part-time at was a luxurious one. She wouldn't want to see Chuck spending unnecessarily on this besides, and she also wanted to keep her workplace a secret from him.

"I can't talk now, I'll leave first!" She quickly tried to leave. However, a thought formed in her mind and she turned back abruptly, a solemn tone forming in her voice. "Chuck, the owner of the car hasn't called me yet."

Chuck didn't know whether to laugh or cry at her remark; Queenie was just too persistent. He could only say, "The car owner probably just doesn't want to trouble you, so don't worry."

"Yes, but as long as he calls me, I will make sure to fulfill my responsibility," Queenie said seriously and waved at him. "See you tomorrow."

"Well, see you tomorrow." Chuck smiled.

Chuck exited the classroom following Queenie, his phone ringing constantly from all the WeChat messages sent from Lara. She kept on bombarding him with silly questions such as what was he doing, was he bored, and more. She kept asking him out but Chuck didn't want to entertain her, so he just told her he was busy.

A few moments later, Lara replied with several

pitiful-face emojis.

Chuck was determined to stop this conversation, but as soon as he placed his phone back in his pocket, the phone rang again. Slightly annoyed, Chuck checked took a look, and was shocked at the caller's name. It was from Zelda Maine. They exchanged numbers yesterday.

But why was she calling him?

He hesitated for a moment and answered the phone, addressing her as Sister Zelda the moment the call connected.

Zelda's voice could be heard from the phone. "Well, are you at school?"

"Yes, I am just about to go home," Chuck said.

"I just happened to be near a university and I want to check if it's the one you're attending. What's the name of your university?"

"Design College."

"Such a coincidence. Wait for me for a while, I need to tell you something."

"Okay."

Chuck was surprised at the turn of events after he ended the call. What did Zelda want to tell him?

He shook his head and walked to the school gate. However, he saw Yvette busy picking things up from the floor in the parking lot. She had seemingly

dropped her stuff because her hands were full.

Chuck paused for a moment and then went over to help. He lowered himself and started picking her things up.

"You don't have to help me!"

Yvette threw Chuck a cold look. He had no choice but to pick up her things quickly, then turned around to leave. He didn't want to make a fool out of himself.

Yvette's anger boiled over when she saw him leaving. "Hey!"

"What's wrong?" Chuck turned around in confusion.

"Why were you talking so much during class just now?" Yvette couldn't control her anger. She was referring to Chuck and Queenie's constant chit-chat in the class, but she held back her anger and didn't say anything at that time.

"I'm sorry." Chuck was embarrassed. He thought that he was being quiet enough.

"Remember, the exams aren't far away. You have to attend every class! Do you think that the fact that you know Zelda grants you the right to skip class?" Yvette remarked coldly.

Chuck sighed. There were really several things he needed to tend to these few days, which was why he didn't attend class. He also hadn't managed to

clean out the house that he bought from Yvette yet. He planned to quickly clean it up and rent it out as soon as possible.

But he was busy.

Seeing as Chuck was silent and did not retort her, Yvette frowned and her eyebrows furrowed deeper, "There's nothing wrong with knowing Zelda, but you have to be worthy of the friendship, only then she will see the worth in the relationship. If you are not capable enough, nothing will change alright? If you don't study hard, how will you expect to become a better person?"

"You are right." Chuck nodded. Yvette was right. If he was not worthy enough, even if somebody wanted to give him a hand, he wouldn't be able to give back what he previously had. But things were different now, he did have the capability now!

Yvette's expression softened.

"Wifey... Yvette, how's the situation with your company now?" Chuck tried to change the topic hurriedly.

Yvette glanced at Chuck but did not say anything since she had no intention to talk about this. Recently, she had been going to the training company to look for customers. This was overwhelming for her, so she decided to invest the money she made from the sales of her house and hire some good mentors to handle the promotion and public relations of the company.

"Do you need any help?" Chuck asked carefully.

"No." Yvette shook her head and said, "Please mind your own business. I don't think you can afford these expensive clothes right, did Zelda buy it for you?"

Chuck was speechless. Why would Zelda buy clothes for him? It wasn't even two days since they knew each other. His attire cost a whopping ten thousand dollars.

"No, I bought it myself," Chuck replied.

"Oh, not bad." It was the first time Yvette had praised him. She had no doubt that these were imitation goods, but they did look very authentic indeed.

"Do you want me to send you?" Yvette asked as she opened the car door and put her stuff in.

"It's alright, I have..."

"You have money to take a taxi right?" Yvette shook her head in disappointment. Did knowing Zelda make him arrogant? She couldn't help but frown.

"Well, sort of," Chuck said with a wry smile.

Yvette decided to stop talking. If Chuck had the money, he should save instead of spending carelessly, or elsewhere would he get the means to repay others when they extended him a helping hand?

She went into the car and was about to leave when she suddenly saw a luxurious car to enter the school compound. She was astonished because she saw the person inside the car waving at Chuck. "Hey, here..."

Yvette muttered to herself with a stunned expression on her face, "So someone is coming to pick him up?"

"I have to go now," Chuck said, but Yvette just stared at him, not hearing a thing of what he said. Chuck couldn't do anything but continue walking towards Zelda, whose eyes lit up when she saw his new look. Not bad, she never imagined that Chuck could be such a looker!

This was how a rich kid was supposed to look like! He was more charismatic than any other wealthy youngsters that she had seen before. Zelda couldn't help but glance longer at him, asking. "Why did you dress up today?"

"Didn't Sister Zelda call me? I dressed up for you." Chuck joked.

"Such sweet words!" Zelda laughed as she shook her head. She looked around and couldn't find Chuck's car. Surprised, she asked. "Where's your car?"

"It was sent to the workshop."

"Get in the car then, I have something to tell you," Zelda said. Chuck was puzzled but got in the car

anyways. The moment he opened the car door and got in, he could smell the fragrant aroma from Zelda's car, which was indeed pleasant and calming.

Zelda saw Yvette by chance and was curious. "So she is a teacher."

"Well, she owns a company too."

"That's pretty good." Zelda opened her car door and stepped outside, startling Chuck. "Sister Zelda, what are you doing?"

"I have something to talk to her about." Zelda walked towards Yvette, who was about to enter the car. She stopped at her sudden appearance and asked in a surprised tone, "Director Maine, what's the matter?"

"It's nothing, I just want to ask you something," Zelda smiled politely.

Yvette nodded, "Okay, please go ahead."

In the car, Chuck felt very uneasy. Zelda wouldn't tell her about what she wanted to know since last night right? Precisely at that moment, his phone rang again in his pocket, and Chuck immediately picked up the call without checking who it was. He was taken aback upon hearing his mother's voice from the receiver. "Chucky, the mother is coming back!"

Chapter 22

Chuck Cannon was bewildered. He had never seen his mother in his entire life, seemingly to be living abroad the first time she called him. He quickly asked her when she was coming back.

"In a few days! I'll come back first, your dad will stay there."

He was teary-eyed and asked her what she was going to do when she came back after being abroad for so many years.

His mother's answer was short and simple. "I'm buying everything!"

Chuck chuckled at this answer. Just what was she planning to buy?

"I have to end the call here, wait for me then," His mother said.

"Will you recognize me?" Chuck was curious. After all, they had never met each other before. To be more accurate, he was the one who had never seen them before.

"Silly child, you are my son. How can I not recognize you? I have to go, see you."

Chuck's mother hung up the phone in a hurry, maybe she was busy.

Chuck was looking forward to it. He couldn't start

to imagine how wealthy his mother was. She had already given him 15 million dollars just a few days ago. What in the world was she going to buy when she came back?

It was beyond his imagination! What if she bought a company? And made him the general manager? Chuck's imagination drifted off further.

At this moment, Zelda Maine was walking back to the car. Her long legs slipped into the seat beside him, and he couldn't help asking what Yvette Jordan and her talked about. He was only worried that Zelda would reveal his secret that he was supposed to be showing up to meet Yvette yesterday. If that was the case, Yvette would have guessed easily that he was the baller.

"Nothing much. Zelda shook her head.

Chuck fidgeted nervously in his seat but there was nothing he could do. As Zelda drove them both out of the university compound, his eyes fell on Yvette who was staring at their car. Strangely, she didn't look angry at all. Perhaps what Zelda had said to her had nothing to do with Chuck at all. As for what did they actually talked about, only God would know.

Still, Yvette seemed to have a complicated expression on her face. He squinted to check, yep, she was feeling a bit complicated indeed.

Chuck urged himself to stop thinking about it.

Unbeknownst to him, Lara Jean had witnessed Chuck getting on and getting driven off in a fancy car. She was blown away and even more envious.

Why does he have so many rich friends? Why didn't she know any?

But fortunately, she knew one recently!

Lara checked her messages expectantly. After seeing the baller's contact, she felt a sense of relief. She curled her lips and raised her phone to take a selfie. She took a photo of her showing a little cleavage and sent it to the baller. In the message, it said, "I'm going out."

Chuck was stupefied by the incoming message. Why was Lara sending sexy photos of herself to him?

"Lara..."

She turned back to see who was calling her and immediately felt nauseous. It was Conrad Lee who abandoned her yesterday. How dare he show his face in front of her?

"How dare you come here?" Lara was furious.

Conrad came to apologize with a bunch of flowers in his hand. "Lara, please don't be angry, I had no choice last night. If my father knew that I offended Zelda, then..."

"Then what? I am your girlfriend, when I was hit you didn't even defend me! Even Chuck Cannon was

better!" Lara glared at him.

Conrad grimaced at her remark. He didn't know how Chuck befriended Zelda, but no one could deny that Conrad himself was from a wealthy family. His pocket money was in the ten thousands every month. In comparison, what did Chuck have? Conrad felt humiliated at the comparison between him and Chuck.

"How do you know he's better? Did you sleep with him?" Conrad retorted sharply.

"I don't want to talk to you!" Lara turned around and left, annoying Conrad. No wonder Lara was fine today, she must have slept with Chuck last night.

Knowing that he got cheated on by the jerk Chuck, Conrad couldn't contain his anger anymore. If she slept with someone who was way better than him, he would have no qualms, but Chuck? Who the hell did he think he was?

He chased after Lara and grabbed her by the hand.

Lara was already furious about what had happened last night. She raised her hand and slapped Conrad, whose face turned a bright red immediately after. The red palm print looked out of place on his face.

When he heard the laughter of students nearby who were looking at their squabble, he finally exploded. "Lara Jean! How dare you slap me?"

"We've already broken up! Since you're still not over it, what's wrong with me slapping you? Let me be honest with you, I have a new boyfriend now, and he's somebody who owns a two-million-dollar car compared to your disgrace of a car. If you make me angry again, I'll get my boyfriend to ask people to beat you up!" Lara threatened.

Conrad's brows furrowed. "A two-million-dollar car? When did you get together with him?"

"Yesterday!" Lara replied smugly.

Conrad's expression was as dark as a rain cloud upon hearing Lara's words. She had a curvy, sexy figure and appearance, so it was not a surprise she managed to get a rich boyfriend. He always heard that rich people liked to keep pretty university girls as their sugar babies.

But they only got together recently.

"You should beware of him, he'll get rid of you once he's played with you." Conrad's tone was tinged with jealousy. He was just upset at the fact that she was suddenly better than him in the blink of an eye.

"You don't have to worry about this, my boyfriend is super nice to me. Last warning, stop bothering me or my boyfriend will not let you off the hook easily!" Lara was tired of this conversation and hastily called a taxi at the school gate.

Conrad snorted. Well, let's see how good your new boyfriend is!

.....

Zelda stopped the car and got down. Chuck followed suit and was curious, why were they near the vicinity of Yvette's company? Did she really acquire Yvette's company?

That was probably not it. Yvette's training company was in a strategic location, her company on the fifth floor of a plaza with a never-ending crowd. Does that mean that Zelda is intending to open a Modern Restaurant franchise here?

As Chuck continued to ponder, Zelda finally said, "I've been interested in this place for a long time, but there was no vacant shop available previously. I asked the person in charge of the shopping mall and he told me that the training company on the fifth floor was not making a profit lately. Their business was suffering a lot, and coincidentally their rental contract was about to end, I'm pretty sure that the owner of this company is going to close shop soon. I saw this opportunity and hence talked to the person in charge of the mall. I'm preparing to rent that place."

Chuck froze after hearing this. It was true that Yvette's company was experiencing difficulties. However, the main reason was only because Yvette was not in charge personally recently, but she had already sold off her house. Did this mean she was going all-in?

"If my shop opens, it will increase the value of this

plaza, which is why the owner of the plaza is willing to charge me half the rental of that training company. He's going to invest seven to nine million dollars in my shop, too. Are you interested to manage it?" Zelda looked at Chuck.

She didn't know how capable Chuck was, so she wanted to use this to test his mettle. If Chuck agreed to work with her, then there would be a good chance to collaborate. After all, Zelda had only met him once, but he had already left a good impression on her.

Chuck was torn between agreeing and disagreeing. At the first mention of Zelda's invitation, he was already thinking to decline her since Yvette had already sold off her house in preparation to turn her company's fate around, maybe she would even invest more into it. If he accepted Zelda's invitation, Yvette's loss would pile up for sure.

However, at the mention of Zelda's second sentence, he understood that by giving a lot of rental fees at half price, the plaza owner was determined to make the plaza famous with Zelda's restaurant. Even if Chuck ultimately rejected her, Yvette was a goner.

"You can think about it. Anyways, no one has ever suffered a loss when doing business with me." Zelda sounded confident. Chuck nodded meekly and asked her if this was the matter that she wanted to tell him over the phone. Zelda nodded in agreement, but also shook her head, her eyes

circulating Chuck slowly. Suddenly, a thought popped up in her mind...

After Yvette returned home, she handed the deal of the house over according to the appointed time. She packed up her last few items in the house and put it in the car, preparing to head to her new rented place. This time, she rented a house situated in a residential area in the center of the city, which was more convenient for her. When she got into the car, her phone rang. She took it out and looked at the screen. It was from the plaza management where her company was located. She was planning to arrange an appointment with the person-in-charge these few days to talk about her company's rental renewal, but apparently he was one step ahead of her.

She answered it. "Hello, Manager Yarn."

"Yes, I want to ask you about your company. From what I observe at the moment, your business is not doing very well, right? You can say that there is hardly any business at the moment, aren't you running on a loss?"

Yvette can only stay silent as a form of agreement. She couldn't hide this any longer. She usually had about ten classes every week in college, so she had neglected the management of her company. She had already decided that this time she would definitely bring her company back on the right track!

"Kind of, but I'm planning to..."

"You can put your plans on hold, I want to let you know that your contract has expired. Prepare to move out soon!" Manager Lee told her coldly.

"What? Hello?" Yvette was left in shock with this news and tried to double confirm with him, but the owner had already ended the call. She fully grasped what he meant, he is kicking her out. Yvette was a little lost and anxious, what was she going to do now?

Chapter 23

Yvette Jordan panicked.

She had invested too much in this training company, even pouring her heart and soul into it. Last year, she had just refurnished it, spending around tens of thousands to customize the cabinets on the interior of the office. Last year, she spent 150,000 dollars on the renovation, not to mention other little investments made over the year. But now, she was being forced out by the plaza's owner, it was so despairing for her that she felt that the sky was going to collapse.

What should she do?

Yvette was extremely anxious, as though someone was forcibly taking away her belongings, her heart ached.

If she chose a new address, she would have to pay at least 800,000 dollars for the renovation, the rent, the deposit, and to hire new expertise to train her workers. She already spent around 70 to 80 dollars just to pay her workers, the rent as well as to buy some furniture and advertise her company. She had spent quite a lot from the money that she got from selling her house, so it was really difficult for her to take so much money out!

Yvette bit her lip lightly and immediately decided to drive to the company!

She drove to the square and parked the car. Then, she went to buy two bottles of wine at a nearby store that sold cigarettes and wine before heading to find the manager of the plaza.

Yvette took a deep breath and put on her widest smile before knocking on the door and entering.

Manager Yarn, who had just made the call to her, glanced at her and said coldly, "What are you doing here? I've already told you what I wanted to say on the phone just now."

"Manager Yarn." Yvette kept smiling and put the things she bought on the table.

Manager Yarn glanced at the things on the table and immediately sneered. "You'd better take them away, I'm not used to drinking such cheap wine. You'd be better off giving them to the cleaner instead."

Yvette took a deep breath and suppressed the anger in her heart. "Manager Yarn, when I met you last time, you said that we could renew the contract. Why do you change your mind now?"

"When did I say that?" Manager Yarn raised his eyebrows.

"Just last time, when I invited you to dinner."

"Oh, that time? Let me tell you, that was the worst meal I had ever had. What kind of meal was that? You want to bribe me with just a few hundred dollars? Who would treat someone to a dinner like

that?" he sneered.

Yvette anger rose. "Manager Yarn, you can't do this!"

"What do you mean? You are the most stingy among all the shop owners. It's been five years and you've only invited me to have two meals. Who do you think I am? I've been merciful to you for letting you renew the contract last time, what makes you think that I would be merciful again? Do you think it's possible? You deserved all of this! Your contract will expire at the end of this month, remember to take all your garbage away so you can get your deposit back!"

Manager Yarn snorted and continued arrogantly, "Still not leaving with your rubbish? Do you seriously want to do business with only a cigarette and two bottles of wine? No wonder your business is so bad. Yvette, if you want to succeed, you have to know how to deal with people. If you don't even know how to deal with people, what makes you think you can continue renting the place?"

"Taylor Yarn! Don't go too far!" Yvette was furious.

Manager Yarn continued provoking her and said, "I went too far? To tell you the truth! It's impossible for you to renew the contract! Because someone much richer than you have an eye on your place! They're so rich they can simply throw away tens of thousands of dollars just for investing. To be honest, it's a waste of resources for that place if

you rent it. The standard of our plaza has been lowered by your training company, such a strategic place shouldn't be yours, it should belong to rich bosses like them! For a company like yours, you're better off opening a company at a warehouse in the village instead."

"You!" Yvette snapped in anger and annoyance.

"What? I warn you, you'd better take all the things away before your contract ends. If that rich boss isn't satisfied with the place, say goodbye to your deposit!" He sat down and crossed his legs.

Yvette held back her urge to kick him in the shin. If she did so, she would definitely lose her deposit of 50,000 dollars.

At this moment, she really felt so helpless. She was bullied like this, yet no one was there to help her...

"Still not leaving? Are you planning to have your husband make a fuss here? I warn you, if you dare to make a scene here, our boss will kill you!" Manager Yarn continued to threaten.

The last time Manager Yarn harassed her, she had no choice but to lie that she was married. She was bitter that her undocumented "husband" was actually Chuck Cannon.

She admitted that she was Chuck's child bride.

But what could Chuck do even if he was here? It was said that the owner of this plaza had connections with gangsters. No ordinary people

could go up against them, not to mention Chuck.

However, Yvette knew that Chuck knew Zelda Maine, would she have a solution then? Zelda was a big shot in the business circle, so maybe she knew the boss of this plaza. Who knows, maybe with just a word from her could help her continue her business here.

Manager Yarn scoffed as Yvette was still deep in her thoughts. "I think your husband is a useless person. Otherwise, he would have come here a long time ago. Why are you even with him? You're better off with me. If you want a shop, I'll give it to you with just a flick of my fingers, and I promise to make sure you have a good time at night!"

Manager Yarn laughed lasciviously!

"Shameless!"

Yvette angrily grabbed the water on the table and splashed it on Manager Yarn's face. With a splash, his expression contorted. "Yvette Jordan, you're looking for trouble!"

He glared at Yvette as his collar was drenched in water. Yvette stared him down, still feeling slightly uneasy deep down. No matter how strong she was, she was still a woman. She was about to run out with her things, but Manager Yarn raised his hand and gave her a big slap across the face.

Slap!

"B*tch!" Manager Yarn spat at her in disgust!

Yvette's face swelled up in a mixture of rage and shame, biting down on her lips so hard they almost bled. The injustice she felt turned into tears that welled up in her eyes. At this moment, how she longed for someone to help her, but...

She turned around and tried her best to hold back her tears without avail. With a stream of tears flowing down her swollen cheek, she grabbed her things and stormed out of the room.

Manager Yarn wiped his face with a tissue, "Such a b*tch. If you had agreed to let me sleep with you when I offered, I could've talked to the boss about it and allow you to continue renting the place. Who asked you to reject me like this?"

He spat contemptuously and continued to play with his mobile phone.

Yvette went back to her company in a daze. Seeing that her face was swollen, her staff immediately asked what had happened, but Yvette shook her head and assured them that everything was fine. Secretly, she was extremely upset at what happened. She went back to the office and wanted to call Chuck to ask him to let her meet Zelda. She didn't know if Chuck had a good relationship with Zelda, maybe they were just friends, but a chance was still a chance for her. She took out her mobile phone and called him in determination.

She was a little nervous. Ten seconds passed, but Chuck did not pick up the call. Yvette shook her

head in utter disappointment. "When I needed help, you could never help me... You never helped me, even if it's just this one time, you'll never be able to..."

This was a look of complete disappointment. Yvette was in despair. She had utterly lost faith in him!

She put down her phone, but suddenly thought of the "baller" on WeChat. He must know a lot of people since he is so rich, could he help her? Thinking of this, Yvette gathered her emotions once again from the previous disappointment towards Chuck. Full of expectations, she sent a message to the baller:

"Can I ask you for a favor, baller?"

"Baller, are you busy? Or..."

"Baller, I'm sorry to disturb you..."

"I'm sorry."

There was no response for more than ten minutes, and Yvette was already deep in despair. As a woman, she was already under so much pressure, yet she was actually insulted and slapped by a plaza manager with no one to help her. Her self-confidence crumbled as she broke down and started crying, tears flowing uncontrollably down her face.

Outside the office, the staff heard her cry and several staff members looked at each other in

confusion. What was wrong with Yvette?

"Didn't Director Jordan get beaten just now?"

"I think so. Who could it be!"

"Probably a man. It's normal for Director Jordan to cry, business has been so bad recently, so we've been running on a loss."

"Get ready, our company is probably going to close down. I heard that our rental contract is going to expire, Director Jordan is probably going to have to give up on this business."

"Alas, it's a pity. It was actually pretty nice working here."

The staff sighed. In the office, Yvette cried even more helplessly and more pitifully. Once again, she tried calling Chuck again. Holding back her choking and sobbing, she took out her mobile phone and dialed Chuck's number, but was once again faced with the voicemail. At this point, she had lost all faith in Chuck.

Chuck, what the hell are you up to?

Chapter 24

While Yvette Jordan was crying alone in despair, Chuck Cannon was in a dilemma. He didn't feel so good as Zelda Maine brought him somewhere strange.

"Sister Zelda, what are you..."

Chuck was really helpless. He thought that Zelda had something important to show him on the phone and wondered what it was. Never did he expect the important issue to be Zelda's best friend's birthday party.

What did this mean? What kind of status was Chuck required to have to attend Zelda's best friend's birthday party?

"Just do me a favor. My best friend has been matchmaking me to other guys. If I bring you with me, she'll know and stop..."

"Ah? Sister Zelda is still single?"

Chuck noticed something important. Zelda was around 27 to 28 years old, the prime of her age. She was pretty, rich, and had a graceful aura topped with an amazing figure. How could such a perfect woman be single?

He couldn't understand. There should be a lot of people chasing after her, right? Could it be that Zelda's requirements for a boyfriend were too

high?

"Yes, I have always been single, and I think I will always be single in the future." Zelda clarified.

"Always? Sister Zelda, aren't you going to get married and have kids?" Chuck was really surprised. Did she want to stay single? Zelda has good genes, so it would really be a waste not to have any children.

"Why do I have to get married? I'm fine on my own, and I'm not interested in men anyways." Zelda shook her head.

"Ah?" Chuck was once again shocked by what she said. Was she a lesbian?

"Sister Zelda, do you like women?" Chuck asked curiously.

"No, I don't like women and I don't like men. I just see through them and think it's better to be single," Zelda said.

Alright.

Chuck still thought it was a pity. To be honest, though, there were not many men that could be a match for beautiful women like Zelda. It was better for her to be single than to lower her status and marry someone else.

However, at the same time, Chuck understood what she meant. Since it was her best friend's birthday, many friends of Zelda would attend too.

For now, Chuck would have to be Zelda's excuse.

He didn't mind anyway.

"Do you agree?" Zelda smiled.

Chuck sighed. Now that they were here, he had no choice but to agree.

"Yes."

"Thank you. I won't let you help me in vain. I can promise you a request." Zelda said earnestly.

"Is there a limit to this request?" Chuck asked subconsciously. If that was the case, it would not be so bad.

"Don't think too much," Zelda added.

Well, he did think too much just now. After all, Zelda's figure was so alluring to the point that he couldn't help but have indecent thoughts.

"Okay, let me think about it."

"No problem. Let's get out here," Zelda said with a smile. Chuck opened the door and got out.

The place that he was at was a very high-class restaurant. It was different from Zelda's restaurant, which was a place for lovers to meet and eat. This restaurant was an extravagant place to hold large gatherings, resembling that of a nightclub.

There were a lot of luxury cars at the door, such as BMWs, Mercedes-Benzs, Ferraris, and so on. This was really a rich circle.

It was the first time for Chuck to attend such an occasion. Truthfully, he was still a little nervous, but soon his confidence took over and his expression calmed.

He could afford these cars. What was there to be nervous about?

Zelda couldn't help but blink at Chuck's transformation. She was impressed at his composure, seems like Chuck was a rich person who had seen and experienced many different occasions.

Opening the trunk, Zelda took out a well-wrapped gift box. It suddenly dawned on Chuck that it wasn't really nice of him to not bring anything to someone's birthday party.

"It's okay. You're my boyfriend. My gift is your gift." Zelda tried to comfort him, but the words came out weirdly.

Chuck nodded awkwardly.

"Take it." Zelda smiled and motioned Chuck to take the gift box. Of course, Chuck did as she said. It was not heavy, so it was probably a watch, bracelet, or some kind of luxurious gift.

He took out his mobile phone to check the time and found that there were two missed calls. He opened them without much thinking and found that they were from Yvette. Chuck was puzzled. Why was she calling him?

Since he had switched his phone to silent mode, he didn't hear a thing just now.

She must've called to reprimand him just now. Chuck sighed and noticed that there were a few messages on WeChat. He wanted to open them to check, but

"We're here. Stop playing with your phone," Zelda said.

Chuck nodded and put the phone in his pocket.

Chuck followed Zelda into a private room, where he was pleasantly surprised by the luxurious interior design of the room. It was very lively inside, and there were a lot of people. With just one glance, Chuck noticed Zelda's best friend who was throwing a party. She was a beautiful woman with short hair.

Her age was similar to Zelda's, but the way she dressed was much bolder and revealing.

Her extremely short denim shorts immediately allowed others a glimpse of her supple thighs. She wore a low collar tank top to match it off, and her figure could only be described as bold and daring.

Chuck was surprised. She was too open for his liking. Her boyfriend would definitely have to withstand the temptation every day just by looking at her.

"Here comes beautiful Lady Maine."

The short-haired beauty came over with a smile, and her eyes suddenly scanned Chuck from top to bottom, "This man is too young for you!"

Zelda scoffed and rolled her eyes at her. "Some basic introductions. This is my good friend, Quincy Lowe, and this is my... boyfriend, Chuck Cannon!"

Chuck glanced at Zelda. She paused when she introduced him, she was probably not used to it.

"Really?" Quincy was surprised.

The others also gathered around Chuck and stared curiously at him.

Chuck was dressed in simple clothes but had quite a good-looking hairstyle. He didn't look out of place at all despite standing amongst all of them. On the contrary, his indifference was quite astonishing to the others around him. Who was this person? Why didn't they know him?

"Of course it's true. I don't have to lie to you!" Zelda shook her head.

"I know that you have a good standard. I've introduced you to some guys before. They aren't as handsome as him that's for sure, but isn't he too young?" Quincy asked in a strange way.

"Yes, you really changed your taste. He is too young. Are you looking for a college student to be your boyfriend?" Another beautiful woman smiled slyly.

"Haha, that's probably the case. Isn't the beautiful Lady Maine someone who wants to be single? How could she suddenly have a boyfriend? This is really suspicious!"

Zelda was speechless with the words of the beautiful women and tried to convince them. "This is really my boyfriend!"

"I don't believe it!"

"Haha, I don't believe it either! Unless both of you kiss in front of us!"

"Haha, that's a good idea!"

"Kiss, kiss!"

Zelda's expression was immediately unnatural.

Chuck was also equally embarrassed. How could this group of beautiful women be so slick? It seemed that Zelda, who used to be alone, was really suspicious to bring a man in all of a sudden.

"Stop it. I'm not as open as you." Zelda frowned and shook her head.

"How can this be called open? It's just a kiss. Hurry up, don't be a wet blanket." Quincy giggled.

Zelda sighed. She really didn't expect these friends of hers to act like this and looked at Chuck awkwardly. She had only known him for two days. Even if he was just a simple friend, Zelda didn't really want to allow a simple friend like him to kiss her.

She had planned to come here alone before, but after seeing Chuck who just had a complete makeover, she had to admit that he was a little handsome. Therefore, she suddenly had the idea of asking him to be her partner for the night. After all, his aura and composure were indeed suited for a person like her. By bringing Chuck with her, her other friends would hence be less suspicious. Who knew things would turn out this way.

What were they going to do? Zelda stared at Chuck, seemingly trying to get an idea.

just borrow money from other people, it's just that simple."

Chuck glanced at Wilbur Wendel and finally said something, "Who said I won't buy it? Do you really think I'll stoop down to your level and buy the car?"

What did he mean? Wilbur Wendel was pissed, he was insulting him! Let's see what kind of car Chuck could drive? Wilbur laughed under his breath and walked over. Chuck was just asking for the humiliation, so he would be absolutely glad to oblige!

Chapter 25

Zelda Maine's expression returned to normal. To be honest, she didn't know what to do just now. Even if Chuck Cannon kissed her or touched her, she couldn't react. After all, she was the one who brought him here.

However, when Chuck placed his hand on her hip just now, his hand was stiff and he didn't take advantage of her. This satisfied Zelda. If he had taken this chance to take advantage of her, then after the meal, the two of them would be strangers.

Chuck noticed the look in Zelda's eyes and was relieved. He was glad that he didn't do anything wrong just now. Otherwise, the consequences would be serious.

The two of them looked at each other in silence.

"Well, everyone, don't just stand there. Sit down and have a drink." Quincy Lowe broke the silence by inviting everyone to take a seat.

Chuck was indeed slightly hungry, so he proceeded to eat the moment he sat down. Meanwhile, Zelda started chatting away with Quincy and the others about almost anything they thought of. Well, it was typical of women to be so chatty anyways.

Chuck's hair stood on end as he listened in to their conversation. Perhaps because they were older

and all still single, their conversation was focused around relationship issues.

The topic made Zelda uncomfortable, so she only made small talk and responded slightly. Otherwise, they would continue to talk about such a topic.

Similarly, Chuck pretended that he didn't hear anything and continued to eat. Otherwise, what could he do? He was also very desperate.

"Hey Chuck, what does your family do?" Quincy suddenly directed a question at him.

The other women all turned their eyes to him, including Zelda, who had a curious look on her face.

"I'm not sure." Chuck could only shake his head wryly. His mother didn't say what her job is, and he only knew that his mother was a baller.

"You don't know? Then why do you drive a BMW 7 series? Does your family own a mine?" Quincy was puzzled after hearing his reply. After all, no one in their circle knew Chuck.

Therefore, when she just heard Zelda say that Chuck drove a BMW 7 series, she was surprised. When did a new rich kid show up in town?

"Of course not. My family could never own a mine!" Chuck shook his head. It was hardly possible. His mother had been abroad all the time, so she probably had earned money by doing business abroad!

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"In that case, I'm really curious about your family's business," Quincy said.

"I'm curious too."

"Me too."

.....

As the women continued chatting away, Chuck could only sigh speechlessly. Was his family business really so intriguing?

Chuck could only smile and continued to deal with it. Fortunately, Zelda noticed Chuck's limit and immediately changed the subject. Right at that moment, a young man dressed in expensive clothes pushed the door open and came in. He seemed to be late and shouted, "Someone definitely owns a mine! Who is driving a BMW worth more than two million dollars?"

"It's him, Chuck Cannon, the boyfriend of the beautiful Lady Maine!" Quincy pointed to Chuck, who was eating.

The young man glanced at Chuck and chuckled. "Really? I just came out of the parking lot, but I didn't see any car that resembled the BMW 7 series?"

"Didn't see anything?"

Quincy was surprised, and the other beautiful women were also shocked.

When they heard that Chuck owned a car whose

price was at more than two million dollars, they were amazed! This was because he looked merely like a college student, yet he was able to afford such an expensive car. If so, how rich would he family need to be? The answer was clear.

How could it be possible for a college student to spend so much without having a family with at least a few hundred million dollars of net worth?

"Yes, it was strange that I didn't see it."

The young man, whose name was Wilbur Wendel, smiled. He was here only to flirt with girls, so he was surprised when he heard someone here drove a car worth two million dollars. How could someone steal his spotlight just like that?

"I just bought it, there were some scratches so I sent it for repair," Chuck explained promptly.

"You're a newbie right, since only newbies will accidentally damage their cars!" Wilbur snickered at Chuck.

"Well, it is my first time buying a car," Chuck replied.

Hearing Chuck's reply, Wilbur felt even more delighted. He smiled and said, "If it's your first time buying a car, you should be careful since you know close to nothing about cars. The BMW 7 series is driven by middle-aged people. Young people like us just have a Cayenne. They are easy to maneuver, fast-moving, and stunning, just like my

new car. I love it so much."

"Cayenne? How much is it?" Chuck asked subconsciously.

"What? Haven't you heard of the Cayenne?" Wilbur scoffed at Chuck. An odd look crossed the faces of Quincy and the other women present, while Zelda frowned.

"No." Chuck Cannon shook his head. He paid little attention to cars and only knew about BMW and Benz cars.

"Bro, you are too ignorant to not even heard of Cayenne. Doesn't your family own a mine? You should pay more attention to this." Wilbur smirked.

"My household doesn't own a mine." Chuck shook his head and denied it.

"You don't? I thought someone said your family owned a mine?" Wilbur chuckled.

"I said it!" Quincy raised her hand.

"Not anyone can own a mine. My dad knows many big figures who own mines, but I've never heard someone named Cannon who owns a mine. What does your family do for a living then?"

"I don't know," Chuck answered.

"Haha! You don't know? You really are too low profile! By the way, you asked me how much the Cayenne cost just now, right? It costs around two million dollars, to you it must be a small figure to

pay." Wilbur commented snarkily.

"Oh, that's great." Chuck continued to chew on his food.

"Great? How about we order one in a few days? I can pull a few strings and give you a discount!" Wilbur offered cunningly.

He really didn't like Chuck, because he just heard that he was Zelda's boyfriend. He had confessed to her before but was rejected, and now she was with Chuck. In this case, didn't it mean that he was not as good as Chuck? As a standard rich kid, would he really be subservient to Chuck, whom he had never heard of before?

Chuck was speechless and thought, "Why is this guy targeting me? I didn't provoke him, did I? I've never heard of a Cayenne. But I can afford a car whose price is less than two million dollars, but there's no need for me to buy one now. Wilbur can think whatever he wants!"

"No need for that." Chuck rejected his offer politely.

"Chuck's car is much better than a Cayenne, and it's also a new car. Why should he buy a brand new one?" Zelda tried to defend Chuck.

"Lady Maine, everyone here has several cars. Do you think one car is enough? Of course, it isn't. In his situation, if his car is sent for repairs, he'll have no cars to drive left. It's so embarrassing to ride

with others!" Wilbur taunted.

At this point, Zelda was already slightly annoyed. "Are you here to attend the birthday party or to talk about cars?"

"Both!" Wilbur felt comfortable now. He took out an exquisitely packaged box and said, "Beautiful Lady Lowe, happy 26th birthday!"

Quincy accepted the gift with a smile.

"Why don't I send you back later? You can get a feel of the Cayenne since you've never tried it before." Wilbur suggested sarcastically.

"No, thanks. I'll go back in Zelda's car later," Chuck said.

"Like I said, you should buy one more car. How awkward is it now? It won't cost you much money if you buy one more car, at least it will be more convenient!" Wilbur smiled genuinely. He felt satisfied looking at Chuck's ignorance and thought to himself, "Is this kid even rich? I've never heard of a rich kid who hasn't heard of the car brand Cayenne before, is this guy pretending to be rich?"

If he was pretending and putting on airs, then he had the obligation to expose his lies!

Wilbur snickered in amusement as he saw Chuck actually speechless and instead staring at his phone. He walked over and patted Chuck on the shoulder. "Bro, what do you think? I know someone, how about I ask him to order a Cayenne

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for you? For people like us, we need to have at least two cars!"

However, Chuck slapped his hand away. "Stop bothering me!"

He stared at the phone in his hand, scanning through Yvette Jordan's message quickly. She was in trouble! Who was it that dared bully his wifey? Chuck swore that he would crush them.

Chuck turned to stare at Wilbur who was in front of him and thought, "Well, if you want to embarrass me, I'll take care of you first, then leave to find Yvette!"

Chapter 26

"Hey, are you angry?" Wilbur continued to taunt Chuck.

Wilbur felt even more smug and satisfied. He had come here to show off and win the women over. Now that he had found Chuck, a potential punching bag for him, how could he let go of this opportunity?

"I can't believe you're angry at just one joke. Bro, just let loose when you are out to have some fun! You can't be like this!"

Chuck didn't say anything but continued to glare at him silently, and the room instantly fell silent! The atmosphere suddenly felt heavier in the room, especially between Chuck and Wilbur.

Zelda's eyebrows were already knotted together tightly as she said, "Wilbur Wendel, enough is enough!"

Wilbur shrugged and feigned ignorance. "I'm doing this for his own good. I mean, how can one car be enough for his use?"

"He doesn't need you to tell him to buy a car." Zelda retorted coldly.

"I already said, it's for his own good. If he doesn't want to buy it, then don't. Besides, if he can't even afford a car worth two million dollars, how dare he

come here? Zelda Maine, you really have a bad taste in men!" After being criticized by Zelda several times, Wilbur couldn't help but feel embarrassed and he snapped back at her rudely.

Chuck was still silent. He looked once more at his phone that was vibrating furiously in his hand. It was a message from Charlotte Yates, who was asking him when he would drop by to pick up the car.

Chuck just happened to need a car urgently. He quickly sent over the location of the place he was at and asked Charlotte to send the car over.

After instructing Charlotte, he finally asked, "How much does your Cayenne cost?"

"Didn't I say before? It's less than two million! You want to buy it? No problem. I know a friend and he can give you a discount." Wilbur sneered.

Zelda came over and tried to assure him, "Chuck, don't argue with him. Your car is good enough, don't waste your money to buy another car."

"Thank you. I know what to do." Chuck smiled and said calmly.

Zelda was stunned by his rationality. Maybe she was too worried about him?

Quincy also looked at Chuck curiously, trying to guess what was up his sleeve.

"What do you think? If you want to buy it, I can call

my friend now. Just pay a deposit of 300 thousand and you can get the car tomorrow!" Wilbur teased. He didn't actually have a friend like that. If he managed to convince Chuck to buy the car, he would manage to reel in at least 50 thousand as the middleman.

Otherwise, he wouldn't have bothered.

"Okay, but it's unfair if only I buy it and you don't!" Chuck smiled innocently.

"I already have one. Do you want me to buy the same one?" Wilbur frowned. What was Chuck trying to do?

"Nope, similarly I also happen to have a friend who sells cars. I can let her introduce a car to you. Since you have high standards, why don't you buy the same car as mine? What do you think?" Chuck asked.

"I didn't say that I wanted to buy a car!"

Wilbur's expression hardened. Although his family was affluent, he had been begging his father to buy this Cayenne for a long time. In addition, he already had a total of four race cars that cost over several hundred thousand dollars in just a month. How could his father buy him a new BMW 7 series when he just got his Cayenne last month?

"A BMW seven series can definitely match your class. Why don't we both buy a new car together? Didn't you say that I have to deposit 300 thousand

dollars to you first? I'll transfer it to you now, and I'll come find you to pick up that new Cayenne tomorrow!" Chuck took out his mobile phone and prepared to transfer the money to him.

"You're mistaken. I didn't say that I wanted to buy a car!" Wilbur was annoyed. How could he not see that Chuck was trying to sweet talk him into buying a new car?

He was trying to drag himself down with him!

"You're not buying it? I'm afraid it's not a good idea. My friend is on the way, in fact she'll be here soon. She's looking forward to it, do you want her to leave in disappointment?" Chuck shook his head in disapproval.

"I'll say it again. I'm not buying a car!" Wilbur glared at Chuck.

"You put it in such a nice way when you asked me to buy a car just now, so I thought you could buy a car at will too! Yet, you're backing off now when I have decided to buy the car and invited you to join me, don't you feel that that's unfair to me?" Chuck continued pressuring him.

Zelda chuckled, and all the other pretty ladies, including Quincy Lowe, all laughed.

Wilbur could only glare at Chuck, a fire burning in his eyes.

You don't even know about the Cayenne, you're just faking your wealth! Fine, let's see if you can

really take out 300 thousand just like that.

"Of course! You can transfer 300,000 dollars to me now!" Wilbur sneered and took out his mobile phone.

Zelda was worried. Was Chuck really going to transfer 300 thousand to Wilbur as deposit?

Chuck unlocked and swiped his mobile phone. He immediately entered a series of numbers, and then the password. The whole process was less than 30 seconds!

Ding!

Wilbur's cell phone rang with a notification coming in, as he frowned and clicked on it suspiciously. He was immediately shocked and froze in his spot, face burning up like the hot sun!

Zelda was taken aback, Chuck really bought it! Quincy and the others also felt that Chuck had gone a little overboard. How could he buy a Cayenne that cost nearly two million dollars in just a few minutes?

His family definitely owns a mine!

"Since the money has been transferred into your account, where should I go to pick it up tomorrow?" Chuck asked curiously.

Wilbur's expression was contorted nastily. He really didn't expect Chuck to transfer 300,000 dollars to him so quickly!

The whole process was so fast that it had took him aback! Does that mean that he also needed to buy a BMW seven series now? How could he afford it?

Wilbur's brain throbbed. What has he done to himself?

"The Porsche Center!" Wilbur squeezed out the words from his mouth unwillingly.

"Oh, thank you then. I will go find you early in the morning tomorrow. My friend is reaching soon, you can give her a deposit of 300 thousand later. That'll be fine, right?" Chuck smiled at him modestly.

"No problem!"

Wilbur could only grit his teeth in anger! He regretted his actions, why did he even think of provoking Chuck?

His pocket money was 150 thousand dollars per month, and after taking away his spendings, his savings was only around 70 thousand to 80 thousand dollars. Still, it was not enough for a BMW seven series!

For now, he could only use Chuck's deposit of 300,000 dollars to pay first. But the more he thought about it, the more he despaired. He could settle 300 thousand dollars first, but how about the rest that amounted to around 2 million dollars?

He was on the verge of breaking down. He didn't dare to ask his father for money at all. Borrowing was out of the option, since although his friends all

owned a lot of cars, but they were much poorer than him. He had seventy or eighty thousand dollars savings, but that was all. How could he deal with two million dollars? He couldn't borrow it from anyone!

At the same time, Chuck Cannon's cell phone rang, showing a message from Charlotte Yates saying that she had arrived. He asked her to come up, and she agreed.

"My friend is coming," Chuck announced.

Wilbur glared at Chuck Cannon and Chuck shrugged. Sure enough, Charlotte quickly pushed open the door of the private room. She wasn't wearing a uniform, but instead a short dress and a T-shirt, which showed off her hot figure. Her waist was slim and quaint, complimenting her long legs underneath!

Wilbur didn't have the mood to appreciate beautiful women anymore, he was in big trouble now!

"Mr. Cannon, these are the keys to your car, it's parked below," Charlotte came over and whispered. She had never been here before, but she knew that this place was posh!

Chuck Cannon took over the car keys while Zelda's eyes twinkled. Quincy couldn't help but whisper to the other ladies, "It's really the car keys to the BMW 7 series His car was really under repair as he said"

"Who are Chuck Cannon's parents? They're too rich. He just bought a BMW seven series, and now he's buying a Cayenne. What in the world..."

"Sir, I'll go back first," Charlotte said. This kind of high-end place made her a little uncomfortable.

"Wait a minute." Chuck stopped her. Wilbur raised his hand and wanted to stop Chuck Cannon. However, since Zelda and the other beautiful women were here, he really couldn't say it.

"Is there anything else I can do for you, sir?" Charlotte asked curiously.

"It's not a big deal. One of my friend is interested in buying a BMW 7 Series like mine," Chuck said.

"What?" Charlotte was shocked. After all, Chuck Cannon had only bought his car a few days back. She had already had her fair share of glory the very first day she was at work. Since then, it's only been a few days, was she going to sell off another BMW 7 Series again?

If she really did, it would definitely cause an uproar in the store!

"Sir, are you joking?" Charlotte tried to dismiss Chuck's statement in doubt.

"No I'm not, here's my friend. Bro, you can transfer the money now!" Chuck signaled at Wilbur.

Wilbur gritted his teeth and said, "Miss, I'll transfer it to you now!"

"Come on, give her your WeChat." Chuck teased, a smile forming on his face. Charlotte came to her senses and realized that they really weren't joking. Chuck Cannon actually managed to strike another deal for her!

"Ah, please wait a minute!" Charlotte immediately unlocked her mobile phone. Wilbur's hands were trembling as he was transferring the money. What was he going to do about the rest of the money?

"Thank you! My name is Charlotte Yates. May I know your surname, sir?" Charlotte asked Wilbur politely.

"Wendel!" Wilbur's face was already as red as a tomato.

"Well, Mr. Wendel, please look for me in the store tomorrow. We have ready stock available for you!" Charlotte said.

"Sure!" Wilbur glared at Chuck, his eyes spitting fire. If looks could kill, Chuck would already be long dead by now!

Chuck Cannon ignored him and instead told Zelda that he had to leave as he had something to do: he had to go to Yvette Jordan's side! Zelda smiled and agreed. Before leaving with Charlotte Yates, he also bid Quincy Lowe and the other gorgeous women goodbye and walked out of the place. Wilbur clenched his fists and used an excuse to follow Chuck out. Unwillingly, he called out for Chuck, "Bro, wait a moment, I have something to

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tell you!"

Chapter 27

"What's the matter?"

Chuck Cannon turned around and looked curiously at Wilbur Wendel who was chasing after him.

Wilbur's face twitched as he looked out of place trying to chase after Chuck, and he cursed in his heart,

Damn it, you disgraced me, I'll definitely get my revenge on you!

He was very worried about the remaining money. After thinking through the whole thing, there was absolutely no way for him to get the rest of the money, so he forced himself to leave the room and negotiate with Chuck.

However, seeing as Charlotte Yates also turned her head and looked at him puzzledly, Wilbur couldn't find the words to express what he was thinking.

There was a pretty lady there, and he told Chuck casually: Forget it, bro, I was just joking just now?

His mouth clamped shut, and after a while, he snorted through his gritted teeth, "Nothing."

After that, he turned around to look for the toilet to hide into.

Chuck laughed. Charlotte was curious and asked him, "Was there something wrong with Mr.

Wendel?"

"Probably!" Chuck gleefully answered, thinking to himself: this guy must've come after him since he doesn't have any money. Well, let's see how you fare tomorrow!

"Thank you," Charlotte said gratefully.

"Don't thank me yet, it's still a question of whether or not this deal can work out," Chuck replied.

"Thank you anyways." Charlotte was sincere. Chuck had helped her become an official employee on the first day of work. Otherwise, she would still be worried about her work at the moment!

"It's okay. Where do you stay? I'll send you back first." Chuck looked at her.

"Okay." Charlotte blushed. If he sent her home, should she invite him upstairs for a drink?

He was so handsome today that her eyes lit up the moment she saw him. She almost couldn't recognize him as the Chuck who had bought the car. Sure enough, rich people do get to change their looks easily!

Her thoughts ran wild. She couldn't risk making the first move, since he was rich and probably already had a lot of women.

It would be best for her to stay reserved a little more!

Chuck didn't think too much about it. Since

Charlotte had gone out of her way to drive his car here, the least he could do was to send her home. If he wasn't in a rush, he would probably even treat her to a meal.

The two of them took the elevator down...

When Wilbur chased after them, the people in the room were surprised.

"What is Wilbur Wendel doing out there?"

"Who knows?"

"However, Beautiful Lady Maine, your boyfriend this time is not bad. He must be loaded to be able to pay a deposit of 300,000 dollars at one shot!"

The ladies all chattered excitedly. Although some of them came from ordinary families, they were all working as executives and had an annual salary of over a few million dollars. However, there was a huge gap between them and Chuck Cannon, who had simply made a deposit of 300,000 dollars!

Zelda Maine stared at the direction of the door where Chuck had left. Today, Chuck really surprised her with his new look and amazing calmness when dealing with unforeseen circumstances. She almost couldn't predict what he was going to do anymore. She thought,

When he had kissed her just now, it didn't actually feel so bad. But, she was someone who preached being single!

"Don't think about it first, it's just a kiss. I'll forget it when I wake up tomorrow morning after a good night's sleep. Stop thinking about it." Zelda assured herself.

"Beautiful Lady Maine, shouldn't you be telling us how you managed to know such an amazing person? Did you guys do it last night?" Quincy teased.

Zelda smiled awkwardly, what sort of friends were they?

"Come on and spill the tea, we are all sisters, so we need to share secrets with each other!" The other beautiful women also agreed. To be honest, Chuck made them curious.

Zelda could only briefly go over how she met him, which amazed Quincy and the others. All it took for them to meet was just parking a car, so simple?

"In that case, it's definitely fate that brought you two together! You should seize the opportunity." Quincy smiled and said.

Zelda Maine was speechless, seize what opportunity? The two of them had completely no chemistry at all, alright? When Chuck kissed her just now, she didn't actually feel her heart racing. In other words, it felt the same as a simple handshake between two people of the opposite sexes, no more no less.

.....

When they got into the car, Chuck mobile phone rang. At first glance, it was a stranger who added him on WeChat. Chuck Cannon clicked on the stranger's profile picture and realized that it indeed was Wilbur Wendel's WeChat account. This person was seriously poor, or else why would he add Chuck on WeChat?

Chuck smirked, but didn't bother to pay attention to him for the time being. He would have plenty of time to take revenge later!

He put down his phone and asked Charlotte Yates where she lived. She told him and he drove her back. On the way, Charlotte was conflicted. She was worried about how the conversation between her cousin sister and Chuck was going.

After all, she clearly knew that her cousin was much more open-minded. Men always liked women who were willing to take the initiative to approach them. In that case, was Chuck having a good conversation with Lara?

It could be possible!

Charlotte started in a small voice, "Well, my cousin..."

"Yes, I've added her on WeChat ." Chuck Cannon said.

"How have you two been getting along?" Charlotte was a little nervous when she asked. She didn't want to pretend to be lofty, she did like rich men.

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What more, Chuck Cannon's look had improved drastically today. She was attracted by his rich, young, and upstanding demeanor.

"It's okay, but you can't tell your cousin who I am!"
Chuck was serious!

"Why?" Charlotte asked curiously. She suddenly remembered that Chuck Cannon was a student, and so was her cousin. Did they know each other?

Chuck gave her a look.

"Got it, got it," Charlotte nodded in hurry.

Chuck was satisfied.

Charlotte was disappointed. Chuck was actually her cousin's classmate, did that mean they do have a bit of feelings for each other? Was Chuck trying to give Lara Jean a surprise?

Soon, the car arrived at Charlotte's place. She got out of the car, still contemplating whether or not she should invite Chuck upstairs for a drink. Just as she was going to ask him, Chuck said, "I'll treat you to dinner tomorrow."

"Huh?" Charlotte was stunned. How could he possibly ask her to have dinner with him?

In truth, Chuck didn't mean anything else, just wanting to thank her for today.

At that moment, two girls living on the same floor as Charlotte had just got off of work and were chatting away their exhaustion. Upon seeing

Charlotte get down from the BMW 7 Series, they were stunned.

"You don't have time tomorrow? It's alright then." Chuck said.

"Yes, yes I'm free." Charlotte clarified hurriedly. How could she reject?

"Ok, I'll contact you tomorrow on WeChat then," He said as he drove away.

Charlotte was excited!

"Hello, Charlotte Yates, is he your boyfriend?" A girl with great assets walked over to her in surprise.

She was Charlotte Yates's classmate. They had a stable job but still didn't earn a lot, so they temporarily rented a house together.

Charlotte turned around at the sound and saw her classmate's envious look. To be honest, she felt smug upon seeing it. It was all the work of her vanity!

The three of them women had looked for a job at almost the same time. However, now she was already a full-time employee, while one was still in an internship and the other was still look for a job. All of a sudden, Charlotte felt that she seemed to be doing pretty well. Now that she had a job, she could earn a decent commission this month. But it was all because of Chuck Cannon...

Should she be "repaying" him?

"We haven't known each other for a long time, and we're still friends. It'll probably take a while for us to become lovers," Charlotte said coolly.

"He's already sent you home, so it shouldn't be long. It's so nice that your boyfriend actually drives such a posh car! If only I could get a ride too, I have never been driven somewhere on such a luxurious car." Another girl with glasses said enviously.

"The car is very comfortable. Next time when there is a chance, you guys can also have a ride," Charlotte said.

"Really? That's great! By the way, Charlotte, you don't have to do the cleaning in the future. Just leave it to us."

"Yes, you don't have to do anything. Since you've found such a great boyfriend, you have to marry into a wealthy family in the future, alright! Just leave the cleaning to us, don't do any chores anymore."

They went upstairs after that.

"How can I be so shameless?" Charlotte said nonchalantly. She was a little surprised, there were so many perks of knowing a rich guy.

"It's okay, it's nothing. Just don't forget us and what we've done in the future."

"I won't..."

Charlotte Yates enjoyed this feeling very much.

The flattery of her classmates made her even more certain to find a rich boyfriend. At this moment, Chuck Cannon was the best choice she had...

.....

Chuck Cannon parked his car by the side of the road, because he subconsciously drove back to Yvette Jordan's house. He was halfway there when he suddenly remembered that Yvette's house now belonged to him!

In other words, he still didn't know where she was! He could only make a phone call, but he hesitated for a moment. Should he call her as Chuck Cannon, or as a baller to ask her what had happened?

After thinking about it for a while, Chuck still decided to call her up and ask her. After all, he still hoped that she would know that he was always there for her.

The phone rang for a long time before the call went through, but the only thing that could be heard was Yvette's breathing.

"Yvette Jordan, why did you call me?" Chuck wanted to ask what had happened, but it was safer to ask like this.

"It's nothing." Yvette sounded distant. The long time that he took to call her already worn down her patience.

"If there's anything, tell me" Chuck replied patiently.

"Will it do me any good if tell you? You will never be able to help me, forever!" The voice sounded desperate.

"Who said so? Tell me what's wrong, and I'll help you solve it immediately!" Chuck was anxious. He did not believe that there was a problem that could not be solved with money! He wanted to let Yvette know that she has always been looking down on him, in the past until now!!

Chapter 28

Yvette Jordan felt the manliness of Chuck Cannon after he finished his sentence. She thought that she had misheard him because this was the first time he said something like this.

Did Chuck really said that? The Chuck Cannon?

Did I hear it wrong?

"What did you say?" Yvette asked without thinking.

She had been sitting alone in the office for a long time, and no one had been consoling her. She had thought of many solutions, which included seeking the help of Big Boss, but she knew very well what would happen if she approached them.

She couldn't let her guard down, so she couldn't think of any other way.

After being in a daze for a long time, Chuck called her. She didn't want to answer it at first, but she still conceded and answered it in the end. To some extent, Chuck's words just now touched her a little bit.

Of course, there was nothing more than this. Even if her staff comforted her at this time, she would be moved too.

"Did you face any problems? I'll help you solve them!" Chuck repeated his words.

"Forget it, there's no need for that." Yvette shook her head coldly.

It didn't matter whether his words were true or not, Yvette still doubted that Chuck could help her solve her problems. He was just trying to console her with unreliable words. If he really did try to help her, the results would be even more disappointing.

She contemplated asking Chuck to seek Zelda's assistance, but the possibility of it working was close to zero. First of all, Zelda might not know the City Square's owner; and it was not feasible to let her seek the help of others. Chuck and Zelda were probably not close enough for her to go the extra mile just to help Yvette.

Secondly, even if they knew each other, the new shop owner might also know the plaza owner. This would put Zelda in a dilemma, since she wouldn't go so far for Chuck and worsen her own situation.

She didn't want to be disappointed again if she started to feel a little hopeful.

Chuck was going to say something, but Yvette interrupted, "It's alright, I'll resolve my own problems. Go to bed early, we still have classes tomorrow. I'm hanging up."

The phone was hung up at the other end!

Chuck felt helpless. He wanted to call her again, but he suddenly thought of what Zelda had said to him during the day. Could Yvonne's problem be

about the shop?

Chuck gave it a thought and decided that this was probably the case.

Zelda was excellent in her field. Since she had already taken a fancy to Yvette's place, the City Square owner must have sent an ultimatum to Yvette.

Keeping this in mind, Chuck decided to send a message to Yvette under the identity of the baller. He apologized for replying late because he's busy and asked her what had happened.

Yvette's reply came instantly. "I am facing some problems now, baller. Do you know the boss of the City Square?"

This reply confirmed his suspicion. Chuck Cannon replied, "Yes, what can I do for you?"

Yvette sent several crying-face emojis, which seemed to be crying tears of joy. "I have a company in the square, but the square manager won't allow me to renew my rental contract. I have given everything to this company. Can you put in a word and ask the City Square Manager to renew the rental for me?"

Chuck had mixed feelings after hearing her problem. She should have gotten straight to the point when he called her just now. Yvette probably thought that he couldn't do anything about this and decided to keep quiet.

Yet, he was still the one who was helping her out in the end!

Chuck didn't know whether to laugh or to feel troubled about it.

"Okay, I'll help you to ask about this." He could only reply her such.

"Thank you, thank you very much!" Followed by another few crying-face emojis.

"No worries, just wait for my news."

"Yep."

Chuck put down his phone and drove to the square where Yvette's company was located. After he parked his car, Chuck thought:

He didn't actually know who the owner of the square was, and it was out of the question to approach Zelda about this. She had been eyeing this place for a long time. It would take a miracle for her to let go of this place when she was so near to acquiring it.

He didn't think kissing and touching Zelda affectionately would prompt her to let go of such a profitable opportunity.

So he was on his own. He had to meet the manager of the square first and find a way to meet the owner of the square.

Chuck was buried deep in his thoughts when he stepped out of his car. But as he went into the

elevator, he saw Yvette walking towards him from a distance with her head hung down. She looked disturbed, and he couldn't help but notice that there was a red and swollen spot on her face. It contrasted greatly with her snow-white skin!

Did somebody slap her? Chuck was swept over by anger instantly!

Chuck had slept through countless nights with her in his embrace, although they were now apart but he still couldn't suppress his anger at the sight of her swollen face.

He walked towards her without thinking.

"What happened to you, Yvette Jordan? Did somebody slapped you?" Chuck asked in a worried tone.

Yvette came to her senses immediately and covered her face. She said in an strange tone, "Why are you here?"

It was the first time she felt vulnerable in front of Chuck.

"I'm here to see you." Chuck had a cold look in his eyes. "Who hit you?"

"Don't worry about it. I've already found someone to help me." Yvette shook her head and tried to avoid his gaze.

Chuck smiled bitterly, since the person that she found was him!

Since Yvette had a really pretty face, it was unimaginable to see a red palm print on her face, with dried up tears still visible on her cheeks. Chuck felt his heart twitch violently.

"Was it the manager?" Chuck asked coldly.

He couldn't be far from the truth since he knew that the one in charge of the shop in this square was Manager Yarn. He was the one Yvette Jordan should look for to renew the contract. But that didn't explain him slapping her like this.

"It is, but what are you going to do about it?"

Yvette was a little surprised. She could clearly feel his anger. Was Chuck angry because of what happened to her?

The Chuck Cannon who was always weak and feeble actually could be furious. But what was the use of getting angry? That wouldn't help one bit in her situation.

"If he really slapped you, I'm going to make him pay dearly!" Chuck had a deathly glare in his eyes.

Yvette shunned away at his expression. She was terrified at how Chuck had transformed.

Looking at the current Chuck Cannon who looked like someone completely new, Yvette was lost for words. He felt different from usual, could stand up for her and got furious, this was a far cry from the Chuck Cannon that she knew. A strange feeling rose in her heart, maybe at some point he had

changed...

But Yvette was still level-headed. "Chuck Cannon, stop messing around. I'll drive you home. Someone is already helping me out, so don't get involved!"

How Chuck wished she knew that the baller was him! But he stopped himself when he saw that gleaming light of anticipation in her eyes. If she knew the truth, she would be disappointed.

"Trust me this once!" Chuck grabbed Yvette's hands and started walking to the manager's office. Yvette was stunned. She couldn't believe that Chuck had grabbed her by the hand.

Could Chuck solve her problems? Yvette suddenly felt like he had grown up. But she knew this was just wishful thinking, and immediately she started to analyze the facts. It was impossible he could help her. First of all, Chuck was a nobody, how would he even have the ability to stand up for her? The only advantage he had was knowing Zelda Maine, but even the possibility of Zelda lending her help to Chuck was close to zero.

Secondly, the manager was not easy to deal with. Although Chuck was as tall as him, he looked like a stick if he stood beside the manager. If they actually fought, Chuck was going to lose.

"Chuck Cannon, stop fooling around. I'll take you to dinner. Forget about it."

Yvette tried to break free from his grasp, but Chuck

held on to her hands tightly. She couldn't escape nor run away, so she was dragged to the manager's office by Chuck.

"Chuck Cannon," Yvette pictured Chuck getting beaten up and got a little anxious. Although they had separated, she still did not want to see him getting beat up, especially for her sake.

"Trust me once. I'll avenge you today!" Chuck said seriously.

Yvette sighed in resignation. "If you're just going to cause trouble and fight with him, then what's the whole point? Let's just forget about it, I'll take you to dinner."

However, Manager Yarn just had to choose this timing to come out of the office and his eyes fell on Chuck Cannon's unfriendly face. He turned his gaze to Yvette who was lowering her head, and suddenly sneered. "Yvette Jordan, is this your husband? He looks like he's going to beat me up right?"

Yvette lowered her head even further and did not speak. For a moment, she was even more disappointed with Chuck Cannon. He was too impulsive. What was the point of doing this over a fight?

Manager Yarn sneered!

"It's you who hit my wife, isn't it?" Chuck stared at him.

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"Yes, I did hit your wife. But looking at you right now, I feel like hitting you too! Get out of here! Don't get in my way." Manager Yarn sneered. When he was about to leave, he heard the cold words of Chuck, "You're screwed!"

Chapter 29

"I'm screwed? Haha, are you going to make me laugh to death?" Manager Yarn burst out laughing as if he had heard a joke.

Yvette shook her head in the face of Manager Yarn's mockery, the feelings of dependency that Chuck had given her just now disappearing without a trace. Chuck couldn't even lift a finger against him!

If he couldn't afford to take him on, Yvette wouldn't blame Chuck if he avoided the confrontation. There was no need for Chuck to put up a front just for her and go against the manager, or else Chuck would definitely get hurt in the end.

Seemed like although Chuck had taken on a new look, deep down he was still the same old Chuck.

Yvette's face was full of disappointment at Chuck.

"Who the hell are you to tell me that I'm finished? Let me tell you, my uncle is the sworn brother of the owner of the square. One word from me and I can make your wife Yvette pack up and get out of here tomorrow. Do you understand me?"

Manager Yarn came over with disdain and continued scolding:

"I really want to see how you want to finish me!" He taunted arrogantly, "Why don't I teach you how to

finish me? Call the police, you can call the police!"

Yvette frowned. She had really thought of calling the police!

However, Manager Yarn continued. "Well unfortunately, I don't have a CCTV in my office so it's useless for you to call the police. You can only blame your wife for provoking me. Tell her to stay away from me next time. Otherwise, I'll beat her if I see her again!"

Yvette's face turned red with rage as the insults had gotten too far. Once again, she turned to look at Chuck and confirmed the discontent she had towards him.

Did you bring me here just to be insulted again? If so, then you did it.

Her frustration was with reason, as Chuck just silently stared at Manager Yarn, then walked aside and took out his phone.

"Haha, Yvette Jordan, your stupid husband really called the police! This is really hilarious, I knew he was nothing but a useless rag!"

Manager Yarn burst out laughing as he was amused by Chuck's reaction. He thought that Chuck would attempt to pick a fight with him, but he didn't expect him to actually call the police!

He's really useless!

Yvette's patience was thinning fast. She really

wanted to leave this place, and she bit down hard on her lip as she saw Chuck who was making a phone call not far away.

Manager Yarn simply waited with a sneer.

You want to play? Well, I'll play with you today! If I don't make you kneel down and beg for mercy, I'll change my last name!

"Mom!"

Chuck walked aside and called his mother. He was suddenly reminded of the fact that his mom was rich, why not ask her to just buy the whole place?

Since Yvette's company was here, Chuck naturally had a good understanding of the flow of people in the square. To be honest, the square wasn't doing well and the flow of consumers wasn't as high as expected. Despite opening shop 5 or 6 years ago, there were still shoplots that were yet to be rented out. Hence, anyone would know that this place wasn't actually the best!

However, this place can be improved, as long as it can be made unique. Because there were several universities nearby and there were a total of 40,000 to 50,000 people. As long as there is something unique, this square could definitely succeed.

His mother said that she wanted to buy it, didn't she? Chuck Cannon had a good feeling about the square. He learned design, so he generally knew

that the price of this square might be 500 to 600 million dollars. If they bought it, it most probably would be around 700 million dollars.

But Chuck Cannon was nervous. Did his mother really have so much money? After all, it was six to seven hundred million dollars. It was really an astronomical figure!

After all, Chuck Cannon came up with this idea entirely because of the three powerful words his mother said on the phone: buy, buy, buy!!

"Chucky, what's wrong?" Her mother's voice sounded a little tired, as if she was exhausted.

Chuck Cannon was a little worried. "Mom, what's wrong with you?"

"I'm fine. I just got off the plane. I'm a little tired."

"So mom, you're back?" Chuck Cannon was pleasantly surprised.

"I'm back, but I have to go to see some old friends first, and then I'll go to find you."

"Well, Mom, I want to tell you something." Chuck Cannon was nervous.

The person on the other end of the line chuckled. "You're my son. Why are you beating around the bush? What's the matter?"

"Mom, I want to buy a square..." Chuck Cannon said cautiously. "Does my mom really have so much money?" He thought to himself.

"Buy a square? Which place? Is it in the center of the city or near the school? How large is it? Is it a simple square, or does it have office buildings?" Chuck's mother asked a lot of questions. Could this be a sign of interest?

Chuck was so excited that he said in a hurry, "Mom, the square I want to buy is near the university I'm studying at. Midland Village and another 4 universities are also nearby, but there are no office buildings here. Also..."

Chuck gave a general description of the place and then waited anxiously for his mother's reply.

A few seconds later, his mother asked, "It doesn't sound bad, we can probably pay for it. How much is it?"

Chuck fell silent. He didn't dare to say that it cost about 700 million dollars.

"Why aren't you saying anything? Is it very expensive? Maybe 50 to 60 billion dollars?" His mom asked curiously.

Chuck was stunned. "So, mom, do you mean that to you only 50 to 60 billion would be counted as expensive?"

"No, it's not expensive. In fact, it's not a big amount to pay at all. What I meant was Chucky, you're still young. I'm very happy that you want to start your own business, but the investment of 50 to 60 billion dollars is too big for you. You may not be

able to handle it. I'll give you this amount of money when you reach 30 years old or when you can earn 10 billion dollars. However, now that you've just started, you'll have to do it step by step..." His mother explained.

"I understand." Chuck knew that his mother was being reasonable and hence accepted her explanation humbly. He had just started, so it was better to be careful. In addition, he wouldn't know what to do with such a large investment anyways. It would be better for him to start small and progress slowly from there.

"Mom, I won't buy this square anymore," Chuck said.

Since he wasn't going to buy the square anymore, he could only try to meet the owner of the square on his own. With his current purchasing ability, it probably wouldn't be such a big problem if he had the owner fire the square manager. Since he was going to make his way into the social circle for the rich, he might as well just start from the square owner!

"I'm very pleased to hear you say that, but tell me, are you not buying it because it is really expensive?" Chuck's mom was curious.

"It's a little pricey, around 700 million dollars." Chuck confessed.

"Only 700 million dollars? Chucky, it's only 700 million dollars, why are you beating around the

bush with me? Go ahead and buy it!" His mother chuckled amusingly which took Chuck by surprise. Did she just say "only 700 million dollars"? How much did his mom actually have?!

"Mom, are you serious?" Chuck could barely think straight.

"Of course I am. I was going to give you a billion dollars to start your own business when you were 19 years old. But now that you're almost 19, it doesn't matter if I give it to you in advance. However, since you're buying the square, you have to manage it properly, ok? Money is not a problem, and it doesn't matter if you lose it. But if you waste the money because of bad management, I will be angry!" His mother's tone was serious.

Chuck agreed excitedly. He already had a few ideas when he was talking about this to his mother just now.

However, he had to think about the details carefully, since he mustn't let his mother down!

"Tell me what's the name of this square, I can ask my friend to help you negotiate now with just a phone call," His mother said.

"It's City Square!" Chuck replied.

"City Square? Chucky, the place that you wanted to buy is City Square?" His mother's voice was tinged with surprise.

"Is there a problem with it?"

"No. In fact, I'm very familiar with the place. Actually, I've had my eye on the City Square that you mentioned, and I was going to buy it first thing when I went back. But there's one thing that you're wrong about, City Square is not worth 700 million dollars! That friend of mine is able to negotiate and bring the price down to 500 million dollars just over the phone! The owner has been wanting to sell it for a long time!" His mother's words gave Chuck a big shock.

It seemed that he didn't know much about this for the time being. However, Zelda Maine said that the square owner was willing to rent her a shoplot at only half the rental, so that meant that the square wasn't doing well! No wonder it wasn't worth that much, indeed his mother was much better at this!

"Got it, I'll keep that in mind." Chuck listened attentively since this was what his mother was trying to drill into him. He had to learn it seriously!

"Okay, give me about ten minutes, someone will contact you to sign the contract!" His mother said.

"Okay."

"You have to be serious after you buy it, alright?" His mother put in a word of advice.

"Okay, I know."

"Good boy, I'll hang up now."

Hanging up the phone, Chuck was absolutely delighted. The place he wanted to buy was actually

18:21 ■

the place that his mother had an eye on. What a coincidence!

He placed his mobile phone back into his pocket and stared expressionlessly at Manager Yarn, who was looking full of himself. Now the square belonged to Chuck, Manager Yarn had hell to pay!

Chapter 30

Manager Yarn noticed that Chuck's call had ended, and he taunted him mercilessly, "So what did the police say? You should've complained to the police that your wifey was beaten up! Probably then the police would come to your aid and save the day."

Chuck continued staring at him with an eerily calm composure as the manager walked over to him.

The few minutes that Yvette waited for Chuck felt like an eternity! Manager Yarn kept on harassing and provoking her, leaving her in despair.

Was it even useful to call the police now? Was this what he meant by 'helping her', by confidently pulling herself over to confront with Manager Yarn and calling the police for help?

If that was the case, then she had enough!

Once, she had thought of accepting this person who slept together with her from young. However, his weakness, indecisiveness, laziness and just bad overall performance in both studies and attitude had already decided his future path. How would such a person have any promising achievements in society?

So, she chose the path that was the best for the both of them: separation.

Today, she noticed Chuck's new look and thought

that he was reborn anew. She thought that the day for Chuck to actually be able to stand for himself and achieve greater heights was here. Yet, it was all just an illusion, a mirage that she thought she saw but was just her imagination.

With hope, comes a greater sense of disappointment. This was the type of displeasure that Yvette was feeling now.

Manager Yarn tried to kicked him.

Chuck took one look and stepped backwards, avoiding Manager Yarn's kick effortlessly. He had done so with a type of gracefulness and calmness as though nothing was wrong, and he was just stepping backwards to enjoy the scenery in front of him.

Manager Yarn frowned and cursed in his heart:

Is this guy stupid? Acting all pretentious despite not calling the police?

"Don't waste my time. I don't have time to play with a fool like you!" Manager Yarn smirked as he rolled up his sleeves in an effort to try to beat Chuck up.

"Chuck Cannon, let's go!"

Yvette called out to Chuck bitterly. She had decided that this would be the last time she called out Chuck's name. She didn't want to be in this place anymore, not even for a second!

What was the point of even being here? To be

insulted by others continuously?

However, Chuck still did not budge. Yvette shook her head, why did she even follow him here in the first place?

Ding, ding, ding!

At that moment, Chuck's phone rang and he picked it up to answer the call, the edges of his mouth curving into a smirk a few seconds later.

Such calm composure and provoking smile pissed Manager Yarn even further. He thought, "Smile? I'll give you a few f*cking slaps and let's see who's the one smiling now!"

He stormed over and was about to hit Chuck!

But then!

A few seconds later, the phone in Manager Yarn's pocket suddenly rang. He frowned. Who the hell was it, disturbing him when he was trying to beat someone up!

He took out his phone in annoyance, expression instantly changing the moment he saw the caller ID. He waved his phone screen which displayed two words delightedly to Chuck: Big Boss!

Yvette felt even more despair!

She knew that the square owner had ties with Manager Yarn since they often went drinking together. If the owner was calling at such an odd hour now, he was definitely trying to invite Manager

Yarn out for a drink.

If Manager Yarn chose to talk badly and add oil to the fire now, she would definitely lose her company! It was that simple!

Even if she had the "baller" step in, he probably couldn't do anything either!

At this point, Yvette's discontent turned to fury.

Chuck, I don't blame you if you insulted time and again, but you can't let things worsen like this!

Manager Yarn sneered, "Young man, the boss invited me out for a drink. So, I'll let you off today, but you'd better be careful from now on! If you dare provoke me, I'll be sure to end you! "

He looked down on Chuck and even arrogantly switched on the speakerphone to hear Director Wendel's voice hands-free. He thought:

Yvette Jordan, listen carefully at how close I am with the boss!

Now you regret not coming with me, don't you?

If we wait for me on the bed like a good girl, I can still give you a chance!

"Hello, Director Wendel!" Manager Yarn greeted with an extremely arrogant and confident look on his face.

"Have you left?"

"Of course not, Director Wendel! As you know, I'm

the most devoted to my work and I usually leave work the last! I need to ensure that everything here is in place before I leave!"

Manager Yarn got even prouder with each passing moment. He looked at Yvette, then at Chuck, staring them down like they were peasants and he was the king. He looked at though he was showing off the fact that he was going for a night out with the boss to the two of them!

"It's good that you didn't leave. Come to my office. Right now!"

"Okay, okay. Director Wendel, please wait for a moment. I'll be right there."

After hanging up the phone, Manager Yarn snickered, "Get away from me, I'll be enjoying myself with the boss tonight. Last time, we went to a five-star hotel for dinner and I'm pretty sure the two of you have never been to such a high-end place in your whole life, haven't you? Guess what! I go there every day!"

"Are you sure that your boss wants to have dinner with you?" Chuck said flatly.

Yvette sighed and shook her head. What did Chuck want to achieve by saying that? The boss already called him, what else would it be other than to invite Manager Yarn out for dinner?

What was the use of him trying to talk it out?

"Haha! If he's not inviting me to dinner, do you

think he's asking you out instead? Do you really think you' have the standard for the boss to ask you out?" Manager Yarn turned around and left disdainfully.

However, the phone rang again. It was from the Big Boss.

Manager Yarn was even more pleased. "Look, the boss is urging me again. After dinner, we'll be having an amazing time with beautiful women, lavishly spending our money! You guys will never live like us, no matter what you do!"

"Oh really? Then you'd better enjoy yourself," Chuck replied nonchalantly.

Yvette frowned at Chuck's words, she was deeply disappointed!

"Hello, Director Wendel!" The call went through as Manager Yarn once again switched on the speakerphone. He looked so full of himself as he smiled haughtily.

"Don't come yet, pick up someone else first. He should be around the square, go take a look."

"No problem! Is it Director Gold, the one who went to dinner with us last time?"

"No, no, it's a young man named Chuck Cannon! Bring him to my office!"

"Chuck Cannon?"

Yvette froze instantly as her eyes widened in

disbelief! Why did this Director Wendel want Manager Yarn to pick Chuck up? Did she mishear it? But how could that be possible? Or was it Zelda Maine instead?

"No problem! I'll pick him up now! Please wait for a moment, boss!"

Manager Yarn smiled. The last time they had dinner with Director Gold, they had other entertainment programs arranged. This time, with Director Cannon, they would probably also have some extra fun in between the talks!

The phone was hung up!

Manager Yarn snorted at Chuck and Yvonne, "Get out of here, I'm going to pick someone up!"

"Pick up? But I don't want you to pick me up!" Chuck shook his head and shrugged.

"Haha, who the hell wants to pick you up? Look at what you look like," Manager Yarn laughed with a face full of sarcasm, but his eyebrows furrowed. What did he mean by saying that? Was the person that Director Wendel asked to pick up, him?

He stared hard at Chuck, before asking carefully. "Are you Chuck Cannon?"

"You are not qualified to talk to me!" Chuck said.

Manager Yarn sneered. "If you're Chuck Cannon, why don't you come with me?"

Ding, ding, ding!

The phone rang again!

Manager Yarn answered the call and intuitively switched on his speakerphone.

"Hello, Director Wendel, I have already picked up Chuck Cannon!" Manager Yarn could only sneer towards Chuck, thinking to himself: You little b*stard, count yourself lucky this time to be able to get on Director Wendel's good side!

"Bring him over then. Remember, hurry up!"

"Director Wendel, who is this Chuck Cannon? He looks too ordinary." The more he looked at Chuck, the more upset he became.

"Ordinary, my a*s!" On the phone, Director Wendel suddenly cursed!

Manager Yarn was instantly stunned, his face full of surprise. He could only freeze in his tracks as he awaited Director Wendel's explanation.

Yvette was equally surprised. What was going on? Why did Director Wendel scold Manager Yarn? Was it really because of Chuck?

"Director Wendel..." Manager Yarn was stunned. What did he mean?

"If you dare be disrespectful to Chuck Cannon, I won't let you off so easily. What are you waiting for, pass the phone over to Chuck Cannon! I can't believe the nonsense in your head despite following me for such a long time!" Director Wendel

scolded him!

"There's no need for you to give it to me," Chuck announced.

"Ah? Are you Chuck Cannon?" Director Wendel's voice suddenly toned down. He seemed to respect Chuck!

His tone shocked Manager Yarn! How could his boss be so polite to this guy?!

Yvette's mind was blank. She did not expect Director Wendel to speak so humbly. In that case, Chuck's phone call was not to the police, but to...

"Yes," said Chuck.

"I apologize for the rudeness of my staff. Please forgive me, forgive me!"

"Forgive you? That depends on what you do, Director Wendel." Chuck focused his gaze at Manager Yarn calmly.

Manager Yarn felt goosebumps all over his body as he was now thoroughly shocked. What the hell is going on? Was he dreaming?

"Ah? In that case, please hold on! Yarn you asshole, immediately prostrate yourself and apologize to Mr Cannon. Otherwise, there'll be hell to pay for you!!" Director Wendel's voice was shrill and full of rage as heard from the receiver!

Chapter 31

Manager Yarn was once again tongue-tied. What did he mean? Was he really supposed to kneel and beg Chuck Cannon for forgiveness?

He froze like a statue, feet glued firmly to the floor. His eyes widened in disbelief at Chuck, whose calm and expressionless emotions contrasted his own!

He could not understand.

He had a good relationship with the boss. How could the boss force him to kneel down to others?

Who exactly is this Chuck Cannon?

The shock on his face slowly subsided as he realized the truth, now looking more complicated than stunned.

Yvette Jordan froze. If she hadn't heard it from Director Wendel with her own ears, she wouldn't believe that something amazing and unbelievable just took place because of one phone call Chuck made.

Who did Chuck call just now? Yvette racked her brain to try to think who it was. No one else had the power to do so, apart from Zelda Maine! It must be her!

Who knew that Zelda was acquainted with the square owner. Yvette was taken aback, what a turn of events in her favour!

She looked at Chuck. For a moment, she felt a lingering thought cross her mind... Chuck really wasn't joking and didn't disappoint her.

"Yarn, are you fucking listening?" Director Wendel's steel-cold voice boomed out of the speakerphone.

"Yes, yes!" Manager Yarn's arrogance and ego from just now was already long gone. He looked at Chuck with a complicated expression, bowed his head, and knelt down!

Although there were a lot of people around, but so what? Did he dare to not disobey orders and refuse to kneel? Director Wendel would really kill him!

But!

"Hold on!" Chuck waved his hand to stop him.

"Thank you so much, Mr. Cannon. Just now, it was a misunderstanding..." Manager Yarn was overjoyed and hurried to deliver a cigarette to Chuck.

"I think you're mistaken. I don't want you to kneel down. You... you kneel down to Yvette and slap yourself ten times!" Chuck ordered coldly.

Manager Yarn was stunned again, his face burning in shame as though someone had just slapped him!

He turned his head and looked at Yvette who was equally stunned, his expression freezing into place. It would not be a big deal if he knelt down to Chuck

since he was a man. However, Yvette was a woman, and it would be a disgrace for him to kneel down to a woman!

"Still not listening to Chuck? If so, be ready to say goodbye to your legs! I'll break them the minute you get back!" Director Wendel threatened once again.

"Don't, I'll kneel!" Manager Yarn was so scared that his face turned pale. He immediately knelt down in front of Yvette.

She was stunned without words.

"Clap!"

Manager Yarn raised his hand and slapped his face, the loud slaps echoing throughout the corridor. Some people who were nearby started to gather around to see what was going on. They were all puzzled, what was going on? As they saw the once high and mighty director kneeling on the ground and slapping themselves, they started whispering and snickering.

The slaps continued.

Yvette could clearly hear the slapping sounds in her ear, reminding her that this wasn't a dream. Slowly, she could feel the unease and disappointment in her heart vanish, replaced by an unexplainable sense of comfort. Yes, Chuck did fulfill his promise of helping her!

She was on cloud nine, and had to constantly

remind her that she wasn't dreaming. She turned and looked at Chuck.

Soon after, Manager Yarn's cheeks were red and swollen.

The onlookers laughed at him, which made him even more ashamed as he lowered his head and tried to cover his face!

"I know this man, he is the manager of the square! How could he kneel down to a woman and slap himself? It must be this woman's boyfriend who made the manager kneel down! Her boyfriend is really amazing!"

"Yeah! I heard that this manager is often very perverted and loves to harass people. I'm pretty sure he must've harassed this woman, but didn't expect her boyfriend to be someone with so much authority! The guy's so handsome, plus he has connections too! Why don't I have such a boyfriend?"

The envious voices of the onlookers seemed to hope that Chuck was their boyfriends instead.

Yvette couldn't help herself but stare at Chuck. She couldn't believe that the little boy that she had known for so long had actually grown up, and was now even able to help her get back at someone.

This man, who had slept with her for almost ten years, and used to be her husband!

Her gaze was fixated on Chuck for a few seconds

before she avoided his eyes: why didn't she find him so attractive before? Especially just now.

She felt different from before. What was this feeling?

Manager Yarn turned his head. "Mr. Cannon, is that enough?"

"What do you think, Yvette?" Chuck asked.

"Ah? That's enough." Yvette Jordan came to her senses in a hurry, blushing furiously on her face.

"Stand up!" Chuck said calmly.

"Thank you!"

Manager Yarn was already close to tears. He was flustered and got up from the ground, running over to Chuck's side, "Mr Cannon, please come with me to meet Director Wendel!"

"Okay." Chuck nodded. Since his mother had already bought this square, he definitely had to meet this Director Wendel.

Manager Yarn immediately led the way, but not before Chuck walked up to Yvette. "Wait for me for a moment. I'll be right back."

"Yes." Yvette nodded. Despite whatever that happened, she was still willing to wait for him.

Chuck followed Manager Yarn upstairs, but Yvette come over halfway and asked. "I want to ask you, did you call Zelda Maine just now?"

Chuck was stunned.

"It doesn't matter if you don't want to tell me."
Yvette coerced.

She thought it was Zelda who contacted the owner of the square, thus leading up to the facade that happened just now. If not, she couldn't imagine who Chuck would call even if she racked her brain for answers.

"Okay." Chuck didn't want to say much and just followed Manager Yarn upstairs.

Since he didn't explain, Yvette assumed that he did call Zelda. She thought, Zelda Maine was indeed an amazing person!

"Beautiful lady, is that your boyfriend?" A beautiful woman came over and asked.

Yvette did not know how to answer. Was he, or was he not?

Yes? However, the two of them had already separated.

No? But they had been sleeping in the same bed for more than ten years. Although they didn't do anything suspicious in bed, what was the relationship between them?

Yvette couldn't figure it out either. The only thing she felt was that Chuck gave her a different feeling today. What was he doing these few days?

For the first time, Yvette was a little curious about

Chuck.

Meanwhile, Manager Yarn took Chuck to Director Wendel's office and pushed the door open. Immediately, he was shocked by Director Wendel's broad smile. He could see a tinge of respect appearing on the director's face, this...

Most importantly, Director Wendel was someone influential and had a net worth of around one billion dollars. Yet, he was so respectful towards this Chuck Cannon! Amidst Manager Yarn's shock, he immediately regretted what he did just now and started sweating buckets. Who exactly did he mistreat just now?

He was full of regret!

He looked at Chuck secretly, only to find that his face was calm and expressionless, completely void of any fear a normal person should have towards a big boss. Who on earth was he?

"Yarn, you're fired!" Director Wendel announced coldly.

"Ah? Director Wendel,..." Manager Yarn could only stammer on the spot. He thought that since he had followed Chuck's orders, everything was already in the past. However, he was now being fired?

He could not believe it!

"Get out, now!" Director Wendel continued berating him!

Manager Yarn looked at Chuck complicatedly for help. "Mr. Cannon, could you please say a few words for me? I really need this job."

"I can't help you!" Chuck shook his head. Since he was taking over the square, the first thing he had to do was to get rid of such people!

Even if Director Wendel didn't do this, Chuck would still do it on his own!

With no choice, Manager Yarn turned around and walked out. Then, Director Wendel immediately walked over with a smile full of flattering respect!

Just now, when he received a phone call from that person, he was almost scared to death. How could she call him herself? Even Director Wendel could not believe it!

Although Director Wendel had some money, it was really nothing but petty cash in front of that woman. When he heard that she wanted him to transfer the ownership of the square to Chuck, he wanted to refuse because business in the square was not good. Wouldn't he be offending that person if the business was running on a loss?

To tell the truth, he was nervous now.

"Master Cannon, please have a seat here." Director Wendel greeted him in a hurry.

Chuck took one look at him and found Director Wendel's face to be slightly familiar. Suddenly, he found himself thinking of Wilbur Wendel, the guy

who made him buy a car. Could Wilbur be Director Wendel's son? Chuck chuckled, it was such a coincidence.

He sat down.

"Regarding the transfer process, the contract is slightly complicated to complete on such a short notice. Since it's quite late now, it's probably impossible for us to do it today so I'll prepare it the day after tomorrow. Young Master Cannon, why don't you drop by then to sign the contract?" Director Wendel asked politely. This square was not a house, so the procedures were more complicated. Besides, the salary of the employees in the square and the rent had to be calculated too, which was more troublesome.

"Sure." Chuck had no objections since the whole square was now his. He didn't mind waiting for another two days.

"Thank you, Young Master Cannon!" Director Wendel breathed a sigh of relief, and then said cautiously, "Young Master Cannon, do you know Zelda Maine from Modern Restaurant?"

Zelda Maine? Oh yes, she had taken a fancy to Yvette's company's shoplot. What was he going to do now?

Chapter 32

After giving it some thought, Chuck decided to renew the contract for Yvette. As for Zelda Maine, he could only let Director Wendel tell her.

"Yes, I do know her." Chuck remained calm and collected.

"That's good."

Director Wendel sighed in relief. "Well, this makes things easier for me to explain then. I actually made a deal with Zelda a while back, she wanted to take over the training company on the fifth floor of the square before, and I agreed. Since Zelda's restaurant is very popular, if she can open a restaurant here, the flow of people in the square will immediately increase and at least help bring in some income to the square. What I'm trying to ask is, can you let Zelda proceed to take over the training company?"

"There's no need for that. I have other plans!" Chuck said.

Director Wendel had no choice but to obey, "Well alright, I'll have to tell Zelda later."

"Yes, just tell her that your square has been taken over by someone else, and the new boss has a new plan. But be careful, don't mention that it's me!" Chuck added.

"Young Master Cannon, what are you..." Director Wendel was surprised.

However, in an instant, his curiosity was replaced with nothing but respect for Chuck!

If it were his good-for-nothing son who took over the square, he would probably be extremely eager to announce the news to the whole world.

He also understood that real rich people would prefer to keep it low-profile. This young man standing in front of him was a perfect example of that, since despite knowing "that person", he was still willing to be so humble.

He was keeping a low-profile, but doing things in a high-profile!

"Just do as I say. Besides, I don't want anyone else to know that I took over the square!" Chuck continued.

"Understood!" Director Wendel nodded.

"In that case, there's nothing else for me to add here. Just give me a call when the contract is ready!" Chuck Cannon spoke as he stood up.

Director Wendel said in a hurry to try to make Chuck stay, "Well, Young Master Cannon, since it's so late now, would you like to go to one of my clubs to relax?"

There were a lot of beautiful women and models at his club. This was an opportunity for him to get on

Chuck's good side, and he didn't want to miss it. If he could get to know that person through the chuck, his fortune could increase to at least twice what he had now!

"No need!" Chuck immediately shook his head and walked out without any hesitation.

Director Wendel could only watch as he walked out as he sent him out politely.

After thinking for a while, he took out his mobile phone and called Zelda Maine.

The phone was connected.

Zelda's cheerful voice could be heard from over the phone. "Hello, Director Wendel."

"Zelda Maine, I have something to tell you." He was in a dilemma.

He had promised Zelda that she could come to renovate the place as soon as the training company on the fifth floor left. Words sounded nice, but he never did expect that with just a phone call, his square would be taken over by someone else.

"Director Wendel, please do say it, I'm all ears!"

"Well, it's about that place you inquired, the shoplot on the fifth floor of the square that is currently being occupied by a training company."

"Oh, have they moved away in advance? That's great then, I can start looking for interior designers to help design and renovate the place tomorrow

then!"

"No, it's..."

"What is it?" Zelda was slightly unnerved by the seriousness of his tone. She had her eye on that place for a long time, and since she only had to pay half the rent, as long as she could open shop, she would definitely make money!

"To tell you the truth, this square is no longer mine," said Director Wendel.

"What? What do you mean it's not yours? Director Wendel, are you kidding me? I called you the day before yesterday to confirm. It's only been two days, and you want me to believe that you've sold your square to someone else?" Zelda's voice was a mixture of surprise and also anger.

She clearly knew that even if the ownership of the square was transferred, it was impossible to sell it off so quickly. It would've needed a few months, or even a few years to complete the transfer of ownership, since the amount that they would be dealing with wasn't in the thousands or millions, it was in hundreds of millions!

How was it possible for the ownership to be transferred away in merely two days? It was impossible!

"Zelda Maine, please don't be angry, I have no reason to lie to you, right? I know that with your restaurant comes many financial benefits to us, but

the point is that the square isn't mine anymore. The new boss has taken over and expressed that he has other plans in mind, so....." Director Wendel tried to explain.

"Who is the new boss?" Zelda asked. Although she could not believe that the square had been transferred away in a span of two days, there was really no need for Director Wendel to lie to her.

This was because in his case, refusing her offer meant rejecting the money that came with it, and who would just give away chances of making money just like that?

"Well, the new boss said that he doesn't want others to know his identity or the fact that he has taken over the square," Director Wendel said.

"Is that so?"

Zelda, who had just returned home, frowned. This new boss was maintaining a pretty low-profile, who could they be? There weren't many people in the city who had such financial wealth to be able to afford hundreds of millions of dollars at once.

She thought hard but still couldn't pinpoint who it could be. At least, she didn't have the foresight to know who it was.

"Alright, I see," Alas, Zelda had no choice but to agree in resignation.

"I'm really sorry for that, I'll treat you to dinner someday."

"Okay."

The phone was hung up!

Zelda Maine sat down with a twinkle in her eyes and muttered to herself, "Who took over the square? The new boss, it seems that I have to talk to you in person, but I don't know who you are!"

.....

Chuck came down from the stairs and saw Yvette standing in the distance waiting for him. She was wearing a tight pair of jeans and a T-shirt, showing off her curves sexily. She was pacing around the place restlessly while waiting for him.

Chuck took a few more looks at her and walked over, "I'm done."

Yvette abruptly came to her senses. Her whole mind was full of Chuck as she was curious about how he managed to know Zelda Maine. How did he manage to coerce her into calling the owner of the square? These were all questions that she wanted answers to.

The atmosphere between them hung awkwardly as both of them didn't know what to say.

"Where do you live? I'll drive you back." Yvette offered, which Chuck automatically shook his head and rejected without thinking. He had driven his own car here too, and if he took a ride with Yvette, didn't that mean he had to come back again tomorrow just to pick up his car?

"I'll send you off. The taxis at night are very expensive," Yvette insisted. She didn't know why she offered, perhaps Chuck's change today was so drastic that she also changed her perception of him.

Chuck had no choice but to agree, and followed Yvette into the parking lot. They went into the elevator and the doors to the elevator closed with a shut. They were now alone in such a big space.

Yvette just stood some distance in front of Chuck, a position where her curves were entirely visible to him when he lowered his head. Chuck could feel his blood pressure surging.

"By the way, where do you live?" Yvette turned around to ask Chuck, but noticed that his gaze was focused downwards. She paused and followed his gaze, this angle was he looking at her bottom?

Chuck tried to laugh it off awkwardly after he was noticed. Yvette bit her lip and repeated, "Where do you live?"

"Highstreet," Chuck accidentally blurted out.

"You live in Highstreet?" Yvette Jordan was surprised, because houses in that area cost at least three to four million dollars. Was this really where he stayed? The rent for this place costs at least 5 to 6 thousand dollars, could he really afford to pay for it?

"Oh, it's the Midland Village nearby." Chuck quickly

changed the place.

"Okay." Yvette was less surprised by his answer, since he could probably afford to stay at Midland Village.

The elevator door opened and they went out.

However, Chuck's phone chose that precise moment to vibrate. He opened his WeChat carefully to avoid letting Yvette notice, and found that it was from Lara Jean. This Chuck panicked slightly!

Because at that moment, Lara actually took a selfie in front of a BMW 7 series. The venue that she was at was the parking lot of the City Square, and the car that was in the photo was actually his!

Did Charlotte Yates tell her that the car was his? For a moment, Chuck felt betrayed, but it was dispelled soon as Lara's next message came in, "Baller, isn't this car nice? It's my dad's new car!"

Chuck did not know whether to laugh or cry. Did Lara want him to be her boyfriend or her daddy?

But why was Lara in the City Square parking lot? Was she just looking for a car to take selfies? Seemed like his priority was to avoid her first if she wanted to take pictures she could just go ahead.

"WeChat? You also have WeChat?" Yvette blurted out. She knew that Chuck didn't have a WeChat account before, but when he was keeping his phone just now she had a glimpse of his phone

interface. She noticed that the background app that was running was WeChat, and she was surprised.

"Yes, I always had an account." Chuck knew that things weren't going his way. If Yvette asked him such, didn't that mean that she was going to add him on WeChat? If so, he was done for!

"You do? I always thought you didn't. Well, I'll add your WeChat account so that you don't have to call me in the future. In this way, you can save money for the phone bill. Open your WeChat then, I'll scan you and add you." She took out her phone and was prepared to scan his phone.

Chapter 33

Chuck was a little flustered. If Yvette added him on WeChat, wouldn't she know that he was the "baller"?

Just when he had managed to leave a good impression on Yvette, if he chose to reveal his identity, his effort for the past few days would be gone to waste.

He thought hard and could only come up with an excuse, "I'll add you another time."

"Can't I add you now?" Yvette was confused. She looked at Chuck strangely. He was hiding something for sure.

"I'll add you next time." Chuck had no choice but to repeat what he said just now.

"All right." Yvette put away her phone.

Chuck heaved a sigh of relief.

"Let's go, I'll send you back." Yvette strut forward with her long legs, while Chuck followed closely behind.

As his thoughts swirled noisily in his head, they arrived at where Yvette parked her car. However, immediately Chuck knew something was wrong:

He noticed his car parked behind Yvette's car, he actually didn't notice it when he was parking his

car!

More importantly, Chuck noticed Lara who was still busy posing and taking pictures in his car. What on earth did she want to do?

"Lara Jean, why are you here?" Yvette didn't expect to see Lara here.

"Ah? Teacher."

Lara, who was leaning on Chuck's car to take selfies, came to her senses. Her face blushed subconsciously and she put away her phone, before walking over and explaining calmly, "I'm waiting for my daddy."

As she was speaking, she purposely took a look at the BMW seven series behind her.

"Your dad?"

Yvette looked at the car that Lara was leaning on in surprise. The BMW 7 series? For some reason, it looked familiar. Yvette was reminded of the last time in her residential area, there was also a car of the same series occupying someone else's parking space. It also didn't have a car plate.

Could it be that it's the same car? Yvette wondered.

"Well, my dad is eating with his friends. I was bored, so I came down first. It's so hot, if I had gotten the car keys from him, I could get in the car and enjoy the air conditioner," Lara remarked, while

glancing at Chuck and frowning after seeing him.

She was annoyed. What the hell was he laughing at? Did he even have the right to laugh at her? It couldn't be that the car was his, right?

Chuck really couldn't help laughing, and covered his mouth to pretend nothing was wrong. It couldn't be, Lara really wanted him to be her daddy, right! However, he immediately held back his laughter the moment he saw Lara glaring at him.

However, Chuck's expression of holding back his laughter looked like panic in Lara's eyes. She looked down on him even more.

Well, it is a pity that he doesn't even have a car of his own!

"Teacher, why are the two of you together?" Lara suddenly thought of this question.

Chuck and Yvette exchanged glances. In the past, they had agreed that if they ever found themselves in such a situation, they would lie and say that they ran into each other by coincidence.

However, this time Yvette just lowered her head and didn't say anything. It was the first time that Chuck saw her like this. He remembered that she used to say that it was just a coincidence, but she actually kept silent this time.

This was really out of Chuck's expectation.

Chuck's mind raced and his eyes gleamed as he

found an excuse, "Teacher Jordan was just having a meal here, while I had a part-time job here. I happened to run into her and she offered to send me back on her way home."

"Oh." Lara Jean was too lazy to pay attention to his explanation. There couldn't be any other possibilities for it, could there?

"In that case, goodbye teacher! I have to go find my dad for the car keys, or else I'll definitely die from this heat." Lara waved to Yvette and left.

Yvette nodded politely, but found her gaze returning constantly to the BMW 7 series. She wondered, "Doesn't Lara have an ordinary family? When did they manage to afford such a luxurious car?"

"Maybe they suddenly got rich," Chuck pretended to give a guess.

"Yes, it's possible, but this car is pretty high-end." Yvette Jordan said.

She also owned a BMW, but it was a BMW mini-series that cost maybe 20 million dollars. Compared to the BMW 7 series that cost around 200 million dollars, there was a large difference.

To be honest, Yvette really liked BMW cars, but she didn't have the money to buy such an expensive car.

"Yes, it's not bad. Why don't you go in and get a feel of it?" Chuck asked.

"Go in? We don't even have a car key to get in. It's fine just admiring it from the outside, since only the rich are able to afford such a car. Let's just take a look."

Yvette shook her head slightly in resignation and got into her car. "Get in. I'll take you home."

Chuck sighed. The keys to the car were just in his pocket, how could he not get in his own car?

If Yvette wanted to have a look, Chuck wouldn't have hesitated to bring out the keys. It was a pity that currently, Yvette didn't even think that Chuck could afford such an expensive car.

So what was the point if he brought out the car keys?

Of course, Chuck didn't say what he was thinking and got into Yvette's car. On the way back to Chuck's house, he noticed a fragrance on the car, which belonged to Yvette. He seldom had the chance to hitch a ride on Yvette's car, so naturally, he was aroused by the smell.

He also didn't want things to turn out this way!

Chuck tried to change the topic and asked Yvette where she was living recently since she had moved out of the house. She replied, "I've been renting a place to stay at."

He didn't plan to ask her where she was staying to avoid her from misunderstanding that he wanted to move in with her once more!

Soon, they arrived at Midland village, and Yvette stopped her car at a nearby intersection. "It's here right?" She asked.

She stared at all the crowded houses that weren't far away. Many people were staying here since the rent in Midland Village was lower and more affordable. Yvette was satisfied with Chuck's choice. Although he had moved out, he did not pursue wealth blindly.

"Yeah, it's here." Chuck peeked at the high-end residential area in the distance.

"Yep."

He got out of the car, his mind still lingering on Yvette's supple thighs and curvy waistline as he saw her beauty up close. He was probably aroused and wasn't in his right mind, as he actually asked, "Yvette, do you want to have a drink at my place?"

The moment he said it, Chuck was nervous and speechless towards himself. Yvette was his wife, so what was wrong with having a drink with him?

Yvette was stunned. Drink? Did he mean a normal drink or...? She wasn't a little girl and couldn't be fooled so easily.

"No, it's alright, I'm not thirsty. I'll drop by for a drink next time." Yvette quickly rejected him politely, her pretty face already blushing furiously.

"Okay then." Chuck tried to hide the

disappointment in his voice.

"Then I'll leave first."

"Bye."

Chuck watched as Yvette drove away until her car was no larger than a speck of dust in the distance. The minute he could see her car no longer, he shook his head and rushed back home. He locked the door from the inside, pulled the blinds shut, and grabbed some tissues to the bathroom. 5 minutes later, he walked out expressionless and sighed. Was he really going to have to try making up with Yvette and moving in with her as soon as possible? Since it wasn't a permanent solution for him to have to do it himself every time this happened!

His head hurt from thinking.

Chuck thought that he might as well just text Yvette from his WeChat to let her know that everything was settled and she could continue operating in City Square as usual.

Soon, Yvette replied to his message: (a few crying emojis), really? Thank you so much.

Chuck sighed: You're welcome. What are you doing now?

Yvette replied, I'm getting ready to go to bed. Thank you once again. Let me treat you to dinner tomorrow!

Upon seeing her message, Chuck was once again speechless. Why dinner again? How was he supposed to meet her like this? Chuck gave it a long, hard thought before finally replying to her: I'm really busy recently.

Yvette Jordan replied: Hmm, in that case, that's alright. I'll treat you to dinner once you are free so I can thank you properly. You really helped me a lot.

Thank me properly? How did she plan on thanking her? Was she ... Chuck's thoughts drifted somewhere where he wasn't supposed to. His heart throbbed as he felt a bit sour, but he immediately came to his senses. What was he doing, getting all jealous of himself?

Chuck accidentally replied on impulse: You said you wanted to thank me properly. How will you thank me?

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The moment Chuck sent the message out, he knew that it was probably not a good idea. Wasn't this flirting with Yvette? If he was using his own identity now, it would be fine, but now he was under the guise of the "baller"!

He quickly withdrew the message!

He then waited patiently and nervously for Yvette to reply him. Could she have seen it?

However, thirty seconds later, Yvette replied: Let's have dinner together when you're free. Thanks again! Good night!

As he saw her reply, Chuck knew that Yvette had definitely seen the message, or else she would not have brought up the word of thanks constantly. Probably, she was just pretending not to see the message.

In fact, Chuck was even a bit pleased to see Yvette's reply. At least she wasn't like Lara Jean, who already took the chance to get close to him under the pretense of thanking him. The only thing that he wanted to know was how Yvette thought of the "baller".

Despite wanting to know, he just replied with a good night, then put down his phone and went to sleep.

However, his plans were disturbed by Wilbur's friend request that was sent once again. Chuck was reminded that yesterday night before sleeping, a notification came in at about 11. Probably he had sent him the friend request then.

Under the remarks section, there were some words written: Add me please, I want to talk with you. Let me treat you to something!

Did that mean he was giving in to Chuck?

Chuck smirked. He had just bought Wilbur's father's square, so Wilbur should have enough money to buy a car! Chuck agreed and accepted his friend request. One minute later, Wilbur's message came in:

"Where are you? Why haven't you come yet? Don't tell me you're not going to buy it? I've been waiting for you to come pick up the car all day!"

Chuck was taken aback. Yesterday Wilbur seemed to be more wary of him, but today he returned to his old ways. Looks like your dad has told you that he sold the square for 500 million dollars!

"Do you need me to go pick you up personally?" Wilbur sent a message over that was full with sarcasm.

Chuck paused for a while to think, then continued to reply: I'll be there in an hour!

He grabbed the car keys and headed out to City Square after sending the message. When he

arrived, he got into his car and searched for the Porsche car centre in the car's navigation system before driving straight there.

Porsche Center!

Wilbur Wendel was sitting cross-legged on the large couch of the shop while looking at the messages on WeChat. His face was tinged with a poisonous smile, like a snake waiting to engulf its prey!

Chuck really had the courage to come meet him!

The manager of the store sat beside him with a chuckle, "Who is the young master this time who's going to buy a car?"

"Beats me. I've never seen him before." Wilbur shrugged, sneering deep down:

Wasn't Chuck so full of himself yesterday? In that case, it was already noon, why wasn't he here to pick up the car? Could it be, he was trying to gather money?

"Well, it doesn't particularly matter then, as long as he comes to buy the car." The manager's mouth curved into a smile.

"Who knows if he can afford it?" Wilbur shook his head in displeasure.

"Oh? But didn't you say that the person managed to pay a deposit of 300,000 dollars?" The manager was stunned. After all, the person did manage to

pay the deposit of 300 thousand dollars. By logic, he should be able to pay the rest, right?

"So what if he managed to pay? I checked yesterday. In the whole province, there are a lot of rich people whose last name is Cannon, but no one with the name of Chuck Cannon. I'm 70 percent sure that he's definitely not a rich person! He must be faking it!" Wilbur commented snarkily.

"At this point, it doesn't matter if he's fake. We've already collected the 300 thousand dollars, and the deposit is not refundable. Let's just split the deposit in half between us!" The manager smiled. This was not a loss for him at all! No matter what, he was still happy to earn 150 thousand dollars so easily.

"Split equally? It's just one hundred and fifty thousand dollars, it doesn't really matter to me." Wilbur said arrogantly!

That's right! Yesterday, his father came back and told him that his square had been sold for 500 million dollars!

After hearing that, Wilbur was also shocked!

Right after the shock came the feeling of a pleasant surprise. Although his father's total assets amounted to more than one billion dollars, the working capital was still considered little. As a result, his pocket money was only around 100 thousand dollars per month. Now, he suddenly had 500 million dollars in cash!

To Wilbur, this was an enormous number! Although he didn't ask his father for cash yesterday, but he did ask his father if he could buy a car when his father's mood was still good!

His father agreed!

He even asked Wilbur to call him to pay for the car once Wilbur had made his mind!

This explained why Wilbur was on cloud nine today!

"If 150 thousand dollars is nothing to you, have you become a baller, Wilbur? Did you make a fortune recently?" The manager was surprised.

"Not really." Wilbur answered proudly. "My dad's square was taken over by someone last night."

"What? Taken over?" The manager couldn't sit still.

He remembered Wilbur had told him previously that the square wasn't doing well, but even if it wasn't doing well, such a large-scale square would at least cost a few hundred million dollars, right?

And someone actually managed to take it over? In addition, if Wilbur was correct, the person even managed to pay everything in one go?

There weren't many people in the city who had such financial ability and funds to do so, were there?

"Yes, someone took over." Wilbur was also envious.

"Who could it be?" The manager was too curious.

"I don't know either, but I'm pretty sure whoever who manages to pay such a large sum of money at once is definitely a true baller! It's just a pity that my dad didn't want to tell me anything when I asked him yesterday. He said that this person doesn't want anyone to know that they've already bought the square. If I had known who it was, I would've already tried to make him my blood brother already!"

Speaking of this, Wilbur felt a pity. He knew himself well that he was nothing in front of such a person. If he could know such a person and suck up to him, wouldn't he be able to be pretentious as well?

"Only a few financial groups can have such strength," the manager thought for a moment and said.

"I guess so. I really want to know who this person is, but my father is always stubborn. He wants me to learn from that person to keep a low profile." Wilbur sighed.

He was going to continue ranting when a BMW 7 series car stopped outside the shop. He frowned when the car door opened and someone stepped down from the car. Could it be him?

"Is this the person who is going to buy a car?" The manager was surprised.

"Do you know this person?" Wilbur raised an

eyebrow at the manager.

"I don't know him, but I have a friend working in a BMW store. He said that a few days ago, there was a young man who bought a BMW seven-series. Since his car doesn't have a car plate, and he's so young, I'm pretty sure that the person they were talking about must be him!" The manager's eyes lit up. If this person was able to pay for a BMW 7 series, then buying a Cayenne should be as easy as ABC for him!

Wilbur was pissed off. Was this guy seriously rich?

Chuck walked into the store. Before he came, he even specifically looked up the specs for a Cayenne and noted that it was indeed impressive. It cost less than 2 million dollars, so he could actually buy one!

"I thought you weren't coming!" Wilbur greeted Chuck in a strange tone.

"Why won't I come? This car is not bad! Is this a Cayenne?" Chuck Cannon looked around the car. Wilbur sneered, and the manager immediately walked over. "Yes, sir, the one you ordered is this one!"

Chuck Cannon opened the car door and sat in. Indeed, it gave off a different feeling from the BMW 7 series; this was much more fashionable!

Not bad.

"How is it?" Wilbur asked provokingly.

"Not bad!" Chuck approved while nodding his head.

"Sir, this is just one of the Cayennes from series..." The manager started to introduce, but Chuck looked at him a few times and walked out of the car, shaking his head. The manager was stunned. "Do you not like it, sir?"

Chuck didn't say anything but just looked around the place. Wilbur was amused and snickered. Was this one of his plans? Not buying the car just because he didn't like it?

I see. Since the car is just new and only about a week old, how could his family allow him to get a new car?

"How is it? To me, the best thing about this car is the controls, it's amazing to race with it! I think you'd better let your BMW 7 series rest for a while and just buy this car. Look at me, I drive these sorts of cars all the time. Once you're used to the controls, you'll fall in love with Porsches." Wilbur tried to pressure Chuck into buying it.

However, Chuck was still wandering around and looking at the other cars in the hall. Wilbur couldn't help but be even more disgusted at him. "Not feeling like buying it? Well, it doesn't matter, you can just tell me. It's really not a big deal, but just to let you know, your deposit is not refundable. Since it's not worth it like this, why don't you just close your eyes and pay for the car? If you can't afford it,

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"Hey, brother, what kind of car do you want to buy at your level? I think this Porsche 911 is not bad, since it suits you pretty well. Why don't you buy this car?" Wilbur Wendel walked over to Chuck Cannon playfully.

Since Chuck was going to continue to pretend, Wilbur would gladly give him the chance!

Did he really think that this car cost less than two million dollars? Too bad, it's more than four million dollars!

The manager was surprised and hurried over.

Chuck glanced at Wilbur and said, "Seems that you have a good taste this time. Manager, do you have any ready stock for this vehicle?"

"Hmm?" The manager was surprised. Was Chuck seriously going to buy this car?

Wilbur scoffed in disdain and even wanted to laugh.

A person who didn't even know what a Cayenne was, actually bought a Porsche 911?

But seems like Chuck's acting was not bad. This kind of car will not be available on the spot as they are all imported. It will take at least a week for the car to arrive!

Since there's no ready stock, Chuck could then be able to take the opportunity to not buy the car. Pretty slick of him!

"Sorry, sir, this car is not available on the spot and requires prior reservation!" The manager glanced at Wilbur and said calmly.

"No ready stock?" Chuck frowned.

"Since there's no stock, are you going to pretend to not buy it?" Wilbur smirked. He was sure that Chuck was going to pull off such a stunt!

"Since you're so high-class, if you don't buy the car, it'll ruin your reputation." Wilbur taunted, as he did not want to miss any chance to ridicule Chuck.

Chuck just stared at Wilbur for a while, before turning to ask the manager, "How long will it take for the car to arrive then?"

"I remember there is an available new car, but it's in another province. It will take three days to transfer it here!" The manager thought for a moment and said.

"Alright, I'll get this one then!" Chuck announced straight away.

The manager was shocked at Chuck's decisiveness! Was he not going to listen to the details or spec of the car?

The sneer on Wilbur Wendel's face froze uncontrollably. He raised an eyebrow and said, "Do

you know how much this car costs?"

"I don't know." Chuck shook his head.

"You don't know, but you still ordered it? Forget it, I'll tell you then, but don't be frightened once you hear the price. This car is priced at least four million dollars!" Wilbur snickered. Four million dollars was almost enough to buy two BMW seven series. He thought Chuck would never be able to hold in his emotions once he heard the price!

"Why are you so surprised about four million dollars? Is it very expensive?" Chuck asked flatly.

The manager was shocked!

There were a lot of people who could say such words calmly, but few of them could say that at such a young age!

Moreover, the man in front of him looked inexplicably composed, as though nothing would faze him, even if the sky fell down on top of him. Til this day, he had never seen such a well-maintained composure in anyone, until he saw Chuck. As such, he believed Chuck's words in an instant. This man was indeed qualified to say such words!

Wilbur was stunned, his face full on uncontrollable surprise. He stuttered. "What did you say? Four million is not expensive? Why are you so pretentious?"

His family's net worth was more than a billion dollars, but he still felt that more than four million

dollars was very expensive. His father would never buy it for him, let alone Chuck, whose background was still unknown.

"That's why at your level you can only drive a Cayenne!" Chuck shot back indifferently.

Wilbur immediately gritted his teeth!

"Sir, do you really want to order this?" The manager asked seriously. He had to double confirm with Chuck since there was so much money involved in this deal. He believed that Chuck was qualified to say this, but whether he wanted to or not was another thing!

"He's ordering sh*t! He's just putting on a show!"

Just as Wilbur was trying to think of an excuse to why Chuck would be able to buy the car, he suddenly thought of a problem. How could Chuck drive a sports car if he could even damage a BMW? Sports cars needed special training!

"But what if I did?" Chuck looked at Wilbur Wendel calmly.

"You did? If so, then I'll change my surname to yours!" Wilbur scoffed in disbelief.

"Well, I would prefer if I didn't have a son as old as you!" Chuck shook his head.

"You!" Wilbur was furious!

"How about this then, if I order it, you have to promise me one thing!" Chuck said, an idea

suddenly popping up in his mind.

"One thing? What if you ask me to die?" Wilbur shook his head.

"Don't worry! Just do me a favour!" Chuck said.

Wilbur was suspicious. He thought about it, but suddenly realized something, sneering the minute he realized.

It's another trick. Chuck was deliberately putting himself in a dilemma, so if he didn't agree to Chuck's demands, Chuck would have another reason not to buy the car!

What a profound set of tricks!

But it'll never work! Wilbur didn't believe that Chuck could cash out more than four million dollars from his pocket just after buying a new car!

"Okay!" Wilbur nodded.

Chuck glanced at him and took out a card. "How much is it? I'll swipe my card!"

Wilbur's brows furrowed. How could Chuck still be so decisive?

He couldn't help but remind Chuck coldly, "You know that this time you're not paying the deposit right? You're paying an amount of four million dollars in total!"

"I know! Didn't I already give you a deposit of 300,000 dollars?" Chuck asked.

"Yes, but..."

"In that case, nothing's wrong then."

Chuck handed the card to the manager and asked coolly, "How much is the balance? He has my deposit of 300,000 dollars!"

The manager was stunned and immediately took the card to the front desk!

Wilbur glanced at the manager subconsciously. It was impossible. Even with 300 thousand dollars deducted from the balance, Chuck still had to pay more than 4 million dollars at once!

"Hey, stop pretending. It's impossible for you to pay so much at one go." Wilbur continued to insult Chuck.

Chuck just continued staring at him without saying a word. The look in his eyes made Wilbur frown. How could Chuck still be so calm?

In less than a minute!

When the manager came back, he was even more polite, bowing once before handing over the credit card to Chuck with both hands. "Hello, this is your card and receipt."

"What? The payment went through?"

Wilbur was shocked out of his skin! He froze, standing as still as a statue while the thoughts in his brain were furiously spinning. How could it be possible? It didn't make any sense!

How could he swipe and pay four million dollars so easily if he just bought a new car worth more than two million dollars?

Wilbur hurriedly confirmed with the manager, "Did he really swipe it?"

"Yes, he did." The manager was serious!

He was curious: since when did this place had such a low-profile rich person?!

Wilbur was utterly ashamed. He couldn't say anything for a long time because he found it simply unbelievable!

The manager took this opportunity to ask Chuck, "Sir, please give us your phone number. When the car arrives, we will inform you!"

Chuck took the card and checked the amount on the receipt to see if it was correct. After double checking, he gave the manager his phone number, in which the manager gladly memorized. This was an important client, so naturally he had to treat him well!

It took a full five minutes for Wilbur to recover from his daze completely. He could never look at Chuck the same way again. Wilbur sighed and looked at Chuck complicatedly. "What do you want me to do?"

"Don't fret! I have already bought my car, so you have to buy yours now!" Chuck said.

Once again, Wilbur started to feel arrogant again, "Of course, it's just a BMW seven series, right?"

"You have the money?" Chuck smiled.

Wilbur snorted in response and said proudly, "If you can buy two cars, why can't I?"

"Of course you can. You are the son of a super rich family anyway." Chuck smirked, the two corners of his mouth curling up unknowingly. If Wilbur knew that he was the one who bought his father's square, would he still have the arrogance to taunt him further?

"Well, I'm not going to hide it from you anymore. To be completely frank, do you know City Square?" Wilbur continued proudly.

"Yes, I know. What about it?" Chuck's smile widened mysteriously.

"That's my dad's, but it was taken over by a person yesterday. As for how much it was sold for, I can't tell you that, but it's definitely not a small amount. Do you think I won't have enough money to buy a BMW seven series?" Wilbur's face was full of confidence.

Deep down, he was ecstatic. He finally managed to win Chuck in something! Look at Chuck, he's probably dumbfounded. It would make sense since the amount he was going to pay was 500 million dollars, not a few million dollars! So what if Chuck managed to buy a new car? It was only worth

several million dollars anyways! If Chuck managed to fish out 500 million dollars, Wilbur vowed he would never piss off this guy ever again!

"Woah, that's a lot!" Chuck pretended to be surprised but was actually just speechless. This guy was really good at showing off, how could he be so pretentious? If his father knew it, he would slap him in the face!

"Hm, so as I said, it's just a BMW seven series. I can buy it anytime I want!" Wilbur beamed even wider, since he managed to get back at Chuck for all the discontent he felt just now. Indeed, it was really necessary for him to show off his family background!

"Congratulations then!" Chuck smiled.

"Wait a minute. I'll call my dad and ask him to come to the BMW store!" Wilbur took out his mobile phone and called his father, deliberately turning on his speakerphone.

"What's the matter?" It was really the voice of Director Wendel. Chuck couldn't wait to see the look on his face.

"Dad, I've taken a fancy to a BMW. Come to the BMW shop and have a look."

"What kind of BMW?"

"Just a normal BMW. Dad, come here quickly. I'm almost there," Wilbur hurried his father.

18:27 ■

"Okay." After a few seconds of silence on the phone, he finally spoke.

"Hurry up then!"

The call ended with Wilbur feeling even prouder. "My dad is coming to meet me. Maybe he also wants to buy a car!"

Chuck just smiled politely. He didn't know what kind of expression Director Wendel, who had just met him last night, would have when he knew that his son was trying to compete with him by buying a BMW.

Chapter 36

"Come on, let's not waste anymore time. It's just buying a BMW anyways, piece of cake." Wilbur said as he walked outside.

Chuck tried not to laugh out loud. The BMW worth more than two million dollars was indeed a piece of cake to Wilbur now that his father was rich. However, the only reason why his father could sell off the square and earn some cash was because of Chuck's mother. If Chuck didn't plan to buy the square, where would Wilbur's father get the money to buy a car?

At this moment, the manager walked over in hesitance and whispered something in Wilbur's ear, mostly regarding the 300 thousand dollar deposit ...

Wilbur frowned. "I'll transfer it to you tomorrow!"

How could he have money now? He could only wait for his father.

The manager sighed in relief and then said to Chuck politely, "Mr. Cannon, please take care. When the car is here. I will call you."

Chuck nodded. He overheard just now that he needed training to drive a sports car, but it should not take too long. Anyhow, it was nice to drive a sports car too!

Chuck was about to open his car door and get in.

However, the more Wilbur looked at Chuck's car, the more upset he became.

What's so good about this car? Wilbur decided that when he bought one later, he would ask his dad to buy another one. Then, Chuck would have nothing else to boast about!

Wilbur got into his Cayenne haughtily, stepping on the gas and zooming off the minute he got in. Naturally, Chuck followed suit!

The manager looked at Chuck who had left and was amazed.

Who were the parents of this young man? It was rare to see a super rich person with such an indifferent temperament. The manager had encountered many people in his life, but he had never felt such a feeling from anyone.

"Manager, did the young man just now really order it?"

"He just swiped his credit card, so how could it be fake? It looks too simple though, I've been selling cars for so long, but I've never seen anyone buy a car so quick. Well, the rich are really rich!"

"I really want to know his WeChat, I want to be his girlfriend!"

"Me too. He's handsome and rich, just a perfect man of my dreams!"

The several Porsche sales consultants all gathered around and began chatter away enviously.

The manager frowned and scolded, "What are you guys doing? Don't you guys have work to do? Just look at his charisma, do you think he will like any of you here? Let me tell you, the next time Mr. Cannon comes, if anyone dares to offend him again, pack up your things and get out of here immediately! Do you hear me?!"

"Yes, sir." Several sales consultants were discouraged.

Just then, a beautiful woman strolled into the shop, wearing a pair of hot pants that complemented her slender, long legs. It was Quincy Lowe, Zelda's best friend. She had ordered a Porsche for herself a few days ago as a birthday present for herself, so she came to pick up the car.

But when she saw that the salespeople in the store whispering to each other, she curiously walked over and asked, "What happened?"

"Ah? It's Miss Lowe. Your car has arrived. Let me bring you to complete a few procedures, then you can pick up your car!" The manager came back to his senses.

"Okay. By the way, what were you guys talking about just now?" Quincy asked curiously.

"Oh, nothing much, it was a customer who just ordered a 911 modeled car." The manager said. He

waved his hand and the crowd of salespeople immediately dispersed.

"911 model. That rich?" Quincy's eyes widened. She wanted to buy that car, but she didn't have so much money at the moment. She only managed to buy an ordinary Porsche because it was her birthday, and only after begging her father to allow her to buy it.

This was why she didn't say anything when she heard Wilbur mention the Cayenne at the birthday party yesterday.

"He is quite rich." The manager sighed. Chuck's charisma had left quite an impression on him.

"Who ordered it?" Quincy asked out of curiosity.

"This..." The manager hesitated. This was related to the customer's privacy, so he had no right to say it out!

"Wilbur and I are good friends. You can't even tell?" Quincy added.

"Okay, alright, it was ordered by a man named Chuck Cannon." The manager could only say it out.

"What? Chuck Cannon was the one who ordered the model 911?" Quincy could only gape in shock!

Didn't he tell Wilbur that he would buy the Cayenne? Why did he order a 911 model that was several specs higher than a Cayenne instead?

That was an extra four million!

Quincy took a deep breath, this came as a big surprise! Chuck Cannon was indeed extremely rich!

"Do you know this Mr. Cannon, Miss Lowe?" The manager couldn't help but ask Quincy. Otherwise, how would she have such an expression on her face?

"Yes, I do."

Quincy nodded, and a strange smile appeared on the corner of her mouth. "Zelda, you found a pretty neat boyfriend!"

.....

Chuck found that Wilbur was driving so fast that his car disappeared in just a blink of an eye. However, Chuck wasn't planning to drive so fast because he cherished his own life. He would arrive at the BMW store soon since it was just a stone's stroll away.

At that moment, the phone rang. He took a look and saw that it was Zelda Maine!

Chuck Cannon was a little surprised and nervous. Why was Zelda calling him now? Did she find something out from Director Wendel?

Despite being a little nervous, he had no choice but to answer the phone.

"Hey, Chuck, where are you?" Zelda's voice could be heard clearly.

"I'm driving."

"Well, I have something to tell you. I'm sorry to tell you that the shop that I showed you yesterday was taken over by someone last night. I may not be able to go into business there." Zelda said apologetically.

Hearing this, Chuck was instantly relieved. Turns out that she wanted to talk about this.

"That's all right." He had no choice but to say so.

"By the way, do you know who took over the square?" Zelda asked.

"How would I know?"

"I have already asked a lot of people in the morning, but I still don't know who was the person who bought the square over. The thing is, it will cost at least 500 to 600 million dollars to take over the square, but everything was done overnight. This shows that this new boss is very low-key and powerful, so I really want to talk to him!" Zelda sounded full of confidence and expectation.

Chuck sighed silently, what did she mean by "talk to" now? How embarrassing would it be if Zelda found out that he was the one who took over the square and forced her to give up the shoplot? It would be so awkward then.

He didn't know what to say, so he could only respond to her with a few words.

"Well, don't worry. If I find who the new boss is and manage to negotiate with him, I will let you know."

Zelda sounded really sincere, which made Chuck feel slightly guilty. He didn't know how to continue this conversation, so he could only thank her.

"Why are you thanking me? About things yesterday, I still have to..." Zelda did not finish her words and suddenly stopped talking.

Chuck was immediately reminded of the fact that he kissed Zelda yesterday. Her lips were supple and sweet like jelly, and the touch of her curvy hips were still vivid in his mind.

The atmosphere was a little awkward!

Neither of them spoke. After around ten seconds, Zelda took the initiative to speak first. "Then, I'll contact you if there's any news!"

"Yep."

"Bye."

"Okay, Sister Zelda, bye-bye."

Chuck sighed in relief after he hung up the phone. He couldn't afford to let his mind wander. Although things got a bit heated up between them yesterday, Zelda obviously wanted to forget what had happened. If such, he had better let bygones be bygones and leave it as a memory in the past. He didn't want to misunderstand and make a fool of himself later on.

However, Chuck still wanted to know how Zelda would react if she knew that he was the one who

bought and took over the square.

He shook his head slightly. At this time, he had arrived at the BMW store.

After Chuck parked the car, he entered the shop straight away. Charlotte Yates was surprised when she saw him come in. In the meantime, Wilbur was already looking at the car while he was waiting for Chuck to arrive.

The salespeople in the BMW store were all surprised as they didn't recognize Chuck's new look. A salesgirl approached him. After all, his aura and charisma gave others the feeling that he had a high purchasing power. However, she saw Charlotte walking over to him instead, and only realized that it was Chuck!

After a makeover... he looked very handsome! It was true that clothes can change a person's look! She couldn't recognize him at all!

The few salesgirls were even more remorseful. If they had known, they would have taken care of Chuck better when he came over that day. But now, an intern had taken over his businesses instead. More importantly, Chuck had introduced customers to Charlotte. They were originally theirs, but...

The more they thought about it, the more regret they felt!

Charlotte walked over. "Mr. Cannon, Mr. Wendel is

already here."

Chuck nodded and had Charlotte bring him to a BMW seven series. There, Wilbur was already checking out the interior of the car, looking satisfied with everything that he had seen.

Seeing that Chuck Cannon finally arrived, Wilbur secretly looked down on him. How could he drive so slowly!

Wilbur exited the car and was greeted by Charlotte sweetly, "Mr Wendel, we have ready stock for this model!"

She was more grateful to Chuck. Since he wanted to treat her to dinner today, should she do something for him at night?

"Okay, wait for my dad to come over!" Wilbur said and looked out. All of a sudden, his expression brightened with pride and confidence. "My dad is here!"

His tone ended lightly as he was trying to show off, and Chuck also looked out, the corners of his mouth curling up. A BMW Three series drove in and someone exited the car. It was Director Wendel, whom he saw last night!

Chapter 37

Wilbur walked over proudly and called out, "Dad!"

This shocked the salespeople at the scene. The person that he called dad was actually the boss of City Square, Harold Wendel!

How could they not know him?

The sourness in their hearts intensified. They just couldn't believe that Charlotte was so lucky!

Harold walked into the store, took one look at his son and frowned. He knew what kind of a person his son was: arrogant and a big show-off. What car did he want to buy?

He sighed. It was not that he was not willing to buy a car for his son, but he knew that Wilbur already had several cars and sports cars that cost nearly two million dollars. He had recently bought a Porsche Cayenne, but now he wanted to buy a car again! It wasn't even long after he bought the Cayenne!

Truthfully, he didn't want to promise his son yesterday. However, he did manage to sell off his square and earn 500 million dollars at once, as well as meet that person. He thought of just treating it as a celebration for himself since he was in a good mood.

But... seeing his son's expression now, he regretted

his decision slightly.

"Dad, I have my eye on a BMW seven series, can you buy it for me?" Wilbur deliberately raised his volume so that others could hear him.

Harold glared at him. This little rascal was making it difficult for him to reject his requests!

Wilbur chuckled and pulled his father towards him, saying as he walked towards the cars, "Dad, I think you should change your car too. It's been so many years, and it's not good enough for your status. Why don't we order two today?"

He still maintained a large volume, which surprised several of the salespeople there. Their eyes burned with envy as they looked at Charlotte. She was so lucky!

This flattery was right up Harold's alley, and he was pretty comfortable with it.

In fact, Harold felt like changing his car already. After all, he earned 500 million yesterday and wanted to reward himself. In addition, he did need a change of cars since the car he was driving now was indeed not worthy of his identity. He was more convinced after hearing what his son said.

He was attracted by the appearance of the BMW seven series in front of him, and his eyes were fixed on it!

He didn't notice Chuck Cannon who was standing and looking at them from aside at all.

"Dad, go in and have a look, you can feel the quality with your own hands." Wilbur opened the door and Harold entered it. He was tempted as it indeed felt amazing.

Seeing his father's expression, Wilbur was secretly delighted. The deal is done!

Hehe, buying two cars at once!

Let's see how embarrassed you will be! Wilbur smugly glanced at Chuck, his heart was full of joy and satisfaction!

"Promote it well to my dad!" Wilbur said to Charlotte.

Charlotte naturally nodded, then got into the car gracefully and started introducing the different specs and functions of the car. Harold was already attracted by the car the moment he got in. With Charlotte's persuasiveness, he was even enthralled to buy the car.

"How about it? You bought a 911 and I bought two BMW seven series, which is more expensive than yours by a million dollars!" Wilbur smirked as he proudly announced to Chuck.

"Yes, it's so much more expensive." Chuck agreed.

"That's right. It's just a little bit expensive though, five million dollars is not much anyways. What's important is we have to like it to buy it! Besides, good things need to be done in pairs. Buy two at once, what's the purpose if it's just one!"

Wilbur said with a proud smile.

He was delighted. So what if Chuck could spend four million dollars? Wilbur managed to spend one million dollars more than him now. Now, who was richer?

Chuck once again smiled faintly.

Wilbur was curious but still full of himself. What was Chuck laughing at? Oh, he must feel so embarrassed right now! What a delight!

Wilbur walked to the side of the car and sneered, "Dad, let's order it today! This car is definitely suitable for your caliber!"

"This car is not bad! Okay, let's order two!" Harold announced in satisfaction.

"Thank you, dad!" Wilbur almost laughed out loud. He said to Charlotte in a hurry, "Bring us to complete the procedures!"

"Yes, please wait a minute!" Charlotte got out of the car in surprise, nodded gratefully to Chuck, and then went to bring in the necessary documents.

"Dad, only people of your status can drive this car, other than that, no one is worthy to drive this car even if they bought it!" Wilbur tried to secretly direct the insults to Chuck.

"Who do you think is not worthy of driving this?" Harold touched the steering wheel and asked subconsciously.

"Well, some people."

Wilbur pointed directly at Chuck and said, "Dad, look, he also bought this car, but I don't think this car is worthy of him. Only people of your net worth are worthy of this kind of car! Even if they bought the car, they would need the status and position to use the car to the fullest!"

Harold smiled, his son was indeed good at flattering him. Well, let's see who else bought this car.

He withdrew his eyes from the steering wheel and looked out of the car window, immediately stunned once seeing the person...

"Dad, it's him. He also bought the same car as us. Even with the same car, he'll never be able to bring the beauty of the car out to its fullest! People like them are different from us, do they really think that by driving the same car with us, they'll be put on a pedestal?" Wilbur sneered. As soon as he proudly turned his head to continue insulting Chuck, a slap was hurled his way.

Slap!!

The slap echoed throughout the hall, informing everyone that something was amiss. All the salespeople stopped and subconsciously came over. What had happened?

Wilbur was stunned and he clasped his swollen cheek with his palm, staring at his father in

disbelief. "Dad, we were chatting nicely. Why did you hit me?"

"Bastard, come out of the car now!"

Harold broke out into curses and dragged Wilbur out of the car. Wilbur was even more confused. He felt ashamed as he seemed to be the butt of everyone's laughter and asked pitifully, "Dad, what are you doing?"

"How many times have I told you? Don't compare with others. You just ignored what I said, didn't you?" Harold was angry.

"No, I..." Wilbur tried to deny by shaking his head, feigning ignorance.

Slap!

Harold was so furious that he gave Wilbur a big slap again, and Wilbur was forced to sit on his knees on the ground.

"What are you waiting for? Get up and apologize!"

Harold was furious, his good mood from just now completely wrecked to shreds. He couldn't believe that his good-for-nothing son actually said that Chuck, who called him in person, didn't deserve to drive a BMW seven series? Someone who could afford to transfer 500 million dollars in one shot did not deserve to drive a BMW seven series? Harold was mad with rage. Since Chuck knew that person, he could drive a Rolls-Royce custom-made version and Harold wouldn't even dare to say a thing! If

Chuck was not qualified to drive the car, that wouldn't make him any more qualified to do so either!

"Dad, you're old and confused, aren't you? Why should I apologize to him?" Wilbur was confused, angry and ashamed.

"F*ck!" Harold kicked him, and Wilbur once again fell to the ground with a cry.

"Sorry, Young Master Cannon!"

Harold walked over to Chuck with an apologetic smile on his face, feeling extremely nervous on the inside. Was Chuck going to call that person and tell on him? He would be absolutely ruined if that person was angered by him. Since a billion dollars was nothing in front of that person, they could easily send him to the depths of despair in just a blink of an eye! The more he thought about it, the more scared he became.

The other salespeople were shocked. How could the owner of the City Square call him young master? This...

The whole place was silent!

"It's alright, it's just buying cars. Good things come in pairs anyways, so it's good to buy two." Chuck said.

"No, no, I won't buy it. It's fine." Harold quickly shook his head. How would he even dare to drive the same car as Chuck now that he knew that

Chuck drove a BMW seven series too? Doesn't that mean that he would be on an equal footing with Chuck? He would never dare to even think or do so!

"Just continue," Chuck just smiled at him unnervingly.

Harold shook his head.

"Dad!" Wilbur was anxious. He had already placed the order so why weren't they buying it? What was going on? Who is this guy? And why is he a young master? What the hell!

"Bastard! Our status is not worthy of this car!" Harold glared angrily at his son.

"Dad, what are you saying? We just ordered the cars, the deal's been done." Wilbur really felt ashamed. Not only had he been slapped by his father in public, but now his father was going back on his word. He would be the laughingstock of the town because of Chuck!

"Dad, what are you worried about? It's only more than five million dollars. Didn't you earn 500 million dollars yesterday?....." Before Wilbur could finish his sentence, Harold slapped him angrily again.

A loud slap could be heard once again!

This time, Wilbur fell butt-first to the ground!

Bastard, there wasn't any point showing off to the person who's mother gave him the 500 million

dollars for the square! Harold wanted to dig a hole in the ground and hide.

"Dad, please don't hit me. The cars have been ordered, so you have to buy them today!" Wilbur was also angry. Having been slapped several times, he felt that it was more reasonable for him to feel wronged.

"The hell to buying them! I won't buy them!" Harold shook his head and said, "Get out of here!"

Wilbur got up from the ground and pouted unhappily. "Dad, who is he? Why is he only worthy of this car?"

Harold was angry and speechless at his son. It wasn't a question of whether or not Chuck was qualified to drive a 50 million dollar car, it was because he was low-profiled!

"You want to talk some more? Didn't you want to buy a car? Okay, salesgirl!" Harold shouted for Charlotte as ran over with a confused face. "Sir, what can I do for you?"

"We don't want this car anymore. Give me the cheapest car you have here, I'll order it!" Harold said.

"Dad, I don't want it!" Wilbur shook his head angrily.

Slap!

Harold couldn't hold himself back and slapped his

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son once again. "You still want the same car as Young Master Cannon? Dream on! You are only worthy of the cheapest car!"

Chapter 38

Hearing his father's words in public, Wilbur felt even more embarrassed. He gritted his teeth and stood up. "Dad, you've gone too far today!"

He glared at Chuck with hatred, turned around and left.

"Bastard, if you walk out of this door today, I'll disown you!" Harold was extremely pissed that he snapped and lashed out at his son. He kept observing Chuck's expression to see whether he was angry or not. Would he call that person if he was?

Wilbur stopped in his tracks and turned around angrily. "Dad, who is he? How dare you call him young master? This sickens me! Our family has more than one billion dollars. Why should we call him young master?"

Harold was both annoyed and furious. Indeed, one billion dollars is a lot of money, but it is only a drop in the ocean in that person's eyes. How could his son still show off?

He held back his urge to beat his bratty son to death. "Listen carefully, I call him young master because we..."

"Forget it!" Chuck came over and interrupted Harold.

"You shut up! Dad, continue, what did we do? And what does it have to do with him?" Wilbur glared at Chuck and asked.

Harold really wanted to say :

Bastard, our square was taken over by him, and he even knows that person. Our family's one billion dollars is nothing in his eyes! You were only able to say so much because he allowed you to. If I don't call him young master, then what should I call him?

However, Chuck had already said last night that he didn't want others to know his identity. If he said it now, with a mouth like his son's, everyone will know within an hour. Wouldn't that be more offensive to Chuck?

However, knowing Chuck, Harold sighed and said, "Nothing!"

Wilbur frowned. Although he was still upset, since his father had taken a step back, he still walked over to him. After all, his father would not be so respectful to ordinary people. Was Chuck Cannon really richer than his family, and had a lot more money? Is that why his father called him young master?

Wilbur doubted it since Chuck really didn't look like it!

"Dad, I don't want the cheapest car!" Wilbur tried to reason with his father.

"What are you still blabbering about? If Young

Master Cannon drives that car, you should drive the cheapest one. Do you hear me?" Harold's words didn't budge at all.

Wilbur was about to snap back, but when he saw his father raising his hand, he gritted his teeth and nodded. "Yes."

"From today onwards, if you dare to be disrespectful to Young Master Cannon, I'll disown you straight away!" Harold threatened coldly.

"Dad, don't hit me. I will keep that in mind." Wilbur said in a hurry.

Hearing this, Harold sighed in relief.

"Director Wendel, are you sure you want the cheapest one?" Charlotte confirmed once again.

"Yes, how much is the cheapest one?" Harold nodded in response.

"We've got a discount for the BMW one series. It's worth less than two hundred thousand in total, but it has the lowest specs..." Charlotte said.

"Okay, I'll get one! Here's my credit card!" Harold took out a credit card and passed it to Charlotte to proceed with the documents. However, she remembered that he had already paid the deposit yesterday, so she informed him about it.

Upon hearing this, Harold became even angrier. Was his useless son really trying to compete with Chuck in buying cars?

Harold really wanted to give his son a good kick! He put the card away.

Wilbur's expression was complicated. He thought that he was going to drive the BMW seven series, but now he is degraded to the BMW one series? This was seriously unfair!

"Young Master Cannon, would you like to have dinner with us?" Harold invited.

"There's no need for that. I've already made an appointment tonight." Chuck glanced at Charlotte, who was standing in the distance.

Charlotte turned her head and was pleasantly surprised. He still remembered. Should she...repay him today?

Although they didn't order two BMW 7 series cars today, but at least she still had some commissions since she still managed to strike a few deals.

"Alright." Harold was slightly upset since he didn't get to eat with Chuck tonight. He was still perturbed, was Chuck angry at him?

Charlotte settled the documents quickly. After a while, she returned the extra money to Wilbur and asked him to come and pick up the car the day after tomorrow.

"Young Master Cannon, we will go back first," Harold said politely.

"Okay." Chuck took one last glance at Wilbur and

made a gesture of making a phone call. Wilbur nodded as sign of understanding what Chuck was trying to say. After all, he had promised to do Chuck a favor.

Then, Harold dragged Wilbur outside the store, Wilbur taking one last look at Chuck complicatedly.

As the two of them walked out, Wilbur couldn't help asking, "Dad, who is that person? I checked and there is no such person in the rich people's list! Did you make a mistake?"

"Of course of he wouldn't be in the rich people's list. He comes from a super rich family!" Harold revealed straight away.

This came as a surprise to Wilbur. A super rich family? Wouldn't that mean he was much richer than his own family?

He felt ashamed when he thought of the fact that he was competing with a super rich family.

"Dad, who are his parents?" Wilbur continued asking while chasing after his father.

"I don't know, but he knows that Logan person..." Harold lowered his voice and told him the full name of that person.

Wilbur froze in his spot, as if he had been struck by lightning. He trembled and broke out in cold sweat...

.....

"Thank you," Charlotte whispered.

The envious look in her colleague's eyes made her very happy. This month, she would definitely have another bonus!

"It's almost time for you to get off work. Let's go for dinner. I said I would treat you to dinner yesterday, remember?" Chuck said.

"Okay, just let me inform the manager." Charlotte blushed and went to ask the manager to let her off early since it was not the time to get off work yet.

Before she could even tell the manager her circumstance, the manager waved his hand and dismissed her, "Take good care of him. He will be a big customer of yours in the future!"

He had witnessed everything just now. Last time, Chuck had already surprised him. Yet today, he was utterly shocked by whatever Chuck had done!

Who was this person for the boss of City Square to even address him as "Young Master"?

"Okay."

Charlotte went to the lounge to change into her usual clothes. She wore casually to work today, dressed in only shorts and a plain T-shirt. She looked at herself in the mirror and was satisfied with her outfit despite looking extremely normal. Would Chuck Cannon like them?

Charlotte's heart raced. Well, it was all or nothing!

Chuck was already waiting in the car when he saw Charlotte walk out. Her two legs were slender and attractive. Not to lie, Charlotte had a really amazing figure, despite not being very curvy, but she was still quite slim and pretty.

She had a contrasting figure when compared to Yvette Jordan. Yvette looked like the type of girls that looked slim at first, but in truth had a curvy and sexy body shape. Comparing the two of them, Chuck still felt that Yvette's figure was better!

Ultimately, Charlotte wasn't that bad, just that she was slightly inferior in looks when compared to Yvette.

Charlotte opened the car door and sat in.

"What do you want to eat?" Chuck asked since he was also hungry.

"It's up to you," Charlotte said.

"Okay."

Chuck drove away. What were they going to eat then? On the road, he noticed a restaurant that looked pretty neat by the roadside, and asked if that place looked good to eat there. Charlotte was extremely shy, were they going to have a couple meal?

"Well, it's up to you." Charlotte took a glimpse at Chuck secretly. She was obsessed with good looks, and she noticed that Chuck's facial features indicated that his mother and father were of

different nationality. His aura was charismatic and attractive. If Chuck was going to do something to her today, she knew that she wouldn't push him away. In fact, she was actually looking forward to him doing something to her!

Chuck drove the car inside the parking lot. Indeed, driving a luxurious car subjects people to preferential treatment. When the security guard saw it, he immediately led the way respectfully until Chuck had parked the car.

Charlotte noticed that there was a washroom not far away and gave an excuse that she needed to go to the washroom. Chuck agreed and waited for her in the same spot. In truth, she had left to buy something, something needed if they were to do something tonight. She noticed that Chuck didn't have it in his car. Since she didn't have it on her as well, what would she do if Chuck decided to do it in the car?

There was a need to prepare some protective measures in advance. Otherwise, Chuck would lose interest quickly, and that couldn't happen.

Chuck was just waiting at the same place, not thinking much since he was just here to have dinner. He noticed that the design of this restaurant was quite nice, but was also thinking about how to manage the square well. After all, he already took over the square. He had to be serious about handling the business well to avoid disappointing his mother.

He was deep in thought for some time. After waiting for a while, Charlotte ran over to him and said, "Let's go."

"Okay, let's go in then." Chuck brought Charlotte inside. She subconsciously looked at Chuck nervously. She didn't know which size to get, so she bought a big one. All men would be proud to get this, right? The more she thought about it, the more she blushed. Was she going crazy with lust?

The waiters inside immediately welcomed them, but after Chuck and Charlotte walked inside, they did not realize that someone had just passed by and recognized Chuck ...

Yes, it was her best friend Moon Cherise and her boyfriend who had been invited to dinner by Lara last time. Lara was going to dupe Chuck into treating them before, but....

"Did I see it wrongly? That person is Chuck Cannon who didn't pay for the meal last time right? How dare he come out for a meal!" Moon was angry.

Her boyfriend was also not happy. It was an extremely awkward situation last time in the hotel, and all of it was because of Chuck. "Call your best friend Lara Jean and tell her that we saw that bastard!" Her boyfriend said.

"Hehe, alright!" Moon immediately took out her phone and dialed Lara's number.

Chapter 39

Moon called Lara but she wasn't picking up the phone. Maybe she did not hear it.

Moon was anxious. "Oh, what is Lara doing? Why isn't she answering the phone?"

"Then why don't you call again? I didn't think we would meet this brat here, so we have to teach him a lesson while we can. Last time, he made us lose face right?" Moon's boyfriend Milo Cady said in a hurry.

"Okay, I know!"

Moon nodded and immediately dialed her number again, but Lara was still not answering. Such an opportunity was hard to come by, so they had to act quick. Moon didn't give up and continued to call Lara.

"This restaurant isn't cheap. How much money did this guy pick up?" Milo was curious.

Lara seemed to mention that he picked up 20,000 dollars, but he already spent more than 10,000 dollars the last time. How could he still have money to enter such a place?

"How would I know? But, why does Chuck look more attractive this time around? I almost didn't recognize him just now." Moon was curious but for a different reason.

Listening to his girlfriend praising others, Milo was unhappy and jealous. "Hey, are you swooning over him?"

How was Chuck more handsome today? Wasn't it just a new hairstyle? Everyone would look good if they had a haircut and a makeover.

"No, I just think he's a little different." Moon Cherise smacked her lips.

Milo snorted softly in disbelief. This was getting a bit awkward, so Moon just continued to call Lara on her mobile phone. She really wanted to witness Lara insulting Chuck.

After all, she was utterly disgraced last time. Lara had invited them for a free dinner, but Chuck had the audacity to not pay for their meal portion! He was completely looking down on them!

Chuck and Charlotte entered the restaurant. It was almost dinner time, so there were not too many people and there were a lot of empty seats. Unlike Zelda's restaurant, they didn't have to make a booking in order to dine here, and it was also cost less. The cost for two was around 700 or 800 dollars.

The two of them sat down and the waiter began to introduce the specialties. Charlotte ordered two dishes which were both greens, while Chuck ordered two meat dishes since he couldn't survive a meal with just vegetables.

"Okay, these are enough," Chuck said.

"Alright, please wait for a moment!" The waiter left with the menu.

While they were waiting for the food to arrive, Chuck began to tamper with his phone out of boredom. He wasn't just playing games on his phone, but instead searching for management methods online. Since he took over the square, it had to be managed well. After thinking about it over and over again, it seemed that he had to find a trustworthy general manager.

Otherwise, it would be very troublesome for him to go to the square and back during classes on weekdays. Should he conduct a recruitment drive or an online search?

This was a little difficult for him, since talented people were hard to find. In addition, even if he had the money, finding the right people for the right tasks was tough as well.

It seemed that he had to think about it carefully. He could ask Harold to recommend a few people for him since he was going over to sign the contract in a few days.

"What are you thinking about?" Charlotte couldn't help asking. She was very curious about Chuck who was sitting in front of her.

"Oh, nothing." Chuck shook his head politely and put away his mobile phone.

"Okay."

Soon, the dishes were served, and the two began to eat.

On the other hand, Moon Cherise finally got through to Lara Jean.

In fact, Lara had already seen it, but she just didn't want to pick it up. Last time when Chuck "treated her to dinner", she had to pay for more than 6,000 dollars. However, after that, Moon didn't mention anything about the money which made Lara angry. She didn't want to be Moon's friend anymore.

However, Moon was just too persistent, calling her more than 10 times in a row. Since Lara was already very annoyed, she had no choice but to pick up the phone.

"Hey, Moon, why did you call me?" Lara said indifferently.

"Lara, you finally answered the phone. What have you been doing? Forget it... Guess who I saw?"

"Who?"

"I met Chuck who invited us to dinner last time. He actually went into a high-end restaurant with a woman. How much money did he really pick up?"

A high-end restaurant? With a woman? The woman is probably Zelda Maine. No, not probably, it must be her!

Otherwise, she would not believe that Chuck could

still eat with another woman. Lara was displeased but secretly envious of Chuck.

How did Chuck manage to hook up with a rich person like Zelda Maine? Even going out for dinner with her, did that mean they were going to be together soon?

Lara sighed helplessly. She had seduced that "baller" but he did not care about her. When would she be as lucky as Chuck to hook up with a rich person?

The more Lara thought about it, the more jealous she became.

"Oh, Chuck recently hooked up with a rich person, so he should probably be eating with her." Lara said.

"What, rich person?" Moon was surprised and secretly envious the moment she heard it. No wonder he could come to a high-end restaurant: it was a treat from someone else!

"Yes, don't worry about it. That rich person has a bad temper, so don't provoke her."

Lara remembered that Zelda had slapped her, but she had no choice to beg for forgiveness from her although being the victim here. She was pissed.

"Ah? Then that's none of our business now! Aren't you coming?"

"I'm not." Lara shook her head and rejected. She

didn't want to be slapped by Zelda again.

"Oh."

After hanging up the phone, Lara thought, "This can't be, even Chuck can hook up with rich people. Am I no better than him? Why can't I hook up with rich people?"

Or it's because I haven't tried my best!

Lara bit her lip and decided to send a sexier photo to the baller. She had to seduce this person no matter what!

She sat down. She was wearing a short denim skirt, so she took a photo of her showing her underwear.

Meanwhile, Chuck's phone vibrated. He clicked on it and immediately spat out his food. This Lara Jean was getting more and more open with her pictures!

The selfie she sent was not bad, since it was alluring enough to make Chuck look twice at the photo. He wanted to laugh. If Lara Jean knew that she had sacrificed so much to seduce him, how would she react?

Charlotte, who was in the middle of eating, was confused. What was Chuck Cannon laughing about? Was he thinking about what was going to happen at night? She blushed.

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Outside the restaurant, Moon put down her phone to which Milo asked, "How is it? Is Lara Jean

coming or not?"

"She's not coming. She told me that that Chuck hooked up with a rich person, who came with him for dinner here." Moon was a little jealous.

"I knew it! This guy wouldn't have the money to spend at a place like this. Turns out that he has been kept as a sugar baby! He's really a loser. Shame on us men!" Milo said righteously.

However, on the contrary he thought to himself, "How can this brat be so lucky to have hooked up with a rich woman? This means that he probably gets to rest easy for the next 20 years! Why can't I hook up with rich people? I'll have to ask Chuck Cannon for tips later."

"Plus, she said that this rich person has a bad temper and she wants us to leave." Moon continued.

"Okay then, let's go." Milo nodded.

He thought that if they continued to wait, Chuck might come out with the rich woman and recognize them. If he showed off the rich woman to them, wouldn't that be more humiliating? It was better to leave as soon as possible.

Moon had the same thoughts as he did, but she was hungry and wanted to go in for dinner. She had not been to this place yet.

After she said so, Milo shook his head hurriedly and explained. "I don't have so much money. These are

places for rich people to enter..."

The last sentence he kept as a grumble in his heart. He wasn't a sugarbaby so he didn't have the money to spend lavishly here. It was best for them to just leave!

Moon was disappointed. "Okay, let's go eat at a buffet then."

Milo nodded. A buffet was still acceptable since there was a cheap place in City Square that cost around 48 dollars per person. It was a good deal and hence better to have their dinner there. The two of them held hands and left.

In the meantime, Chuck and Charlotte finished their meal. Chuck paid the bill and exited the restaurant with Charlotte. It was getting dark, and Charlotte was getting more and more on edge.

She had a boyfriend after she graduated from college and had only slept with one man. If she slept with Chuck tonight, he would be her second. She felt increasingly aroused as the thoughts kept lingering in her mind.

After getting into the car, Chuck drove away from the restaurant. Charlotte was stunned after feeling so anxious after some time. This was because Chuck was driving straight towards her place. Does he not want to do anything to her? Was he sending her back directly? Or did he want to go her house to do something exciting? But there were other tenants there, so what if the two classmates came

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back? Wouldn't that be awkward if they saw them in the middle of doing it?

Charlotte's thoughts ran wild. She bit her lips lightly and lied. "Recently, the place I'm renting is very noisy."

"Then you should rent a new place," Chuck replied.

Charlotte was speechless since that was not what she meant. She wanted to go to his house. "Where do you live? Can I go and have a look?"

Chuck was shocked after hearing her say so. What were they going to do at his house? Could it be.....

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Just as Chuck was thinking about it, the ringing of his mobile phone suddenly broke the silence in the car. His thoughts were immediately dispelled once he noticed that it was Yvette.

This was a typical "wife checking on husband" scenario.

Chuck didn't answer the call because his mobile phone was connected to the car's bluetooth function. He couldn't let Charlotte Yates hear Yvette's voice, could he?

"I'll send you home," Chuck said.

"Ok." Charlotte was disappointed. If Chuck really wanted to touch her, then he would have touched her when he was driving just now.

Chuck didn't talk much since he had to call Yvette as soon as possible.

He continued to drive to Charlotte's place. When they arrived at the destination, she got out of the car.

After bidding goodbye, Chuck turned the car around and left without looking back. Charlotte sighed, was she not attractive enough? Perhaps, since a rich young man like him would've had the chance to deal with many different kinds of women.

She bit her lip and went upstairs.

Meanwhile, the first thing Chuck did after he turned his car around was to call Yvette. He was mainly surprised, why would Yvette call him this late at night?

The phone was connected.

"Where are you? Why didn't you come to class today?" Yvette's voice could be heard clearly.

She went to class today but didn't see Chuck in class like usual. Obviously, she was slightly angry. She really wanted to call him and question him, but she endured it.

What annoyed her was that ever since he knew Zelda Maine, he started to skip class frequently. Was she really subservient compared to Zelda?

This was a fleeting thought in her mind.

Chuck could only try to cover up that he was busy today. After all, he couldn't tell her that today he spent around four million dollars to buy a car, as well as take a pretty lady out for dinner, could he?

Even if he said so, she wouldn't believe him either.

"Remember to attend class even if you have things to do!" Yvette said.

"Understood. By the way, have you eaten?" Chuck couldn't help but care about her. Despite calling to reprimand him, Yvette's tone had long changed compared to the cold, mean tones that she used long before.

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"Yes."

"Good night then."

"Good night."

After hanging up the phone, Chuck let out a sigh of relief and drove back.

For the next two days, Chuck took out time to fix the car plate on his car. Since Harold Wendel had helped to finish up the procedures for the transfer of the square, Chuck just had to go sign a few documents to complete the process. When the call came, Chuck went over to sign the contract, and he was now the new boss of City Square!

Chuck could feel the pressure sliding in, and he was also going to initiate his plans to transform the square. After all, he couldn't let his mother down.

However, Harold informed Chuck that Zelda Maine had been constantly asking him who the new boss was these days. Chuck knew that he wouldn't be able to hide it for long, maybe only covering it up for another few more days.

Chuck sighed. He didn't know how Zelda would react when she knew that he was the new owner of the square.

Chuck asked Harold to find someone he could trust to help him to manage the square, in which Harold agreed to immediately. For now, Chuck could only wait for some good news.

Although he was busy, Chuck still took time to attend Yvette's class. Seeing that Yvette's expression was much better, he felt relieved.

"Chuck, I'm going off for my part-time job. Catch you later!" Queenie said with a blushing face. He nodded and watched her run out with her schoolbag on her back.

He was curious. Where did Queenie work at for her part-time job?

For the past two days, Lara had advanced even more aggressively on Chuck to the point that she was sending him a few sexy photos everyday. Naturally, he ignored them. He didn't know that the reason why she was so aggressive was because she had gotten competitive. Since she thought that she had managed to "hook up a rich person", she had vowed to make this baller her boyfriend!

Despite ignoring the photos, he didn't refuse them since she was the one sending them to him. He was curious anyways, so might as well take a few looks.

When would Lara send him nudes? Probably not likely.

Chuck shook his head slowly and smiled while he silently placed his phone back in his pocket. Coincidentally, Lara saw him and taunted, "Who are you talking to? Chatting with Zelda Maine?"

Chuck paused. He really wanted to say that she

was the one he was chatting to!

Well, he was too lazy to explain to her, so he ignored her and resumed minding his own business. Lara was angered by this and snorted, then prepared to leave the class.

However, just when everyone was about to start making a ruckus after class, they were momentarily stunned by a pretty student who was standing at the classroom door.

She was wearing a blue dress that revealed her delicate, fair pair of legs. Her facial features were perfect, and was complemented by crystal clear eyes and a small, dainty mouth. Her long hair fell naturally behind her back, looking as black as ebony and as smooth as silk. Her beauty was otherworldly as everyone couldn't help but hold their breaths.

Her appearance made all the students in the class excited, and even Yvette, who was ready to leave, was shocked.

"Wow, it's the campus beauty Yolanda Lane! Why did she come to our class?"

"She must be looking for me! For me!"

"Looking for you? His boyfriend is a rich kid from a rich family. Why would she be looking for you?"

"Then who is she looking for?"

"What do you think? All the guys in our class are

losers. She probably doesn't even want to spare a look at us, how could she possibly be looking for us? Maybe she's looking for female classmates!"

"Alas, how wonderful it would be if she was looking for me!"

The students at the scene shook their heads with regret and desperately stared at Yolanda Lane's beautiful appearance, hoping that they would be the one she was looking for.

Yvette was equally surprised. Of course, she knew Yolanda Lane, who didn't? She was the campus beauty, as well as a senior who was going to graduate. What business did she have here at a freshman's classroom?

"She must be looking for a female classmate," Yvette Jordan thought.

Lara was surprised. Although she was beautiful and had a good figure, Yolanda was ultimately still better than her in the aura and temper categories. Lara was even more upset: Who was she looking for? No matter whoever she was trying to look for, it couldn't possibly be anyone from her class. Every guy here was a big fat loser!

Especially...

Lara turned her head and glanced at Chuck who was in the corner. She muttered in her heart: "What are you staring at? Do you think the campus beauty is here to find you?"

Yolanda smiled naturally under the enthusiastic gazes of everyone in the class. "Hello, I'm here to look for someone."

"You're looking for me, aren't you?" A handsome boy stood up confidently.

She smiled and shook her head. "No."

She walked inside and scanned the classroom carefully with her pair of attractive eyes. The whole class quieted down. They were so nervous!

All of a sudden, Yolanda Lane's eyes were fixed on him, a smile appearing on her face thereafter. She strut towards that person with her long legs. In an instant, the whole class was shocked!

Because, the campus beauty that so many people were dying to talk to actually went to the corner and smiled at a person. "Hi, I came to see you."

"What?!"

The whole class jumped in disarray. What was going on? How could Yolanda, the campus beauty, be looking for a person like him?!

"No way, is Yolanda blind?"

"I think so, she must be. Alas, I can't believe the campus beauty is looking for a person like him: someone who had just changed his hairstyle and is dressed in ripped-off clothing brands. I'm going to spend a few hundred dollars tomorrow too just to buy something to look better..."

The boys in the class were full of envy and bitterness. They hoped that Yolanda was here to find a female classmate, or even to find the teacher Yvette Jordan. Who could expect that she was here to see him!

Lara widened her eyes and her face was full of disbelief!

Yvette Jordan was stunned. What was going on? What business did the campus beauty Yolanda had with him? Without explanation, Yvette felt strange.

"You are looking for me?" In the corner, Chuck stood up in a daze. Yolanda was the infamous campus beauty, someone he had heard and known despite being an introvert and being socially awkward. Her beauty was indeed beyond words, but the point was that Chuck didn't have any contact with her. He only had seen her once from a distance away when she was in school. Why was she looking for him?

"Yes, I came to see you." Yolanda said seriously.

The students in the class burst into an uproar. They weren't wrong, she was really looking for Chuck. But, for what?

"Am I crazy or is everyone else crazy? Zelda Maine was looking for him, and even Yolanda, the campus beauty is looking for him! What's so attractive about this guy?" Lara muttered and felt even more uncomfortable.

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Meanwhile, Yvette just gaped at Chuck in astonishment. For a long time, the whole class was discussing about them bitterly.

Chuck was sure that he didn't hear wrongly, so he asked, "Then why are you looking for me?"

Yolanda came closer and whispered in his ear, "Boss, I'm here to apply for the position of square manager!"

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Hearing Yolanda's words, Chuck was stunned and asked without thinking, "You are..."

"Uncle Wendel asked me to come here," She whispered.

Uncle Wendel? That would be the previous owner of the plaza, Harold Wendel. When signing the contract, Chuck did remember that he asked him to find someone suitable for the job. It seemed that the person he found was Yolanda.

Chuck didn't know if he should laugh or worry.

The plaza was not very big, but it required capable people to manage it. The people that Chuck was looking for were brains not brawn, and certainly not beauty.

There were still a few months before Yolanda graduated, and she didn't have any experience. How could she be a manager?

Chuck felt helpless.

"I know I haven't graduated yet, and you are not satisfied with me, but can you just let me introduce myself in three minutes?" Yolanda whispered in a particularly serious and sincere tone.

This made others in the class burn with envy!

What was Yolanda Lane doing?

Lara was really dumbfounded. Although she could not hear what they were talking about, Yolanda was actually whispering to Chuck softly.

"Can you give me a chance? Just let me tell you my work experience in three minutes." Yolanda begged.

Chuck looked into her eyes. After hesitating for a while, he nodded and said, "Yes, but not here."

"Thank you." Yolanda heaved a sigh of relief.

"But we can't do it here, there are too many people." Chuck shook his head.

"Yes, you don't want others to know that you are..." Yolanda stopped in time.

Her intelligence left a good impression on Chuck.

"In that case, let's go to the field maybe?" Yolanda suggested.

Chuck nodded and walked out of the classroom with her, leaving the whole class dumbfounded. What was he doing? Are they leaving for a date?

They had already been shocked that Yolanda was here for Chuck, but now she was taking Chuck out? The whole class was in an uproar as they were both furious and envious!

"Humph, this is just crazy."

Lara curled her lip and snorted. She took out her mobile phone and muttered, "You guys stick to

losers, while I'll go look for my baller. You'll regret it!"

She sent a message to the baller: What are you doing? I really want to eat hot pot, let's go out for hot pot...

However, time ticked away and there was still no response. She smacked her lips and thought: what was the baller doing now?

Yvette came back to reality after a short period of looking blank and saw Chuck and Yolanda leaving the class. Her heart was inexplicably unhappy as her expression hardened. She packed up her things and quickly left the class as well.

She noticed the two of them heading over to the field while chatting away, as though they were sharing an intimate secret. Yvette was secretly annoyed, Chuck couldn't just mess around just because he knew Zelda!

She didn't want to see this anymore, not even for one more second. She turned around and headed straight to the parking lot, she wanted to go to the company.

In the field, the fact that Yolanda, the campus beauty was accompanied by a male student beside her left everyone else in shock.

What was going on? Didn't Yolanda have a boyfriend? If so, how could she walking side-by-side with a guy?

Chuck was the center of attention and he was uncomfortable. He sighed, indeed, walking with the campus beauty almost guaranteed everyone's eyes on him.

"Although I still have four months before graduation, I have already been doing part-time jobs since my freshman years, from setting up a stall, working as a waitress, and doing sales. Back then, I could make 3000 dollars a month, and I haven't stopped until now. Currently, I have a monthly income of about 13,000 dollars. I know this isn't a big deal for you, but these are my precious work experiences. I think I am qualified to be the plaza manager, please give me a chance." Yolanda said in one shot.

Chuck was a little surprised. As a freshman, he didn't know that Yolanda, one of the three campus beauties, was actually doing part-time jobs. She could totally rely on her appearance to earn!

"Are you serious?" Chuck asked.

"I'm serious, just look at my hand!" Yolanda exclaimed as she stretched out her hand. It was slender, but there were a lot of scars on it. Clearly, it was a hand that had went through a lot, and definitely not the kind that was living a spoilt life.

Chuck once again looked at her. These hands of her proved that she wasn't lying at all. She was both pretty and hardworking, prompting him to change his perception of her.

"Is that ok? Give me a chance, just one chance is enough. I can try working for three days. If you are not satisfied, you can fire me immediately, but just give me a chance." Yolanda's voice was sincere, and she begged in a low voice.

This reminded Chuck of how he had borrowed money from someone else in a low voice before. He sighed and gave in. "Okay."

"Thank you, thank you very much! I can go to work now!" Yolanda was pleasantly surprised and beamed, two lovely dimples appearing on the corners of her mouth.

"Right now?"

"Yes, I can't wait to let you to see my ability!" Yolanda said.

Chuck thought for a moment and nodded as he was also in a hurry to find someone. Since the plaza was now his, he had to renew the contracts of many shops as their contracts were near to expiring. The only one who could help him with this was the manager.

"Okay, then come with me now," Chuck said.

"Yep."

"But, how much do you want in terms of salary..." He suddenly thought of this key question.

"A manager usually earns around 7000 to 9000 dollars, so I'm fine with that," Yolanda said.

"Isn't that lower than your income now?"

"Yes, but Uncle Wendel said that by working under you, I will have a good future!" Yolanda said directly. Although he did not tell her who Chuck was, someone who could buy the plaza at such a young age could never be an ordinary person!

It was very important to work under the right people!

Chuck looked at her a few more times, but he didn't say anything.

The two of them immediately walked out of the school, and the students on the sports ground were envious. Where were they going?

"Should we tell this to Yolanda Lane's boyfriend, William Yuri?" One of the students muttered.

"What do you think? Of course!"

Several other students agreed. One of them who had William Yuri's contact contacted him through WeChat about this matter. No matter what, they didn't want Yolanda Lane to be taken by others so easily.

Chuck's car was not parked in the parking lot of the school, but on a nearby road. Yolanda blinked her eyes. "I wasn't convinced when Uncle Wendel told me that you are very low-key, but now I am."

Chuck shook his head, opened the door and went in. Yolanda sat next to him.

Chuck drove to the plaza, bringing Yolanda directly to the manager's office after they arrived. After arriving, she took out a stack of documents from her bag, which turned out to be a detailed plaza operation plan. Chuck was relieved that she seemed really prepared for everything.

He decided to let her try out for three days. If everything worked out, he would allow her to continue permanently.

Chuck was prepared to leave when the someone knocked on the door. It was probably someone who was looking for the manager, since Manager Yarn had been fired and the position had been vacant for several days. Things had probably piled up since then. Chuck glanced at Yolanda, who said, "The trial has begun."

Chuck smiled and nodded.

"Come in!" She immediately turned serious, looking much like a stern and successful businesswoman.

A few people came in, carrying belongings and preparing to give gifts. Seems like Manager Yarn had really messed things up here.

However, they were surprised when they saw a beautiful woman sitting on the manager's chair.

"Hello, I'm Yolanda Lane, the new plaza manager. What's the matter?" Yolanda said.

"Here's the thing, we want to..." When they put the gifts on the table, Yolanda immediately became

serious. "We don't accept anything here. If you have anything to say, just say it."

These people were stunned and immediately had a good impression towards Yolanda Lane. They started to talk, but of course, they did not notice Chuck. To them, he only looked like a subordinate of Yolanda Lane.

Chuck didn't particularly mind. However, the door was once again pushed opened, and Yvette walked in. She immediately noticed Chuck, and his mind just went blank the moment he saw her.

Oh no, Yvette must have come here to renew the contract, because the baller had already told her that the matter had been solved. If she saw him here, wouldn't that expose the fact that he was the one who bought the plaza?

Meanwhile, Yvette was equally shocked. She noticed that the manager's office in operation for a few days. When she passed by just now, she saw someone entering, so she thought that she would come over to make an appointment to renew the contract. However, when she came in, she didn't expect to see Chuck and Yolanda!

Yolanda was sitting in the manager's seat. Was she.....the new manager?

In that case, what was Chuck doing here? What was going on?

When the two of them looked into each other's

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eyes, Chuck knew that something was wrong...

Chapter 42

Yvette felt that everything was fishy. In the afternoon, she was already shocked by the fact that Yolanda came to find Chuck. When Yolanda went out with Chuck, she thought that they were going to hang out. Maybe they were going for dinner or for a walk.

However, Yvette did not expect to see Chuck here. This was a square, a place for official business deeds. What was he doing here? What made her feel even more strange was that Yolanda was here too!

As for Yolanda, she was still a college student who had not graduated yet, so it was not surprising that she was at the square. After all, there was plenty of entertainment here where most youngsters came here to eat, play and relax. It was completely normal for her to come here. But, it was strange for Yolanda, as a student, to be sitting in the manager's office!

When did she become the manager? And if she did, how?

These were questions that Yvette desperately wanted answers to. Why did Yolanda bring Chuck to the manager's office after looking for him this afternoon?

What was the relationship between these two

people?

Yvette automatically disregarded the possibility of them being a couple, because they didn't have any contact before, and they had just met each other recently.

Chuck knew that things didn't look good for him now, because the doubts and strangeness on Yvette's face became more and more intense. What was he going to do?

"Yvette, what are you..." Chuck had no choice but to ask first, although he knew what she was doing.

"I came over to ask about the renewal of the company." Yvette walked over. "When did Yolanda become the manager?"

Chuck shook his head. "I don't know either. Yolanda brought me here in the afternoon, saying that she would find part-time work for me, so I came over..."

"Yes, I just took over the manager's position, and it happened that I was short of help, so I asked Chuck to help me." said Yolanda who knew what Chuck was thinking as she smiled.

At the same time, Yolanda was also surprised at why Yvette, a teacher, was here. Did she have a business in the square? If so, she was pretty amazing.

Yvette suddenly understood and felt that Yolanda's explanation was a reasonable one.

But she was still puzzled. Why did Yolanda Lane suddenly become a manager? She knew that Manager Yarn was out of office for a few days, probably because Zelda Maine had the owner of the square fire him after Chuck called her the last time. However, it was unexpected for the owner of the square to replace Manager Yarn with a student who has yet to graduate from college.

Maybe Yolanda knew the owner of the square!

With that, Yvette managed to convince herself that this wasn't a strange sight anymore. She nodded as a sign of agreeing to Yolanda, and couldn't help glancing at Chuck a few more times. "You're quite working hard. Weren't you working part-time at the housing agency last time?"

Chuck heaved a sigh of relief, secretly speechless with Yvette. The reason why Yvette was asking him this was because the last time when he met her at the Housing Ministry, he had tried to give an excuse that he was doing a part-time job there.

Chuck could only say that he quit the job.

However, he secretly had some expectations: what would Yvette look like when she knew that he was the owner of the square?

"Well, since Yolanda asked you to help her, you should work with dedication," Yvette encouraged him.

"I will." Chuck smiled in his heart.

After Yolanda settled the matter of the few people who had just arrived, she began to deal with Yvette's affairs. After asking clearly about the renewal of the contract, she could only ask Yvette to come tomorrow or the day after tomorrow. After all, she had just come to work and she didn't know where the contract was!

Of course, Yolanda certainly could not say that since it was unprofessional. She could only say that she had to consult the boss first. This was just an excuse for Yolanda, but for Yvette it irked her nerves. "What else do you want to ask the boss about? My friend has solved the problem and said that I can renew it directly."

Yolanda didn't know who the "friend" she mentioned was, but Chuck knew that it was him, the baller.

"Teacher Jordan, who is your friend?" Yolanda couldn't help asking.

The owner of the plaza had been changed, but there was no official nor big news about it, so until now there were only a few who knew.

Even the merchants in the plaza didn't know. Yolanda thought that maybe Yvette was referring to an old friend that could be acquaintances of Uncle Wendel. But now, the plaza was not Uncle Wendel's, it was Chuck's. She naturally had to take responsibility and clarify some things.

After all, she didn't know what Chuck was thinking.

Should she renew Yvette Jordan's company's contract? If she misunderstood him, she would ruin her internship today.

Yolanda had to be cautious.

"I... don't know his name," Yvette said helplessly.

Was this friend of hers a baller?

She now knew too little about this baller friend. Except for the fact that he was rich and influential, she didn't know anything else about him. She didn't know what his name was, how old he was, and what he looked like, so she didn't know how to answer this question at all.

"You don't know?"

This time, it was Yolanda's turn to be surprised. She didn't know what she should do.

Deep down, she was also anxious.

"I don't know what to say. Anyway, my friend has said he already helped me to solve this problem, so I should be able to renew the contract." Yvette was a little nervous so she really didn't know how to say it.

Yolanda felt really helpless and thought: "Teacher Jordan, the key is the boss had been changed in the past few days. Does your friend know the new boss, Chuck Cannon?"

However, an idea popped in her mind. She could just ask Chuck directly!

She looked at Chuck and said, "Chuck, why don't you call the boss and ask him about the renewal of Teacher Jordan's contract?"

Chuck was stunned for a moment and immediately understood what Yolanda meant. This woman was really smart. He pretended to take out his mobile phone and said, "Wait a minute". Then, he went out to call the "boss" to ask.

Yvette hesitated for a while, walked over to Chuck and whispered to him, "Chuck, when you talk to your boss, please tell him that this friend of mine is only a WeChat friend and I don't know his real name. I only know him by his WeChat name, baller. He is very powerful so your boss must know him."

Chuck smiled deep down. Of course, he knew him since both of them were just two identities of himself.

However, Chuck was also a little excited when he heard Yvette praising him like this. He was even more curious about what she would think of when she knew that the amazing baller was him.

"Yes, I will." Chuck said.

Yvette nodded and Chuck went out to "call the boss".

The manager's room was quiet.

Yolanda secretly understood what was going on, so she smiled and said, "Teacher Jordan, don't worry. Since you know the boss's friend, it should be no

problem to renew the contract."

"Yes." Yvette felt relieved, but she asked curiously, "Do you know the owner of the plaza?"

"Yes." Yolanda smiled, secretly continuing her sentence in her heart: I just met him today.

"Can you give me your boss's phone number?" Yvette said. Since the baller had helped her solve this problem, he must have known the owner of the plaza. If she could know the number of the owner of the plaza, she could call to ask him, then she would know who the baller was.

"Well..." Yolanda was silent. How could she give it to her Chuck's number? She was worried that if she gave Yvette Chuck's number, she would lose her position as manager."

Seeing that Yolanda Lane was embarrassed, Yvette assured, "Well, if you can't give it to me, then it's alright."

Yvette said so because she knew that Chuck also knew the phone number of the owner of the plaza. She could just ask him later.

"How is Chuck doing at work?" Yvette suddenly asked.

"Pretty well, if not, I wouldn't have him come over to help me!" Yolanda chuckled. The whole plaza belonged to him, so if he wasn't doing well, it would be a big problem!

"That's good." Yvette Jordan felt at ease. It seemed that Chuck had really changed after knowing Zelda Maine.

At that moment, Chuck finished "calling the boss" and came in. He said, "Okay, the boss said that we can ask renew Teacher Jordan's contract."

Yvette sighed in relief. Thank god mentioning the baller helped! At this point, she was extremely curious about who the baller was.

Yolanda took one look at Chuck and understood what he was trying to say, immediately picking up after him, "Well, since the boss has confirmed it, Teacher Jordan, you can come over and sign the contract tomorrow. As for the duration of renewal, we can talk about this tomorrow."

She had to ask Chuck about these things.

"Well, thank you." Yvette stood up. She walked over to Chuck and said, "Come out for a while."

Chuck was surprised. What was she doing? He could only say excuse himself and followed her out, asking her what was the matter. Yvette said directly, "You have your boss's phone number, right? Give me his phone number, I need to talk to him about something."

Chapter 43

Chuck was stunned. Yvette actually wanted to get the phone number and "call him". How could he give it to her when the number was actually his?

Seeing as Chuck was stunned, Yvette tried to reason, "I just wanted to call your boss and asked him about something. I won't harass him."

"Well, it's hard for me to give it to you. I'm just helping Yolanda here. If the boss is unhappy, it's fine with me, but I won't want to make trouble for Yolanda." Chuck could only say so.

Otherwise, he really wouldn't know whose phone number to give her if he had to.

"All right."

Yvette Jordan was disappointed, but she didn't insist on it. "Go to work then. I'll go to the company to check it out."

"I'm free for now, so I'll go up and have a look too," Chuck said. Although Yvette's company was in operation for a few years, he only went there a few times. He went there to help out when the company had just opened, and only went there occasionally after that.

"Since Yolanda was the one who asked you to come over, don't you have to work hard for that?" Yvette did not want Chuck to give Yolanda a bad

impression when he had just arrived. After all, it was not good to go out casually when he was at work.

"It's okay. I just want to go up and have a look. It won't be long, let me just let her know," Chuck said.

"Yep."

Chuck returned to the manager's office. Yolanda whispered to him, "How long should I renew Teacher Jordan's contract for?"

"As long as it can be," Chuck said. Since Yvette wanted to continue her business, he would grant her wish.

Yolanda was surprised as Chuck was very kind to Yvette. "Alright, I understand. I'll look for the contract first."

Chuck nodded and went outside. When he came out, he took the elevator to the fifth floor with Yvette. Today, she was dressed professionally in a casual suit that showed off her figure, and a pair of tight-fitting cropped pants. Despite dressing smartly, her clothes still managed to bring out her curvy hip, which really packed a punch to unsuspecting men.

She looked extremely elegant in a pair of exquisite high heels.

Chuck couldn't help but take a few more glances at her. He was really attracted by Yvette these days,

never actually realizing that Yvette, who had slept with him for more than ten years, had such a good figure.

Chuck's mind drifted off to the scene he dreamt at night while whiffing Yvette's body odor, and suddenly realized that he was aroused. He was shocked and quickly stopped thinking about it. How embarrassing it would be if she saw it?

"What are you in charge of? I'm thinking of pushing up the advertising of my company up a notch. I want to advertise on the plaza's advertisement board, but I don't know if the price has been raised. I..."

Yvette turned her head and was shocked by Chuck's abnormal actions, "Why did you turn around?"

Chuck was anxious, how could he not turn? Because of his thoughts just now, his whole brain was full of Yvette's curves and lines. The more he tried to dissipate his thoughts, the greater his reaction was. How could he let Yvette see that him and find that his pants were "not normal"?

"It's nothing, don't worry." Chuck shook his head. "You'll have to ask Yolanda regarding the advertisements. She can tell you this in detail."

She just had to talk to Yolanda about the advertisements.

"Alright."

With a "ding" sound, the elevator door opened and Yvette stepped out of the elevator casually. Chuck felt helpless. Was he really going to have to do it himself tonight again?

He sighed and calmed down. After ensuring that his bodily reaction died down, he followed her out.

It had been some time since he was last here, so Chuck felt slightly emotional and followed Yvette in.

.....

Yolanda was looking for the documents carefully. She had to reveal her strength as soon as possible, but at this time, someone knocked on the door.

Yolanda signaled for them to enter, and then the door was pushed open. She was stunned because it was a beautiful woman that she recognized to be Zelda Maine, the owner of Modern Restaurant.

Zelda was also equally surprised to see Yolanda, as her family was initially rich but lost their wealth due to an incident. However, she did not know much about Yolanda.

She was here to ask who the new owner of the plaza was. After all, she was still not convinced and didn't want to give up that easily. However, she just didn't expect that the previous manager would quit and be replaced by Yolanda.

"Director Maine, why are you here..." Yolanda stood up to welcome her.

"Where's your boss?" Zelda asked.

"The boss is not here." Yolanda was surprised. Did Zelda know that the boss was Chuck? She probably didn't, since Chuck was so low profile.

"Not here?"

Zelda Maine was disappointed. Was the identity of the new boss so mysterious? She sat down and said, "The contract of the training company on the fifth floor is about to expire. How is your boss going to deal with it?"

"It will remain the same and the contract will be renewed." Yolanda suddenly understood the purpose of Zelda's visit as she mentioned the shop.

"The same?"

Zelda Maine frowned and was very surprised. Didn't the new owner know that by allowing her to open her restaurant here, the popularity of the plaza would increase?

Or did the boss of the training company know the new boss of the plaza? Was that why the contract was renewed?

"Well, that's what the boss said," Yolanda shrugged and said.

Zelda was lost in thought. Since that was the case, she had no intention of staying here. After saying thanks, she turned around and left.

Yolanda gave a sigh of relief. She was a little

worried as she didn't know if she had treated Zelda right...

.....

Chuck was in Yvette's company for a while. When he saw that it was dinnertime, he asked Yvette out for dinner. It had been a long time since he ate with her anyways. Coincidentally, Yvette was also planning to ask him out. After all, she was hungry.

She nodded and agreed, "Well, I'll treat you to dinner."

Chuck wanted to give her a treat, but Yvette had declined, so he didn't say anything. The two of them went out of the company and went to the fourth floor for dinner.

In fact, Chuck thought that the plaza still lacked entertainment and attractions, so there were very few students coming to the plaza. He had to talk to Yolanda later and ask her to find a way to attract more businesses to open shop here. She could try recruiting some special restaurants, internet cafes, or even fashionable clothing brands at half the rent. If so, the popularity of the plaza would slowly improve.

"What to eat?"

Yvette was quite familiar with this place, but there was a new restaurant over there. She hadn't eaten there yet, but she heard that it was a little expensive and was often a place where the rich

went to spend their money lavishly.

"Whatever. It's up to you." Chuck smiled. He had never thought that he could have dinner alone with Yvette Jordan before.

"Then let's go to the new restaurant there," Yvette said.

Of course, Chuck had no objections and followed behind Yvette. But at this time, he suddenly heard someone call his name. Chuck really wanted to faint on the spot. How could his luck suck so badly today?

"Chuck Cannon..." This was Zelda Maine's voice!

He turned his head and saw Zelda walking toward him. He was a little flustered. Why was Zelda here? Did she still not give up on the shop lot?

However, Chuck just panicked a while and immediately calmed down. Zelda didn't see him and Yvette on the fifth floor, so he didn't need to reveal himself. She didn't know that Yvette was the boss of the fifth-floor training company, so she would not think that the plaza's new owner was him.

When Yvette saw Zelda, she was a little surprised.

The reason why Manager Yarn knelt down and apologized to her was that Chuck called Zelda last time. So, she had all the reason to invite her to dinner today and thank her for this matter.

"Director Maine," Yvette said, "We are going for dinner. Let's go together!"

Chuck was startled. Of course, he understood why Yvette invited her since she thought that it was Zelda who called up Harold Wendel last time. Yvette was just trying to thank her. However, if she said it directly, wouldn't the truth be exposed?

"There's no need. I'll just walk around ..." Zelda shook her head and declined politely. She knew the relationship between herself and Chuck. Judging by the situation now, if she followed them to dinner, wouldn't she be a third wheel between them?

Chuck was relieved but not for long, as he didn't expect Yvette to continue persuading, "Director Maine, let's go together. I haven't thanked you for what happened last time. Let's have dinner together!"

"What happened last time?" Zelda was puzzled. What was it? Since Yvette invited her so sincerely, Zelda nodded and agreed, "Alright then."

Chuck felt helpless. Yvette's words had exposed everything. Zelda must have thought of something.

"Here, there is a new restaurant in the plaza. The style and layout is quite similar to Director Maine's restaurant." Yvette led the way.

"Really? Then we'll definitely have to try it out for ourselves." Zelda took a look at it, the corners of

her mouth curling up mysteriously.

After the three of them entered the restaurant, the receptionist led them to their table. Chuck also felt that the ambiance of this restaurant was similar to Zelda's. It was really just imitating her restaurant.

A waitress came over to serve them. Chuck glanced at her subconsciously and was stunned. It was Queenie Carson, who was a part-timer. Was she working a part-time job in a restaurant in his plaza?

Chapter 44

Chuck was really surprised. Queenie didn't tell him where she was working at part-time, so he thought that she was working in a restaurant far away. He thought that she was only reluctant to say anything because she had her concerns.

Chuck never expected her to actually be working part-time in a restaurant in his plaza.

Queenie was originally very pretty and innocent-looking, and the fact that she always put up her hairstyle in a bun made her look even cuter. However, by wearing a uniform, it managed to complement her curvy body, allowing her to bring out the sexiness that she usually didn't seem to have. Chuck was surprised, he never knew Queenie could look so attractive!

Yvette was also surprised. Queenie was her student, but she knew that her family's financial situation was not good and she had been working part-time. She observed and found Queenie's complexion to be slightly pale, as though she was too busy to spare some time to eat. All of a sudden, Yvette felt empathy towards hardworking, poor Queenie.

Queenie was taken aback with joy when she saw Yvette here since she was her teacher. However, she was surprised to see Chuck at first. She knew that Chuck was probably just here with Yvette to

have something to eat, and the joy in her heart died down.

However, upon making contact with Chuck's eyes, Queenie felt a little embarrassed. Would he look down on herself just because she was working as a waitress? Would he stop talking to her?

Queenie's mind was flooded with worries.

As for Zelda, since she was not acquainted with Queenie, she was entirely focused on observing the restaurant that imitated hers.

"Teacher, Chuck, here is the menu." Queenie said softly.

Yvette nodded and took the menu. "Haven't you had dinner yet? Sit down and eat with us."

"Yes, let's eat together." Chuck also realized that Queenie was probably extremely hungry, and he took pity on her.

"No, the rule here is that we can't eat together with customers!" Queenie hurriedly shook her head.

Yvette said helplessly, "All right."

She ordered a few dishes quickly and then handed the menu to Chuck.

Chuck was not in the mood to order anything. He shook his head and gave it to Zelda.

Zelda looked at it for a while and then pointed a few items.

The dishes were ordered.

Queenie said, "Alright, teacher, Chuck, wait a minute! I'll ask the kitchen to prepare your orders quickly."

While Queenie went to the front desk with the menu, Yvette shook her head and said, "This girl is too considerate."

Chuck hesitated. Indeed, she was considerate.

Queenie seemed to have borrowed money to study in university, and she worked part-time every day. Chuck and her had a good relationship. Most of the time, the two of them went have their meals in the canteen together.

In that case, should he allow her to work under Yolanda Lane? The salary is also much higher, and she doesn't have to be busy until she can't even enjoy a simple meal. It would just be a matter of word for Chuck, so why couldn't he?

Chuck immediately excused himself and got up to look for Queenie.

"This restaurant is really like mine. The interior designs, the uniforms, and even the menu are all similar! The only thing missing is the name."

Zelda was slightly angry. All the concepts in her restaurant, including the designs and the menu were designed by herself overnight. Now, someone actually had the audacity to copy her work and implement them here. How dare them?

Yvette was a little embarrassed. If they came here for dinner, didn't it mean that they were supporting the pirated version of Zelda's restaurant?

"By the way, what was the issue last time that you mentioned that prompted you to thank me like this?"

Zelda expression returned to normal. When she heard Yvette said this, she thought, "Did she want to thank me for treating her to eat steak last time? Was this way she was treating her to dinner too?"

"It was the call that Chuck made to you." Yvette said.

"Call?" Zelda was suspicious. She didn't remember Chuck calling her at all.

Yvette was confused when she saw Zelda's expression. Didn't Chuck call her? Why did she look so bewildered?

Who did Chuck call then if it wasn't Zelda? Who could possibly make the plaza owner force Manager Yarn on his knees and fire him?

Zelda quickly scanned the situation and inadvertently looked at the direction of Chuck. She muttered in her heart,

"Chuck, didn't you hide from Yvette when you were at the restaurant last time? What on earth do you want to do this time? Are you using me as a shield or something?"

Oh well, might as well just cooperate with his lies for now.

Zelda smiled. "Don't mention what happened last time. It's just a phone call, isn't it? It's okay."

Yvette, who was in confusion, heard Zelda's words which dispelled her doubts. She thought about it for a while but really didn't know who Chuck could call except for Zelda.

Now that Zelda admitted it, she naturally had no more questions.

"No matter what, thank you so much." Yvette said seriously.

Zelda shook her head. She didn't know what Yvette was talking about, but she couldn't tell the truth. She could only change the topic.

Both of them were beautiful women of similar composure, so they easily managed to find topics of interest. Soon, they were smiling together as they chatted away, looking almost like long-lost sisters reunited.

Meanwhile, Chuck was waiting at the door of the kitchen. However, a waiter who saw him standing there immediately notified Chuck that the kitchen was off-limits to customers. Chuck explained that he was looking for someone, but was met with the waiter's judgmental looks. He took one look at Chuck and scoffed. Looking for someone? The only people working in the kitchen were the waiters and

the chefs.

Queenie had just managed to pass the orders to the chef before walking out of the kitchen. She saw Chuck standing there and bit her lips. She walked over to him.

"Why didn't you tell me that you're working part-time here?" Chuck sighed. Queenie's face was a sickly pale colour as she had yet to eat anything. Queenie was Chuck's only good friend in school, so he felt a little bit sorry for her seeing her work like this.

"I'm sorry." Queenie lowered her head.

To be honest, she felt strange recently ever since she stayed with Chuck in the same house last time. Then, she had worried if Chuck would enter her room, but after he didn't she was slightly disappointed instead. A few days ago, after seeing Chuck's makeover that complemented his charisma, the strange feeling in her heart spread. She almost felt that the Chuck she was looking at was no longer the same person with the Chuck of the past.

She felt inferior to him.

"That's not what I mean. Why don't you change your job, I..." Chuck tried to explain. He was here to stop Queenie from doing this job.

Queenie was disappointed. Sure enough, Chuck was looking down on her. "I, I think it's good. The

salary here is a little bit higher than that in other places. I will continue to do it."

"No, I mean..."

"Thank you, the treatment here is pretty good. Plus, I don't think it's a big deal to be a waitress, since I can earn money to support myself." Queenie bit her lips. She felt wronged and her voice grew softer and softer as she lost confidence.

Chuck felt helpless as he knew she had definitely misunderstood what he was trying to say. Just when he tried to clear up the situation, a steel, cold voice loomed above them:

"Queenie, you don't want to work anymore, do you? I didn't expect you to be so lazy and chatting with others when you were at work. I asked you to come to work, and that's how you repay me?"

The man who spoke was a middle-aged, bald man in a suit. The fat on his face jiggled as he spoke, and he walked over to the both of them looking stern and mean.

Queenie panicked. "Manager, I didn't..."

"What? Do you think I'm blind?" The middle-aged man glared at Queenie. "You violated the rules. I'll deduct 100 dollars from your salary!"

"Manager, please don't."

Queenie cried. Her pay was 16 dollars an hour, and she had worked for 3 hours every day. If she lost

100 dollars, her work for the past few days would be for nothing.

"No? You can either choose to get a pay cut or get out from here! You choose by yourself! Our restaurant is not short of people!" The middle-aged man snorted disdainfully, looking extremely ferocious due to the meat on his cheeks.

Queenie's tears flowed down her face like a string of broken pearls. She wanted to hold back her tears because Chuck was with her. She did not want him to see her like this, or she would feel more inferior.

She bit her lip and nodded with a choked voice. "I'm not leaving. you can deduct my money."

"Humph, smart decision. What are you waiting then? Go clean the tables. You're so slow at obeying orders, are you trying to fish in troubled waters? Listen carefully, if there is a next time, it'll be useless even if you beg me! Leave!" The middle-aged man snorted coldly.

"Yes!" Queenie wiped away her tears and bowed before wanting to leave to work. However, a warm hand grabbed her by the hand and stopped her from leaving. Her tears had already stopped, but when the hand grabbed her, her tears couldn't help overflowing.

"Stop working," Chuck said gently.

"But..." Queenie choked back her sobs.

The middle-aged man was not happy. He glanced at Chuck and sneered. "Who are you? Listen here, only I can decide whether she goes to work or not. She'll only be able to work if I allow her to. If not, it'll be futile even if she kneeled down and begged me to work!"

"You have such great power?" Chuck narrowed his eyes and said in a cold tone.

"I am the manager of the restaurant. What do you think?" The middle-aged man scoffed arrogantly.

"Manager of the restaurant?" Chuck laughed. That's a pretty high rank!

Chapter 45

"This is my restaurant. I don't even want you to eat here! Get out of here, do you hear me?" The middle-aged man pointed at Chuck and scolded him with a sense of superiority on his face!

Chuck said nothing but just squinted at him!

"Chuck, I'm sorry. You should go have dinner first."

Queenie was tearful and said to Chuck with a crying voice. She was touched, but this middle-aged man was not only a manager. She heard that he had shares in this restaurant, so she couldn't afford to offend him.

She was worried that Chuck would be bullied. He was only a student just like her. If he provoked a person like this, he would suffer.

Chuck couldn't bear looking at Queenie cry.

The middle-aged man sneered and waved his hand. "You don't want to get out? In that case, Queenie, you can't work here anymore. Pack up your things and get out of here! I never liked your attitude, and now you even brought a brat here!"

Queenie's body trembled as she bit her lips. She lifted her hand to wipe her tears and forced a smile while still sobbing and said, "Chuck, let's leave. I quit."

The middle-aged man scoffed at them, "You are

quite sensible! If you want to get out of here, get out of here as soon as possible!"

After being scolded, Queenie couldn't help but start crying again.

Chuck glanced at the middle-aged man and pulled Queenie behind him. He said gently, "Well, it's good that you quit. Just wait for a while."

Why were his eyes so confident? What was he going to do?

Queenie was full of questions and gratitude while being pulled along by Chuck. He was trying to help her here.

But her reason and rationale kicked in. She said in a hurry, "Chuck, it's alright, let's go. We can't afford to offend such a person."

"Can't afford to offend him?"

Chuck suddenly smiled and said, "Don't worry, we can afford to offend him."

Queenie was even more anxious. She clearly knew that the restaurant had a lot of investment put into it, proving that the manager was rich. Chuck didn't have that much money, so how could he afford to offend such a rich person?

Queenie cried even more anxiously.

Chuck raised his hand and gently wiped away the tears on her face. "Don't cry. Don't worry!"

The tone of his voice was light-hearted and yet full of inexplicable confidence. Queenie was stunned. What... happened to him?

Chuck had changed a lot in the past few days.

Queenie was moved and nodded. She decided to trust him.

She made up her mind:

She was going to leave anyway, what was there to be afraid of? So what if she had no money? At least Chuck stood up for her. At worst, she could grab him and run away together.

"Stop dilly-dallying and just scram! You guys are so slow, it's no wonder that you are poor! Get out of here!" The middle-aged man continued to taunt them.

"Call your boss over here!" Chuck looked at him and said.

"You want to see our boss?"

The middle-aged man was stunned, and the sarcasm on his face was even more obvious. "Haha, do you want to complain about me? That's a good idea, but you should see clearly with your eyes, I am the boss!"

"You're the boss?" Chuck paused.

"You're so dumb! Of course, I am the boss, if not would it be you instead?" The middle-aged man sneered.

"He has a share," Queenie whispered.

So that was the case, then things would be simple!

Chuck scratched his nose and thought to himself: So what if you have shares? This whole square belongs to me, so your amount of shares is nothing to me!

"Great, then get ready to pack up and leave!" Chuck said as he took out his phone and made a call to Yolanda. A few words were exchanged between them.

The phone was hung up!

The middle-aged man scoffed. What was Chuck doing? Was he trying to threaten him by making a phone call?

"You want me to pack up and leave? Who do you think you are? Trying to be pretentious in cheap, trashy clothes now?" The middle-aged man mocked them. This was interesting, Chuck looked like the real deal when he was pretending to make a call and complain.

Queenie was nervous. Who did Chuck call just now?

He looked so calm now!

Queenie was confused.

Chuck just continued looking at him calmly and repeated, "I said, I want you to scram!"

The middle-aged man was pissed off, it seemed that Chuck was looking for a fight. He stormed over and raised his meaty hand in a movement to slap Chuck, "Dream on, you f*cker!"

Queenie was shaken by the commotion and ran to Chuck's side to assist him, but Chuck was one step quicker and grabbed the middle-aged man's hand.

"You f*cking dare to resist?" The middle-aged man sneered, pulled back his hand, and headed for Chuck again!

This guy made him too mad!

However, Chuck was younger and faster than the fat middle-aged man. He raised his hand and slapped him first!

Slap!

His slap hit the target right on the cheek, and the middle-aged man was dumbfounded. His cheek was swollen abnormally, and he fell butt-first on the floor. He didn't expect this guy to hit him at the very last minute.

Queenie's eyes widened and she covered her mouth.

"You f*cking dare hit me? You dare hit me?" The middle-aged man got up from the ground with a ferocious look on his face.

Queenie was scared out of her wits. Her career here was definitely over after today.

However, at this time.

"Dyson Lowe!" At this crucial moment, a furious voice could be heard bellowing from a private room.

The middle-aged man was stunned and stopped in his tracks. He turned his head and asked doubtfully, "Old Henry, you..."

This was the boss of the restaurant. He was eating inside just now, but halfway through his meal, he received a phone call that made him jump in fright...

"What are you f*cking doing?" The boss stormed over angrily.

"This brat hit me just now..." The middle-aged man pointed angrily at Chuck.

Slap!

The big boss slapped the middle-aged man across his fleshy cheek, the sound of the slaps resonating in the kitchen and forcing the chefs inside to halt their work. What was wrong? Did the boss hit the manager?

The middle-aged man couldn't believe it. He clasped his cheek and asked, "Old Henry, what are you doing?"

"You are f*cking causing trouble for me!" The big boss shouted at him!

The middle-aged man was stunned! "What's going

on?"

The big boss snorted and immediately came over, staring down Chuck in confusion. He received a phone call from Harold Wendel, who only said one sentence, "Do you not want to work anymore?"

He was a little anxious and immediately ran out to find out what the matter was, but he had never seen the young man in front of him before. What was going on? Who on earth is he?

Queenie was shocked. Who did Chuck call just now to the point that the boss was forced out? Queenie started at Chuck blankly, trying to figure out what was going on.

The chefs in the kitchen were equally stunned. Putting aside the fact that their boss had slapped their manager, the boss was actually so polite to a young man now?

"Sorry, this is our mistake." The big boss said politely.

"You don't want the restaurant anymore?" Chuck said calmly.

"Yes, I still want it," the big boss said in a hurry. At this moment, he broke out in a cold sweat. He could feel Chuck's indifferent gaze on him, as though he could go out of business with just one sentence from Chuck.

"Then get this man out of here!" Chuck ordered.

"Okay, okay." The big boss heaved a sigh of relief and immediately said to the middle-aged man coldly, "Did you hear that? Get out!"

The middle-aged man seemed to have heard it wrongly, "Old Henry, I am a shareholder..."

"The hell with being a shareholder! I invested seven million dollars in this restaurant, and you only invested one hundred thousand dollars. Do you even count as a shareholder?" The boss's expression was filled with disgust. "Get out of here. Do you hear me?"

The middle-aged man became upset. "You are deliberately looking for trouble aren't you? All I did was hit a guy and fired a part-timer, didn't I?"

"Humph, I'm too lazy to argue with you. Why don't you take a look at who you're hitting!" The boss took out his phone and transferred one hundred thousand dollars to the middle-aged man. "Here's the money. Now, scram!"

The middle-aged man was stunned, his expression freezing in place. He was anxious. "Old Henry, you can't do this to me. The business in this restaurant is so good, and it earns more than 100,000 dollars a month. How can you make me leave?"

"It wasn't me, but it was your obliviousness and stupidity!" The boss shook his head.

"I..." The middle-aged man was shocked. The business in the restaurant was good, despite

having a small amount of shares, it was a definite profit for him. How could he bear to leave? In addition, he was the manager here. Even without doing anything, he could earn 6 thousand dollars a month. This was an easy job, but now he was told he lost it?

"Old Henry, what the hell is going on?" The middle-aged man was as anxious as someone who was on their first date as he tried to wrap his head around the matter.

"Here's the money, now get out of here! Do you hear me?" The boss said indifferently.

Now, the middle-aged man found a sense of urgency as he lost his job. He ran to Chuck and said in a hurry, "I'm sorry, I was blind to be unable to recognize your superiority. Everything was my fault just now, so I'll apologize to you now. Please don't let Old Henry do this. I'll apologize to you, okay?"

"I told you to get out of here!" Chuck said calmly. At that moment, the middle-aged man was stunned. Who on earth was the person he had just offended?

Chapter 46

The middle-aged man was even more stressed out by Chuck's words. He tried to plead, "Boss, I really know I was wrong. Don't make Old Henry do this..."

Chuck said nothing and just looked at him calmly.

The boss snorted and said, "Get out of here, don't dawdle!"

Hearing the convict, the middle-aged man gritted his teeth and said bitterly, "Alright then, I won't forget what you two did to me. Let's just wait and see! Wait and see!"

However, as soon as he turned around, a beautiful woman appeared in front of him. It was Yolanda Lane, who was staring down the man with her hawk-like gaze!

Queenie was even more surprised. How could she not know the campus beauty, Yolanda Lane? Why was she here?

The boss was equally surprised. Who was this beauty, and why did he not see her before?

"Don't stand in my way. Who the hell are you?" The middle-aged man was angry. When he saw Yolanda standing in his way, he immediately lashed out at her!

"If you dare to cause a scene here, I'll make sure you will regret it!" Yolanda said coldly, her beautiful

eyes stained with unfriendliness.

"Humph, what's wrong with me making a scene here? What else can you do to me?" The middle-aged man taunted. Since he already fired, he might as well just go all out.

He panicked slightly as he said this because two security guards came in from the outside and walked towards them in the kitchen.

"Manager," said two security guards.

The boss was surprised that there was a new manager in the square. Why didn't he know?

Meanwhile, Queenie even more taken aback. Yolanda was actually a manager in such a big square?

Chuck touched his nose and thought that Yolanda really had the imposing manner of a strong woman.

"What are you going to do? Are you going to beat me up?" The middle-aged man said in a hurry. These two security guards were tall and strong, and they scared him a little.

"Weren't you going to cause a scene? Is this square a place where you can cause trouble?" Yolanda glared at him. "Do you know who the owner of the square is?"

"I... I won't cause any trouble... I promise..." The middle-aged man broke out in cold sweat and shivered with fear.

He was just saying harsh words in the heat of the moment, but how could he actually cause trouble? He knew that the owner of the square had a net worth of more than one billion dollars. The owner could easily employ someone to assassinate him or ruin his life. The more he thought about it, the more panicked he became.

But if he knew that the owner of the square had changed, and the mother of the owner didn't even care about 50 billion dollars, how would he react?

He will be shocked.

The big boss of the restaurant was startled at Chuck's manner. Who was he? Chuck was unfamiliar and a stranger to him, but Chuck managed to make Harold Wendel call him and the manager show up. This...

"Just watch him as he goes out. Beat him if he dares to cause any trouble!" Yolanda said.

"Behave yourself. Why don't you leave now?" The two security guards came over.

The middle-aged man panicked. This time, he was really scared. He ran out in a hurry, but came back again and plopped down on his knees in front of Chuck. "I'm sorry, I'm sorry. I know I was wrong. Please don't find someone to mess with me."

His fear grew with each passing minute he thought about it. He knew that he had offended a big shot today! He regretted it so much.

"Why would I mess with you?" Chuck smiled. "I'm just asking you nicely to get out of here!"

His simple words shook Queenie and left her in a daze. He really did it...

The middle-aged man had mixed feelings, who was he? One word from him actually caused him to lose his job!

"You promised me you won't mess with me. You promised!" The middle-aged man got up and walked out quickly, as if he wanted to escape from there. The two security guards followed him immediately.

Yolanda's stormy expression cleared up and she smiled. She came over and looked at Chuck as she asked, "Off for dinner?"

"Yes, join us?" Chuck smiled.

"No, I still have work to do. Otherwise, the boss will scold me," Yolanda chuckled.

The word "boss" was particularly emphasized. Chuck glanced at her and was speechless.

Queenie however, bit her lip lightly. Yolanda's beauty made her feel inferior and embarrassed of herself. How did Chuck and Yolanda know each other? They looked like they had a good relationship, was there anything between them?

Queenie's heart was filled with disappointment.

"Take your time and enjoy." Yolanda said, then

turned around and walked outside.

After Yolanda left, the boss breathed a sigh of relief and immediately said to Chuck politely, "I'm sorry for today. As an apology, you can eat anything here for free today!"

The young man in front of him had managed to make Harold Wendel call him personally, so he definitely had to treat him politely!

"It's alright." Chuck shook his head.

"Well... as for your friend, I have decided to make her the head waitress," the boss had no choice but to say.

Chuck looked at Queenie.

Queenie shook her head. It was tempting but she was only a part-timer. She didn't have so much time, how can she be the head waitress?

The boss suddenly felt awkward.

"Chuck, you should go eat first." Queenie looked at Chuck, feeling both disappointed and touched.

"Don't work here anymore, I'll introduce you to a new job." Chuck was serious. Working under Yolanda was much better than working here, wasn't it?

"Thank you, but I can only work here for now." Queenie said seriously.

She thought that the job that Chuck was going to

introduce to her was a full-day job. She still had to go to school, how could she have the time?

Chuck shrugged and said, "I want you to work under Yolanda. The jobs will be very easy."

"Her?" Queenie was surprised. How could Chuck ask her to work under Yolanda?

"Yes, you can just come to work after class. There won't be any time restrictions, Yolanda will talk to you about your salary," Chuck said.

She would agree, wouldn't she?

However.

Queenie shook her head. "Thank you, thank you so much..."

Queenie was touched because Chuck was so kind to her. However, Yolanda was too beautiful, and Chuck and her knew each other, so he would go to see her occasionally. If Chuck saw her, Queenie would feel bad about herself.

Chuck sighed and said, "Well, you can think about it carefully before making a decision."

"I will. You should go have dinner," Queenie said.

Looking into her eyes, Chuck could only comment, "Don't work today, let's eat together!"

"It's alright." Queenie's heart ached. Chuck sighed and could only leave. He understood what she was thinking. If he forced her more, she would probably

start crying.

Queenie looked at Chuck who was leaving, and tears flowed out of her eyes. "I really want to eat with you, but now I can't..." She thought to herself.

"You have a powerful friend." The boss sighed in resignation.

"Yes, he really is." Queenie sobbed. She was getting farther and farther away from him...

.....

Chuck returned to the table. Yvette and Zelda didn't know what had happened in the kitchen, but they knew it was strange to see Chuck come in after a long time. He didn't say anything and the three of them ate in silence. After they finished eating, Yvette paid the bill and the three of them came out of the restaurant. Zelda naturally didn't want to be a third wheel, so she left after saying thanks.

Chuck heaved a sigh of relief. When they were having dinner, Zelda's expression did not change, indicating that Yvette did not say anything to her.

"Zelda admitted that it was her the last time," Yvette said coldly.

Chuck froze. It seemed that Zelda was helping him cover up his lie. He was relieved.

"Let me send you back." Yvette said. Chuck really wished for that to happen. It would be nice to sit in

Yvette's car, since he could take a peek at her thighs. However, he had to discuss some things with Yolanda. He could only shake his head and say that there were still some things he needed to do, although he was very reluctant to.

"It's okay. I can wait for you to get off work." Yvette thought that Chuck still had to work, and he could only leave after he finished it.

Chuck was moved and he wanted to get into Yvette's car immediately. But after hesitating for a while, he said, "It will be very late if you wait for me."

Late? What did he mean? Yvette was stunned. Could it be... that he was hinting her? Yvette thought of Chuck who was once caught in the act of secretly looking at her butt, and her expression became unnatural.

Of course, Chuck didn't expect that his words would make Yvette misunderstand. He could only restate that there was something he needed to attend to.

"Okay then, work hard!" Yvette said.

Chuck could only nod, and Yvette turned around to take the elevator back. He looked at her back as she left. When would he be able to sleep with her again?

Chuck sighed and immediately left to find Yolanda. She immediately showed him her future plans

about the plaza, and Chuck was almost already sure that he wanted her to become the manager. About nine o'clock in the evening, the two of them came out of the manager's office. Chuck offered to drive her home, and Yolanda agreed with a smile.

The two of them went to the parking lot. However, when they just arrived at the car, Yolanda said in a surprised voice, "Is this car yours?"

Chapter 47

Chuck was startled when he heard this voice. He turned his head and looked at Queenie, who was shocked!

That's right!

It was Queenie Carson!

When she just got off work, she pressed the first floor button on the elevator and she walked out in a daze. After walking for a while, she realized that she had made a mistake and immediately turned back. But she Chuck and Yolanda coming out of the elevator and walking towards the BMW...

She was stunned because she knew the car's appearance. She bumped into this kind of car last time, and she had been waiting for the owner's call these few days...

Chuck knew that this was a bad situation. The most important thing was that when Queenie bumped into his car last time, he didn't tell Queenie that it was him although she had been worried about it for such a long time. But now that she saw it, Chuck felt guilty.

However... there was not only one BMW seven series on the road, there were still many BMWs on the car. What more, the car had already registered a license plate. Queenie should not be able to recognize it, shouldn't she?

And... Chuck found that Queenie was not looking at him, but at... Yolanda!

She thought that this car was belonging to Yolanda! After all, she had a boyfriend from a rich family, which was well known by everyone in the school.

Chuck smiled bitterly in his heart. Does he not look like the owner of this car?

Yolanda was also a little stunned, but she was smart and attentive. When she saw Queenie looking at her, she immediately smiled. "Yes, this car is mine. Let me send you back to school!"

Chuck sighed in relief.

Queenie recovered from the shock. She was a little timid as it was such a luxurious car, and she was reminded that the car she had bumped into last time was something like this. She shook her head and said, "It's alright, you can just send Chuck back."

What more, it wasn't good for her to sit inside the car if Yolanda was to send Chuck and her back, although it was still a bit disappointing.

"It's on the way, come on, get in the car!" Yolanda smiled and came over to convince Queenie. Chuck hurriedly gave her the car key.

Yolanda smiled and grabbed the keys. She opened the door and saw the luxurious interior design inside. Queenie was even more nervous. This was

such an extravagant car, what if it she dirtied it?

Chuck hurt to see her like this. He walked over and said, "It's okay."

"Yes." Queenie bit her lip and sat inside. She was very cautious and sat in the seat rigidly.

Chuck sat next to her.

Yolanda sat in the driver's seat. She hadn't driven for a long time, her family used to drive a Rolls-Royce...

Yolanda started the car and skillfully drove out of the parking lot.

"I, I once bumped into such a car and scratched it..." Queenie bit down on her lip and started saying.

Yolanda was silent. She knew that this car was worth more than two million dollars. It would cost thousands or even tens of thousands of dollars if she scratched it.

"And then? How much did the owner ask you to compensate?" Yolanda asked subconsciously.

"No, the owner didn't ask me to pay."

"The owner of the car is very nice then." Yolanda smiled.

"Yes, very nice. The car owner was not there at that time, so I left my phone number, but the car owner didn't contact me..." Queenie clarified

hurriedly.

"In that case, then the car owner didn't want you to pay for it." Yolanda's eyes turned slightly, and she glanced at Chuck Cannon through the rear view mirror. His expression...

Yolanda was surprised. Was the car Queenie scratched Chuck's car? This idea came to her mind. Looking at Chuck's expression, that should be the case.

Chuck realized that Yolanda was looking at him and immediately felt a little embarrassed. She smiled and said to Queenie, "Do you know who the owner is?"

"I don't know." Queenie shook her head. She was very nervous. She would rather this owner call her and ask her to pay. Then, she would feel much more relieved.

"Don't worry, the owner won't call you," Yolanda said, glancing at Chuck again.

"But..." Queenie sighed.

"Don't worry," Chuck said. Queenie was really naive!

"Yes, but I'm very grateful to the car owner. I wonder if I can say sorry to them personally." Queenie sighed with a gloomy look in her eyes.

"There will be a chance..." Yolanda said.

"I hope so."

When the car arrived at the school gate, Queenie got off the car. She knew that Chuck lived outside, so Yolanda had to send him somewhere else.

"Thank you." Queenie said seriously.

"It's fine." Yolanda smiled.

Queenie waved at Chuck and ran to the school gate, sadness welling up inside her.

Chuck sighed.

Yolanda drove the car around, then drove slowly and said with a smile, "Let me guess, the car she scratched was yours?"

"Yes." Chuck admitted.

"If so, you're very nice to her." Yolanda said. Chuck was silent as he could read between the lines to what she was saying.

After arriving at a place some distance away from the school, Yolanda said, "Thank you for sending me back."

Chuck was embarrassed.

Yolanda opened the door and got out of the car. Chuck then shifted back to the driver's seat and asked curiously, "Why aren't you staying at your boyfriend's house?"

Chuck knew that she had a boyfriend from a rich family. She could even stay in a hotel every day. Why would she live in the school dormitory?

"Since I can stay in the school dormitory, why should I stay in his house?" Yolanda asked.

Well, what she said really made Chuck speechless. Could her boyfriend even stand it?

"I'll go to work on time tomorrow, bye!" Yolanda waved at Chuck before walking to the school gate.

Chuck watched from the rearview mirror as Yolanda slowly walked away. He was indeed surprised by this campus beauty, being not only beautiful, but hardworking and independent as well. The boyfriend should be really happy to have such a girlfriend!

Chuck smiled and then he drove back..

.....

After Zelda returned home, she received a phone call from her best friend, Quincy.

The first thing that she said was, "Your boyfriend is really rich!"

"What?" Zelda was stunned. Her boyfriend? She paused and suddenly was speechless, Quincy was talking about Chuck Cannon!

"You don't know yet? Your boyfriend ordered a Porsche 911. A total of 4 million dollars! And he paid everything using a credit card in one shot!"

Zelda was surprised and asked what was going on.

She knew about the relationship between Chuck

and Wilbur, but didn't he just buy the Cayenne? Why did he buy the 911 model instead?

"I don't know the details, but I know that he has ordered that car!"

Zelda was confused. Two cars of that caliber would cost nearly seven million dollars. How could Chuck spend so much money without even blinking an eye? Who were Chuck's parents?

"Anyway, your new boyfriend is not bad!" Quincy said with a hint of envy in her tone.

Zelda sighed. Chuck wasn't her boyfriend, he was only pretending to be!

But she couldn't say it out loud.

"By the way, did I disturb the two of you at such a late hour?" Quincy smirked playfully.

Zelda was speechless. These were the thoughts inside this crazy woman's head all day long.

"I'm going to hang up soon. You are disturbing us and he just finished taking a bath." Zelda had to say so. Otherwise, Quincy would just continue to babble on without giving her a peace of mind.

"Oh, that's nice, I'm still alone in my empty room. When will God give me a handsome guy like your boyfriend?" Quincy complained, "Forget it, I don't want to talk about it anymore, remember to just take it easy!"

The phone call hung up.

Zelda was relieved. She was going to take a bath and head to bed, but suddenly the lights in the room went out. What happened? Did the circuit burn out?

She pressed the switch again in suspicion and her fears were confirmed. How could she sleep without electricity?

She packed up her things and was ready to go to the hotel to get a room to sleep. However, as soon as she opened the door and walked to the elevator door, she was stunned because a person just came out. It was Chuck Cannon!

Why was he here? Does he have a house here? If so, why didn't she know?

Meanwhile, Chuck was also surprised by Zelda. What a coincidence! Could it be that Zelda's house was also in this community? He was speechless but knew that it was reasonable. Zelda had several restaurant franchises, so it would be normal for her to spend millions of dollars to buy a house here. However, Chuck, who had lived here for a few days, did not realize that she was his neighbour.

He was still thinking that he would have a good sleep since there was no class tomorrow. But now, he just felt embarrassed. He walked out of the elevator and said, "Sister Zelda, what a coincidence!"

"Yeah, what a coincidence. Do you have a house here?" Zelda asked.

Chuck could only nod. He couldn't lie to her, since she was not a fool.

Zelda was flabbergasted. She knew who the people on this floor were, but Chuck just walked out of this floor and said that he had a house here. A possibility was that it could be that he bought a house from one of the owners here. She knew that just recently, he bought two cars which cost more than seven million dollars. If he also bought a house worth more than three million dollars here, that means he already spent around 10 million dollars. How much money did Chuck have?

At this moment, Zelda was very curious.

Chuck could only attempt to say something break the awkward silence, "Sister Zelda, it's so late. Where are you going?"

"Oh, the electricity at my house is down. I'm getting ready to go out to find a place to sleep."

"Don't bother. You can come to my house instead," Chuck said subconsciously.

Chapter 48

Chuck's words were really said on impulse. He didn't expect that it was inappropriate, so he felt a little embarrassed after he realized it.

She wouldn't overthink it, would she? Since Chuck was saying it out of sincerity.

He couldn't go on like this!

Unlike Chuck, who was thinking too much, Zelda smiled after a moment of astonishment. "Thank you, but there's no need."

Chuck was disappointed, but it was normal. It would be strange if someone like Zelda entered his home.

But of course, he couldn't show it, so he cleared his throat and said, "In that case, be careful when you drive on the road, Sister Zelda."

"Yep."

As the elevator door opened, Zelda stepped into the elevator and was about to wait for the doors to close. However, she suddenly thought of a problem. It seemed that she didn't bring her ID card out, and she left her house key inside her room. She frowned and clapped her hand at her forehead in annoyance, what was wrong with her?

Seeing that the elevator door was about to close, Zelda hurriedly pressed the button and opened the

door, then walked out after a moment of hesitation.
"Well..."

Chuck, who was opening the door, was startled.
"What's wrong, Sister Zelda?"

"I didn't bring my ID card, and I forgot the key to the room." Zelda was a little embarrassed.

"Then you can stay in my house. There are three rooms," Chuck said.

"Will I disturb you?"

In truth, Zelda was very satisfied with Chuck's performance. Of course, this kind of satisfaction didn't have any implicit meaning to it. She was referring to when he did not simply do anything to her when he kissed her last time. This was the biggest reason why she was willing to come back.

"No, you won't." Chuck smiled.

"Well, then I will stay at your house for a night. Tomorrow I will find a locksmith to unlock the door!" Zelda announced in relief.

Chuck opened the door and Zelda followed him in.

"Sister Zelda, you can sleep in either of these two rooms," Chuck said.

"Well, thank you." Zelda casually picked a room and entered, smiling at Chuck as a sign of thanks before closing the door.

Deep down, Chuck was secretly aroused but

couldn't do anything since it was Zelda he was talking about. He sighed, returned to the room, and was ready to take a bath and sleep.

knock! knock! knock!

Someone knocked on the door. Chuck, who was still clad in his pajama shorts, staggered to the door. He was half asleep and opened the door to have a look.

Zelda was stunned.

Chuck blushed and was immediately awake. He forgot that Zelda was at home.

"Sister Zelda, I'm sorry, I..."

"It's okay. I'm just going to tell you. Thank you for last night. I'll treat you to breakfast in the morning," Zelda said.

Since there was no class today, Chuck agreed. He closed the door, took a quick shower, and changed his clothes.

Despite his morning routine, he still felt embarrassed. He coughed and said, "I'm done, Sister Zelda."

Zelda stood up from the sofa. She had already made an appointment with a locksmith to come with an electrician in the afternoon. They should be able to fix her room problem by today.

"Well, where are we going to eat?"

"Sister Zelda, you make the decision!" Chuck didn't mind.

The two of them went out together. Since Chuck had to go to the plaza, he could only drive his car instead. After they had a simple breakfast at a cafe nearby, Zelda went to her restaurant. Meanwhile, Chuck drove back to the Plaza. Halfway there, he was reminded that he left some documents at home, he could only turn back and go home. After taking what he needed, he accidentally pushed open the room that Zelda had slept in last night.

Indeed, the places where she slept was left with a slight fragrance.

Chuck reluctantly left and went downstairs to drive to the plaza.

When he arrived at the manager's office, Yolanda was already at work and left everything was in good order. Chuck was very satisfied.

It seemed that she was really qualified to be a manager.

It was not until noon that Yvette came over to sign the contract. Since Yolanda had gave her a five year contract, Yvette was pretty satisfied. Chuck saw her smiling face and was taken aback. It had been a long time since he saw Yvette so relaxedly. He sighed.

"Then I'll go upstairs. You should work hard!" Yvette said. She was in a good mood.

Chuck nodded. Less than five minutes after Yvette left, Chuck's cell phone rang. It was indeed a WeChat message from Yvette, thanking him for everything.

According to her, she was pretty glad that the contract issue was settled, and she wanted to treat him to dinner this time around.

Chuck did not know how to reply and could only say that he was very busy. Yvette sent him a message that said, "Well, anyways, I owe you a favor. I want to thank you."

Chuck's thoughts immediately steered into a different direction. If he told her that he was the baller now, would Yvette fall in love with him? If he tried to ask for that as a favor, would she agree?

He shook his head, probably not. He sighed and thought to himself that there would be chances in the future.

On the other side, Yvette felt was also helpless as she replied. "Okay."

When she was sitting in the office, someone suddenly knocked on the door.

"Come in," Yvette said.

The door was pushed open and an employee said that someone was looking for her. Yvette stood up doubtfully and walked out. She happened to see Zelda, who was bored and came here to look at the store again.

Yvette was stunned.

Zelda was even more stunned when she saw Yvette. "Are you the boss here?"

"Yes." Yvette nodded on impulse.

Zelda frowned. She had just came out of her own restaurant and was still reluctant to give up on this place, nor did she find out who the plaza's owner was. She couldn't help coming over and was thinking of talking to the owner of this place. If she could take over the shop, she was willing to do so.

But what was going on? Turns out that this shop was Yvette's. If the new boss was willing to renew her contract, it could only be from someone that she knew, so...

Zelda analyzed the possibilities furiously. Suddenly, a person appeared in her mind. Could he be the new owner of the plaza?

Chapter 49

The only person whose name came to Zelda's mind was Chuck. After all, he had bought two cars and a house, and that was already 10 million dollars in total, but...

She was still confused:

She didn't know how much Harold Wendel had sold the whole plaza. From what she knew, it should be at least 600 million dollars. Did Chuck have so much money though?

After all, there was a huge gap between ten million dollars and six hundred million dollars! At least for her, she couldn't have taken out so much money at one time.

Thinking of this, Zelda rejected the idea that the new boss was Chuck.

Was it him or not?

Zelda felt a little uncomfortable. If it was really Chuck, she would actually be slightly angry. Did he actually buy this whole plaza just to stop her from taking over Yvette's store?

She had already told her in advance, but he chose Yvette and gave up her proposal.....

Zelda shook her head and felt more uncomfortable.

She was conflicted and confused. Forget it, she

would go and ask him in person later.

"Director Maine, come in and have some tea."
Yvette invited her.

"How long have you known Chuck?" Zelda asked.

"It's been a long time."

"Who are Chuck's parents?"

"He doesn't have one. It's been like that since young."

"No parents?" Zelda was even more confused. If not, where did he get the money to buy a car and a house?

If so, the new owner of the plaza couldn't be him. Zelda's worries cleared up and she felt more comfortable. "No need. I'm just here to have a look. Continue your work."

Zelda turned around and left. Yvette was a little confused, but she didn't think much about it and went back to the office. Since the contract had been renewed, she had to start improving her company's business.

However, Zelda turned back when she reached the door. "Do you know that there is a new owner of this plaza?"

Yvette stunned and shook her head. "I don't know."

Was there a change of ownership?

This was such a big plaza, and the owner had

changed? When did this happen?

"Someone rich managed to buy the place a few days ago at about 600 or 700 million dollars," Zelda said.

Yvette was surprised. A few days ago, when Chuck had helped her get back at Manager Yarn, the Big Boss of the plaza was still Mr Wendel. How did someone spend so much money to take over the plaza in just a few days?

She suddenly thought of a person. Could it be the baller?

But it was a matter of 6 to 7 hundred million dollars, could he actually be that rich?

If so, it would be simply incredible!

Could she only be able to renew the contract because the baller had bought the plaza, or was it because he knew the owner of the plaza?

Yvette was a little confused, because this news was too shocking to her!

She'd had to ask the baller properly later.

Zelda saw Yvette's surprised look and didn't continue. Yvette didn't even know the plaza had a new boss. So how could she know who the new boss was?

Zelda was about to go out, but Yvette came to her senses and said in a hurry, "Director Maine, do you know who this new boss is?"

"Nope, his identity is very mysterious since he didn't announce it to the public," Zelda shook her head and said.

"Thank you..." Yvette murmured to herself.

Zelda walked out.

Yvette returned to the office. After hesitating for a while, she sent another message to the baller: I want to know how you helped me?

When Chuck received this message, he was a little surprised. What did she mean by "how he helped her"? Chuck thought about it and replied, "I asked my friend to step in and help."

"Did your friend buy the plaza?" Yvette said.

This sentence was short but still gave Chuck a shock.

How did Yvette know that someone had bought the plaza? Only a few people knew about the whole thing. Could it be Zelda? It should be her. Maybe she said it by accident when they had dinner last time.

As Chuck thought so, Yvette's message came in again, "Did you buy it?"

Chuck had a headache just thinking about it. Perhaps Yvette thought that she could renew the contract because he bought it. She was smart enough to think of this possibility.

"No." Chuck replied, but he felt a little regretful

soon after. She didn't know who he was, so there was probably no harm if he admitted it.

"Well, I thought it was you who bought it. If it was you, then I would be really curious to who you are."

"No."

"Well, thank you."

"No problem."

Yvette put down her phone and murmured to herself. The baller had been so nice to her, could he be someone she knew?

Yvette shook her head. She did know some people, but most just wanted to sleep with her, not to mention that they didn't have the financial ability. Who the hell are you then?

Yvette stared at the baller's profile picture.

Chuck put down his phone and felt a little regretful. He should have admitted it directly just now. Then, he could directly ask Yvette if she can wanted to be his girlfriend. However, if she agreed, what... what would he do? Chuck sighed.

Chuck and Yolanda made detailed plans for the plaza until late in the evening. He had wanted to send Queenie back, but she went back to school on her own by car after work. She probably didn't want to trouble "Yolanda".

Chuck could only drive Yolanda back to school. However, when they arrived at the parking lot, his

mobile phone rang. He looked at it and smiled. It was Zelda.

Zelda's lace pants were still at his house. She had probably just thought of it, so she would probably ask him when he would be coming back in a roundabout way.

Sure enough, when the call was connected, Zelda's voice sounded a little embarrassed. "When will you be back? I need to ask you something."

Zelda hesitated to tell him! If Chuck found out, she would be embarrassed.

"It'll take a while," Chuck said.

He was slightly remorseful that he didn't use it when he went back that morning.

Well, this idea was quite lecherous though.

Chuck was speechless at himself.

"Well, tell me when you come back." Zelda sighed in relief. Chuck probably didn't notice.

The call ended.

Yolanda turned around and walked to school. All of a sudden, a good-looking male student appeared. It was William Yuri, Yolanda's boyfriend.

She was surprised to see him and asked, "Why are you here?"

William looked at the BMW seven series but did not manage to see who the driver was. He walked over

to Yolanda and said, "Why am I here? I've heard that you've been frequently finding this student named Chuck Cannon. Shouldn't you give me an explanation about this?"

"There's nothing to explain. I had some stuff to ask him." Yolanda shook her head.

"Some stuff?" William looked at the BMW 7 Series which had just left. "Was the person driving the car just now Chuck?"

He had already confirmed the rumours that Chuck was a poor man who managed to pick up some cash out of luck these days. From what he heard, it was only a mere 2 thousand dollars, so he could never afford to drive a BMW 7 series. The reason why he asked was that his girlfriend was sent back by a man. What the hell? He needed to know who the driver was!

"No." Yolanda shook her head. Seems like she couldn't allow Chuck to send her back anymore.

"Of course I know it's not him. I'm asking you who was the one who drove you back just now!" William stared at Yolanda.

Yolanda glanced at him and continued to make her way into the school, ignoring him. William was a bit angry. He grabbed her by the arm and said, "If you don't make it clear today, I won't let you in!"

"Let go!" Yolanda's expression hardened.

"Yolanda Lane, don't I have a car? My Ferrari is

several times better than the car he drove just now. You want to hitch a ride on such a garbage car instead of my extravagant car?" William's expression was gloomy indicating that he was really angry.

"Don't judge a person by his appearance. It's useless to compete in cars." Yolanda shook her head.

"Then let's compare wealth? Okay, call him now and ask him to turn back. I'd like to see who this person who's richer than me is!" William sneered.

Chapter 50

Disappointment appeared in Yolanda's eyes. "You are really too childish!"

"You don't dare to ask him to come back? Are you afraid of making him feel inferior?" William taunted.

He had never lost to anyone when it came to comparing wealth. It was just a BMW seven series, he could just buy it anytime. Since the car driven would correspond to one's wealth and worth, a BMW 7 series would mean that the person's worth was only around tens of millions of dollars. This couldn't even be considered as petty cash to William.

William looked down on him!

"It's you who'll feel inferior!" Yolanda broke free of William's grasp and headed into the school.

William snorted. "You're quite good at defending him. Tell me, have you slept with him?"

"You really disgust me!" Yolanda's eyes were full of disappointment.

"Then why do you defend him so much?" William's complexion looked terrible. He had been chasing Yolanda for so long, but he had never been able to sleep with her. Yet, the man in the BMW seven series just now could sleep with her?

How could it be possible? Someone like him who

drove a Ferrari couldn't sleep with her, yet someone who drove a stupid BMW could? It was just ridiculous!

Yolanda turned and continued to walk away. William was furious and grabbed her again. "Tell me clearly! Tell me who that person is, and I will find someone to destroy him!"

"Are you out of your mind?" Yolanda was angry.

"Then make it clear who he is? Otherwise, I will find him myself!" William threatened.

"I warn you, don't do anything stupid, or you will regret it." Yolanda warned coldly.

"Haha, I will regret it? Well, what I regret the most is that I am too kind to you. I should have forced myself on you long ago!" William's handsome face contorted uglily.

Slap!

Yolanda raised her hand and slapped William. "You are so disgusting!"

"Yolanda Lane! How dare you hit me? I'm going to do you today!"

William dragged Yolanda to his Ferrari. Her expression changed instantly and she struggled. "William Yuri, don't do anything stupid! I'll call the police!"

"Haha, call the police? I'm going to sleep with my girlfriend, that's completely legal, right?"

Yolanda fell on the ground hard as a result of being dragged so roughly. She bit her lip stubbornly to prevent her tears from flowing down.

"Hey! What are you doing?" The 60-year-old school security guard ran over.

William Yuri frowned. "Get out of my way! Don't you want your job? She's my girlfriend!"

"If she was your girlfriend, would she be struggling like this? You would force this on her? Let me tell you, don't do anything stupid, don't make a fool of yourself! I already called the police!" The security guard warned huskily!

William's expression darkened. He looked at Yolanda, who had fallen on the ground, and he was extremely pissed off. He should have slept with her long ago!

"Yolanda Lane, count yourself lucky today. I'll be sure to find you soon!" William snorted and got into the Ferrari sports car. With a rumbling sound of the gas pedal, he drove away!

"Little girl, are you okay?" The security guard ran over and helped Yolanda up. When he saw her knee bleeding, he sighed.

"I'm fine, thank you." Yolanda bit her lip to numb the pain. She could feel her knees burning from the pain, but it didn't matter. So what if it hurt? She was used to it.

Yolanda limped back to the dormitory of the

school, her figure looking frail and lonely.

The security guard sighed. "Such a beautiful girl, how did she find such a boyfriend?"

.....

Chuck drove back. When he arrived at his door, he called Zelda, soon hearing the sound of a door opening and closing. Zelda then appeared at the corner and saw Chuck.

"Sister Zelda, what's the matter?" Chuck asked deliberately, the frilly pants in the bathroom emerging in his mind unconsciously. He couldn't help but look at Zelda's waist. So she was usually wearing such sexy garments!

Was she wearing an undergarment similar to that one? Is it lace too?

Chuck was really curious.

"I left something in my room and I would like to go in and get it." Zelda was a little embarrassed, but fortunately, he just came back only now, so he probably didn't know.

"Okay." Chuck opened the door and Zelda walked in.

She went to the room that she had slept in last night and opened the bathroom door. She quickly kept it away and was secretly relieved.

Thank god.

Zelda came out. "Thank you."

"No problem."

"By the way, do you know who the new owner of the plaza where we ate at last time is?" Zelda suddenly asked.

"How would I know?" Chuck asked curiously as he had expected this question beforehand.

His expression was so natural, so it seemed that the new boss was not him. Then who could it be?

"Well, it's nothing then. Thanks!" Zelda said as she walked outside. However, she accidentally bumped into the closet and dropped her clothes which fell into a heap on the floor.

Chuck stepped forward and asked, "Sister Zelda, are you okay?"

He hurried over to help Zelda up. He was amused, how could she be so careless?

"It's okay, it's okay." Zelda covered her belly with her hands, her face full of pain.

The pain was preventing her from kneeling down, and she could only rely on Chuck's help. Chuck thought pervertedly, if he had hid her undergarments that morning, then it would be hard for Zelda to ask about it when she couldn't find it. Though it was a little bit risky, but...

Alas, he was slightly regretful.

She covered her stomach and ran out, but she was in so much pain that she could not walk properly. She had probably bumped into it too hard. Chuck immediately came over to her aid and asked, "Sister Zelda, do you want me to send you to the hospital?"

"No need."

"Then I'll send you home." Chuck had no choice but to say so. Zelda's face was already contorting in pain, she was probably hurting a lot.

"Yes, please." Zelda nodded.

Chuck helped Zelda back to her house. To be honest, he leaned so close to her that he could smell the fragrance on her body. Adding that on to the occasional physical contact with her, he was distracted and aroused although that it was wrong. After all, she was injured now.

Zelda lowered her head and looked at Chuck's lower half, her face immediately turning red again. She was not a fool. How could she not know what he was thinking this time?

Speaking of which, did Chuck dream of her last night when she saw him this morning?

Zelda was a little ashamed. How could he do this?

Zelda was helpless, but she also felt strange. If Chuck had this idea, did it mean that she was charming to him? She didn't know what to say and was flooded with pain and shamefulness. Since

Chuck was like this, would he dream of her again tonight? Would he dream of her being flirtatious? She wasn't that kind of person though!

Zelda sighed and was worried.

After Chuck helped her to the sofa, he said, "Sister Zelda, I'll go back first."

"Well, thank you."

The next morning, Chuck drove to the plaza first. When he arrived at Yolanda's office, he was impressed by the fact that she was already there.

He immediately continued the discussion with Yolanda about the next plans for the plaza. For now, there were still some shops that had not been rented out for a long time. So, he decided to attract people to open shop here by making the rent free for a year.

Yolanda had the same idea as him. The two of them took no time to agree on things and moved on quickly to implementing and promoting the idea. Chuck noticed that Yolanda did not wear a skirt today. Instead, she wore a pair of long, casual pants that weren't tight-fitting as usual, and she did not seem to walk around often like she would. He was curious, but he did not ask about it. However, Yolanda had to stand up to take the documents, and only then Chuck noticed that she was limping. He was surprised and asked, "What happened to you?"

"Nothing serious. I accidentally fell down when I went back yesterday," Yolanda explained with a smile.

"Be careful then. Why don't you go back and rest?" Chuck said with concern.

"There's no need. It's just a small matter."

"Um, you don't have to worry. I have decided to let you be the manager." Chuck said, afraid that Yolanda would not go back to rest because she was worried about her post.

"Really? Thank you, haha, then since I am the manager now, I can't simply rest like that. I have to work hard!" Yolanda said with a smile.

Chuck sighed in resignation. Why was a girl doing so much? During discussion of work benefits, Chuck was not stingy in terms of salary. He gave her a salary of 10,000 dollars a month, in addition to other bonuses at the end of the year. Yolanda agreed to all of this with a bright smile.

Chuck was busy in the plaza for the next two days, and Yolanda began to start publicizing the place. As for the Porsche car, Chuck had no time to collect the car, so he could only push it to a later date. Fortunately, he was a VIP there, so it wasn't a big deal for him to leave the car there for a few days.

However, when he was about to go to the plaza today, Yolanda called him. "Lara from your class

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wants to rent a shop here with her cousin."

Chuck was stunned, why did Lara want to rent a shop? However, he immediately realized that Lara might have heard of the news that rental here was free for a year, so she was wanted to inquire about it. He chuckled. Lara, you were asking for it!

Chapter 51

"Shall we rent it to them?" Yolanda Lane asked when Chuck Cannon remained silent for a while.

"What do they plan to do?" He replied.

"It looks like they are planning on starting a milk tea shop," Yolanda said.

"A milk tea shop?" Chuck smiled. Without the rent, the milk tea shop would cost 50 or 60 thousand dollars with the decorations and furniture. Perhaps it was Lara Jean`s cousin, Charlotte Yates, who took the big share with Lara offered a little money. Both of them should be hiring a couple of workers to work for them. That sounded like a good idea.

"Rent it to them," Chuck said.

"Very well," Yolanda said before hanging up the phone.

Chuck hung up the phone, tidied up and drove to the plaza. After arriving at the plaza, Yolanda had already signed a contract with Lara and others. They had already taken the keys and went to plan the shopfront carefully.

When Chuck had just arrived, he saw a shop which had been empty for quite some time, had its door half-opened. Lara and Charlotte probably had chosen that shopfront, their judgement was not bad too.

Yolanda said that she had accepted a deposit of 5,000 dollars and Chuck nodded in agreement. Their marketing strategy of providing a one-year rent-free store to people succeeded as many people came to enquire about it, and there were only about ten of the shops left. And now it was even better as more and more people were coming after the empty shop lots, they managed to hit their initial expectations.

Chuck heaved a sigh of relief. There was finally some good sign. He hoped that the plaza would become prosperous as soon as possible so that his mother would not be disappointed.

Chuck then transferred three million dollars to the company's account as the plaza needed some liquidity. Although this amount was not much for a plaza, it was all Chuck had in his bank account.

He would still need to ask for more from his mother.

Chuck allowed Yolanda to keep that money as she was the manager after all, who was in charge of the whole plaza, facilities, employees, and so on. All of which needed money.

Yolanda took it and said, "Thank you for trusting me."

"Don't mention it," Chuck smiled. He was lucky enough to get a beautiful manager to help him run his business.

"Let me know if the money is not enough," Chuck continued. "It should be enough. The rental from other shops in the plaza every month is already quite a large sum."

"Well, you are right." Yolanda smiled. It seemed that her decision was right. She needed a good boss at the moment.

Now it seemed that her decision was right.

Since Chuck had nothing to do, he planned to go to school for classes. Since holidays were around the corner, perhaps he should start putting more effort into his academics.

"Charlotte, look at this shop, isn't it good?" Lara was interested. She had wanted to open her own shop for a long time, but she had no money. She was motivated when she heard about the advertisement for a one-year rent-free shop so she dragged her cousin over. It was free after all so she had the guts to do anything she liked.

"Yes, it's not bad." Charlotte nodded with satisfaction.

"Look, if it wasn't for the rent-free period, the rental fees are around 7000 dollars per month. Now with the rent-free period, I am saving around 80 thousand dollars. It's like I've gotten an 80 thousand dollar profit. As for the decoration and furniture, I've figured it out. This shop front is not big, so it will require at most 40 thousand dollars. We can hire two employees to work, and with some

advertisement at the school, we will definitely make money. We will be bosses soon who earn thousands of dollars a month without doing anything. We can even earn more than that if the business is good!" Lara was somewhat hopeful.

Charlotte also smiled. Thirty thousand dollars, she had to fork out thirty thousand dollars. That was all she had after working part-time for so many years. As for where Lara would find ten thousand dollars, she didn't know but it shouldn't be a big problem.

"Well, then let's go for a walk and bring the renovation contractors over to give us a quote. We'd better ask a few more companies so that we can get the cheapest quote. " Lara said.

"Okay, I know of a couple of companies nearby. Let's go and ask them now." Hearing what Lara said, Charlotte was excited too.

The two of them pulled open the shutter gate and went out, but Lara saw someone and shouted, "Hey!"

In the distance, Chuck was stunned and turned his head.

Charlotte was overjoyed when she saw Chuck. Why was he here? Was he here for a meal? Charlotte was really surprised.

Chuck did not take any move the last time they met. And Charlotte had insomnia for a couple of days after that, she thought, "Is Chuck interested

in me or not? I said it so clearly in the car that night. But he didn't touch me." To be honest, Charlotte was very disappointed. She wasn't that bad of a lady too.

"Charlotte, let me introduce someone to you. This is the top-grade loser in our class." Lara proudly pulled Charlotte and walked towards Chuck.

Charlotte was shocked. It turned out that Chuck had such an image in Lara's heart. "Loser?" Charlotte wanted to slap Lara in her face.

"Chuck, what are you doing here? Are you here to look at the shop lots too?"

Lara looked down on him. When she went to the manager's office, she was surprised to know that the campus belle Yolanda was the manager. She tried so hard to make Yolanda rent the shop to her, but Chuck...

Although she did see Yolanda, the campus belle, come to find Chuck in the class before, she did not think much about their relationship. Now that she thought about it and found it unreasonable. Why would Yolanda look for Chuck?

Maybe it was because of Zelda Maine. Zelda was the only possible reason!

Perhaps it was because Yolanda had something to discuss with Zelda, then she knew Chuck was a friend of Zelda by accident, so she asked Chuck for help. Yolanda only took Chuck as a middleman, and

it was nothing great.

"He didn't even know that he was being used by someone else. What a loser!" She made the assumption in her head.

"I'm not here for the shops, I am just wandering around," Chuck glanced at Charlotte and shook his head. Charlotte wanted to say something, but she had promised Chuck not to tell Lara about him. Charlotte felt helpless in her heart. "Lara, don't you go too far, or he might take revenge on you. He's so rich..."

"Oh." Lara smiled.

"Why did I even asked though? Your purpose here can only be come and wander around too, right?", but Lara's heart was full of contempt.

"He is probably lying. What a loser! Yolanda is just making use of you, but you are so happy that you think that Yolanda will talk to you? Stop dreaming, she is the campus belle!

She will not pay attention to you at all even if you came to look for her! Do you think that she will be grateful to you because you helped her once? What a loser." She continued to look down on Chuck in her mind.

"This is my store." Lara showed off. "You don't know it, do you? The manager of this plaza is the campus belle Yolanda. I just told her to rent it to me and she immediately rented it to me after making a

phone call!"

"Oh, it's great. Congratulations." Chuck smiled.

Lara was dissatisfied. "What the hell are you laughing at? I'm going to be a boss now, but you're still following Zelda around. I'm much better than you."

"Come and have a drink during the opening ceremony, I'll give you one free drink," Lara said.

"Oh, thank you," Chuck replied lightly.

Charlotte's face turned red. She felt embarrassed and was ashamed. Lara, Chuck could buy this store, but you... how could you speak like he is poor? She thought. Charlotte could only throw an apologetic look at Chuck.

"It doesn't matter to me. When your store opens, there will be plenty of opportunities for you to ask me for help." Chuck thought in his heart.

"By the way, this is my cousin, Charlotte." Lara finally introduced.

Charlotte breathed a sigh of relief and reached out her slender hand. "Nice to meet you."

"Hello." Chuck reached out his hand and shook it. This was the first time Chuck had touched Charlotte's hand. Her hand was really soft and her skin was very tender.

Feeling that her hand was being pinched by his fingers, Charlotte's face turned redder. What did

he want to do?

"Let go, are you taking advantage of my cousin?" Lara was angry and hurriedly pulled their hands away.

Charlotte was irritated and thought, "What are you doing? I was willing to be taken advantage of by him! You..." Charlotte was speechless. If it weren't for Lara, Charlotte would have pulled Chuck to the bathroom already.

"Pervert!" Lara curled her lips.

"Me? Pervert? Did I sleep with you that night?" Chuck said.

"You..." Lara's face immediately turned red. Yes, Chuck helped her in front of Zelda that day. She did say that she would sleep with Chuck, but he didn't want it!

Charlotte's eyes widened. Was there such a situation between the two of them? Did they almost sleep together?

"Chuck, if you say it again, I won't forgive you." Lara was angry.

"Why don't you let others know what you've done? You said it yourself that you were willing to sleep with me." He said.

"You bastard, I did say that, but you didn't come over. I gave you a chance but you turned it down, it means that you have given up. If it was today, do

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you think I will say the same again? Dream on! I have a boyfriend now, a rich man! A baller!" Lara glared at Chuck with a proud face.

"Oh, a baller? Who is it?" Chuck laughed.

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"He just bought a luxury car. The money he spent on that car is an amount you can't possibly earn in your lifetime." Lara snorted with a disdainful voice.

Charlotte felt helpless and speechless. Your rich boyfriend is just in front of you!

"Wow, he sounds rich. Let's ask him over so that I can get to know him," Chuck said with a smile.

"My boyfriend doesn't have time for you. He is busy running his own company and earning millions of dollars a day. And you expect him to drop his work just to come over to meet you? Who do you think you are?" Lara glared at Chuck.

Chuck touched his nose and thought, "Am I that busy? I run a company?"

"Why don't you ask him over to see you?" Chuck said.

"He will come for me no matter how busy he is. But we had just met last night over a candlelight dinner and I don't want to disturb him now because I am a considerate girlfriend. You won't understand what I mean, will you?" Lara curled her lips.

Charlotte was surprised. "Chuck and Lara met last night? It shouldn't be, right? Otherwise, how could the two of them be like this now?"

"Lara, stop talking..." Charlotte couldn't bear to

listen any longer, so she quickly pulled Lara away.

"Why can't I continue?" Lara shook her head. She was in a bad mood and was irritated by Chuck's words. She really wanted to kick Chuck in his face. She had given him a chance to sleep with her before but he didn't want to, it's impossible for her to let him approach her again now.

"Yeah, so the conclusion is you can't get him to come here now." Chuck shook his head.

"Hey, stop it!" Lara yelled.

She was annoyed. "Alright, I'll send a message to my boyfriend to ask him to drive over right now!!"

As she spoke, Lara took out her phone. Charlotte felt helpless.

Chuck smiled. His mobile phone had always been silent. No matter how many messages she sent, no ringtone would be heard.

Lara sent messages to "baller" one after another, but there was no response. Lara was anxious: "Baller, please reply to me, okay?"

Lara bit her lip and hesitated then send the message to the baller again, "Reply me, I'll do whatever you want tonight."

"My words should be alluring, right? But...he still didn't reply."

Lara was disappointed and anxious.

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"My words should be alluring, right? But...he still didn't reply."

Lara was disappointed and anxious.

Charlotte was amazed when she saw such a beautiful girl. Then she felt ashamed of herself compared to Yolanda because she was way too beautiful.

Chuck was also stunned. He turned to look at Yolanda, who was limping towards him and thought, "What's she doing here?"

Chuck immediately ran over to help her as her legs were injured. Yolanda smiled and said, "Thank you."

"You should have been more careful last night. Look at you now, you can't even walk properly," Chuck said helplessly.

"Well, I guess I shall take more precautions next time." Yolanda apologized.

What was this conversation about? It was making their imagination run wild.

Lara was really shocked.

"What's going on? Why did Yolanda ask Chuck to help her and even smile at her? What's more, did he accidentally hurt her knee during some 'activity' last night?"

Lara was dumbfounded because it was completely incredulous! She thought that Yolanda was using Chuck. Of course, she would throw him away after making use of him. But she didn't expect that Yolanda would treat Chuck so well...

Charlotte sighed in her heart. "So that's how it is. He has such a beautiful girlfriend. Why would he be interested in me?"

"Sorry, the two of us have something to attend to," Yolanda said with a smile.

Lara couldn't come back to her senses, and she was envious in her heart. "Why? Yolanda cares about Chuck, and that "rich guy" doesn't care about me."

"By the way, what were you trying to say just now?" Chuck asked curiously.

Lara's face immediately turned red. Her face was burning red. She wanted to ask him to stop dreaming, but Yolanda actually came to find Chuck in person!

Chuck could not be bothered to entertain her anymore.

Yolanda said, "By the way, Lara, our boss said that you'll have to do your best if you rent this shop lot."

"We will. By the way, who is your boss?" Lara asked in a hurry.

"Why are you asking this?" Yolanda asked.

"It's good to know one more person. Can you give me your boss's number?" Lara was looking forward to it.

Chuck was speechless and thought, "Didn't I give it to you?"

"No!" Yolanda shook his head.

Lara muttered, "How stingy."

Chuck knew that Yolanda must have something urgent when she came over for him, so he helped Yolanda to the manager's office.

"Who was that?" Charlotte muttered to herself.

"The campus belle Yolanda, he is so lucky," Lara muttered with her heart full of sourness. "What's so good about Chuck? Even Yolanda treats him with such an attitude."

He had nothing special about him. Except for the fact that he was a little handsome, the rest...

Lara curled her lips. Maybe she thought that Yolanda had stolen something from her so she was not happy.

"You refused to sleep with me that night and you are now trying to sleep with Yolanda? Never come after me again, I won't spend a single night with you even if you beg me." Lara was fuming with anger, as she recalled the previous incident.

"Let's talk about more important matters, Charlotte. Let's go to the renovation company," Lara said angrily. Her good mood had been ruined by Chuck.

"What's the matter with you and Chuck? He just said that you wanted to sleep with him, then did you two really..." Charlotte asked.

"Ah, Charlotte, please don't ask... Well, I told Chuck that to thank him for helping me. But he did not come that night so it's not my fault either." Lara said.

Thinking of this, she became angrier. She had gone all out at that time. In fact, she ever only had one boyfriend, and that was Conrad. Chuck still didn't want her when she broke up with Conrad. The more Lara thought about it, the angrier she became. Chuck was really a pure loser.

Charlotte was suddenly enlightened. "So that's how it is."

Looking at her shopfront, Lara couldn't help saying, "Do you think the baller who bought the car is richer, or the owner of this plaza is richer?"

Charlotte shook her head as she did not know the answer to her question. But the plaza cost at least millions of dollars or maybe even more. Chuck was rich, but he can't be that rich, right.

Well, the owner of the plaza must be richer.

"Forget it. Let's not talk about it anymore. We shall get the quote from the renovation company as soon as possible." Lara said.

"Let's go." Charlotte agreed.

When both of them walked out of the plaza together, Lara turned her head and muttered, "Chuck, don't say that I'm not trustworthy. If you call me before midnight, I can still keep my promise

and sleep with you for one night. If you don't do so, then you won't have another chance."

.....

Chuck helped Yolanda back to the manager's office. Yolanda just said something on their way back, mainly about her ideas in the future planning of the plaza, She had suddenly come up with some ideas earlier, so she came out and looked for him. Chuck was right. Yolanda was really capable of this job.

But when he helped Yolanda back, he caught a whiff of her musk. It was not a perfume, but it was very natural and fragrant. Looking at her beautiful face, he could not help but wonder...

He was jealous of William in his heart. William was indeed lucky to get a girlfriend like Yolanda who didn't like wearing tight-fitting or sexy clothes despite having such a good figure. He could tell that Yolanda had a really nice butt while he was standing close to her.

But her loose pants didn't show it.

After listening to Yolanda for a while, Chuck gave up on the idea of attending classes. At noon, he went to send food to Yvette Jordan. She should be in the company by now. But at this time, Chuck took out his mobile phone and looked at his WeChat. Then he felt helpless after reading Lara's messages. Lara was really...

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Another message came. It was sent by Lara: Baller, could you please lend me 10,000 dollars?

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Chuck smiled while reading Lara's message. It should be the money that Lara needed to open the milk tea shop, but it was really ridiculous of her to borrow it from him!

Chuck ignored her message as it was too ridiculous.

Chuck put the phone in his pocket and turned to ask what Yolanda wanted to eat. He had to send Yvette a meal anyway, so he was thinking of buying Yolanda a meal on the way too.

"It's okay. I'll order some delivery myself. Thank you. There are still some details that I need to think through." Yolanda smiled and shook her head.

"Well okay then, remember to have your meal on time." Chuck said and left.

He casually packed three dishes in a restaurant in his plaza and went to the fifth floor. However, to Chuck's disappointment, Yvette was not there. She had probably gone out to work on some company issues. She seemed determined in running her company after signing the contract.

Chuck could only bring the dishes back to Yolanda's office.

Yolanda said, "Is this for me?"

Chuck didn't want to lie to her either. He just told

her that it was for a friend, but she was not around. Chuck didn't let her know that it was Yvette.

"Although it's originally for someone else, but still, thank you so much, because I'm hungry now." Yolanda smiled.

Chuck was surprised to see Yolanda's good temper, it was rare for someone beautiful to have such a good personality.

"You don't mind?" Chuck couldn't help but ask.

"What should I mind about?" She replied.

Alright then.

The two of them finished the three dishes. To be honest, Chuck really enjoyed eating with his beautiful friend.

Soon the night came about but there was still no sign of Yvette. She was probably out there dealing with some important matters. When it was almost time, Chuck offered to send Yolanda back to the university.

"Thank you. I'll take the car myself." Yolanda shook her head.

Chuck was surprised. Why did Yolanda look like she didn't want to go back to school? Chuck glanced at Yolanda's injured knee and sat down. "What's wrong with you?"

"It's okay. I haven't finished my work yet, so I'll go back later."

Yolanda didn't want to go back to school because she was afraid that William Yuri would wait for her at the door. She was thinking of sleeping overnight in the office as she could sleep on the couch.

"Did something happen to you?" Chuck asked softly, because he saw the sadness in Yolanda's eyes just now. Maybe she did not injure her knees by accident. But she was always cheerful and independent, so she would definitely not reveal her true emotions to just anyone.

"Nope." She said.

"Really?" Chuck asked again.

"Yes, thank you for your concern." Yolanda assured him.

"Just tell me, if there's anything wrong!" Chuck said.

Chuck was helpless. She had a boyfriend, so there was no need for him to worry about her. He could only tell Yolanda not to work too late. Yolanda smiled and nodded.

Chuck then left after the conversation..

Yolanda also continued her work. Then her phone rang out all of a sudden, it was from William. She did not want to answer the phone call but had no choice in the end as her phone continued to ring endlessly.

"Yolanda, are you sleeping with the man who sent

you back yesterday?" William's voice was very unpleasant. He had waited for her for a long time at the school gate, but she had not come back yet. He even went to the girls' dormitory and asked if she was in her room or not..

"Can you not be so disgusting?" Yolanda's voice was cold.

"Disgusting? Why don't you tell me about the disgusting thing that you did? Have you already slept with him more than once?" William scolded madly.

Yolanda hung up the phone.

William called her again, but she didn't answer the call.

Ding!

It was a message from William. He was cursing in the message, swearing to find her tonight. Yolanda sighed and told herself to ignore him. She clearly knew that she needed to work hard now to bring her life back to how it used to be.

After she finished her work, she locked the door of the office, and then curled up on the lonely sofa and closed her eyes...

.....

Chuck arrived at the parking lot and was about to drive home, when he suddenly thought that he wanted to ask Yvette about how she was.

However, it took quite some time for Yvette to pick up the phone.

"Hey..." Her voice sounded a little sad. What was wrong?

"Hey... Yvette, How are you now?" Chuck asked in a hurry. Was she sick? She sounded sick with her weak and hoarse voice.

Chuck thought that Yvette went out for work at noon when he sent her food. He did not know about her falling sick.

"My head hurts a little. It looks like the common cold." She said.

"Have you taken your medicine yet?" He asked with concern.

"Nope." Yvette replied.

"Where are you now? I'll buy you some medicine and send it over to you," Chuck said in a hurry.

Chuck would not have the courage to say that in the past but it was different now. Yvette no longer disliked him. He could feel the change in impression from the tone she used to speak to him.

Chuck no longer needed to be overcautious, he knew this was the opportunity that he must seize.

After a moment of hesitation, Yvette's cold voice sounded. "Okay, but it's a little far away. It will take you half an hour to get here by car."

"Alright no problem." He replied.

Yvette sent him the address after hanging up the phone. Chuck took a look at the address and immediately drove towards her house. Chuck even stopped half way and bought a bowl of porridge for Yvette. She probably had not eaten for a whole day.

Then he went to the pharmacy to buy some medicine and hurriedly drove to the place where Yvette lived. This neighborhood was almost the same as the one that Yvette had sold before.

Chuck suddenly thought of the house that he bought from Yvette and sighed, he did not have time to manage that house too.

After he parked the car, he walked in and took the elevator. To be honest, Chuck was a little nervous, as if he was going to do something bad. He kept telling himself that he was only here to send her some food and medicine to calm himself down.

"Yvette is ill today, so I can't have any thoughts about her!" Chuck hurriedly shook his head and dispelled this evil thought. He went to the front door of Yvette's home and knocked on it.

After a while, the door opened. Yvette looked pale and haggard. Chuck suddenly felt a little distressed. She had not eaten for a whole day. Why didn't she call him when she was sick? After all, he was her husband!

Chuck felt helpless. She was wearing a casual loose knee-length dress that revealed her pale calves. She was also wearing a pair of slippers, revealing her beautiful feet. Chuck did not dare look elsewhere as Yvette was not well.

"Come in and have a seat." Yvette looked at the food in Chuck's hand and felt touched. She was indeed a little hungry.

Chuck walked in the house nervously. This was Yvette's new home. She had only brought over the things from her previous house so it seemed familiar to him. Chuck sighed inwardly. "This is your medicine and here's some porridge. You should eat it first."

"Okay." Yvette said as she received the porridge from Chuck. Chuck felt Yvette was not comfortable with his presence so he went to the bathroom. She was staying in a single bedroom apartment so the bathroom could be easily located. When he passed by the balcony, he saw Yvette's undergarments being hung out to dry. Chuck quickly shook his head and stopped himself from thinking about it.

He decided not to disturb her and thought it was better for him to go home. Chuck went to the bathroom and looked at his mobile phone as he was bored. He then saw that Lara had sent him another message. He was nonplussed, and he could not convince himself to lend Lara any money.

"10,000 dollars, I need 10,000 dollars, and I

promise to give it back to you in a month's time." Lara was excited, because "baller" had finally replied to her message. "Baller" was her last resort for financial aid as her parents would never give her such a huge amount of money, moreover, she could not get so much out of her credit card too.

"Please..." Lara sent another message.

"Why do I need to lend it to you?" Chuck repeated. He wanted her to say those words herself.

"If you are willing, I can accompany you for three days, and then you can lend me 10,000 dollars. I'll still pay you back in a month." After a minute, Lara replied.

Although Lara was annoying, her credibility was still good. Chuck was hesitating, not because he wanted to sleep with her, but he thought he should seize the opportunity to humiliate her. So he told her to send him a nude photo of herself.

Lara did not reply to his message after that. Chuck thought that Lara was afraid of him spreading her photos so she chose to give up.

Chuck then put away his mobile phone and went out after using the bathroom. However his phone suddenly rang, it was a message from Lara. He clicked on it and found her photo in surprise, she was not totally nude but she did expose her body a lot in the picture. Her figure was really good!

Lara continued pleading. "Baller, don't do this to

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me. I don't want to send nudes. Have a look at the photo I sent just now, is it good enough?"

Chuck ignored it as he knew Lara would send him more photos if he ignored her.

However, Chuck thought differently after looking at Lara's photo. Since he was already at Yvette's house, should he do something about it?

Chapter 54

Chuck stopped thinking about it after a while. How could he mess with the ill Yvette at this time? Yvette might not like it if he forced her into doing so, even if she was willing to, her weak body was not suitable for that activity too!

Chuck came out of the bathroom and saw Yvette eating porridge on the sofa. He was relieved seeing her up and about as her complexion looked a little better.

Chuck no longer had any intention of sleeping with her after seeing her current condition.

"I guess it's time for me to go back," Chuck said gently.

"Alright then, thank you." Yvette stood up coldly and then said, "It's better to walk further to the main street as it's easier to flag a taxi there."

"Okay." Chuck did not tell her about him driving over.

"Take this." Yvette took out 500 dollars from her bag, walked over, and handed it to the dumbfounded Chuck.

"What is this for?"

"The money is for the medicine you brought, as well as compensate you for traveling back and forth from here," Yvette said coldly.

Chuck felt helpless. It was only a few dollars for the medicine and there was really no need for her to pay him back.

"No, you keep it." Chuck shook his head. This was too courteous of her.

"Take it. You need money to pay your rent and also your meals." Yvette insisted. Then, Chuck grabbed her hand and refused.

Yvette's cold body was trembling, and her face was a little red.

"You really don't have to do that. We've been together for so long. No need to do that." Chuck was a little disappointed.

It was not a good thing for Yvette to be too courteous. After all, he didn't come for money. He came for... Although they didn't do anything, it was also good for him to come and see Yvette.

"Mm." Yvette's cold hand struggled for a moment before she withdrew her hand. Her expression was unnatural and the atmosphere in the room became a little awkward.

Chuck wanted to kiss her so badly. Her lips were very sexy. They had slept together for so long but Chuck had never kissed her before. He wanted to know how it felt to kiss her lips.

However, Chuck held himself back. He knew clearly that her impression of him would deteriorate badly, if she refused his kiss and pushed him away.

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"Have a good rest. I'm leaving now." Chuck broke the silence.

"Okay."

He opened the door and went out, but Yvette suddenly said, "Has the owner of the plaza you're at changed?"

Chuck shook his head and indicated he didn't know.

"Okay, be careful on the way."

Chuck went downstairs and left after getting in the car. He smiled as he thought about it over and over again on the way.

Although he didn't do anything this time, he managed to improve Yvette's impression of him. It was one step closer for him to win her heart again.

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The next morning, Chuck called Yvette and asked her how she felt. He was relieved to hear her voice sounding better.

He wanted to send Yvette some breakfast so he made a phone call to check on her first. Chuck immediately hung up the phone before Yvette could even refuse. He then drove to Yvette's place and parked the car by the roadside. Next, Chuck bought some breakfast and went upstairs to knock on the door.

Yvette opened the door and she looked much

better. Chuck didn't step into the apartment. He then handed her the set of breakfast and said, "Have a good rest."

Chuck turned around and left after that. He had no intention of entering the apartment at all.

Yvette was stunned. She thought that Chuck would come in and stay there for a while. Although it would be a little awkward, Yvette had already prepared herself for it. However, she did not expect him to not come in at all...

Yvette looked at a large set of breakfast - there was porridge, buns, and jam. The portion was more than enough for 3 people. She looked at them for a few seconds and suddenly shook her head and chuckled. "Can I even finish this much food?"

.....

Chuck got in the car and received a phone call from Wilbur Wendel. Wilbur was calling him to ask him about the dinner at the five-star hotel tonight.

Chuck was surprised. He did not hear of this event before this. Besides, a fancy dinner organized at five-star hotels normally required invitation cards to attend.

He didn't intend to be there for free food and drink. He was not that shameless!

"Why aren't you invited? Did you not receive the invitation card?" This time, it was Wilbur's turn to be surprised. After all, they had all already received

an invitation card. Why didn't Chuck have one?

"No, what's it about?" Chuck was curious.

"Oh, I heard that it was organized by a woman named Karen Lee. I have never heard of her before but she seemed to be someone important. There were rumors that she bought the most luxurious five-star hotel in the city two days ago with cash! It is impossible to buy the entire hotel without two or three billion dollars. Then, Karen Lee, also known as Madam Lee, issued a party invitation! My dad got it, and you..." Wilbur's voice was even more unexpected.

"Karen Lee?"

Chuck muttered to himself. He had never heard of this name, but someone who had billions to spend must be really rich.

"I didn't receive an invitation. I am not attending it, enjoy yourself tonight." Chuck shook his head.

"Well, by the way, why haven't you driven your 911 home?"

Chuck had no free time these days. He had been busy at the plaza with Yolanda. Besides, there were much more pressing issues to attend to before driving the new car home so he had to delay it for a bit. He had a car of his own anyway.

"Well it's okay, you can park there anyway, it's okay," Wilbur commented.

"Alright," Chuck replied.

After hanging up the phone, Chuck drove back to the plaza first. When he arrived at Yolanda's office, Chuck was surprised to see two exquisite boxes on the sofa, and there was a beautiful card on it. "What's this?"

Chuck asked curiously. Yolanda said, "Someone delivered them early in the morning."

Chuck opened the card and was surprised to see an invitation card from Karen Lee.

Chuck smiled. She probably wanted to invite the owner of this plaza. Since he had an invitation, he could be present at the dinner. Anyway, he would have to socialize more sooner or later. Chuck opened the box below to find a high-end suit, leather shoes, a watch, belts, and ties.

Chuck was surprised. He didn't know much about this, but it was Yolanda who became surprised next. "It's an Italian handmade suit, and... it's a limited edition..."

She had some knowledge of such things, but she was also shocked at the moment, because the suit alone cost more than 300,000 dollars. Not to mention other leather shoes, belts, watches...

Chuck had never heard of these brands before, but he knew they should be very expensive. But what did Karen want to do? Why would she treat all of them to dinner and even bought them suits?

Chuck opened another box and was stunned again. It was an exquisite evening gown, high heels, and a diamond necklace...

It was a complete outfit for a lady to attend a luxurious event.

Chuck was shocked, why was this Karen so generous?

Looking at the female outfit, Yolanda's eyes dazzled with excitement. The dress was also custom-made and extremely luxurious. It would be such an honor to be able to put it on!

Chuck wanted to go alone, but now that a woman's outfit was also prepared, he hesitated. Who should he take with him?

Yvette? Of course not. Yvette had not recovered from her illness yet. Zelda Maine? Since Wilbur had received the invitation, as the owner of a large restaurant franchise, Zelda's assets were worth more than 100 million dollars, so she must have received the invitation too.

Chuck thought hard for a long time and decided to attend the dinner alone. But Chuck suddenly realized that Yolanda was still admiring the dress happily, should he bring her with him then?

Chapter 55

Yolanda noticed the look in Chuck's eyes and was a little surprised.

"Are you free tonight?" Chuck asked.

"Yes." Yolanda nodded subconsciously.

"Well, you can have it then," Chuck said.

Yolanda's elegance was otherworldly and her figure was slim and tall. Chuck had never seen a gown like this before but he also knew that this gown could only be worn by someone with a good figure. To pull it off, she must have an ample bosom and a nicely shaped behind. Yolanda's figure met these requirements, and it was up to her to agree to his invitation now.

Yolanda was surprised by his words. She looked at the dress and hesitated. To be honest, she liked it very much, but...

"We're just going to have a meal and we will be back after the event." Chuck had never been to such a high end hotel before, so he wanted to go there and have a look.

Yolanda hesitated for a few seconds. "Don't you have other female companions?"

Chuck gave a wry smile. In fact, he intended to invite Yvette along as her perfect figure would suit the gown the most. Unfortunately, Yvette was still

not feeling well when he saw her in the morning.

He could not ask Yvette along in her current condition.

"You do have someone else in mind, don't you?" Yolanda asked with a smile.

Chuck nodded honestly.

"Well, since my boss has invited me, I'll go." Yolanda said.

Chuck heaved a sigh of relief. Yolanda was a cheerful and easygoing person, so she wouldn't mind. She was not an overly sensitive person.

Since the matters pertaining to the dinner had been settled, Chuck and Yolanda then continued their discussion about the plaza's operations. At about 4 o'clock in the afternoon, Chuck asked Yolanda where she was planning to get dressed for the dinner.

Yolanda didn't know where to go either. She slept here at the office last night and didn't even take a bath. She had to take a shower before wearing that beautiful gown!

"Do you want me to send you back to school? Or you can change here. I'll go..." Chuck asked, but he changed his mind about sending her back to school as it seemed a little inappropriate.

"I..." Yolanda lowered her head and stammered.

Only then did Chuck realize that Yolanda seemed

to be wearing the same outfit since yesterday. Did she not go home last night? Chuck was surprised. He was guessing that Yolanda might have slept over at the office but he didn't know why.

"If you don't mind, you can come to my house," Chuck said earnestly. However, when he saw the unnatural look on Yolanda's face, Chuck continued, "Or we can get you a room at a hotel for you to change."

"Well, let's go to your house." Yolanda nodded.

Chuck had no objections. He put away the invitation card, carried the boxes, and left the office with Yolanda. Both of them then went to the car park and drove home.

Chuck joked along the way. "By the way, will your boyfriend be jealous if I take you to the event tonight?"

Chuck did not want to be blamed for getting involved in their relationship . Yolanda shook her head and said, "Nope."

At this time, Yolanda's mobile phone rang. She took it out and looked at it. It was from William. Yolanda immediately rejected the call.

Chuck was puzzled. Was it possible that Yolanda had a fight with her boyfriend?

Of course, he didn't ask Yolanda about it, it was not any his business anyway.

It would only make the atmosphere more awkward.

Chuck carried the clothes and went upstairs when they arrived at the lobby of his residence. Yolanda was limping a little because of her knee injury, but she tried to bear the pain and look as normal as possible.

When they got home, Chuck said while pointing at two rooms, "You can use either room as you wish."

"Thank you." Yolanda entered a room with a box in her hand. Chuck, of course, went back to his room. After a quick shower, he changed into his suit. It fitted him very well as if it was tailored made for him.

Chuck was surprised to see himself in the mirror. This gift from Karen was really too generous!

Next, he opened the door and waited outside, and he heard the sound of the hair dryer coming from the room. Yolanda must have just finished taking a shower.

Chuck sat down and waited for her. After more than ten minutes, the door opened and Chuck stood up in surprise.

So gorgeous!

This was the first impression in Chuck's mind. Her tall figure was wrapped in the delicate evening gown, revealing a vision of perfection. Her figure was comparable to that of Yvette's.

Her hips were curvy, her waist was slender, her eyes were bright and her teeth were white. Her face didn't need any makeup. She just put on a little lipstick and curled her hair slightly. She was a fresh and charming beautiful lady.

Rare, she was indeed really rare.

Yolanda was surprised too when she saw Chuck in his suit.

This suit was perfect for him. He seemed so elegant in it. Yolanda could not help but be more curious of Chuck's parents' backgrounds.

Setting aside her doubts, Yolanda smiled and said, "I'm ready."

Chuck came to his senses. He would make a fool of himself if he continued staring at her like that.

Both of them went downstairs and Chuck drove to the five-star hotel.

Hotel Luna was indeed the most luxurious hotel in town. The decorations and furniture were magnificent. Karen must be a wealthy and influential figure, to be able to buy this hotel.

There were various luxury cars such as Ferraris and Rolls-Royces parked at the entrance. Chuck's car could not match up to those beautiful vehicles!

However, to Chuck's surprise, the very good-looking security guard did not look down upon him. Instead, he came over to welcome him and led

Chuck to the parking lot to park the car.

The service was top notch.

Chuck opened the door and got out of the car. Then he opened the door for Yolanda to exit as well.

"Thank you." Yolanda came out of the car.

Chuck handed the invitation card to the security guard, the security guard then showed them the way politely.

Chuck was really surprised along the way as the magnificent interior of the hotel was really eye-opening to him. The worth of this hotel might be more than what Wilbur said.

He shook his head in awe.

At this moment, there were already a lot of celebrities in the banquet hall on the first floor. They were talking in groups of three or five. It seemed that they were all talking about Madam Lee.

Chuck and Yolanda did not enter the crowd, but sat in the corner. He heard the discussion from the nearby crowd when he was eating some fruit canapes on the table.

"Have you heard of Karen Lee?"

"No, I've never heard of her before. Who on earth is she?"

"I don't know, but she must be someone great to be able to buy Old Henry's Hotel Luna. Old Henry is not short of money. I can only say that Karen must have offered an exorbitant price that not even Old Henry could resist. I guess Karen must be from a strong family background, so she was able to buy the hotel easily."

"I agree. Even among the people present here today, only very few can afford billions of dollars at once. This Karen is not simple! Her family background is even more mysterious!"

Chuck listened to these voices and was also curious about Madam Lee. She would probably be present later. After all, she had invited them to this dinner and even prepared them with expensive outfits. Chuck would really want to meet her in person and at least thank her for the night.

At this time, Wilbur Wendel and Harold Wendel came over to say hello. Wilbur suddenly realised that the watch on Chuck's wrist was worth more than two million dollars. He was even more surprised when he saw Chuck's suit and leather shoes as they cost at least five or six million dollars. He was dressed so luxuriously!

Wilbur was a little ashamed of himself. He felt a little ashamed when he thought that he was richer than Chuck before.

However, he was also surprised to see Yolanda beside him. How could Chuck bring Yolanda here?

Shouldn't he have invited Zelda Maine as his date?

He had already seen Zelda drinking some wine on the other side.

Could it be that both of them were quarreling?

Yolanda smiled and greeted Harold, while Chuck looked around and caught Zelda's eye. Chuck hesitated and said to Yolanda, "I think I saw my friend, I'll go over and say hello to her."

Since Zelda had already spotted him, it would be impolite of him not to greet her.

"Well, go ahead." Yolanda smiled.

Chuck stood up and walked towards Zelda. But at this time, William Yuri, who was wearing a suit, came in from outside. He looked around and took a glass of red wine from a waiter passing by. He was ready to approach his friends, but he suddenly saw a beautiful lady sitting alone.

He thought of something and immediately wanted to strike a conversation. But after he got closer to the lady, he frowned. "Why does she look so familiar?"

He approached her doubtfully and was immediately angered. "Yolanda, it's fine that you ignored my call, but why did you come here by yourself? Tell me, which bastard did you come with?"

Chapter 56

Zelda Maine saw Chuck Cannon walking towards her, then she looked at another side and saw Yolanda from a distance.

She was a little surprised. Why did the manager come with Chuck?

Chuck's eyes widened when he saw the stunning Zelda, who appeared to be a very elegant and mature today.

"Zelda," Chuck said as he came over.

Zelda's eyes wandered around him, and she was surprised as well.

This expensive suit was very suitable for him. It gave off a different vibe this time. He looked handsome the last time he changed his appearance, but this time, one could feel the nobility from him when he wore this suit. It was really amazing.

But when she thought of the last time when Chuck had a wet dream of her, she was surprised that she didn't feel angry.

"Well, I thought you weren't coming anymore." She said.

Since she had received an invitation. How could it be that Chuck, being so mysterious, had not received it?

Chuck asked her why she didn't call him, But upon asking, he felt that this was an awkward question. How could he let a woman take the initiative?

When Zelda was about to answer him, Chuck quickly changed the topic. However, Zelda asked, "Do you know Madam Lee?"

Chuck shook his head. He didn't know her. However, it was obvious that after the party, those who wanted to stay overnight would probably choose here. It seemed that Madam Lee was good at doing business.

"I don't know her either, but I heard that she is a very mysterious person, but that's none of our business. Anyway, we'll leave after the dinner..." Zelda continued.

Chuck thought the same.

"How did you and Yolanda meet?" She looked at him and asked. It was a little strange that he would bring a manager over.

"You should know, Yolanda was one of the prettiest girls back when we were studying," Chuck said. However, with that weird look of hers, did Zelda really think that she was the new manager of the square?

"Wow, since you're able to bring someone like her here, you must be pretty amazing too," She said.

Chuck gave a wry smile. If Yolanda had not been working at his place, he would not have known her,

let alone bringing her here.

Zelda thought to herself:

"I wasn't thinking about him at first, but he actually brought his manager here. Wasn't this can only be done easily if he was the boss?

So it's really him!!!"

Thinking of this, she felt a little uncomfortable and thought "You let Yvette renew the contract, but what about me? I have also been interested in that place for a long time."

Zelda wanted to ask Chuck clearly, but when she saw him suddenly turned around and walked away, she muttered, "Escaping?"

.....

"Yolanda, who did you come with?" William had a cold look on his face. His girlfriend didn't come with him, but with another man. How could he be happy?

"It's none of your business. Besides, this is someone else's place. Please don't talk so loudly here." Yolanda shook her head.

She sighed in her heart.

Why did William come here too? Sigh, his father was the boss of King Cross Realty. This five-star hotel was built by his father's company. How could he not be invited by the new boss?

"In this entire city, there is no place that I, William Yuri, can't speak loudly as I please." He said proudly.

William sneered. "Who brought you here? Scared of telling me? You are my woman. How dare you try to betray me? Believe it or not, I will cripple him today!"

"I came here on my own. Don't make a scene." Yolanda was in a hurry, so she prepared to pull William outside first.

Of course, she didn't want to get her boss involved. If she was fired because of this, she would be really sad. Without a good boss, and no good opportunity, how could she let her family recover?

"Humph, now you know you're wrong? Well, come with me to the toilet and I'll spare you this time. I'll let that coward off the hook this time!"

William stared at Yolanda's breast and said with a sly smile.

Yolanda was stunned, and her beautiful face was instantly filled with anger.

"If you don't listen to me, then I'll kill the coward who brought you here today, I will definitely kill him! He dares to rob my woman, then he must be tired of being alive! ...Yolanda, you don't want him to have an accident, do you? Be obedient and follow me to the toilet. There are so many people out there, it'll be very exciting. I am sure that you'll

love it."

William sneered, and at the same time, he joked in his heart,

"Humph, I'll take advantage of you first, and then I'll cripple the man who brought you here later!"

William dragged Yolanda to the toilet. She struggled. "Don't do this, please..."

She was anxious and wanted to escape now, but William grabbed her hand very tightly. How could she be more powerful than a man?

But suddenly, a hand grabbed her, and Yolanda's body trembled. When she turned her head, she was stunned.

"What are you doing?"

Chuck pulled Yolanda behind him and protected her, he said while staring at William angrily.

This man was once the famous rich kid in his school. How could Chuck not have heard of him before?

However, seeing William forcing an unwilling Yolanda to the toilet. It was not difficult to figure out what that pervert wanted to do.

William stared at Chuck. He didn't know who this person was, but Chuck's high-grade expensive clothes made him understand the situation a little. "Was it this guy who brought my woman here?" He thought.

"He must be. It seemed that this guy was rich, but it is pale in comparison to my family. What's more, I had the support from gangsters, I could kill this guy easily!"

Thinking of this, William's arrogance showed up, "Humph, boy, do you know who I am?"

"I don't care who you are." Chuck couldn't be bothered to talk to him.

William was so angry that he raised his leg and kicked at Chuck. Chuck fell to the ground. It was so painful because his forehead was hit hard on the ground. Yolanda was anxious. "Chuck... William, why did you hit him?"

"Clap!"

William raised his hand and slapped Yolanda, which injured the corner of her mouth, and blood started to flow down.

Yolanda did not cover her face with her hand. Instead, she stared stubbornly at William. "Is that enough?"

Snapped! Snapped! Snapped!

"You cuckolded me. What the f**k!" William shouted.

William raised his hand and slapped Yolanda heavily again. Yolanda was still standing, her face was red and swollen, and there was more blood on the corner of her mouth. However, her

stubbornness prevented her from moving or crying.

However, the sound of the slaps silenced everyone in the hall. Many people came over and gossiped.

"What's going on? Isn't this Richard Yuri's son?"

"He is. In the entire city, he is the only one who can beat up other people on such an occasion."

"Then who was the one that fell down just now?"

"I don't know. He should be some rich person's son. But he's in trouble. It doesn't matter who you are, if you offended Richard's son, you're in big trouble."

"I think so too. This young man is doomed. Richard isn't someone you can simply provoke with. It's likely that he'll even get his parents in trouble."

The onlookers were talking about it. Some of them sympathized with Chuck, some felt that Chuck was unlucky, and some mocked him even more, thinking that Chuck did not know what he was getting himself into and dared to play tricks on William's girlfriend.

"Yolanda, I'm going to beat him up! And I'm going to hit him until he dies. How dare you grab my woman? I want you to know that you really have a poor taste in women! You cheap bastard!" William lifted his leg and kicked him over and over. He kicked Chuck to the ground again as soon as he got up. He kicked for a few times in a row, and it

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was so painful that Chuck almost passed out.

Crash!

Chuck was kicked and slammed into a table. He gritted his teeth and got up. Now, Chuck was also angry. He picked up a wine bottle on the table and threw it at William, who was sneering.

Chapter 57

Crash!

The clear sound of glass shattering echoed through the great hall!

Chuck Cannon, who was furious, grabbed a bottle and smashed it. The glass shattered, and William screamed. He covered his face with his hands, he was full of ferociousness. His head was full of red wine, which embarrassed him greatly!

The onlookers were dumbfounded and began to discuss their own opinions.

"Who, who is this young man? How dare he hit Richard's son! He's so cruel!"

"That's right. If he fights like this, Richard will never let this one slide off so easily!"

"Young people nowadays are too impulsive."

"I think today's banquet is about to change. It's going to be Richard Yuri's revenge for his son!"

"Then I guess the new boss of this hotel, Karen Lee, can't do anything about it. Today's banquet is supposed to promote her hotel, but I guess she didn't expect her spotlight to be stolen by these two young people."

"You are wrong. Richard is the one that's going to steal the limelight. Now that the new boss, Karen,

has not even come out yet, I guess she can only turn a blind eye to this mess. She wouldn't come out until Richard had settled this matter. Otherwise, she will offend him as soon as he arrives. After that, she will definitely not be able to stay in the city anymore."

"For sure. If I were her, I definitely wouldn't have come out before the matter is settled. She's definitely not the stupid type, since she managed to get this hotel. Besides, who's bold enough to offend Richard here?"

Yolanda covered her mouth and was stunned.

Zelda, who was running over, was also shocked. Why did Chuck and William, Richard Yuri's son, fight each other?

Furthermore, he even used a wine bottle to smash Richard's face. This was so bold that it could be considered stupid. Everyone knew that William had some sort of relationship with gangsters!

Zelda's heart was anxious.

What should she do? What could she do? Something must happen to Chuck today. He was too rash.

Wilbur and Harold were also shocked. Wilbur shook his head and thought, "How dare he hit William? It's really..."

Harold took a look at William, and there was a weird sparkle in his eyes!

"Ah!! Don`t you f*cking know who my father is?! How dare you hit me? I'm the only one who can hit other people around here. How dare you hit me?"

William roared like a madman, clutching his head with his hand. His voice was full of disbelief!

Chuck lifted his leg and kicked him. The kick was filled with anger. William covered his stomach and screamed, "Both of you..."

Slap! Slap! Slap!

Chuck didn't want him to talk nonsense anymore, so he raised his hand and slapped him. The slap was very heavy, the loud sound from slapping his face echoed in the big hall!

William's handsome face was already red and swollen. He got up from the ground. The burning pain on his face stung his nerves. This was an insult!

"You're dead, I swear you won't be alive after today!" He was now a wild beast, full of anger.

Here, no one had ever dared to hit him, let alone in front of so many people, this great humiliation made him ferocious!

"You don't know who you are messing up with. My surname is Yuri and my father is Richard Yuri! Today, I'll make you kneel and plead to me before you die!"

There was a terrifying grin on his face!

However!

Slap!

Chuck remained unmoved and once again slapped him in the face!

The broad palm slapped on William's cheek made him dizzy. He sat down on the ground, thinking about how hard he was slapped!

The audience was even more dumbfounded!

"What? You're still beating him? Don't he know who Richard is?"

"That's impossible. Who in this entire city doesn't know Richard? He must know! This young man must be so out of his mind that he doesn't know where he is and what the condition he is in now. If he really doesn't know his own position, then there is no way anyone can save him now."

"That's right. If you offend Richard's son, you'll have no choice but to end up as a cripple, at the very least."

These people whispered, and many people sympathized with Chuck. Some even whispered that Chuck should run away as soon as possible.

"Chuck Cannon!"

Yolanda finally came back to her senses. She ran over in a panic and pulled him away. "I'm sorry, I'm sorry. I'm so sorry for getting you into this. You'd better leave first."

Yolanda knew that Chuck had money, but money and gangster background were two different things. Back in the time when she was still in school, she saw with her own eyes, where there was only a slight quarrel, yet William called someone over!

Within ten minutes, a car filled with people came over and fiercely beat the boy into a coma and seriously injured him on the spot!

William, who had been insulted today, would definitely do the same. Moreover, there would definitely be much more people who would come to help him!

She was worried that Chuck would end up like that person, or even worse than that person that was beaten up.

Before Chuck could speak, William had already got up from the ground. His eyes were blood-red, and he looked like a beast. "Leave? He's not going anywhere!"

Every word he said was filled with anger and viciousness!

It made everyone's hair stand on end. They looked at each other in dismay. This was a kind of anger, the so-called 'anger that came from William Yuri'!

What was he going to do?

He was still laughing. His smile was so ferocious!

Yolanda's face turned pale. She knew what William was going to do, she knew...

"I'll tell you who you've offended today. Today, I'm going to see you convulsing in your own blood pool. I'll see your terrified face, hear you begging for mercy, and then watch as you close your eyes... What a wonderful picture! I'll enjoy it, I'll enjoy it very much!"

His cold voice made a few women's hair stand on end. It was horrible!

With this, William took out his mobile phone and dialled a number!

There was no going back, there was no way William was going to stop!

He had been beaten just now. The humiliation he felt was more than word could describe! He had to take revenge at Chuck, to regain his honour and dignity!!

The phone was connected, and there was a dead silence in the room!

Yolanda's face became paler and paler, and her lips trembled. She was not afraid, but guilty for involving her boss, Chuck. When this phone call ends, Richard will be extremely angry. No one could avoid this, not even Chuck...

"Dad!" William gave him a hideous smile.

"Hello, son, how is it? Have you finally met that

Karen Lee?" There was a calm voice on the phone, as if nothing could affect him.

This was truly Richard's voice!

All the people around looked at each other in dismay.

"No."

"No? That's fine. Karen hasn't got any real ability. She just has some money. If she wishes to stay here, she will take the initiative to look for me... However, my God, what's wrong with your voice? What happened?"

"Dad, someone hit me just now!" William stared at Chuck like a viper.

"Hit you!! What?! Someone dared to hit you?" There was a sudden slamming sound on the table from the phone, and then the tone was as cold as ice.

"Yes, a person!" William said as he grinned.

"Wait for me! I'll send someone over!" Richard said immediately.

"Dad, ask more people to come here, because I want to see this person lying in a pool of blood today! I want him to die!" William was ferocious!

"Just hold on there! How dare anyone hit my son! He must be tired of living!"

The phone was hung up, and then the whole place

was so quiet that even the sound of a fallen needle could be heard!

William's face was almost distorted. At this moment, he looked at Chuck as if he were a dead man.

"He really called someone here!"

"It's over. This young man is really finished. Richard is furious. He's not joking."

The sound of discussion was like waves. They all thought that Chuck's life was finished. These voices made William feel full of pleasure knowing he's going to get his revenge!

Yolanda bit her lips tightly, and her voice calmed down. "Chuck, I got you into trouble today. You'd better leave now! Otherwise, his men will come, and you won't be able to leave."

She was prepared to bear all these responsibilities.

Chuck shot her a glance. After all, his effort of saving her today didn't turn into nothing.

Zelda's heart was filled with anxiety. "Hurry up and leave!" She thought.

She hurried over to Harold's side and said, "Director Wendel, you and Richard know each other. Please call him and calm him down. It'll be fine if this could be settled with money. Don't fight or kill. In case something happens..."

"It's too late for that." Harold shook his head. "It's

not like you don't know Richard's character. Once the call comes out, he'll come over soon! It's just too late, and it's not going to work even if I make a call..."

Harold's voice was strange. He looked at Chuck's every move and a strange feeling gurgled in his heart. Why didn't he call Logan yet? It was more useful for the man to talk to Richard in person.

"Chuck, please leave now!" Yolanda said anxiously.

"Hahaha, leave? I already said that he can't leave today!" William sneered, and his voice echoed in the hall, loud and insidious!

"Really?" Chuck glanced at William, he took out his mobile phone from his pocket, tapped a number, and dialled!

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Right as Chuck took out his mobile phone, everyone in the hall were stunned and even shocked. Others were confused.

"Uh, does he intend to call someone else?"

"Look, he also took out his mobile phone."

"That's funny. I've never seen this young man before. Who on earth could he call?"

"In this entire city, there are only a few people who have backups that they can call, and I know all of them. The young man in front of us isn't one of them."

"In my opinion, this young man is not calling someone, but rather, the police!"

"Yeah, Facing someone like Richard Yuri, one can only call the police, right? But it's a little too late to call the police at this time, isn't it?"

"It's better to be late than being beaten to death!"

Seeing Chuck taking out his mobile phone, William gave a hideous smile. That was very sarcastic!

"You're gonna make a call too? My father knows every gang in the entire city, so who are you calling? It's okay if you call a few gangsters, but even if they do come, they'll only be scared out of their wits. This is hilarious, even up to this point,

you're still struggling! It's too late to realise what you did wrong! But... If you come here, kneel down and apologise to me until I'm satisfied, then maybe I will change my mind to be merciful and not make it too hard for you!"

William sneered. His father knew every gangsters in the city, and even a few in other cities as well. In William's mind, it was disdainful for Chuck to take out his phone!

"Go on! Keep pretending, you don't have much time left!" William thought.

At this moment, William was full of joy and excitement. He couldn't wait any longer!

Yolanda looked at Chuck, who was on the phone, with dull eyes. Who was he calling?

Zelda was anxious as well. She felt that it was the best to run away rather than making a phone call at this time.

However, Harold had different thoughts. He was looking forward to it and thought, "Is he calling Logan?"

"Mom!"

When the phone was connected, Chuck walked to the side and called.

Now he could only call his own mother. Didn't his mother say that she had returned? Chuck didn't know where his mother was, but with his mother's

abilities, she should be able to find a solution for him.

"Hey, Chucky..." she replied.

Hearing his mother's voice, Chuck breathed a sigh of relief. "Mom, I have encountered a problem. Can you help me?"

Chuck knew from the onlookers that Richard Yuri was cruel and merciless. The problem was that he had a criminal background. He could ask dozens of people to come over with just a phone call. He didn't know if his mother could solve such a problem.

After all, there was still a difference between rich people and gangsters.

"Of course I can! Wait for me. I'll help you with it right away!" His mom said.

"Mom, have you heard of Richard Yuri?" Chuck added hurriedly.

"Richard?" She asked.

"Yes, I am now in a five-star hotel in the city. He's going to bring dozens of people over." Chuck told her.

"That much?" She replied.

On the phone, her mother chuckled and said, "Don't worry, nothing's going to happen. This is just a piece of cake. Just wait!"

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"Well, mom, where are you now?" Chuck was completely relieved. But how could his mother solve this problem? Would she call Richard or ask someone to come over? If it was the latter, she should have more people come over!

"Me... make a guess!" She told him.

His mother didn't even leave any clues behind, so how could he guess?

"Wait." She said this before hanging up the phone.

After hanging up the phone, Chuck tried to calm down and put the phone in his pocket.

"Who exactly did he call?"

"Who knows? Anyway, I think it's the police."

"I think so too, but still, I think escape is the best choice. When the time comes, it will be useless to kneel down or even beg for mercy."

"He can't run away anymore, can he? Hey, there seems to be a sound of car brakes outside. Richard's men are coming!"

The onlookers saw how quickly Chuck finished his phone call and were even more confused. Everyone was talking about it, but when they heard the sound of the car roaring outside, they subconsciously looked out!

Pit-a-pat-

The messy and repeated tapping footsteps came

from outside. People were coming, and there were plenty of people!

The whole place was silent!

They broke out in cold sweat. These were a group of despicable people who didn't care about their own lives. The people in the hall starting to get nervous. Some women were even about to cover their eyes. The scene would definitely get very bloody later.

William sneered! Finally, they had arrived!

From the sound of the footsteps, it seemed that the leader was a man in a suit. He looked like he was in his forties or fifties, with a shocking scar on his face, which made his whole face even more horrible and ferocious. Many people felt scared when they saw him at first sight.

He exuded a domineering aura. His cold eyes made it impossible for many people to look at him in the eyes!

There were about 30 or 40 people behind him, all of them were tall, muscular and expressionless. There was a kind of evil energy that exuded from them!

One call from William actually got this many people to come!

"This is the Real Estate Tycoon!"

"It's really him. I heard that he had crippled

someone recently. He's very arrogant and cruel. Oh my, this young man is finished today."

"Who told him to be arrogant? Who would even benefit from getting the bad side of William?"

"Hey, why haven't the men that the young man called arrived yet?"

"Why would they even come? Damian Wills is here, would anyone else even dare to show up? They're better off hiding."

The onlookers had different expressions on their faces, and the voices of discussions were endless.

Yolanda's face turned even paler. "Oh no, I'm really getting my boss into so much trouble..."

"Master Yuri, your father asked me to deal with this matter. Who is it?" Damian's face was expressionless and his voice was cold.

William sneered and raised his hand to point at Chuck. "That guy!"

With such casual pointing, many women covered their mouths in shock, the fight was about to start!

Damian glanced at Chuck without any expression. "Alright. What are your orders, Master Yuri?"

"Orders? That would be too much." William sneered. "First, hit him for three minutes straight. After that, give him a hard slap in the face, crush his hands, both of it. Then... let him kneel down and beg for mercy from me! Remember, I want him to

be afraid and beg for mercy with tears flowing down his disgusting face!"

"No problem, just you wait!" Damian said.

Damian nodded and stepped out. Behind him, three or forty more people followed!

This kind of horrible aura made the onlookers subconsciously retreat. This was a kind of oppression that no one can ever imagine!

They were all rich people, but at this moment, no one dared to speak, because they were afraid of getting involved in this. Because of Damian's reputation, they were feared!

"Should we do it or do you want to do this yourself?" Damian said with a poker face. His voice was not loud, but it entered everyone's ears. The coldness in his voice sent chills down everyone's spine!

"It's starting, it's going to be bloody!" Everyone held their breath.

At this moment, the whole place was dead silent!

Chuck didn't say a word, but his face was calm.

Yolanda bit her lip and spoke. "William, let him go. I'll go with you today!"

"It's too late for that now. I'm going to show you how bad your taste is!" William sneered and shook his head. "And, if you sided him anymore, you will only make me torture him more. No one can save

him today! Damian, let's begin!"

Yolanda's face was pale. She didn't cry when she was beaten just now, but the strong guilt at the moment made her tears gush out, she said, "Chuck, I'm sorry..."

Damian nodded and slightly raised his hand. More than 30 people came behind him and surrounded Chuck. All of them were expressionless and full of astonishing evil spirit!

"Wait!" Chuck said.

Damian's face was calm. He raised his hand and all of his men stopped moving. The scene was shrouded in a tense and fearful atmosphere. It seemed like there would be a horrible bloody scene in any second!

"What is he going to do?"

"He's going to beg for mercy! I'm sure he is! What else is he going to do?"

The onlookers whispered. William laughed sinisterly, full of pleasure, "Haha, come here, come here! Kneel down to me!!"

Chuck walked over. William's face was distorted from laughing too much. He was too happy. "Kneel, kneel for me..."

Slap!

Chuck didn't say a word. Instead, he raised his hand and slapped William. A loud sound of flesh

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being hit echoed throughout the hall!

Everyone was shocked and filled with disbelief!

What's this? He still dared to hit William by now? It was beyond everyone's expectation!

Even Damian and the dozens of men that he brought with him were stunned.

"Beat him! Kill him! Now!" William roared in a low voice!

Damian frowned and walked over. Dozens of people gathered behind him. But all of a sudden, a loud bang came from the outside!

Everyone was stunned. What had happened? Who was it?

Chapter 59

Damian's face turned pale. He could hear the sound of someone smashing the car.

Dozens of people behind him looked at each other nervously.

Boom!

Another sound came.

"Get out there and look at what's going on!" Damian ordered coldly.

A yellow haired man immediately ran out, but the sound of the car being smashed was still there. People in the hall looked at each other, what happened? Who was smashing the car? Who could it be?

"Boss, someone is smashing our car!"

The yellow haired man, who had just ran out, returned with anger. Damian's face turned really angry. How dare someone smash his car?!

That person must be looking for death!!

Boom!

The sound was still there, and then... footsteps came in. Someone walked in!

Chuck looked over as the others did. He saw a woman in a black suit entering. She was not very

old, as she was only in her early twenties, but her face looked very cold. She was carrying a steel pipe in her hand. It seemed that she was the one who smashed the car just now.

"Who is this?"

"I don't know. Is this who the young man called?"

"Maybe, but why is there only one person here?"

"This young man obviously doesn't have enough power. He can only summon one person here! He can't call anyone else over."

The voices of discussion at the scene rose one after another, but many of them were disdainful and scornful.

"Who are you? How dare you smash my car?" Damian stared at the woman in the suit. His voice was so cold and full of anger that was about to erupt!

The woman in the suit didn't even look at Damian and walked up to Chuck.

"She really did come for Chuck!"

"What's the use of calling a single person here!"

"They're going to die together!"

Chuck was surprised. This woman was so young. What was her relationship to his mother?

"Please wait for a moment!" She said.

The woman in the suit said and then walked to Damian.

He stared at her. "Who the hell are you? How dare you smash..."

The woman in the suit didn't speak. After shaking her head slightly, she just walked to the side and moved the table and chairs away as if she didn't want anyone to break it.

Soon, she cleared up a space. It was empty.

Everyone looked at each other with disdain and ridicule.

What was she going to do? Was she afraid that she would fall too hard when she was beaten?

Damian felt insulted. How dare a woman ignore him like this?

When he raised his hand, more than 30 people behind him stared at the woman in the suit, they clenched their fists, and surrounded her with a killing intent.

The woman in the suit didn't even flinch. Instead, she just walked over and raised her hand to grab Damian's collar. He was furious, but he was pushed to the ground by the woman in just a split second, and then...

He was dragged to Chuck's side by the woman in the suit. He had never thought that this woman would dare to do anything to him, nor did he expect

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her strength to be so huge!

Whack!

The woman in the suit raised the iron stick in her hand and hit his knee.

"Ah!!!" He screamed in pain.

Damian knelt down in pain! He knelt down in front of Chuck!

"Boss!" Someone screamed.

"How dare you beat our boss! We'll kill you!" Another of them threatened.

More than 30 people brought by Damian immediately flew into a rage and rushed over!

But...

Clap! Clap! Clap!

The sound of footsteps came in in an abnormally orderly way, as if there were hundreds of people coming in from outside. This was...

Everyone in the hall widened their eyes!

What was going on? Who's coming?

Damian's group of more than 30 people stopped all of a sudden!

As the sound of footsteps approached, many people walked in through the door of the hotel from the outside. They were carrying an oppressive feeling that is beyond description!

There were more than a hundred people in suits! All of them looked cold and stern!

In an instant, the large hall was enveloped by a cold aura that everyone's blood literally ran cold at an instant!

They walked in and didn't touch any tables or chairs in the hotel. According to the space that the woman in the suit made just now, they surrounded Damian and his men!

The one hundred people surrounded the group of more than thirty people. Their eyes were like an eagle's, which gave out a kind of deterrence!

The facial expression of these dozens of people brought by Damian suddenly changed. Some of them were trembling, and fear appeared on their faces. They leaned against each other like frightened wild dogs, they didn't dare to take a single move!

In an instant, the situation changed dramatically!

"Wow, there are so many people, but all of them are wearing the same clothes. Are they mercenaries?"

"Absolutely. Richard called Damian over. But there are only a few dozen of them. I didn't expect this young man to have brought so many mercenaries here. This is really terrifying!"

They were talking about it, and there was no longer a single trace of sarcasm in their tone, they were

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rather shocked!

Their strong oppression made Damian widen his eyes. "I am Damian Wills. Who are you?"

Slap!

The woman in the suit raised her hand and slapped him hard, which made his face red and swollen.

"Kneel!" She ordered.

The tone of the woman in the suit did not change at all.

"Who are you? I am Damian..." He was furious. Who in this city didn't know him? How dare someone even try to hit him?

Slap!

The woman in the suit slapped him again, and he spat out blood and became even angrier. "Don't you f*cking know me?"

However, before he could finish his words, his anger disappeared in an instant. In fact, he was shocked!

The woman in the suit raised her hand and snapped her fingers!

Boom! boom! boom! boom! boom! boom!

Hundreds of people attacked at once. They struck out their well-trained fists at the same time, which rained down like steel. Damian's men were all too terrified to resist.

"No!" One of Damian's men wailed.

"Don't beat us! Don't!" Another man joined him.

"We know we were wrong. Please don't, we'll die..."
One more man begged.

They screamed, and the cries of agony and the cries for mercy were heard. They tried to resist, but they couldn't. They were no match for the mercenaries at all. A hundred people versus around 30 people. In less than a minute, they all fell to the ground one by one like garbage, whining constantly!

This scene made all the people present open their eyes wide. The people brought by Damian were defeated, and they looked miserable!

It happened so fast that they hadn't returned to their senses yet.

Harold's eyes widened. He could not believe it. Were these people called over by Logan?

Zelda's eyes went blank. The people he had summoned... "Chuck, who exactly are you?" Zelda is a little terrified.

Yolanda couldn't speak anymore. It all happened too fast. She thought that Chuck would be defeated, but he didn't...

"You..." Damian was speechless.

Damian was shocked. He was the one who had the most followers in the city. He could summon more

than one hundred people at once, but it was useless. These men in suits were too strong. They were just like mercenaries. Each of them was able to take out seven or eight of Damian's men. Even if he called all his men here, they would probably still be defeated.

These people were too horrifying!

Slap!

The woman in the suit slapped him again, and her voice was still cold. "Kneel!"

Damian was shocked and hurriedly did as she commanded. "Bang, bang, bang, "

He bowed and slammed his head into the ground towards Chuck over and over again!

Everyone at the scene was dumbfounded. Did Damian, the biggest baddie in the city, just admitted to defeat like that?

"Spare my life, spare my life!" Damian pleaded!

Chuck glanced at him and ignored him. Damian stopped, but the eyes of the woman in the suit turned cold. She hit Damian on the back with the iron stick in her hand. He screamed and continued like a pug. He did not dare to stop.

Chuck locked his sight at one person, that is William.

William was so shocked that his mouth was wide open!

The shock in his heart rose within these three minutes could not be described with words. He thought that if Damian was called here, Chuck would definitely be finished today. But he didn't expect that Chuck would call in so many people. The appearance of these people overturned William's view of strength!

"Get over here!" The woman in the suit said in a cold tone!

William's legs were shaking as he collapsed to the ground. The woman in the suit snapped her fingers and more than a hundred people walked up to him. The pressure made William's face pale and his whole body trembled. "What are you doing? What are you doing? My father is Richard Yuri. Don't you dare to touch me!"

"You wait. I will call my dad. You are all finished, finished!" William took out his mobile phone. None of the people around him stopped him, they were just looking at him silently.

The phone was connected.

"Dad, call someone over quickly, dad!!" William shouted, but suddenly he was stunned because he heard a voice outside. He got up and looked at it, and immediately he was surprised. "Haha, my dad is here! Dad, I'm here! Dad!"

William ran over, but he was stunned. It was because his father, Richard, had come alone, and he looked flustered. "What had happened to dad?"

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He wanted to know why.

Chapter 60

Richard walked in. He came in alone.

Just now when he was outside, he asked Damian to bring some people over first. He would arrive soon as he wanted to see who had the guts to hit his son!

When he came, he brought along plenty of people here. But just as he was about to depart, someone suddenly called him.

He had never received this call before, because the number was very strange to him. He didn't want to answer it at first, but when he saw this rare number, he answered it in confusion. There was a woman's voice in the phone, and she first said her surname was Logan...

Richard thought about it over and over again. Who else could have such a rare number? There seemed to be no one else other than that so-called Logan.

He was suddenly shocked and hurriedly asked her what she wanted courteously. The coldness and calmness from the phone was one he would never forget in his life ever.

"Richard, you've offended my friend's precious son. Let's see what you're going to do about that!" She said.

With a simple sentence, the phone ended.

Richard was so frightened that he almost dropped his phone on the ground. When did he offend someone's precious son? He thought for a while and finally thought of what he was going to do. He was going to see who hit his son!

Could it be that the man who beat his son was a friend of Logan? He drove over at once!

He was nervous throughout the journey. He kept telling himself that it couldn't be so coincidental. But when he saw Damian's car was whacked at the door, he knew something was wrong. It was really his son who had caused trouble!

Logan could not be messed with no matter what! If one did, he could disappear at any time.

His heart sank!

The entire hall was silent because he had entered. Everyone in the hall looked at Richard. There were many people that knew him, and some were already prepared to watch the show to begin.

"Haha, I don't know how Richard is going to deal with this matter!" Someone muttered.

"There's no way to deal with it. This young man's background is obviously not ordinary, but it is sure pale in comparison to Richard's!" Another gossiped.

"I personally think highly of Richard. He knows

every gangsters` club in the city and that's beyond counting. You can see that Richard has come here alone since he has the guts and confidence!" A person laughed.

"I think so too. No matter what, Richard is a real estate tycoon. He is rich and has a strong background. No one present here is comparable to him. We have seen all kinds of situations before. If he dares to come alone, then the result is already decided." A random person said.

"Yeah! I don't know who this young man is. I've never seen him before. I'm really curious about how he called so many well-trained people over for a phone call. But the real contest is not about the number of people. After all, the older, the wiser!"

Everyone present knew Richard Yuri. Who had never heard of this name? Most of the people present were shocked by his arrival alone. They all thought that Richard would be able to resolve this matter in a few words!

After all, he had a reputation!

Harold knew Richard as well, but he could tell that something was wrong from his expression. "It was as if... he had received a call from Logan. Did he receive the phone call?" Harold wondered.

Harold was then shocked by the action of Richard!

"Dad!" William ran over in surprise.

"Dad, he's the man who hit me. He even called so

many people over. Humph, he is threatening the name of our family. Dad, call everyone now and let this kid see what the real meaning of strength and background is! We'll make a phone call and call ten trucks of people come!" William sneered proudly!

He was really a little scared when he was surrounded by so many people just now, but now he was not afraid anymore, because his father had arrived!

He stared at the hundreds of people who surrounded him just now and sneered. "Do y'all regret it now? Who told y'all to force me make this call? Now that my dad is here. Are you ready to kneel down and beg for your lives?" He thought.

But... William was puzzled, "Dad, why are you not looking well? Is it..."

Slap!

Richard glanced at his son. The anger in his stomach finally erupted. He raised his large hand and flung it out!

The sound of slapping could be heard clearly throughout the main hall!

What happened?

The onlookers in the grand hall were stunned. What's wrong? Did Richard actually hit his own son in public?

"Dad, why did you hit me?" After being shocked,

William touched his cheek with grievance.

"Hell, how many times did I tell you? Be a good boy and don't fucking cause trouble for me all day long!"

Richard kicked him, causing him to fall to the ground with a cry of pain. He found it hard to believe that his father had actually hit him.

Everyone present was dumbfounded. Was he admitting defeat?

Didn't Richard come here to negotiate with the young man? "Why has he admitted defeat before a fight?" They were confused and focused their eyes on Richard again.

What exactly is the background of this young man?

Zelda's face was full of shock. She thought that if Richard came, things would only become more complicated. But she was wrong. After Richard came, things only became more simple...

Yolanda was already shocked to the core. She clearly knew how powerful Richard's background was. If he came in person, it meant that there would be a bloody scene here. But she had never thought that Richard would deal with it like this. Her eyes turned to Chuck. She wondered what was his boss's background?

"Oh, dad, don't hit me, don't..." William screamed on the ground.

The whole hall was filled with the sound of him begging for mercy.

Chuck touched his nose, and the woman in the suit came over. "Your mother wanted you to make the decision!"

"Me?" Chuck was surprised.

The woman in the suit nodded. "Yes, by the way, your mother thought that he should be taught a lesson, so your mother suggested that he should take a vacation in the hospital."

Chuck thought for a moment and nodded. William really made Chuck very angry and uncomfortable today!

"Then let's do it according to my mother's wishes!" Chuck said.

"Alright! Just a moment" She said.

The woman in the suit nodded and turned around. She raised her hand and snapped her fingers. The hundreds of people she brought over immediately surrounded Richard and his son. The suppression immediately shrouded the scene again.

William was shocked. He got up in horror and hid behind his father. "Dad, save me!"

The muscles on Richard's face twitched. "My son already knew that he was wrong. Please..."

"What did you say?" The woman in the suit said in a low voice.

"I said, my son already knew that he was wrong..." Richard took a deep breath. There were so many people surrounding him, and their gazes were so cold that they made him feel an oppressive pressure that he had never felt before. His heart began to beat faster.

"Say it again!" The voice of the suited woman was still faint, as if a real estate tycoon in the city was not worth mentioning in her eyes.

"I..." Richard's face was as pale as death. The words that he was about to speak were unable to utter at the moment.

"Dad, you have to save me, you have to save me!" William screamed in horror, but his father sighed and remained the same.

Everyone present was completely shocked!

Richard hit his own son when he came in. This was enough to shock them. Now, he still wanted to send his son to be beaten without saying a word? This...

The whole place was as silent as a graveyard!

Because no one had expected this!

"Dad, do something. Dad, I am your son. There's too many of them. I will certainly be beaten to death. Ah..." William looked at Chuck in horror. He crawled over with all his hands and feet. With a plop, William knelt down!

He knelt to Chuck Cannon!

William was frightened by the amount of people. If he was beaten up like this, he would definitely die. He still wanted to live.

He begged for mercy. "I know I was wrong. I won't dare to do it again. Don't let anyone hit me. I swear I won't dare to do it again!"

Chuck looked looking down at him calmly, which made William even more frightened, "Who have I offended!"

Snap!

The woman in the suit raised her hand and snapped her fingers. "Don't dirty this place, drag him out!"

Out of over one hundred people, ten of them came out and dragged him out. William struggled and shouted, "No, I'm Richard Yuri's son. Please don't..."

Slap!

The woman in the suit frowned and kicked him in the face. William passed out with a scream, and his face was still full of fear.

"Take this outside!" said the woman in the suit.

Ten people dragged the unconscious William out of the hall. The sound of violent beating came from outside, and the hall was dead silent!

Chapter 61

Soon enough, those ten people came into the room and there were no expressions on their faces.

Richard Yuri sighed and went out immediately. Chuck then heard the sound of the car leaving. They must be sending his son to the hospital now.

The whole place was quiet!

The woman in a suit snapped her fingers. Then, the hundred well-trained personnel arranged the tables and chairs of the banquet back to the original place and left when they were done.

The place returned to normal, as if nothing had happened just now. No one spoke even when the personnel were arranging the tables and chairs. The place was literally dead silent!

At this time, the waiters served the dishes, and the banquet began.

The onlookers then began to find their seat and sat down. Everyone was only talking about the same thing in a low voice, that was, what exactly was Chuck Cannon's background and who he was!

Wilbur Wendel had been completely shocked. If he were the one who had beaten William Yuri today, he would definitely be the one going to the hospital. However, Chuck actually managed to be the one sending William to the hospital.

"Dad, who is he?" Wilbur whispered to his father, Harold Wendel.

Harold shook his head helplessly and said, "I don't really know the details, but what we should do is to befriend Chuck. We wouldn't want to offend him. Never!"

"Well, dad, I know what I should do now," Wilbur nodded. He was scared. If his father didn't show up that day, he wondered if he would end up like William.

Zelda Maine sat down and looked at Chuck. Even though she still had her doubts on whether the new owner of the plaza was Chuck or not previously, but she had no more doubts when she saw how Chuck easily called such a powerful person over a phone call and solved the problem of Richard.

The new owner of the plaza was definitely him!

Zelda was full of curiosity in her heart.

She wondered who Chuck really was and why he gave the fifth floor of his plaza to Yvette Jordan instead of her.

Zelda was not happy about it.

"Please come over here with me!" The woman in the suit said to Chuck.

Chuck nodded his head and followed after the woman, but when he passed by Yolanda Lane's side, he saw her reddened cheeks with palm print on

them. It made Yolanda, who was usually confident and cheerful, looked like a fragile and delicate flower, which was very lovable but also made people sympathize about her.

Chuck sighed. Yolanda was indeed an unbending woman. She didn't cry or make a fuss when faced with a situation like this. She really had the potential to be a successful businesswoman.

"Go ahead and have your meal, I'll go and meet with someone first," Chuck said.

"Alright, thank you," Yolanda was really grateful. If it weren't for Chuck, she would have been in a bad state today, and her virginity would have been taken away by William.

She had sworn in her heart that she would definitely work hard to repay Chuck!

"No problem," Chuck shook his head and followed the woman in a suit to a place.

Yolanda sat down and had a strange feeling in her heart. She touched her painful cheek and thought, "Will Chuck laugh at me for being so ugly today?"

"Young Master, you can call me Betty!" Betty Bernard, the woman in suit said respectfully.

She took Chuck up to the top floor of the hotel by elevator. Chuck was a little surprised. Was his mother at the hotel penthouse?

"Well, is my mother... at the penthouse?" Chuck

couldn't help but ask.

"Yes," Betty nodded.

Ding! The elevator door opened.

They arrived at the top floor of the hotel. When Chuck went out from the elevator, he saw the luxurious decoration. It was really a place where only rich people could afford.

"But since my mother is so rich, what's wrong with booking a room here? She can afford it anyway," Chuck thought in his heart.

"Young Master, please!" Betty led Chuck to the door of a room.

Chuck knocked on the door doubtfully and whispered, "Mom, are you in there?"

Chuck was very nervous.

Chuck had never seen his parents before. He was brought up all by his own grandfather. This year, when he was almost 20 years old, his rich mother suddenly appeared, which made Chuck a little confused.

"Yes, come in!" A light and doting voice came from the room.

Chuck was thrilled. This was his mother's voice from his phone!

Chuck pushed the door open and entered the room. Betty was standing at the door, waiting for

him.

Inside the room, it was a working place. A woman, who looked to be in her early thirties, was looking at Chuck with a smile. The smile was faint, but full of motherly love.

Chuck was shocked!

He did not expect his mother to look so young. Her facial features were so beautiful and she was elegant and graceful. People would know she was rich at a first glance. Was she really his mother?

Chuck found it hard to believe because he had not inherited his mother's genes at all. Only his eyebrows were somewhat like hers. If he could completely inherit her facial features, then Chuck would definitely be a handsome man.

"Mom, mom..." Chuck tentatively called her.

"Silly child, don't you remember me?" Chuck's mother smiled and walked over. "Are you okay just now?"

"I'm fine," Chuck shook his head.

Seeing his mother worried about him, Chuck's dreamy feeling disappeared. He felt real and excited. He was so excited to see his family members who he had not seen for nearly 20 years.

Chuck cried, and his eyes were red.

"Why are you crying? You are such a big boy already but yet you still cry?" Chuck's mother

shook her head.

Chuck wiped away his tears, saying that he was too excited.

Chuck's mother's eyes were red too. "Don't cry, you should be happy."

"Yes. Alright," Chuck nodded.

"Let's sit down," said his mother.

Chuck followed and sat down. He felt comfortable sitting on the big sofa, but he suddenly had a question that he wanted to ask his mother.

"Mom, what's your name?" Chuck asked subconsciously.

"Remember, my surname is Lee, and my real name is Karen," said his mother.

"What!" Chuck realized something.

Chuck jumped up from the sofa. He just found that the room was an office place, and it was also on the top floor. Who would have this kind of treatment except for the boss?

In this way, the person who spent billions of dollars buying this five-star hotel, invited him to the banquet, and prepared clothes for him is Madam Lee, his mother?

His mother always loved spending money and the first thing that she bought was a five-star hotel?

Chuck was shocked!

"Is it fun?" Karen smiled.

"Mother did you buy this building just for fun?" Chuck asked. His mother was too rich.

"No, I'm asking you if it's fun," Chuck's mother shook her head.

"It's fun," Chuck sat down and smiled. He was really surprised and he was even more curious about his mother's second purchase. "What was the item she's going to buy?" He wondered.

"It's good that you have fun. Are you hungry? What do you want to eat? I'll cook for you," Chuck's mother walked to the side and it made Chuck realised how big the room was. There was a kitchen and a bedroom inside the room too.

Chuck was moved. He had never eaten anything made by his mother. He really wanted to eat a meal that was made by his mother today. "I will have whatever you are making," Chuck said.

"Okay, I'll cook for you now. Wait for me," Chuck's mother put on an apron and began cooking in the kitchen. Soon, three dishes and one soup were prepared skillfully. It looked perfect.

One of the dishes was stir-fried tomato and egg, one was minced meat with eggplant, one was braised beef, and the other one was seaweed soup. All of the dishes were commonly seen but Chuck was almost crying when he saw it. It turned out that mother's cooking was the best.

"Why are you crying again? If you wish to eat something in the future, you can come here at any time," said his mother.

"Well... Has dad come back yet?" Chuck asked.

"I came back earlier. He's still abroad," Chuck's mother said.

Chuck also wanted to see his father. After all, he had never seen his father before. Maybe his father was still working abroad. After the meal, his mother washed the dishes. Chuck was curious. "Mother, since you are so rich, you don't need to do the washing by yourself right?"

"We should wash our own plate. This way, we don't have to worry if others wash the plate properly or not. You can watch the TV while waiting for me. I'll talk to you after I'm done washing," said Chuck's mother.

Chuck sat down on the couch. But at this time, his mother's cell phone rang on the table. Chuck picked it up and placed it gently beside his mother's ear.

Chuck seemed to have heard the voice in the tone of briefing from the phone. His mother frowned and said in a dignified voice, "Remember, don't tell me any project that is less than three billion dollars in the future. I'll give you about three days to take down the eight billion dollars project. I only want to hear one result, that is they want to sell it and I'll buy it!"

Chuck was stunned. His mother was so domineering. How many things did she want to buy?

"Okay, I have finished talking," The phone was hung up. Chuck's mother, who was serious just now, smiled instantly and said softly to him.

The successful businesswoman turned into a kind mother in a blink of an eye.

Chuck put his mother's mobile phone on the table. After a while, his mother finished washing the dishes, she took off her apron and sat down on the sofa. She looked at Chuck and said, "I have prepared the outfit for you but you gave it to the little girl named Yolanda. Why did you do that?"

This question confused Chuck. "Mother, please don't think too much. I just have no partner to bring, so I brought her here... Mother, what do you mean? Who did you prepare this outfit for?" Chuck asked.

Chapter 62

Chuck Cannon was confused when he heard his mother's words. "Mother, do you mean..."

"I don't mean anything else. Just do what you think is right. I won't restrict you about it," Chuck's mother said.

Chuck breathed a sigh of relief, and they continued to chat. But his mother didn't mention anything about what she had been doing for so many years abroad. Chuck didn't know how to ask. When it was almost time, Chuck was ready to go back. After all, Yolanda Lane was still waiting downstairs.

Since his mother was here, he could see her at any time.

Chuck walked out of the room and Betty Bernard sent him down. Then she returned to the room after that.

After closing the door, Karen Lee sat on the chair and looked at the documents. Betty didn't speak and just stood there quietly. At this time, Karen asked Betty, "What do you think of my son?"

"You mean..." Betty was surprised.

Betty felt that Chuck had a good character. He was rich but he was not arrogant or bragged about it. She had never seen such a humble young master before.

"Very good," Betty said.

"I also think he's very good. After all, he's my son," Karen said proudly.

Karen covered the document on the table. When she looked up, her face turned cold. "How is the project going on?"

"Richard has three companies under his name, one of them is a construction company, one is a renovation company, and the other one is an entertainment company. Their annual income is 300 million. The assets..." Betty said.

"With only three companies and yet he is so arrogant? They almost hurt my son. I don't want to see Richard ever again!" Karen said coldly.

"Yes, do you need me to get rid of him?" Betty asked. "He's currently in the Central Hospital. I can send someone to deal with him now!" Betty said.

"No, I don't want them to think Chucky is such a cruel person yet. It's not good for Chucky to know this," Karen shook her head.

"Then you mean..." Betty was not sure what Karen wanted.

"Tonight, we'll shut down all of his three companies! Then give him three days time to leave this place! If he doesn't leave in three days, then he'll stay here forever!" Karen's eyes were cold, and no one would dare to stare at the killing intention in her eyes.

"Yes! Please wait for a moment. I'll do it now!" Betty bowed her head and turned around respectfully.

"Wait!" Karen raised her hand and stopped her.

"Yes," Betty stopped, turned around, and bowed her head again.

"Remember, his whole family must get out of here! If any of them dares to stay here and shows up in front of my son again, wherever they go, I will kill them!" Karen said angrily.

"Understand!" Betty nodded, but hesitated to ask, "Do you need me to ask someone to protect the young master?"

"Protect him secretly! If necessary, don't care about the family's killing order! Whoever hurts my son, no matter who it is, I want their whole family to die!" Karen said coldly.

"Yes!" Betty nodded.

"Wait!" Karen hesitated and raised her hand again.

Betty stopped and asked subconsciously, "You seem to be very hesitant?"

Betty had been following Karen for so many years, she had never seen her in such dilemma. When Karen said about killing someone, she would never go back on her words. But now she was a little hesitant... Was it all because of Mr. Cannon?

"That's right, I'm in a dilemma!" Karen admitted.

Karen nodded and sat down again. "Chucky is still young, and I hope that he can slowly take charge of his own business. Therefore, there will inevitably be a process of growth. If I arranged everything for him, it would be unfair to him! So, listen to Chucky, and you can solve the problem in whatever ways he wants," Karen said.

"Alright!" Betty nodded and went out.

Betty went downstairs and took out her cell phone and called someone. "Seal all three companies of Richard! Deal with it right now!" She said.

Then, she hung up the phone.

At the Central Hospital.

Richard Yuri looked worriedly at his son who was at the intensive care unit. His heart was bleeding. How could this be? His son had been rescued for nearly an hour and had not come out yet.

Richard was nervous!

He had really offended a person who shouldn't be offended!

When he was pacing back and forth, his cell phone rang all of a sudden. He looked at his phone and answered it...

Five seconds later, Richard's eyes widened and he roared in the corridor, "Who did it? Who dares to close down my company? Find it out immediately! How dare he provoke me, I'll kill him!"

After hanging up the phone, Richard was furious! He was in a bad mood today!

However, when he saw that Betty was actually walking towards him, as if she was locking on a target, he felt that something was wrong.

The anger on his face disappeared and he asked politely, "Are you looking for me?"

"Yes! In three days time, get out of this place! Or else! You will stay here forever!" After saying this coldly, Betty turned and left.

Richard froze. A trace of fear spread across his face. He struggled, he was furious, and finally, he was despair. His face was as pale as death and he collapsed onto the ground. He was regretful...

.....

Chuck was still in his mother's room, time flies and almost all the people at the banquet were gone. However, Yolanda Lane's face was still red and swollen, and the palm print was still very obvious. Of course, she couldn't go back to school now.

Chuck was embarrassed to ask her to go to his house, so he just asked her to stay in the hotel for a night. Yolanda lowered her head and did not refuse. So, he went to the reception desk to book a room for her.

When the beauty at the reception desk saw that it was Chuck, she immediately booked the best presidential suite politely for him. "It's too

expensive," Yolanda shook her head and said.

"It's okay. I know the boss here. It's free," Chuck smiled.

"Well, thank you," Yolanda thanked him, but she was surprised in her heart. How did Chuck know so many people? He even knew Madam Lee, the hotel owner.

Yolanda found it hard to believe.

"You're welcome," Chuck shook his head and said.

Soon after the receptionist handed over the room card, Chuck brought Yolanda upstairs to their room. "You can live in the hotel first. I'll bring over your clothes to you tomorrow morning," Chuck said.

"Thank you," Yolanda thanked him and closed the door.

After that, Chuck turned around and took the elevator down. He hoped that Yolanda would have a good sleep at night and feel better tomorrow. After all, she was slapped twice, which was hurtful for a woman.

However, when the elevator door opened, three beautiful women came out together. They wore short skirts which revealed their long legs. Their top was even sexier and it showed their thin waist. Anyway, it made men feel good.

Chuck took a few more glances at them. What were these women doing?

"What are you looking at? Haven't you seen any women before?" One of the women said.

"Give me 5,000 dollars. I'll let you watch as much as you want!" Another woman said.

"Look at his dirty clothing, he definitely would not have 5000 dollars on him," The third woman said.

The three women were full of contempt. Chuck looked down at his clothes. He had a fight just now, and his clothes were really dirty and torn.

When they came out of the elevator, they didn't even bother to look at Chuck. Chuck saw that there seemed to be something in these beautiful women's pockets. Was it a card? He frowned. "What are you three doing here?" Chuck asked.

"It's none of your business!" They replied in unison.

The yellow-haired beauty glared at Chuck.

"That's disgusting! Where are you staring at? You pervert!" Another beautiful woman also stared at Chuck angrily.

"What's in your pants?" Chuck saw the card. "Are they giving out their "business card" in his mother's hotel? Doesn't it affect the reputation of the hotel?" Chuck suspected.

"Are you out of your mind? Mind your own business!" The woman shouted.

"Don't pay attention to him. He talked to us on purpose. Look at him, he's dirty," Another woman

said.

"Yes, just ignore him. Let's continue to give out the card. This hotel is new and there must be a lot of big bosses coming here. It's no problem for us to earn a 5-figure revenue today!" The woman said.

The three beautiful women took out the colorful cards from their pockets. They put it from door to door rapidly. Chuck came over angrily and said, "Stop this immediately, I'll kick you out of this hotel if you continue!"

"Who the hell are you?" The yellow-haired woman walked over angrily. "What does it have to do with you? Is this hotel yours? How dare you try to drive us out!" The yellow-haired woman said.

"What a lunatic! I've never seen such a shameless person!" The other woman too commented.

"Don't talk to him anymore! He just wants to chat with us. What a lousy method! It's annoying! If you want to have fun with us, just give us 5,000 dollars! If you want to sleep with us, then the price is different. If you don't have the money then get out of here!" The yellow-haired woman said arrogantly.

"He doesn't look like he has! It's a waste of our time to talk with him!" The three of them walked away.

They continued sliding the cards to every room. Chuck glanced at them and took out his phone to call Betty. "Betty, call the security guards to the 26th floor!" Chuck said.

09:03 ■

When Chuck put away his phone, the three beauties looked at each other and became more disdainful.

"Did I hear it wrongly? Who did he call?" The yellow-haired woman asked her friends.

Chapter 63

After the three women stuffed all their cards in every room on this floor, they walked over with their long legs swaying. Their eyes were full of disdain.

"Didn't you call for help? Where are they?" One of the women laughed.

"Leave him alone. He's just pretending," The other woman replied.

The three women pressed the button of the elevator, and it slowly came up from the first floor.

While waiting, the three women despised Chuck Cannon even more.

"Well, sometimes the gap between humans is just so far apart. When some people like to just show off and pretend here, they are actually others who are really awesome! " The yellow-haired woman said, glancing at Chuck with sarcasm in her tone.

"Who is the awesome one?" Her friend asked.

"Yes, who are you referring to?" The other woman said.

"Since both of you slept in just now, you two didn't know anything at all. I saw a lot of people suddenly coming to this hotel just now. They were like mercenaries and they were all wearing the same clothes. I was curious and wanted to follow them,

but I was stopped by the people at the door. So, I immediately moved to a place to see these people from a distance. They were all being respectful to a handsome man and listened to his comand. That handsome man is really awesome, as he can command so many people," said the yellow-haired woman.

"Really? Who is that handsome guy?" One of the women asked.

"He's too far away so I can't see him clearly. But I remember seeing him beat up another rich man called William..." The yellow-haired woman said.

"Really? He deserved it, haha," her friends laughed.

"The handsome guy that I saw is truly awesome. So many people are listening to him. How nice would it be if he were my boyfriend?" The yellow-haired woman said and licked her lips.

"I want him to be my boyfriend too," One of the women said.

"Why are you shaking your head? Are you a pervert? How dare you eavesdrop on us!" Seeing Chuck shaking his head, the yellow-haired woman scolded him.

"The elevator is here, let's go quickly!" Her friend said.

The three women looked at Chuck scornfully. When the elevator door opened, Betty Bernard and five security guards were in it.

The three women were stunned.

Betty glanced at the three women, frowned, and walked out with the security guards.

"We..." The yellow-haired woman subconsciously lowered her voice.

The other two women took a step back. The yellow-haired woman poked at them with her hand and whispered, "What are you scared of? It's just a coincidence. They are just doing their usual duty in patrolling the hotel. They just happened to come to this floor for a routine check up. Do you really think they were called by this loser?"

"It scared the hell out of me. Luckily it is not what I thought," One of the women said while letting off a sigh of relief.

"Stay calm. This guy is really good at pretending. He's used to doing this," The yellow-haired woman said.

The three women despised Chuck even more and were ready to walk into the elevator calmly. However, Betty looked at them, snapped her fingers, and the guards stopped them.

The three women were startled. "Why is she stopping us?" They were curious.

"What are you doing?" One of the women shouted.

"Yes, what are you doing? Why are you stopping us?" The other friend questioned Betty.

The three women were angry and their voices were loud!

Betty's gaze turned cold, which made the three women shut up immediately. However, the yellow-haired woman pointed at Chuck and scolded, "You should stop him. Look at his clothes. He's covered in dirty clothing. Do you just let anyone in your hotel? This completely lowered the hotel standard!"

"You should stop him! Not us. We're just going down!" The woman said.

The three women muttered again, but Betty just glanced at them and walked to Chuck. "Young master, how do you want us to deal with them?" Betty asked.

What? The three women were dumbfounded.

"Young Master?" It's impossible. They couldn't believe it.

When the three women heard these two words, they immediately widened their eyes and they were too terrified to move!

They didn't know Betty, but from her clothes, they could tell that she was definitely some sort of manager of the hotel. How could she call this man, young master? How could this be possible!

The three of them were shocked.

The person that they criticised turned out to be the young master of this hotel? This couldn't be true.

Chuck shot a glance at the three of them.

"Young, Young Master, we're sorry. The three of us were so ignorant that we couldn't recognize your identity just now. Please forgive us!" The yellow-haired woman begged in fear.

"Yes, we are blinded from the truth. We don't deserve your attention, please excuse us!" Her friend said.

The three women were so scared that their faces turned pale. The young master of such a big hotel was not someone they could offend.

"Let..." Chuck opened his mouth.

"Young master, please don't hit us, please, we really know we were wrong," The yellow-haired woman trembled and begged.

She suddenly realized that Chuck seemed to be a little familiar. He seemed to be the "handsome guy" that she saw. Why, why did he become like this? The yellow-haired woman was frightened. The more she thought about it, the more afraid she was. Since he could command so many people, would he call someone to beat her up? She would definitely be dead if he did so.

Plop! Her knees weakened.

The yellow-haired woman knelt down!

The other two women were shocked!

"Kneel, he is the person that I mentioned earlier,"

The yellow-haired woman said hurriedly.

The two women were stunned, and their faces turned pale. They also knelt down instantly.

"Please show mercy to us!" They plead.

The three women begged pitifully, and their eyes were red. They were at the verge of crying. They suddenly felt ashamed at what they said just now. They actually did offer to sleep with the owner of the hotel, and they also said that the three of them would accompany him together... The three of them were ashamed of their words and they really hoped that the ground would open and swallow them.

The three women knelt down, revealing their sincerity. Chuck glanced at them and shook his head. "Don't kneel anymore. Get up now!" Chuck said to them.

Chuck just wanted them to stop giving out their cards here, and he didn't want to make things difficult for them. After all, their hotel was a five-star hotel. If those rich men could afford to stay at this hotel, why would they need to call a woman by using their card? There were plenty of women who were willing to sleep with them, how would they call these women who they don't know anything about?

There was no need for the rich to do so.

However, Chuck's words made the three women

even more afraid. "What were they going to do to us? Were they planning to let us leave but to kill us afterwards in secret?" They were literally terrified to death.

They shivered in fear and their eyes were full of tears. Chuck couldn't stand it anymore and felt pity for them. He shook his head and said, "Don't kneel anymore. Just get up!"

"Young Master, did you really forgive us?" The yellow-haired woman asked subconsciously.

The other two women looked pitiful and tearful. They were really scared.

"That's right. Stand up now!" Chuck said.

The three women looked at each other and stood up. They were fearful and were afraid that they would do something wrong again. They leaned on each other stiffly, like three injured kittens.

There was a flash of surprise in Betty's eyes. The young master's temper was so good that he let the three of them leave even though they insulted him. He could easily beat them up and even let them disappear overnight. However, the young master did not do any of it. He was not cruel at all. No wonder Karen was in a dilemma in choosing which was the right choice.

Chuck told Betty that everything was fine. Betty nodded, and the expression of the security guards that she brought along changed a little too.

Chapter 64

Betty Bernard didn't say anything, and her face was calm.

For her, it was normal no matter what Chuck Cannon did.

However, there was a look of envy in the eyes of the security guards that Betty brought. The three women really had good body shape. If all of them were to sleep with a man together... all men would be happy if they were the one.

"You can leave now. Don't waste your time here. People who can stay in hotels like this are never short of women," Chuck shook his head.

The three women were stunned!

They were very confident in themselves and could do no matter what men wanted as long as the men felt happy. However, the young master standing in front of them just refused to sleep with them, which surprised them.

Betty was surprised too.

Betty was surprised that Chuck was not tempted to sleep with them!

The security guards that she brought were envious and sighed in their hearts.

As expected, rich people did have higher

standards. They had considered this kind of woman as the perfect one in their eyes but they were not even worth mentioning in the eyes of the rich.

It would be great if they had enough money. Then, they would definitely take down these three women today, and then....

It's a pity that it's not up to them to decide!

"It's really not necessary. You can leave now!" Chuck shook his head again and said to Betty, "Miss Betty, I'll go back first."

"Well, Young Master, be careful on your way back," Betty said, and the security guards stepped aside to make a way for Chuck.

Chuck nodded and walked into the elevator. The three women looked at each other. The yellow-haired woman asked in a low voice, "Young master, can we take the elevator together?"

The other two women looked expectantly at Chuck.

"Sure," Chuck didn't care.

The three women were overjoyed and hurried into the elevator. All four of them were in the elevator and the three women were nervous. They felt so lucky to be in the same elevator with such a powerful person.

"This young master is actually quite handsome, but his face has some dirt on it..." One of the women

said.

"Yeah, he's so handsome," The other woman too commented.

The three women whispered. When the elevator door opened, Chuck walked out.

The three women followed and watched as Chuck drove away in a BMW 7 series car. They sighed and felt a little remorseful.

"Well, are all the rich people keeping a low profile nowadays?" The yellow-haired woman said.

"He is handsome and rich. He's the perfect man. Alas, I forgot to give him my WeChat just now. Otherwise, he can send me a message when he is lonely and I would come over at any time to ensure that he will be satisfied all night," said one of her friends.

"Let's stop thinking about it. Young masters like him were always surrounded by those celebrities and models. We can't never catch his eyes. Alas... why are we so dumb just now?" The yellow-haired woman regretted her decision just now.

"I regret it. I really regret it. If we would talk politely just now, he will probably drive us back. It's really... I won't talk about it anymore. Let's go to another hotel. No one has called us after so long. He's right. People who can afford to stay in a five-star hotel are not short of women at all..." The yellow-haired woman said.

"Well, alright..." Her friends agreed.

The three women looked in the direction of Chuck's car that was no longer in sight and reluctantly went to another hotel.

.....

Chuck drove back. After parking the car, he was waiting to take the elevator up. But at this time, Zelda Maine came from another direction. After they noticed each other, they were both stunned.

Chuck coughed. "Sister Zelda."

"Hm," Zelda walked over and the two of them waited for the elevator.

The elevator door opened, and the two of them went in.

In fact, Zelda wanted to say something. She had already recovered from today's shock although she was still a little uncomfortable. She couldn't understand why did the plaza renew the contract with Yvette Jordan instead of her?

She had also been interested in the contract with the plaza for a long time, and she had even told Chuck about it.

However...

Zelda did not ask. Why should she ask? He was the owner of the plaza so he could give it to anyone he wanted. But... Why didn't he give it to her? Is it because she was not as good as Yvette?

09:04 ■

"Wait, why should I compare myself with Yvette?"
Zelda thought in her heart.

Ding!

The elevator door opened.

"Sister Zelda, remember to sleep earlier," Chuck said as he went out. He did not dare to continue to look at her.

"Good night," Zelda replied.

Zelda came out of the elevator and sighed inexplicably. Was she overthinking? She felt uncomfortable.

Chuck went home, took a bath, and went to bed.

The next morning, Chuck took Yolanda Lane's clothes and brought it to her. Yolanda came out after changing her clothes. Chuck saw that her face was no longer swollen and her smile had returned. Chuck breathed a sigh of relief. It seemed she had forgotten what had happened yesterday and returned to her cheerful self.

Chuck drove Yolanda to the plaza to work. He remembered that it was almost time for the exam, so he drove back to the school, parked the car on the side of the road, and entered the school.

When Chuck returned to the class, he heard people in the class was gossiping about something.

"Hey, did you guys hear about what happened yesterday? The five-star hotel, Hotel Luna, had an

incident yesterday," A student said.

"Ah? What happened?" His friends asked as they were curious.

"My mother works in the Central Hospital. So, she knew that the rich guy, William Yuri was beaten up. She was curious and she asked about it and knew that he was sent here from Hotel Luna. In other words, he was beaten up in Hotel Luna," The student explained.

"Ah? Who would dare to beat William up?" They all wondered.

"Yes, I heard that Hotel Luna invited a lot of rich people over yesterday night. Some people said that it was a young man who beat William up," Some of the students that knew the news also shared the information that they had.

"A young man? Is he that powerful? If he dares to beat William, then he must be richer than him. But I don't know who this person is!" Another student said.

"What does it have to do with you losers? Will that young man be anyone of you?" Lara Jean said angrily.

The boys rolled their eyes at Lara. They were just curious about it and they had a clear estimation of themselves. How could that young man be in their class? After all, in the entire school, only William was invited that night.

They were just very curious about it!

At this time, Yvette came in with a book in her hand. She looked at the corner of the class first and she was relieved when she saw Chuck was there. It was almost time for the exam, so Chuck should not skip any more of the classes.

"Students, let's start our lesson," Yvette said coldly.

The students in the class were surprised. Why was Yvette in such a good mood today? When Chuck took out his book, he really couldn't understand the content well. He didn't know if she would explain to him if he went to ask Yvette alone.

However, Yvette's complexion looked good. It seemed that she had recovered from the flu.

"Students, the exam will start in a few days. If you are too nervous, you will not get a good result. So I decided to have a gathering before the exam for you guys to relax. Do any of you have any good suggestions?" Yvette suddenly said.

Her words made the students excited. It had been a long time since they gathered to have fun last time!

"Teacher, let us go camping!" A student suggested.

"Teacher, let's go mountain climbing and go to the hot spring!" Another student said.

"Teacher, let's go to karaoke. You will be in a much better mood if you shout out your worries!" More and more suggestions were mentioned by the students.

Yvette listened to everyone's idea, but when she saw Chuck lowering his head, she asked, "Chuck, do you have any suggestions?"

"Me?" Chuck was surprised. It was very rare for Yvette to ask him such questions in the class!

All the students in the class despised him. What ideas could he have? It would cost him a fortune to hang out with his classmates.

"I'll follow the majority," Chuck said.

"Well," Yvette nodded. She thought for a moment and said, "Just now, there was a classmate who mentioned going to karaoke together. This is a good idea. Everyone can sing freely and relax yourselves, and it won't be very expensive either. But where should we choose to go?"

"Teacher, let's go to the City Square. There's a cheap KTV shop near that place," a classmate said.

"That's right. The one in the City Square is very cheap. I've been there several times. I think we should all go to that one," other students also agreed, and some nodded their head.

After thinking for a while, Yvette nodded and said, "Well, it's a deal. Let's go to the City square to sing tonight!"

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The whole class was excited!

Chuck was puzzled. "Does this mean that his classmates are going to the karaoke at his plaza?" He thought.

Chapter 65

Since all the students agreed to go to the karaoke, Chuck Cannon will just follow. There was nothing for him to worry about, after all it was just karaoke. Speaking of which, Chuck hadn't gone to sing for a long time. It's okay to relax. After this exam, there would be a holiday and he planned to focus on the job at the plaza.

"Who knows the owner of the KTV at the plaza?" Someone shouted.

The students shook their heads.

"How can none of you know any one from the plaza? It would be cheaper if we knew someone from there," A girl said unhappily.

Indeed, with so many people joining, It would already be a big cost for the drinks, let alone the tidbit. It would indeed be much cheaper if they knew someone from the plaza.

No one spoke.

Of course, Chuck didn't want to tell them that he knew someone from the plaza. He could easily call Yolanda and asked her to give him a 30% discount. However, he did not do it because he understood that they were also making a living with their business.

"Forget it, all the people in our class are losers. It's

not bad already if anyone of them knew the waiter, let alone the boss. By the way, Chuck, didn't you work as a waiter in the plaza before? Why don't you ask the boss to give us a discount?" A boy looked at Chuck and said in a strange tone.

Chuck really did work there before, but he only did it for a few days because he had no money at that time. Also, the manager looked down on people without any reason, so Chuck quit after working two days.

"Haha, don't embarrass him. He only worked as a waiter for a few days. He was probably fired by the boss. Do you think the boss will give discount to him?" Another classmate said.

"You can't say that, can you? Chuck has changed now. He's wearing trendy brands and even the campus belle came to find him. What's wrong with him asking the boss for some discount? As long as he's shameless enough, he can get us the discount!" One of the girls said.

"Haha, the boss is a man. What's the use even if he tried to flirt with the boss?" A male student said.

"What if the boss likes man?" Another friend teased.

"He is gay then?" One of the students continued.

"Haha!" A few of the students laughed.

Soon, the whole class burst into laughter. Chuck didn't bother to pay attention to them. However,

Queenie Carson, who was sitting beside him, was very angry. She wanted to stand up for him, but Chuck stopped her.

"But they went too far. They shouldn't say things like this to you," Queenie was very angry.

"It doesn't bother me anyway," Chuck shook his head and said.

"What's the point in saying these? Did Chuck offend you guys?" Yvette Jordan's face suddenly turned cold.

Chuck was a little surprised. Was Yvette trying to stand up for him? It was rare for her to do so!

The students in the class immediately shutted up. After all, they all knew what kind of temper Yvette had.

Chuck looked surprisingly at Yvette, who was on the podium. Her face was really cold, but when she saw Chuck, the anger in her eyes unconsciously dissipated a little. Although it just happened for a split second, Chuck still caught the change.

Did she change her attitude towards Chuck after he sent her the medicine and breakfast when she needed him the most?

"If you guys continue to tease Chuck again, then we won't go tonight! We will just cancel it!" Yvette said coldly.

"Teacher, please don't do that. We won't tease him

anymore," a girl said quickly.

"That's right, we won't talk about it anymore," another boy said.

"Let's continue to talk about singing. I went there last time. Their soundproof and service is great, but the boss is so petty, he did not give us any discount," a girl curled her lips and said.

"Alas, forget about it. That is the only place which is suitable for us students because it is cheaper. Let's collect some fund first. Just a hundred dollars for everyone!" The monitor stood up.

Many people wanted to go and relax so they paid the money enthusiastically. However, when it came to Queenie, she shook her head and refused to go. Chuck knew that she was distressed about money, so he took out 200 dollars from his pocket to help her pay the money.

Queenie shook her head. "No, thanks. I still have to go for a part-time job tonight."

"It's okay to give it a day off," Chuck said.

"Ah, Chuck is so good to Queenie. Did you just want to find someone to comfort you since you are dumped by the campus belle?" One of the female classmates said with a tone of jealousy.

Lara Jean gave Chuck a disdainful look. "I've given you a chance but you didn't call me at all. Instead, you treated Queenie to go to karaoke. Am I not better than her? You're really a loser," Lara thought

in her heart.

Chuck frowned, which made Queenie refuse even more. "You really don't need to do that."

"Queenie, I'll pay for you. Let's go out and relax," Yvette said. Her tone was still cold.

The other students in the class immediately envied Queenie, and they despised more towards both of them.

"Teacher..." Queenie shook her head, but Yvette had already started the class. She sighed and said thank you.

The class was over soon. Everyone packed up and prepared to go to City Square. There were so many people going, so Chuck did not drive there. Everyone went to take the bus together.

The bus was packed with people. When they arrived at the plaza together, Yvette, who was waiting at the front door, gave Chuck a cold look, as if she was a little angry. Chuck wondered when did he offend her.

After thinking about it for a while, Chuck took out his mobile phone and found that there was an unread message. He tapped on it and found that it was from Yvette.

"Let me drive you there," wrote Yvette in the message.

Was she caring about her?

Chuck slapped his forehead. Yvette didn't want Chuck to be squeezed in the bus, so she sent such a message. Unfortunately, Chuck didn't see it at all.

It seemed that Yvette had been waiting for a while and didn't see anyone coming, so she drove here angrily.

Chuck felt helpless. He wanted to tell her that he had not seen her message just now, but Yvette had already brought the students inside. Queenie worked part-time in the plaza. So, she went and talked to the boss first. Then she would come over later.

Chuck had no choice but to follow them into the plaza first.

"Wow, why did the City Square change in just a few days?" A girl was surprised.

"I think so too. Is it because the owner of the plaza wants to attract more crowds to come? The last time I came here, I couldn't even find a place to rest after shopping. What a lousy plaza," another girl said.

It was true. After Chuck and Yolanda discussed it, they immediately asked people to renovate the facility of the whole plaza. It seemed that it was working, and the other changes were still being dealt with. They would soon have a brand new atmosphere in the plaza. After all, Yolanda said they had invested more than one million dollars in this aspect.

"Isn't it better now?" Chuck couldn't help but ask.

The two students glanced at Chuck and said disdainfully, "Yes it is, but what does it have to do with you?"

"Yes, we said that the plaza had changed. What does it have to do with you? Why did you ask? Is this plaza yours? Are you doing an survey?" The other student said in an impolite tone.

When Chuck was about to say something, the two students had already walked into the KTV. Chuck said nothing and followed.

However, when Chuck entered the store, he heard the class monitor shouting, "What? You guys don't have a big private room anymore?"

"I'm sorry, sir. The private room has been reserved," the receptionist said.

"Then what should we do? We can't separate into two rooms, can we? That will be much more expensive," the monitor said.

"That's right. Why don't we go somewhere else?" Another student suggested.

"This is the cheapest place in this plaza, and it's even more expensive for us to go somewhere else," the monitor said again.

The students were talking about it. The students didn't know the workers in the KTV, and they didn't know if there was a private room or not. After all, it

could be a trap. If they agreed to book two rooms, then the KTV would earn more. Who knew if the workers were tricking them or not?

"Teacher, what should we do then?" The class monitor came over with a helpless look on her face. "The big private room only costs 1,200 dollars, but all of them are occupied or reserved. If we were to book two medium rooms, it would cost 800 dollars each. We would have to pay around 500 dollars more," the class monitor said.

Yvette hesitated. "It's really a huge difference. What's more to say is that the students can't be in the same room. The purpose of this trip was to spend time together with the whole class," Yvette said.

"Why don't I call and ask?" Lara said. Of course, she would send a message to the baller. "Since he was so rich, he must know the owner of the plaza. Then, it would just be a matter that can be settled with a few words. " She considered this as her plan.

"Do you know someone from here?" The class monitor was suspicious. Yvette glanced at Chuck subconsciously. "Don't you know Zelda? Why don't you ask her?" Yvette hinted at him without saying a word.

"Let's just have a try," Lara was gazed at by the eyes of the whole class expectantly. She was happy in her heart and immediately sent a message

to "baller". However, the "baller" ignored her and she was disappointed. However, she had already said that she would have a way, she couldn't let her classmates down at this time, most importantly it would embarrass herself! Then, she thought of someone again. "I know the manager of the plaza, I will ask for her help then," Lara said happily.

As she spoke, she ran out. The class stopped and waited for her.

"Lara is so awesome! She even knows the manager!" One of the students said in awe.

"Don't you know? Lara is going to open a shop in the plaza. She's very powerful!" Another student joined in and complimented Lara.

"Really? I can't tell!" The students were amazed.

Everyone was shocked. When did Lara suddenly become so powerful?

Chuck stepped aside and gave Yolanda a call. He asked her to come over and helped in the situation. After the call was connected, he said a few words to her and hung up the phone.

Soon, Lara proudly brought Yolanda in. Lara said, "Look, I brought the manager here. Everyone knows the manager right?"

Everyone was surprised. "Isn't this the campus belle, Yolanda? When did she become the manager?" They were surprised and even more envious of Lara, they thought, "She was so

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awesome that she was even able to bring Yolanda, the manager, here!"

Chapter 66

When Lara Jean saw the envy in the eyes of her classmates, she felt extremely proud inside.

In fact, when she went to find Yolanda Lane just now, she was still uncertain about it. After all, she was surprised to see Yolanda when she came to sign the contract last time. Plus, they weren't closed at all.

However, she did not expect "baller" to ignore her, so she attempted to find Yolanda instead. When she went over, she happened to overhear her on a phone call. She then tentatively asked and Yolanda surprisingly agreed to it.

Lara was happy. She paused to think and justified Yolanda's act with her identity as the tenant of Yolanda's plaza. She rented a shop in her plaza, why would she not do a favour in return?

If she hadn't agreed to it, Lara had already thought of stopping the next rent extension.

Lara then walked in with Yolanda.

Yolanda was wearing a light blue dress, exposing her snow-white calves, looking fresh and attractive. The boys in the class were watching, almost drooling.

"The campus belle Yolanda is the manager here! Since when did Lara become so powerful that she

could ask Yolanda over?" Someone asked in surprise.

"Lara opened a store here and she is also one of the tenants of Yolanda's plaza. It's not surprising that she would be able to ask her over," the other student answered.

"I think it's more likely that Lara knows Yolanda in person. If it wasn't the case, even if she's a big shot, Yolanda could have ignored her. Lara is not bad!" Another classmate commented.

The students were all talking about it, many of them praised Lara. After all, she was able to call Yolanda over, which solved their problem!

The smile on Lara's face became even happier.

Yolanda walked to the front desk, she only said a few words, the receptionist immediately changed his attitude and said that there was a big private room available and would arrange it immediately.

The class monitor and the students in the hall all looked delighted.

"I told you there's a private room! The receptionist was tricking us! He just wanted us to spend more on two rooms! If it weren't for Lara and Yolanda, we would have been deceived." the class monitor said.

"Yeah, we'll need to let Lara have the chance to sing a few more songs later. Without her, we would be tricked." A student suggested.

"Yes, yes, yes, Lara has made so much contribution today!" a student agreed.

Yvette Jordan nodded to Yolanda.

Yolanda was smiling throughout the time, she left immediately after handling the matter.

Lara was satisfied, Yolanda cooperated with her well today.

Lara said loudly, "Yolanda, I'll treat you to dinner another day."

"No, thank you! That's what I should do. If you need anything, ring me. You can call me anytime." Yolanda smiled and looked subconsciously at Chuck Cannon who was at a corner.

Lara was even more proud of herself, the words were satisfying to hear.

Yolanda left.

The students then gathered around her.

"Wow! Lara, you're awesome! How did you get so closed with Yolanda? You can even order her around!" One of them exclaimed.

"Exactly! Tell us, how does it feel to order the campus belle around?" another student asked.

"I'm sure it'll be awesome!" someone answered even before Lara did.

"If you want to know how it feels, you have to know Yolanda first. Lara, you're so cool!" an answer

popped up.

They discussed it noisily. Lara was laughing so hard that her laugh line almost etched into her face. She had never been flattered this way by her classmates. She was very happy in her heart, at least the people she knew were useful.

"Oh yeah Lara, Yolanda was so polite to you. How many stores did you rent?" one of the students asked.

"Yea! Tell us about it, we can support you!" the other student said.

"Just one. The best one at the entrance of the elevator on the first floor. The renovation will probably start in the next few days," Lara said.

"We'll definitely come and show support then!" The classmates said with a smile.

"Wow, the rent must be very expensive, isn't it?" A student asked.

"It's just so-so." Lara shook her head.

"You're amazing! We are still in school and you are already able to open a store!"

"It's nothing. I just found a place I liked and opened the store there. There's nothing much to think about. I just wasn't being overcautious," Lara said.

"Lara, share with us some tips. We also want to open a new shop in the future." her classmate said.

"No problem," Lara affirmed.

A group of students surrounded Lara and followed the waiter into the private room. They had completely regarded Lara as their idol. Being able to open a store here and ask Yolanda to come and go, how awesome is that?

Chuck smiled while thinking that Lara was interesting. After the classmates had gone inside, Chuck took out his mobile phone and checked his WeChat. It was full of Lara's texts asking for help.

There was another photo sent over, which was very sexy. The photo was sexier and more revealing than before. In accordance with the increasing level of revealing, Lara soon would not be able to keep the last piece of clothes on her body.

To be honest, seeing the photos of Lara, Chuck was seduced as if he was watching a stripping dance. Her clothes were taken off one by one. In fact, it was a little exciting.

"Don't you want to go in?" Yvette asked coldly while she walked over.

"Queenie is not yet here. I'll wait for her." Chuck replied and quickly put away his cell phone.

Yvette's expression turned cold. She had just found out Chuck's WeChat account. She then wondered whether he was chatting with Queenie Carson and why hadn't he added her yet.

"Yvette, I..." Chuck wanted to say something, but

she already headed inside. So Chuck rushed over and said, "Yvette, I'm sorry. It was..."

"It's alright. Just wait for your Queenie." Yvette opened the private room door and went in after finishing her words.

Chuck couldn't do anything to help and couldn't understand why Yvette was so angry.

And so, he waited. After a while, Queenie ran over. Chuck's eyes looked a little absent-minded. Queenie was running in a hurry but the act of her gasping at the same time looked delicate and pleasant.

And her body had a springy movement. The curve... She really had a good figure but Chuck quickly dispelled the idea. Queenie is a pure-minded girl, he couldn't bear himself to have such thoughts on her.

"I'm sorry to keep you waiting," Queenie said gaspingly with her hand on her chest.

"It's okay, let's go in," Chuck replied.

"OK!" Queenie answered.

Both of them opened the door and entered. Their classmates inside had already started. They sat relaxedly on the couch. The place to make song requests was also packed. They were all preparing to choose their favourite songs.

Chuck also wanted to sing but seeing the queue,

he decided to take a seat first. Yvette and several other classmates were chatting, and she didn't even want to look at him. He was helpless, he thought, "Wasn't I just didn't car-pool with her? I really couldn't understand why Yvette would ignore me so much."

Sitting next to him, Queenie's chest hadn't stopped heaving yet so Chuck could only look elsewhere.

At this time, a waiter came in with some good quality beer. Since they were all students, there was not much alcohol order. The rest were some fruit plates, snacks and so on. However, after all these were sent, a secretary pushed a cart in.

There were three bottles of red wine on it and a super big fruit platter. There were all kinds of delicious and expensive fruits in it. They were beautifully arranged to colour and looked classy.

"Wow, this is the Emperor Fruit Platter. A waiter recommended it the last time I came. This platter costs 1,000 dollars." a student said.

"And this red wine seems to be Lafite!" the other student suggested.

Suddenly, there was a lot of discussion going on in the private room. After all, they are students who only had a limited amount of money. Who could afford it? Despite the Emperor Fruit Platter, these three bottles of red wine can cost up to five or six thousand dollars!

The class monitor stood up and the private room quieted down immediately. The monitor frowned and said, "We didn't order these."

In his opinion, this must be their tactic in KTV!

They really couldn't afford such an expensive service. He did a rough calculation, he had collected slightly more than 3,000 dollars, and Yvette topped up a thousand that added up around 4,000 dollars. Having a private room, wine and snacks had left them with only a few hundred dollars. They would still have to call a car to go back to school later in the evening. How could they afford these things?

The secretary smiled and left the things.

"Who ordered it?" The monitor was a little unhappy. The secretary put it down directly, implying that someone must have ordered it. Who the f*ck ordered such an expensive thing? Didn't he know that the collection only added up slightly more than 4,000 dollars?

"Yeah, who ordered it? It's too expensive!" another classmate asked furiously.

"It costs a few thousand, isn't it? We are just students who can't afford it. Who ordered it? Admit now!" the class monitor scolded.

"I won't chip in more money. Will 200 dollars even be enough for this? Who ordered it?" another classmate raged.

For a moment, they all looked at each other but no one stepped forward to admit it.

Yvette also frowned and sighed. It must be among her classmates who ordered it. It was so expensive... She decided to pay the bill all by herself and was ready to stand up.

The secretary smiled slightly and said, "No one ordered it. It's a treat from our store!"

"What?! A treat?" they were all surprised.

"Why? Does anyone know the KTV's boss?" a voice came through.

The students in the private room were all excited and surprised. The set would cost more than 10,000 dollars. All of a sudden, everyone in the private room was looking at each other again. But this time, they were wondering who knew the boss of the KTV and would be given such a great treat.

Chapter 67

Everyone was discussing it in the room. They were wondering who was it that deserved a gift from the KTV that cost more than 10,000 dollars.

In fact, the secretary's eyes were also wandering, searching for this person!

When he was in the office just now, the receptionist told him that the manager of the plaza had been here. He immediately went out to welcome her but Yolanda Lane had left and so he went around to look for her.

He was trying to get closed with Yolanda. After all, she is the plaza's new manager, and she was quite influential too since she was in charge of the recent renovation of the plaza. "It would be beneficial for the KTV or himself to befriend her", the secretary thought.

After he went over, Yolanda did not say much. She only politely thanked him for the arrangement for the students.

The secretary was indeed clever, he immediately asked whether there was any rich second generation among the group. Otherwise, why would the manager show up in person? Yolanda was stunned, she nodded while she said yes but she did not reveal who it was.

The secretary had no choice so he came back.

After thinking for a moment, he gave the boss a call and informed him that there was a rich second generation where the plaza's manager even came to serve in person. The rich second generation is very likely was somehow related to the owner of the plaza. He might be the son or nephew of the owner, so they wanted to be extra cautious and polite to him.

The KTV boss knew Wilbur Wendel, and he just happened to be having lunch and drinking with him. After speaking of this matter, Wilbur on the spot asked what school they were from. The question was transferred back to the secretary, and he answered that the students were from the Design College.

Wilbur advised the boss to be careful as he knew that Chuck Cannon was also from the Design College. It probably was him that visited.

The boss immediately ordered them to follow the VIP's rule to welcome and serve them!

The secretary immediately did as he said but after looking around for some time, he didn't feel that there was anyone who looked like a rich second generation. He was helpless and confused.

The secretary couldn't be sure. "Enjoy your food. If you need anything, just let me know!" he said.

After that, the secretary left. However, when he was turning his head, he saw Chuck's strange face in the corner. He then suspected he might be the

one.

He took a few more looks at his clothes. If they were the authentic brand, it would probably cost more than one hundred thousand dollars. It must be him! He was overjoyed and walked out without saying anything.

"Wow! Who is it that has such honour to be treated so well? Let me take a picture and post it on my moments. I can't wait to dig in the Emperor Fruit Platter!" one of the students cackled.

A girl immediately took out her mobile phone for a selfie and took a picture of the huge fruit plate. The other students also followed. They were very happy.

"Haha, I'm going to drink Lafite!" Another boy took a bottle of wine, pouted and took a selfie...

"I think it must be Lara who made the KTV's boss treat us. She was able to get the campus belle over, it must be her!" A classmate said enviously.

"I agree! I also think that it's Lara. She must have known the KTV boss since she opened a store here. Now that the boss found out Lara was coming, he treats her fruit dishes and red wine! It's such an expensive gift! Lara, it must be the boss making a move! Maybe he was interested in you!" another classmate considered and said.

Several female students were envious.

Lara was surprised too, she suspected that the

KTV boss might be the "baller". So that's why he sent her such expensive gifts?

Lara thought in her mind that it can't be somebody else. Who among this group other than herself would deserve such an expensive gift?"

It must be "baller". Wow, "baller" is actually the owner of this KTV! How unexpected but awesome!

Lara was instantly happy. She thought that "baller" must be ignoring her to give her this surprise. She liked it very much!

"Baller", or the KTV boss, wait for me, I'll come for you later!" Lara thought in her mind.

Lara was looking forward to it. She coughed and said as she was the host, "Everyone, let's eat and drink as much as you can!"

"Wow, now we have fancy food!" her classmate was amazed.

Her classmates were excited and amazed by Lara. Even the KTV boss was into her, how envious!

"Lara, please distribute the wine!" the monitor said.

Lara stood up.

Three bottles of wine were really not enough for more than 30 people. Some people managed to get a sip and some didn't but they can eat more of the Emperor Fruit Platter.

"Lara, I would like to drink some. I have never tried

such expensive wine. Can I have a glass?" Several girls surrounded Lara with glasses in their hands.

"Don't worry! Whoever is close to me will be able to get half a glass of this wine!"

Lara started distributing the wine to everyone. Everyone got a little. The few female classmates were so happy that they immediately took selfies with their mobile phones.

However, when it came to Yvette, Lara said that she would pour a whole glass for her. Yvette shook her head and said that she was going to drive so she couldn't drink.

"Well, the teacher doesn't drink. Now this is yours." Lara added more for the other boys in the class. When it came to Chuck, she gave Chuck a disdainful look and said, "Bring me your glass. I'll give you half a glass."

Chuck shook his head. He was also going to drive. How could he drink?

"There's no need for that. You can treat the other students. I won't drink. I'm going to ...," Chuck said.

"What are you going to do later? Teacher Jordan needs to drive herself back to home later, that's why she doesn't drink. What a waste, do you know how expensive this wine is? And you're rejecting it! If you don't drink it today, I'm just afraid that you won't have another chance in the future." Lara answered in annoyance. She didn't want to talk to

Chuck anymore and just continued to pour wine for Queenie. Yet, she also shook her head.

She never drank and also didn't want to drink, no matter how expensive it was.

"Humph!"

Lara shook her head and continued to pour wine for the other students. In the end, she filled a full glass for herself. After tasting it happily, she was ready to leave.

"Lara, where are you going?" Her classmates asked.

"Haha, I'll go look for someone!" A strange smile appeared on Lara's face. She then opened the door and went out.

Chuck had a strange look on his face too. Who was she looking for? When Chuck was still puzzling, the mobile phone in his pocket vibrated. Chuck subconsciously took out his mobile phone and saw it was from Lara. He clicked on it doubtfully and was immediately stunned.

"Haha, baller, I'm very satisfied with your arrangement. Now I know who you are and I'm coming to see you... (Three blushed emojis)" Lara texted.

Chuck was surprised, "Did she really know who I was? How was that possible? Wait! Lara said she was looking for me. Where was she going to look for me? Isn't that I am in the room already?"

"Lara is looking for the KTV boss?! Are they going to have sex?" Chuck asked himself softly.

"Haha, what do you think? The boss sent such an expensive gift, of course, she should thank him!" someone nearby replied.

"I'm really envious. Although Lara's appearance is not as good as Yolanda's, she has huge boobs! I'm so envious!" another girl said.

Her classmates showed an expression of understanding. The ladies were envious, and so were the gents. Only Chuck felt strange. He had done so much for a while and now the KTV boss had taken all his effort in an instant. He was unhappy.

Although Chuck wasn't planning to sleep with Lara, he kept her nudes so that she would be obedient in the future. However, Chuck was certainly uncomfortable when she went to another man.

Lara came out from the private room and quickly found the secretary.

When the secretary saw this little beauty in good shape, he asked in confusion, "What can I help with you?" Lara smiled and said, "I know your boss. Where is he? I have something to ask him."

"Do you know our boss?" The secretary looked confused.

"Yes, I know him. Please tell me where he is." Lara answered.

"Give me a moment!" The secretary walked aside and took out his phone to call his boss.

When the phone was connected, a middle-aged man's voice came through, "How is it? Have you arranged it?"

"Yes, I've arranged it. I know who that person is," the secretary replied.

"That's good. Remember, whatever this person wants, you will satisfy him," the boss ordered.

"Yes... but boss..." the secretary tried to speak.

"Is there anything else?" the boss asked.

"A girl claimed that she knew you and was looking for you." The secretary glanced at Lara.

"She knows me? What does she look like?" the boss asked again.

"Quite pretty, huge boobs." the secretary whispered.

"Huge boobs? Bring her to my office. I'll be back soon." The middle-aged boss chuckled excitedly. He didn't really care whether he knew her or not. After all, the words "huge boobs" were enough. How could he let go a girl that took the initiative to meet him!

"Sure!" the secretary obeyed.

After hanging up the phone, the secretary kept his phone away and walked over to Lara, who was

looking forward to meeting her "baller".

"Our boss said he knew you. He'll be back soon. You can wait at his office for now, please follow me," the secretary said.

"Great!" Lara was surprised and followed the secretary inside.

She was proud of herself that she guessed "baller" right. She thought to herself excitedly, "I will allow Baller to do whatever he wants later. After all, I'll need to borrow 10,000 dollars from him. Is he a handsome guy?"

Chapter 68

"Please wait for a moment!" the secretary said politely.

The secretary took Lara to the boss's room. It was not an office, more like a room to serve guests. Still, it was very well decorated, looked luxurious. There was a family theatre, and almost everything. Lara was impressed. She thought to herself, "Baller, you really are rich!"

"When will your boss come back?" Lara asked while she sat on the super comfy sofa.

"He'll be back soon," said the secretary as he poured a glass of red wine for Lara. "Please wait for a while more!"

After the secretary walked out, Lara took a sip of red wine and happily laid on the large sofa. She was looking forward to it,

"Baller, I hope you're handsome. It's best if you look like...Humph, you must at least look better than Chuck that loser. He's making me so mad. Chuck has turned himself into a handsome and elegant man, but why is he so poor?" Lara talked to herself.

"Baller, I am not asking for anything else. I am satisfied if you just looked like Chuck. Also, don't be too old. About the same age as Chuck will be great!" she continued.

The more Lara thought about it, the more excited she became. What would she do later?

What was happening to Lara?

Since she had started texting "baller", she broke her comfort zone again and again. When she took sexy pictures, she sometimes blushed and felt nervous as if she was having her first boyfriend.

She did sleep with her ex-boyfriend, Conrad Li, but when Conrad wanted her nude picture, she had always rejected him. She didn't want to be threatened after they broke up. Now, it seemed like her first attempt to do this was given to "baller".

Lara was delighted and said, "You have to know that my body in real life is much more beautiful and my boobs are much bigger than those in the photos... You're lucky, I didn't eat any chilli today..."

.....

The more Chuck thought about it, the more out of sort he was. "Couldn't she verify carefully before she does anything stupid?" he said.

After all, Chuck had seen so many sexy photos of Lara. Although he didn't want to sleep with her, the act of Lara trying to give herself to someone else was just uncomfortable. It was like giving the long-baited fish to someone who came with a net and took the shortcut.

No! The man didn't even bring a net, it was this silly

fish that went right into the person's hand!

Chuck shook his head. Thinking that all his previous efforts had gone to waste. He was annoyed, and felt that his things had been taken away by others. It had been more than half an hour since Lara left, and she's probably already sweating all over...

"Forget it. It's pointless to think about it now." Chuck thought and shook his head.

"What's wrong?" Queenie looked at the irritated Chuck and asked in a low voice.

"It's nothing." Chuck shook his head and dispelled the thought but he started thinking if he should go look for her at that time.

Impossible!

It was her stupidity!

"Shall we sing?" Queenie invited him. By that time, almost everyone in the class had sung, except a few. Queenie had eaten some fruit but didn't drink wine.

While some were already drunk, and some were playing dice loudly. Chuck also wanted to vent his anger, so he requested a song and they began to sing.

Chuck totally had no talent in music. His voice made Queenie blushed and laughed hysterically. He was miserable, was his singing so terrible?

After that song, Chuck was speechless. Queenie smiled and said, "I'm very happy."

"Well, that's better. I'm fine to be laughed at." Chuck thought.

Chuck put down the microphone. When he saw that Yvette hadn't sung any song yet, he hesitated then walked over and said, "Teacher Jordan, sing us a song."

When classmates were around, Chuck would not call her Yvette, nor wifey.

The students nearby looked at Chuck scornfully. Everyone tried to convince Teacher Jordan to sing but no one succeeded. No one believed he could.

As expected, Yvette looked up at Chuck coldly and said in a cold voice, "No thanks, you can sing by yourself."

Chuck sat beside Yvette helplessly.

"What are you doing? Why are you sitting so close to me?" Yvette questioned and glared at Chuck.

"Yvette, what's wrong with you?" Chuck asked. It was so noisy in the private room that they could barely hear each other even though they were sitting next to each other.

"Nothing." Yvette replied.

"It's you who suggested that we should come here singing to relax ourselves. Why don't you sing?" Chuck asked.

"I just don't want to. You can sing with Queenie if you want it so badly." Yvette said coldly. After that, she picked up a can of beer and walked out.

Chuck didn't know how to reply to that. "Was there a need to be so angry? I was only not coming in your car. What a small matter..." he thought quietly.

Chuck could only continue to sing with Queenie. Half an hour later, Chuck felt like using the restroom but he suddenly realized a male student and a female student went in the toilet in the private room together when everyone was not paying attention. It was more than ten minutes ago. Were they...

They probably had drunk too much and the alcohol kick came in. There were so many classmates outside. How intense must it be! Chuck was somewhat tempted, he was thinking about pulling Yvette into the toilet with him. But he quickly shook off the idea in his head.

It was a pity that Yvette left in anger.

He shook his head and took a seat. Chuck then saw Queenie's face suddenly turn red, he noticed that he had an erection when he was having his fantasies just now, and Queenie happened to notice it.

Chuck was instantly embarrassed and hurriedly covered it. But every man knew that the more restrained you were, the stronger you would feel. Queenie's face blushed even redder. She was

about to go out for a walk, but God knows why Queenie suddenly asked, "What were you thinking?"

Chuck coughed. What could he be thinking?

"Oh, I'm sorry. I'm going to the bathroom." Queenie whispered. The blush spread to the tip of her ears. She then went to the bathroom after muttering to tell it to Chuck.

Chuck felt helpless. Queenie was so pure-minded that he couldn't do anything to her.

Chuck couldn't hold it in any longer so he went out to take a walk. He happened to meet Yvette who was walking out of the toilet. She was blushed, Chuck was surprised to see she was blushing, "Did you drink?"

"Yes, I did," Yvette admitted.

"Aren't you driving later?" Chuck asked.

"It's none of your business." Yvette shook her head coldly and walked into the private room. Chuck sighed and thought, "If I had pushed Yvette into the stall just now, what would she do? Would she slap him? Or... would she be angry and scold him? Or would she just be half-declining but half-accepting?" The more Chuck thought about it, the more the response of his body was shown. Then, Queenie came out of the bathroom. When their eyes met, Queenie's pretty face turned red again in an instant...

.....

Lara Jean was disappointed. The person who came in was a bald man with fats all over his body and face. What was going on? How could it be so different from what she imagined? Lara suddenly felt a little sick. How could she have sent her nudes to this fat bald man?

"I heard that you were looking for me?" the KTV boss asked.

The middle-aged man came over with a smile. When he saw Lara's figure, he was almost excited to death. He works at KTV and has experience with all kinds of women but Lara in front of him had attracted him with her youth and energy!

"Well, I did look for you," Lara said softly. She was feeling disgusted inside. She had only slept with Conrad a few times, and now she is going to make out with this man who is as old as her father? Lara's heart was full of resistance.

However, when she thought about the money she wished to borrow from him, who else can she find for help with other than "baller"?

"What can I do for you?" The middle-aged man asked. His eyes sparkled. This girl smelled so good and he couldn't wait to throw himself at her directly.



Chapter 69

At the door of the toilet.

In fact, Chuck Cannon was quite embarrassed. Twice that he got erected because of Yvette Jordan but seen by Queenie Carson. Although they were closed, there's still a difference between men and women!

And plus it was such a sensitive topic.

Queenie was nervous.

"What should I do? What I saw is so embarrassing. Should I pretend that I didn't see it? But who is he thinking about? Was it me?" Queenie had so many thoughts in her mind.

"What should I do? I've seen him twice in a row. He's enduring a lot. Do I help him? But a



friend can't help with this matter," she couldn't stop thinking.

Queenie's heart was twisted. It was impossible for a friend to cross the border of the relationship.

She didn't even know what was her feelings towards Chuck.

At first, they became tablemates. They became friends after some self introductions and eventually they started to talk more frequently . Nonetheless, last time where Queenie and Chuck stayed in the same house, something might have changed in her mind.

Followed by changes in his clothings and hairstyle, Chuck now looked very different. Queenie seemed to have a good feelings of Chuck, which perhaps is beyond friendship.

However, she could clearly sense the



difference between them. At this thought, Queenie felt a little inferior.

She was already nineteen. Although she didn't deliberately come across sexual knowledge nor have a boyfriend, the few roommates who had boyfriends would talk about their post-boyfriend experience when they spend time together.

What they shared was new and exciting. From there, she learned that men and women are able to help each other.

For example...

Queenie lowered her head and stared at her own hand. She was nervous. Should she help? But what would they be after she lend him this hand?

Both of them looked at each other for more than ten seconds. Chuck was embarrassed while Queenie was in a dilemma. She

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struggled to decide whether she should do it or not.

Of course, if Chuck knew that Queenie had this idea, he might just pull Queenie into the toilet...

Anyhow, Chuck knew nothing about it.

After looking at each other that way, Chuck came back to his senses. He knew that he must have fallen for Yvette to have such feelings. Even if Queenie was willing to do it, it would be disrespectful to Queenie to accept it.

What's more, Chuck was in a dilemma too since Queenie was so pure-minded.

Chuck felt that the feeling was gone. At this time, he felt his mobile phone in his pocket vibrated. Chuck took it out and looked at it doubtfully. It was from Lara, and it was a voice message!

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Chuck lowered the volume and played it by his ear.

"Ah, baller, are you... Ah, save me, I don't want to sleep with you, don't... (sobbing)..." Lara spoke in the voice message.

Before the voice message could finish recording, it was interrupted. Lara's voice was frightened and she was crying. Chuck hesitated. Did Lara find out that she had been looking for the wrong "baller"?

He sighed in her heart, is Lara being raped?

Chuck listened to the weeping voice of Lara. Chuck didn't know what to do. Should he save Lara?

He struggled for a few seconds and put the phone in his pocket. Lara was supposed to be his pawn and now it's time to take back the pawn.



Chuck said, "Queenie, I have something to do." After saying that, he ran to the front desk.

Queenie nodded. She was a little disappointed to see Chuck leave.

She was in a dilemma for a while and was too embarrassed to speak up. If Chuck spoke up or pulled her into the toilet, she would probably not refuse. After all, she had admitted her feelings for Chuck and didn't want to hide it. She was willing to help him with her hand and still remained their friendship in the future.

But...

Queenie sighed and returned to the private room in a sullen state...

.....

Chuck thought it was a big KTV and if he went



searching one by one, there won't be enough time. So Chuck went straight to the front desk.

Since Lara thought "baller" was the owner of the KTV, they must be in the boss's office now. He can ask the reception for direction.

Fortunately, Chuck found the secretary who delivered the wine just now. He had roughly confirmed that Chuck was the rich one that caused their boss to treat them. He was hesitating whether he should talk to Chuck alone or not. Since even the plaza manager had to come personally to serve him, he must have something to do with the plaza owner.

Seeing that he actually came to find him, the secretary was surprised and hurried over, "Hi, what can I do for you?"

The receptionist and waiter at the front desk were stunned by the secretary since he was

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so polite to a student-like person.

Who was it?

"I'm looking for your boss!" Chuck said anxiously.

The secretary was surprised. He was the one who took Lara to the boss's room. How could he not guess what his boss was doing? But if he went to bother him now, he might lose his job!

"You are?" The secretary asked to confirm his identity. He was still unsure who this student in front of him was.

"Tell your boss if he still wants to continue his business here, he needs to stop now! Otherwise!" Chuck could only say so. His tone cooled down, and his imposing manner shocked the secretary.

This was definitely the kind of momentum

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that only the child of the rich people had. It was also a kind of terrifying momentum. The secretary quickly asked, "That girl is your..."

"Friend."

"Wait a minute!" The secretary rushed to the boss's room. Chuck followed the secretary and saw the secretary knocked on the door. Immediately, a curse came from inside, "Who the hell is it?"

"Hey boss, it's me..." the secretary whispered.

"Get lost! Don't get in my way now!" the boss yelled.

"Boss, there's an emergency. It's really urgent!" the secretary replied.

There was a struggling noise inside. It seemed that someone had loosened his grip. A loud bang came from inside, then followed



by some footsteps, as if someone hit the ground. The door then opened, Lara ran out while she was crying. Her clothes were in a mess. Her jeans were ripped open. She ran so fast that she didn't even see Chuck standing at the door.

Chuck touched his nose and wondered, did he manage to save her in time?

When the secretary saw that his boss was pushed on the floor, he was shocked and hurried in to help his boss up. The boss was angry, "Mother f*cker, you'd better have a great explanation or you're fired!"

"Boss." The secretary spoke while he pointed at Chuck, who was standing at the door.

The boss looked at Chuck doubtfully and his face turned cold, "Who are you?"

"It doesn't matter who I am. What matters is you. Do you still want to run your business?"

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Chuck questioned calmly.

The boss frowned. He and Wilbur Wendel were good friends. Before he came back just now, Wilbur gave him a name and asked him not to provoke him. The boss then asked subconsciously, "Are you Chuck Cannon?"

"Yes!" Chuck glanced at him and turned to leave.

The boss's heart almost jumped out of his throat. When Wilbur told him, he clearly told him the strength of this man named Chuck!

Was the girl just now his girl? Did he just offend him?

Shit!

The boss angrily raised his hand and slapped hard on the secretary. "Why won't you tell me earlier?" he questioned angrily.

The secretary covered his face with grievance

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and said, "Boss, I..."

"Why don't you exempt the bill? Exempt him from all the expenses!" The boss scolded him.

"Yes, I'll do it now!" The secretary immediately ran out.

At this moment, Lara was dumbfounded because she ran in a hurry and bumped into a waiter. The waiter was pushing a cart with five bottles of expensive wine on it. All the wine on the cart fell to the ground.

The waiter was shocked. That was an order for a private room. Each of them costs 8,800 dollars, and for five bottles, it will be more than 40,000 dollars!

The waiter was very angry. Seeing that Lara was about to run away, he immediately grabbed her. "Hey pretty girl, you broke the most expensive red wine in our store. You need to make compensation!" the waiter



scolded.

"No, I didn't do it on purpose." Lara shook her head, and tears came out of her eyes. She was really panicked.

"Excuse me! Even by accident, you still broke our red wine! You have to pay for it!" As the waiter said, the nearby waiters heard them and immediately surrounded them, refusing to let Lara leave.

Lara was already very angry. She almost got laid by the boss just now. She thought that she could bear to sleep with him for 10,000 dollars but when the boss approached her, she couldn't bear it. She regretted and started struggling.

Luckily someone knocked on the door and she finally escaped!

Now that she was dragged by someone again, she lost control. "If it wasn't for your boss



who was trying to rape me, would I have run into this?" The more Lara thought about it, the angrier she became. "Let me go! How much is it? I'll pay for it!" she roared.

"Well, these five bottles of red wine are the most expensive wine in our store. One bottle is 8,800 dollars , and five bottles is 44,000 dollars. Beauty, are you paying in cash or card?" The waiter said.

"What? 44,000?" Lara's tears immediately started to flow down her cheeks. Where could she find this large amount of money?



Chapter 70

"Miss, are you paying by cash or credit card?"
The waiter asked coldly.

Lara fell on the ground, feeling so helpless. She didn't have any money. She couldn't even afford 10,000 dollars. 44,000 dollars was just too much! How could she possibly pay that?

"Let's call the police. She doesn't seem like she has the money." the waiter said.

"Yes, she's just shocked. Let's call the police!" another waiter agreed to his suggestion.

Several waiters came up with the ideas since the bottles of wine were broken, and if Lara didn't want to pay for it, they would have to pay for it.

Lara's tears burst out at once. She cried and

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shook her head. "No, please don't call the police, don't call the police!" she pleaded.

Her family situation was ordinary where she can definitely pay the 44,000 dollars. However, she did not dare to tell her family what happened as she was too afraid that she would be beaten to death by her family members.

But if they called the police, the police would still call her family. By then, Lara would really be in trouble.

"We won't call the police if you pay for it. Cash or cards are both accepted," the waiter said.

"But I don't have the money." Lara bawled.

Lara was despaired, her tears could not stop flowing.

When she sent the message to "baller" just



now, she suddenly remembered that her cousin, Charlotte Yates told her that "baller" who bought a car was very young and was still a college student.

She then started to feel regretful when she recalled back what had happened just now. She was too desperate to meet "baller" but she didn't expect to meet a fake one. When she was struggling just now, that bastard touched her butt and even her boobs...

The more Lara thought about it, the more she wanted to cry. She felt that she had very many grievances in her heart. Many onlookers crowded the space when hearing a loud cry.

"What's going on?" Someone couldn't help asking.

"This beauty has knocked over five bottles of red wine," the waiter said indifferently.

"Isn't it enough to pay back the money?"



What's the big deal? Why do you make her cry?" That onlooker blamed the waiter.

"Sir, first of all, we did not do anything and she already started crying, and secondly, the red wine costs 8,800 dollars each, and five bottles cost a total of 44,000 dollars..."

More than a dozen people at the scene were very surprised and looked at Lara with sympathy. It was too expensive. They all started to think Lara should bear the responsibility and accept the bad luck since it was still her fault.

"Lara, what's wrong?" a voice came through.

Among the crowd, one of her classmates who came out to take a break heard the cry and came over to have a look. But she didn't expect to see Lara crying.

"Fanny..." Lara got up and cried while holding her.

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"It's going to be fine. What's wrong?" Fanny Lowe asked.

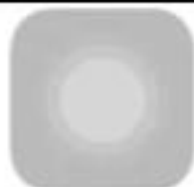
Fanny tried to comfort her and pat on Lara's back. Yet, she also noticed the broken wine bottles and a pool of red wine on the floor. She roughly knew why Lara cried. She was scared for her too, how much would she need to pay for that?

"I broke the wine, and they asked me to pay 44,000 dollars," Lara cried.

"Forty four thousand?!" Fanny was shocked.

"Hey beauty, you need to compensate us immediately. Otherwise, we will call the police to deal with this." the waiter threatened her.

With the waiters urging, there were more and more onlookers. They had to deal with the problem as soon as possible. If it affected their business in the store, they would also have to take the blame.



"Don't call the police!" Fanny shouted.

Lara cried and shook her head. Fanny then suggested, "Lara, don't you know the boss here? Why don't you let him come over to deal with it?"

"When Lara went out just now, wasn't she going to look for the boss?" Fanny thought.

"I..." Lara felt even more wronged. "That bastard was pretending to be "baller"!" she thought.

But she couldn't tell that out loud. What a shame! How could she mention that she was tricked by an old man just now?

"If you don't want us to call the police, you can pay for it!" The waiter said impatiently.

"I..." Lara couldn't stop her tears from dripping. "Where can I find the forty-four thousand dollars? My cousin, Charlotte

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Yates? But she had just paid thirty thousand dollars for renovation and had no money left. So who should I look for?" She really had no idea.

"Baller"?

Lara quickly took out her mobile phone and sent a WeChat voice message to "baller" in tears,

"I've caused trouble in the KTV in City Square. Baller, can you come help me, please?"

Chuck, who came out from the boss room, felt his phone message's vibration again. Chuck took it out and tapped on the WeChat voice message sent by Lara with doubts. He put the mobile phone by his ear and listened. "This fool is finally apologising for her mistake?" he thought.

However, what he heard was the crying voice of Lara...



Chuck frowned while he walked, he then saw the crowd and walked over doubtfully. And he saw a crying Lara and there was red wine poured on the ground.

Was it... broken?

Chuck understood the situation instantly. He hesitated for a moment, squeezed through the crowd, and told the waiter, "She knows your boss. Call your boss or secretary over."

When Lara looked up and saw that it was Chuck who was talking, she was immediately angry. In her eyes, Chuck was just making fun of her and looking at her as if she was a joke.

She had just escaped from the boss's room, and before she came out, she had pushed the KTV boss hard. She ran away at that critical moment and even hit him. The boss must hate her so much. If she called him over, it would definitely be more than 44,000 dollars!

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"Chuck, you bastard!" Lara yelled.

Even Fanny, who was comforting Lara, rolled her eyes at Chuck. "What kind of human was he? Was he trying to make things worse? You don't want to help, that's fine. But you shouldn't make fun of people at this point, right?" Fanny thought.

"Does she know our boss?" the waiter asked curiously.

The waiter looked at Lara suspiciously. It was not that the waiter did not believe it, but if she really knew the boss, she would not be crying and should be very calm.

"Yes, she knows your boss. Stop asking her to pay." Chuck nodded while he said.

Lara was shocked, was he trying to help her? Lara felt that she had heard it wrong, but she didn't. He had really said it.



At this moment, Lara wanted to cry even more, as if she was triggered at some point, which made her feel grieved even more.

"But what good does it make? I did know the boss but if the boss was here, the situation would probably be worse." She thought.

The waiter hesitated and decided to call the secretary over. He took out the walkie-talkie. Lara cried and shook her head. "Don't call, let me make a call first."

The waiter nodded.

Lara hurriedly took out her WeChat and continued to send messages to "baller". Chuck saw Lara's move, and he was also helpless. Lara cried and sent a voice message. She begged for help to 'baller' on the phone.

Chuck saw her crying, and he was relented. Lara was almost raped and ran out crying.

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That was exhausting and yet she bumped into such a thing. It was really a blow for a girl like her.

Looking at Lara' sad and pitiful pleadings, Chuck could only step aside and take out his mobile phone to reply, "Give me a minute!"

Lara's eyes widened. "Baller" replied to her and asked her to wait! He was going to help her solve the problem!

When Chuck came back, Lara was wiping her tears and told Fanny, "It's sorted! My friend said he would help me solve the problem."

"Really? Your friend is amazing!" Fanny was surprised.

Just then, the secretary heard the sound and came over. Chuck glanced at him, and the secretary immediately knew what had happened. He immediately walked over. Lara was nervous, why did he come so soon?



"Balle's action was really quick!" Lara was nervous and perturbed.

"Sec, this beauty broke five bottles of red wine, and he said she knew you," the waiter said.

He raised his finger and glanced at Chuck.

The secretary understood and immediately coughed. "Yes, she is right. This beauty does know me. Please clean up this place. We don't need her to pay for it." the secretary commanded.

The waiters were shocked, "Do they really know each other?"

"Hurry up!" As the secretary ordered, several waiters immediately nodded and tidied up.

Lara was pleasantly surprised, "baller" is really amazing!

Fanny and the onlookers were shocked. How

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did it get solved just like that?

"Beauty, you aren't in shock, are you?" The secretary came over and spoke to Lara.

"No!" Lara wiped her tears and shook her head. She was in a bad mood seeing him. It was this man who took her to the fat bald man's room.

But for the sake of "baller", she didn't want to argue with him.

"It's okay, you can go!" Lara said.

The secretary glanced at Chuck.

"Hurry up and leave. Why are you looking at him?" Lara was angry. The secretary had no choice but to leave. After all, he saw Chuck's expression was not very nice.

Chuck saw that the problem was solved, so he went straight into the private room.

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"Lara, who did you ask for help just now?" Fanny asked curiously. It costs more than 40,000 dollars! How could it be solved in just one sentence? That's just too quick!

"It's my boyfriend, I love him so much!" Lara replied with her heart filled with joy. "Baller, you still like me, don't you?" Lara's heart was full of fantasies. When can she really see him?



Chapter 71

Lara Jean happily sent a message to "baller".
"Thank you, I'll give you a surprise tonight."

"I envy you for having a friend like him," Fanny Lowe sounded very jealous. If Lara's friend could handle this matter with only a few words, how influential could he be?

Lara looked pleased, but when she saw Chuck Cannon walking towards the private room, she pouted her lips and caught up with him.

"Hey!" Lara yelled.

Chuck turned his head and heard a crack. His hand had hit something. Chuck looked stunned. When he turned his head, he saw a broken bottle of red wine on the ground. The waiter holding the tray was looking at Chuck in shock.



The muscles on Chuck's face were twitching. He thought, Great, and now it's my turn?

"Sir, you..." The waiter came to his senses and said in a firm tone, "Sir, this bottle of wine that you broke is a Lafite."

"Call your manager over!" Lara said as she rushed to the scene.

Chuck appeared shaken.

The waiter hesitated for a moment, but he had no choice and left shortly to get his boss. After all, an immediate superior needed to deal with this incident.

"Don't worry. You put in kind words for me earlier. Now, it's my turn to return you the favor. That way, we're even." Lara said.

Chuck still could not find his voice. He stared at Lara with an odd expression.

"What are you staring at?" Lara was on high

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alert. Was this guy still thinking about sleeping with her despite the situation now?

"You've had two chances. You've wasted them both, and now you're still hoping for it? It will not happen!"

"Let me remind you I already have a boyfriend, and he is well-to-do. Quit fantasizing about me already." Lara said while showing Chuck her phone. She clicked an image on WeChat as if she was bragging about it, and the guy in the photo was none other than the "baller".

Chuck felt weirder and mumbled deep inside himself, When did I become your boyfriend? How could you be so shameless?

"Listen to me carefully. I already have a boyfriend who I love very much. Don't assume that I saved you because of other intentions. Don't get me wrong. I helped you since you



said something nice to me, and that's it." Lara put away her cell phone.

Chuck did not know how to react. He was at a loss for words. Would Lara feel upset and hesitant when he tells her that the "baller" was him?

Chuck wanted to speak out, and he was also ready to take out the evidence.

However, Lara was getting impatient already. "Why isn't your manager coming? Do you have any idea who's my boyfriend?"

The waiter could only do a follow-up with his manager.

The manager came over in exasperation. What's happening today? Why was everyone smashing and disrupting things all night?

When the manager arrived and was about to get mad, he noticed Chuck. He immediately

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smiled and said, "Sir..."

"This guy is my classmate. He broke it by accident," Lara said.

"Uhm..."

"What? Do you want my boyfriend to call and talk to you privately? If that's the case, you can say goodbye to your work!" Lara barked.

The manager frowned and deliberated,

Who the hell is your boyfriend? If it weren't for Chuck Cannon, I wouldn't even bother talking to you.

However, when the manager saw Chuck's impassive look, he nodded and said, "Okay."

"At least, you know what's good for you. Chuck, I don't owe you anymore! Remember, stop having any sick thoughts about me." Lara warned before turning around and heading to the private function room.

16:42 ■



The manager seemed taken aback and coughed. "She's your girlfriend?"

"No, but don't tell her who I am," Chuck responded.

"Yes, sir, I get what you mean." The manager nodded his head in agreement.

Chuck wouldn't allow the business to bear any losses. He would instruct Yolanda Lane tomorrow to lessen the establishment's rent charge for next month in return.

"Your room today will be free, compliments of the KTV owner. Consider it our gratitude. Please enjoy your stay," the manager added.

Chuck took a quick look at him and said, "Thanks."

The manager's heart was full of satisfaction.

Lara made her way back to the private room.

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Just now, Fanny also witnessed how impressive Lara's friend was. The manager rescued Chuck just by talking. Not only that, but he also sent them free bottles of wine. He could also work out conflicts involving payment worth thousands of dollars by saying a few words.

"What were you doing just now? Were you helping Chuck solve his dilemma? Why do you care so much about that guy? Just ask him to pay for it. Were You not looking down on him the most?" Fanny asked with a smile.

"It's beside the point that I despise him. He merely spoke to me just now. After I save him, I won't be indebted to him anymore," Lara said.

"Hey, after you rescued Chuck, do you think he felt touched and could develop intimate feelings for you?" Fanny checked out Lara's pretty butt.

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"Yeah, whatever. Anyway, I won't ever like him."

Lara shook her head. She already had a "baller", how could she fall in love with a guy like Chuck?

It was impossible. The "baller" had solved the predicament for her, which meant that she was also significant in his life. The "baller" could get a solution to her problem in less than a minute. Could Chuck do that?

You said positive and favorable things on my behalf, but this courtesy, I have already given it back to you.

"But he will have a soft spot for you. Look, Chuck is still gawking at your ass!"

"Hmpf, bastard!"

Lara showed no interest in looking back. When she was in school, this guy eyed her

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regularly. However, when Lara glanced around, she spotted Chuck still speaking to the manager. Does this bastard want to suck up the manager?

Lara shook her head, and the two of them entered the private room. Lara marched directly to the washroom within the area, took off her clothes, and took a snapshot of herself.

"Hey "baller", this is the only way I could think of to extend my appreciation. I hope you'll cherish it."

Lara was nervous. After a moment of hesitation, she took a selfie. She dolled herself up and took another picture without showing her face and sent it to him.

Chuck also went to his private room. Now was the perfect time to end this game.

Chuck had the urge to go back when he



remembered that Yvette Jordan had been drinking cocktails. She couldn't drive safely once drunk. Chuck wondered if he should send Yvette back.

This situation could be his best shot.

Sure enough, after entering the private room, most of the students had enough to drink. The party would be over soon. Yvette's face had turned red, and she was already a little intoxicated. However, she was still sober, but it would be risky for her to drive in such a state.

"Well, it's about time you show up. Let's go back!" The class monitor declared, and all the students scrambled to their feet, including Yvette.

Everyone proceeded outside.

Chuck was a little flustered to see Queenie Carson. Queenie lowered her head. Chuck

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caught up to her and asked, "Are you all right?"

"I'm fine." Queenie shook her head. She had been sitting just now, thinking.

If Chuck forced her to work on the problem, she would still agree and would not refuse him. However, if Chuck had not come back yet, she could never tell Chuck that she would help him, could she?

How humiliating would that be?

Queenie could not put those into words.

Chuck did not know what was in Queenie's mind, and it struck him dumb. He just let out a heavy sigh and stayed silent. Queenie felt depressed. The more Chuck thought about it, the more he believed that it's not because of himself.

"Wow, we don't even have to pay for our

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orders?" It surprised the class monitor that somebody had footed the bill.

The turn of events baffled the other students as well. They all deliberated if they would get a refund for their money.

"Yes, our boss said that your bill tonight would be on us." The receptionist said with a smile.

"Lara, your boyfriend is amazing!" Fanny was wide-eyed and became even more envious. They received free wine, and he solved the problem. Her boyfriend also paid the bills for them. When could she find a wealthy boyfriend like him?

"What? Is this because of Lara's boyfriend?"

"That's right. Her boyfriend is the owner of this KTV. Didn't she go out just now? Perhaps snapped some photos?"

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"Damn it. I'm so green with envy. Lara has such a sexy body."

The students were all chatting about her. Lara scowled at the classmate who had just spoken, but the receptionist smiled and took out a gold card. The manager wanted to hand over the card to Chuck, which was unusual. Lara glanced at it and snatched it away. It was her boyfriend's. Why did you give it to Chuck?

Her action surprised the receptionist.

Chuck peeked at Lara but said nothing. At that moment, Chuck was thinking of ways to talk to Yvette.

"Lady, that card is..." the receptionist said.

"There's nothing left for you to say. It belongs to my boyfriend, so I'm keeping it." Lara said and put the card away. She could use the gold card to pay their bills next time, but Lara did not know that Chuck alone could use it.



The receptionist was even more lost. What is this girl doing? She couldn't use the card at all!

"Let's all head back." Lara took the lead. The other students followed closely behind. Today, everyone had fun, thanks to Lara. The students encircled her like devoted fans.

Chuck saw that everybody had gone out, so he went to Yvette's side. Seeing her provocative figure, Chuck could not help but feel stimulated again. "Wifey, let me send you back."



Chapter 72

When Chuck Cannon coined the term "wifey", he felt terrible. Since Yvette Jordan was still not open to these things, she would probably feel upset.

As expected, Yvette gave Chuck a sharp stare and said, "No, you send Queenie Carson back home."

Chuck looked pleasantly surprised. He called her as his wife, yet she was not even mad at him?

Chuck was so excited that he felt encouraged. "Yvette, I'm so sorry. I didn't see the text message you sent me just now. I wanted to come and sit in your car."

"You didn't even take some time to check, did you?" Yvette said coldly and pressed a button for the parking lot on the elevator's control

16:43 ■



panel. Lara Jean and other students had gone ahead, including Queenie Carson.

Chuck wouldn't have said such things to Yvette in front of his classmates.

"It's not like that." The elevator door opened, and Chuck casually walked in.

Yvette had a few drinks. Although she was not drunk, it was still risky for her to sit behind the steering wheel. Chuck wasn't at ease and seemed helpless. At least, he had to make sure that Yvette would reach home safely.

Yvette had the faint smell of alcohol on her body, and her face was all flushed. She gave off the impression of being slightly intoxicated and stimulated. Her sexually attractive aura could evoke the attention of other men. Even Chuck himself could not control the irresistible urge to stare at Yvette's round, shapely backside. Her skinny jeans go



perfectly with her toned figure.

Chuck caught himself in a dilemma.

They had been sleeping together for almost ten years, but Chuck never realized how physically fit Yvette's body had been. He contemplated on doing something sensual to her inside the elevator now, such as caressing her soft skin. Would she resist and urge him to stop?

Yvette didn't know how to express her emotions.

Chuck handed Yvette some hangover pills and brought extra food for late-night snacks. The next morning, he had some breakfast delivered. To some extent, his actions moved her. Chuck still showed concern for her since they had once lived together for so long.

Today, Yvette wanted to relax and take her classmates out for another sing-along

16:43 ■



session. When she sent Chuck a message, she hesitated for a moment and even felt nervous. However, over ten minutes went by since she sent the text, and Yvette had not yet gone inside the car. Was taking the bus more convenient than sitting in her private vehicle? Yvette was getting a little irritated.

Later on, Yvette saw Chuck and Queenie sharing a duet song. Why were they singing together? Their faces showed much happiness that they even embraced each other while giggling, putting Yvette in an awkward spot.

It was like someone else took away her things. Yvette wanted to drink some wine, but she forgot that she drove here. She would call someone to pick her up. Anyway, nobody asked her to drive.

The door of the Celestial Ladder opened and seven people swarmed in. Yvette stepped



back to make way for them.

Chuck accidentally bumped into her. This time, he was very excited. He had been thinking about Yvette for the entire night. When his hand touched hers, he instantly felt a connection.

Fortunately, Yvette didn't know, otherwise it would be awkward. However, Chuck could feel the weird mentality people had on the bus. Every minute and second was painful.

Ding!

The elevator door opened, and people went out. Yvette walked out first, and Chuck followed closely behind. When Yvette turned around and saw Chuck checking her butt, she grew irritated.

Has my behind changed and appear attractive to you? In the past, you had the right to touch it but chose not to.



Seeing Yvette's annoyed expression, Chuck quickly shifted his gaze away from her. He couldn't go too far. After all, they had separated ways already, and their relationship had just become comfortable recently.

If it were because of this that made Yvette finally change her growing impression of him, Chuck would lose more than he gained.

"You may go back now. I'll call the driver myself." Yvette turned around and went to her car.

How could a guy like Chuck let go of this opportunity? He caught up to her and said sincerely, "Yvette, let me send you back. At least you're familiar with me. Do you feel comfortable with a stranger driving you back?"

Yvette gave Chuck a sharp look. After hesitating for a few seconds, she laid the car



key in Chuck's open palm, opened the car door and sat on the passenger seat. Feeling pleased, Chuck quickly got inside the car.

"It's been some time since you got your license, but you haven't been practicing, so it'll be hard for you to get used to driving this car in the beginning. Start the engine first, and I'll tell you how to proceed. Drive slowly, I'm not in a hurry," Yvette said unemotionally.

Chuck smiled and started the engine skillfully. He had been driving for a few days now, and he was already familiar with it.

Chuck's control of the vehicle surprised Yvette. "Do you normally drive?"

Chuck was no stranger to the engines, and he could start it properly. He did not look like someone new to driving.

"Yes, I usually drive a BMW," Chuck said.

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After sensing suspicion in Yvette's gaze, Chuck coughed before saying, "It's Zelda's. I have driven her car a few times, so I'm quite accustomed to it."

"Well, why do you have to drive her car?" The doubt on Yvette's face disappeared.

"Um, it's fun. Practice makes perfect, right?" Chuck could only come up with a reason.

"Okay, but I also have a car," Yvette said frigidly.

Her abrupt change of tone confused Chuck. What did she mean? Did Yvette just implore that he could drive her car? Chuck was at a loss for words. After all, he hasn't done it before, mainly because it embarrassed him.

Suddenly she showed a willingness to lend him her car?

"Is her car better than mine?" Yvette asked,

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studying Chuck's reaction.

"No, hers is a Land Rover," Chuck said. Suddenly, he could see little daggers shooting right out of Yvette's eyes.

"Then you drive her car. Get out of mine." Chuck's reply made Yvette fuming mad.

"No, you don't get it. Zelda's car is too bulky, though spacious and fuel-efficient. But it's not as easy to drive as yours. This vehicle is compact, flexible, and boasts of a great top speed."

"Her car is enormous, while mine is small. Just tell me that my car is not good enough!"

"Her car is so expensive, so it's more luxurious. No, it's much more striking, it has more driving pleasure."

Chuck tried his best to explain to Yvette, but the more she listened, the more irritated she



became. In the end, Yvette stopped talking and kept a sharp face. A silent and bitter war descended between them.

After reaching the place where Yvette lived, she stormed out of the car and slammed the door. Chuck pursued her and tried to calm her nerves. "Yvette, please don't be mad."

"Why would I? She has a solid car, and I'm not diligent enough to afford one." Yvette said without even looking back. Chuck got in front of her and said, "That's not what I meant."

Yvette gave Chuck a hard stare and marched away without saying a word.

"Hey, here's your car key."

"You use it to drive yourself home."

"But I have a car..."

Yvette stopped on her tracks, turned around, and walked towards him. There was a raging



fire burning in her eyes, and Chuck felt bad looking at her in that state.

Yvette snatched away the key from Chuck and hissed, "Go drive a fancy car. You can even drive behind Zelda's wheels!"

After Yvette ended her ranting, she pressed a button going to her floor. When the doors opened, she stepped silently.

Chuck felt helpless. Glancing at Yvette's car, it was also a BMW. It was beautiful. Chuck sighed. Noticing that it was getting late already, he did not want to go back to school to drive his car again. He hailed a cab.

Watching through the window, Yvette saw Chuck leaving. She sighed softly.

Did he take the taxi than drive my car back? Is my vehicle that awful? Is it so inconvenient compared to Zelda's?



The more Yvette thought about it, the more annoyed she grew. Sitting on the bed, Yvette suddenly realized why her heart was full of anger.

Why should she be angry?

Chuck arrived home by commuting. When he got into the elevator, he turned on his mobile phone and found that Lara sent him a photo. Chuck clicked on it, and he nearly fainted!

Lara's figure is smoking-hot.

She also wrote the caption, "Thank you, baller, for helping me out today."

Lara did not reveal her face in the photo. However, even if the picture only showed part of her chin, Chuck could still determine that it was Lara. This picture made Chuck very aroused even though Yvette occupied his thoughts the whole night. Looking at the image again made him feel very uneasy.

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Since Lara did not show her face, Chuck hesitated for a moment before replying, "You're pretty, but why won't you include your pretty face?"

Lara responded immediately with a few shy texts. Another reply came, "Baller, don't tempt me. This is the most that I can show you. Am I attractive?"

"It's okay, but it would be more appealing if you show your face."

Chuck immediately transferred 10,000 dollars to Lara according to their agreement. After collecting the money, Lara quickly returned, "Thank you, Baller. I will return the funds to you a month later."

"Don't worry, there's no need to hurry. Please show me your face. I want to see it." Chuck replied.

Lara stopped sending any messages

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afterward which puzzled Chuck. Could it be that Lara snubbed him after receiving the payment? No, it shouldn't be. Lara indeed loves money, but Chuck was still counting on her honesty.

Sure enough, a minute later, after a fierce conflict in his heart, Lara sent him a picture. After Chuck opened it, he couldn't stop grinning.



Chapter 73

The photo that Lara Jean sent to Chuck Cannon this time had her face on it, including just her upper body. This sexy snapshot should be the most that Lara could show him. After viewing this image, Chuck felt that he would sleep well and be happy tonight.

If Lara knew that the "baller" she had been talking to and sending nude photos all the time was Chuck, how would she react?

If Chuck took the nude pictures to Lara, what would she think?

The thought of this happening amused Chuck. Lara, you are so doomed.

Chuck texted back, playfully, "You look so damn fine."

Lara sent back a few sweet and short replies.



Chuck reluctantly took another look at the photo of Lara again before inserting his mobile phone back in his pocket and took the elevator going up.

Back in the dormitory, Lara glimpsed at her phone, pleasantly surprised and nervous at the same time due to the events that night.

She initially sent the photo with no other meaning. She just wanted to thank "baller", but she did not expect him to transfer 10,000 dollars straight away because of their deal. Now that she had already received the money for the shop's renovation, her happiness has exceeded all bounds.

And all the tension in her body was because of the last photo she sent "baller" that she considered her most daring move ever. Lara dreaded that there would be others who would use her nudes for the wrong intentions. However, he must have a lot of other

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girlfriends. He could not possibly do such an abominable thing.

Lara tried to calm herself from all the cynical what-ifs that crossed her mind. After a while, she felt comforted and held the mobile phone close to her chest. As she lay down in her warm and cozy bed, her mind won't stop speculating.

"Baller", what do you look like? My cousin said you're still a student. Do you think we know each other? I bet it would be nice if we know each other in real life."

"Lara, your boyfriend is so filthy rich. When will you move out of the dormitory?" a fellow dormmate asked.

"Yeah, your boyfriend is so incredible. I bet he lives in a villa."

"Hopefully, soon!" Lara chimed in happily. She closed her eyes and went to sleep.



...

When Chuck got up in the morning, a man from the Porsche car store called him again and asked when he would take his vehicle. The car he reserved had been in their showroom for a while now. Chuck thought of going there today. Since he left his BMW 7 Series parked near the school the night before, he didn't have any service today, so he decided to take his new car.

At the thought of this, Chuck replied to the manager that he would come today. The manager didn't expect him to drop by right away. He immediately said that he would wait for him.

After taking a quick shower, Chuck went out. However, he saw Zelda Maine coming out of her room. She was all dressed up and headed to the elevator. It seemed like she was going to her restaurant.

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"Good morning, Zelda." Chuck greeted her with a faint smile. Today, Zelda dressed up casually, but her excellent figure still showed perfectly despite her casual clothes.

"Hello there, good morning to you." Zelda came over.

The two of them entered the elevator together. Zelda did not speak any word, and neither did Chuck.

Zelda had always wanted to ask Chuck a question. Did he offer the business to Yvette instead of giving it to her? However, Zelda could not bring herself to ask no matter how much she wanted to. How could she?

After a few seconds of silence, the elevator door opened.

Zelda watched Chuck go outside first. Was he not using the car today? She hesitated for a moment and asked, "Chuck, aren't you driving

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today?"

"I parked my car at school," Chuck said.

"Let me send you to school then," Zelda said. Chuck didn't know how to explain it to Zelda. Should he tell her he would take his brand new car today?

"Hey."

"What's wrong? Is someone else coming to pick you up?" Zelda asked doubtfully.

Chuck shook his head. "I'm going to the Porsche store. The car I booked arrived already. I will pick it up today."

"Okay, I'll drop you off there." Zelda walked over to him. It turned out that Chuck had bought another car. She offered since it was also along the way to her destination.

"Thank you, Zelda."

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"No problem. Come on."

Chuck got inside and settled comfortably. The last time Chuck was in Zelda's car, he remembered smelling a unique fragrance. The scent was still there today. The smell of that perfume stirred him up that he ogled straight at Zelda's legs.

Chuck could not prevent himself from recalling the scene in his dream the night before. He had dreamt of Zelda. Chuck found it amusing, but he couldn't ignore what he's feeling at the moment.

Zelda was such an easy-going girl. How should Chuck put it into words? Zelda had always been single, but it did not seem like she was available all the time. Did she have a sexual partner when she needed it? Zelda had always looked so gorgeous. Even without trying, countless men would have competed against each other to keep her company.

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Zelda had no shortage of men. If she wanted a boyfriend, she could quickly get one. Thinking about it, Chuck realized how a little perverted he was. Zelda would do nothing ridiculous. It was him who had been holding it in for too long, so his imagination ran wild.

However, thinking about it, Chuck had some confidence in his self and looked forward to the challenge. Heeding to Zelda's emphasis on being single, she mentioned she would only sleep with someone if that guy is him.

They wouldn't have any restrictions, nor would they be tied to any emotions. Whenever they spent time together, such a set-up would cross their mind. Once they have satisfied each other's sexual desires, they would part ways without meddling too much in their private lives. It was the best arrangement.

But Chuck could only think about it. After all,



he hasn't reached that intimacy level with Zelda yet. If he told her his plans, Zelda might slap him hard in the face, which would be embarrassing.

Zelda certainly didn't know what Chuck had in mind.

In her thoughts, she had lost to Yvette. If Yvette renewed the contract to operate the restaurant, it would be impossible for her to take over the business. However, it was also impossible for her to just give up that fast. That was a place of great potential for Zelda.

"I want to open a restaurant within the City Square." Zelda declared. She couldn't hold it in herself anymore.

"Huh?" Chuck couldn't get himself to react.

"I said, I want to open another restaurant," Zelda said seriously.

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"Oh."

"Will you help me?" Zelda asked.

Chuck found himself defenseless.

Even if Zelda did not know that her mother, Karen Lee, was the boss of Hotel Luna, she should have guessed by her position as the boss of the City Square. Zelda was a clever girl. She could figure out entirely that she was the boss after a simple analysis.

The situation had put Chuck in a tight spot now. Zelda should have already known that Yvette was the supervisor of the training company. So when he refused Zelda the position but asked Yvette instead to take over, he wondered what her reaction could have been. Was she offended? Did it upset her? Did she feel disappointed? What could she be thinking?

"Oh." Chuck did not know how to reply. He

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could only answer with another question, "Why didn't I ask for you?"

"Just say yes or no."

"Well, I don't have the right to do that. I can't decide now."

"Of course, you can. I know you're capable."

"Well, I'll ask around first," Chuck could only answer.

There were no vacant slots available upstairs. Chuck couldn't ask those tenants to move just like that.

The spaces for shops on the first floor were too small. Zelda's restaurant was at least 200 square meters. The only last resort would be to check if tenants were willing to transfer their store locations. Zelda's restaurant could help increase the number of people coming to City Square once she opened it. Since it

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would be beneficial to his business, Chuck thought he should find a way to make it happen.

"I'll be waiting for your update." The corners of Zelda's mouth curled up. Could he still be pretending?

"Okay, sure." Chuck nodded. Later, he would send a message to Yolanda Lane, telling her to monitor and concentrate on the leasing spaces. Yolanda has a proven track record of being efficient in her work, and she should get things done soon.

Soon, they arrived at the Porsche store. Chuck got out of the car, but Zelda also got off. He asked in confusion, "Zelda, weren't you headed the restaurant?"

"Can I have a look at it first? I want to see if your car is worth all that cash. Can I?" Zelda said.



Chuck did not know how to answer her. How could Zelda not afford a car worth over four million dollars? It's not that she doesn't like it, she just preferred bigger cars. When Chuck and Zelda walked in, the manager had been waiting for them inside. He immediately took Chuck to his car and spent half a day telling him the basic knowledge of driving a sports car.

After days of driving around with his BMW, Chuck got the hang of it. In half a day, Chuck had mastered driving his new car. He felt so handsome and cool being behind the wheel. When he stepped on the accelerator, the roar of the engine was enough to drive him crazy.

Chuck laughed and felt that buying this car was an excellent decision. Chuck had already learned to appreciate his sports car. Now he has the reason to drive it more often.

Chuck thought, If I drive this car to Yvette's,



what would she feel?"

After finishing the last procedures, Chuck parked his car next to Zelda's. She had been with Chuck the entire morning. Looking at Chuck's car also prompted her to own one of these cars. It was attractive and flashy.

Suddenly, Zelda received a call. After a few seconds, she panicked. "Mom, don't come over."

"Are you still hiding? Quincy told me you already found a new boyfriend and that you're sleeping together. Why don't you bring him home so I could meet him in person? Well, I don't expect you to make a move. I've just passed by your place with a few of my friends. Bring your boyfriend over to have dinner with us," Zelda's mother said.

"But, Mom..."

"I'm almost there. Tell your boyfriend about

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it."

After hanging up the phone, Zelda stood frozen for a moment. What should I do? Zelda thought about it and walked to the side of Chuck's car, biting her lips. "Are you free later? I want to invite you to dinner."



Chapter 74

Chuck Cannon originally wanted to invite Zelda Maine to dinner. Since Zelda kept him company at the workshop the whole morning, he planned to treat her to a meal.

How could he allow her to pay for his food?

"So, are you available tonight?" Zelda asked again in desperation.

Zelda was a little annoyed by all the nonsense chatter of her best friend, Quincy. Now things have gotten serious. Her mother had heard the news and rushed over. She could only ask Chuck to keep up with the act.

"I have a class in the afternoon," Chuck said.

"Can you ask for leave?" Zelda asked, her voice full of apprehension.

Chuck hesitated. The session he'd be



skipping this afternoon was Yvette's class. If he skipped her period, she would be more annoyed. All the talk about cars last night had already aggravated her.

"What's the matter?" Chuck asked with interest.

Zelda had no choice but to tell Chuck the reason why her mother was here. Chuck was surprised after listening to it. Last time at Quincy Lowe's birthday, Chuck had pretended to be Zelda's boyfriend, but it was no trouble for him at all. He even kissed Zelda twice at that time.

Now that Chuck thought about it, he already had wild thoughts running in his mind.

"Just this time, please help me. My mother is already on her way." Zelda pleaded.

Chuck had no choice but to ask Zelda to wait while he contacted Yvette to inform her about

16:46 ■



the situation. Fortunately, Yvette picked up after two rings.

"You're skipping class, aren't you?"

Yvette's icy voice echoed loud and clear from the other end of the line. It was as if she already knew that Chuck had something up his sleeves, or else he wouldn't have called her.

"Uh, no. I just have something else to do."

"That still means you won't be attending my class. That is ditching schoolwork. Chuck Cannon, you're about to take the exam. Do you think you can pass?"

Chuck shook his head. He knew he wouldn't pass the quiz, but he couldn't admit that to her.

"Yvette, it's just..."

"It's your decision if you want to show up later



or play hooky."

Chuck heaved a heavy sigh. Yvette had given her permission. "Thanks. I'll come to class next time."

"That's what you also said last time," Yvette sneered.

Chuck could feel his ears turning red because of embarrassment. Did he ever say that?

"Thank you." Chuck was too flustered to say anything else.

"I don't want your gratitude. Go and drive Zelda's Land Rover!"

Yvette hung up, leaving Chuck flabbergasted. What was Yvette thinking? Did she think he was using Zelda's car?

Zelda was all worked up. She called and asked where her mother was so she could make necessary preparations for dinner later.

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Zelda wanted them to dine in her restaurant since the ingredients there were fresh and safe for consumption. However, her mother refused. "No, Quincy mentioned that your boyfriend is an affluent man. I want to see how well off he is. Let him arrange the dinner."

"Mom, what are you planning to do?" Zelda was on the verge of breaking down.

"Nothing, I just want to have a good look at him."

Zelda's stomach was in knots. What could her mother want out of this? Zelda knew what was in her mother's mind. She must have thought Chuck was a con artist who wanted her money only. However, Chuck could afford to buy the City Square on his own. It was worth hundreds of millions of dollars. Why would someone like Chuck want to deceive her? Her wealth could never compare to

16:47 ■



Chuck's total net worth.

"I'm almost at your restaurant. Remember, I'm not having dinner at your establishment. Let your boyfriend decide."

Then her mother put the phone down.

Zelda became motionless. She groaned and tried to compose herself. "How did it go?"

"I'm good. Let's go," Chuck said.

"My mom asked you to decide where we'll eat for dinner. But don't worry, I'll take care of the bill."

"It's fine. I can manage."

If it was up to Chuck to decide, he thought that his mother's hotel would be appropriate. It was a five-star hotel, and the food and service there should be outstanding. Chuck asked Zelda about the number of people coming over. Zelda said that there would be

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five of them, including her mother and two of her friends.

Chuck nodded in acknowledgment. He looked up Betty Bernard's phone number and made the call. After a few rings, he got through.

"Young Master," Betty answered politely.

"I have a few friends who want to stay over for a few nights. Can you arrange three presidential suites for me?"

"Young Master, kindly hold on for a moment."

Betty immediately went to the front desk to inquire about the rooms. After checking at the computer, Betty frowned. Due to several functions, the hotel seemed to be full of guests. The presidential suites have prior reservations and wouldn't be available for one week. The rooms expected to become vacant would be after two days.



Apart from the suites, all of the luxury and deluxe rooms were also reserved. There were only a few single rooms left. The business of the hotel seemed to be booming.

"Young Master, I'm sorry, but all the presidential suites are unavailable." Betty said apologetically, "Can you please wait for a moment, Young Master? I'll see what I can do."

It didn't take her much effort to find a way. Chuck was indeed Karen Lee's precious son.

"There's no need for it. Are there any empty luxury rooms?" Chuck shook his head. He wouldn't want to affect the hotel's reputation.

"There's none."

Betty hesitated. Chuck had called her personally, and he was a valuable friend, so she couldn't let him down. "Young Master, do you think it's alright if I make other

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arrangements for you?"

Betty thought that she could call in a favor. The standard there was also quite notable, and the Young Master would still be satisfied.

"Sure, go ahead."

"Well, Young Master, please wait for a moment. I will call you again later."

"Alright. Is there any table reserved for us for dinner at the hotel?" Chuck inquired.

"Yes, definitely, Young Master. Don't worry."

"Well, I'll see you later."

"Sure."

After hanging up the call, Chuck thought about meeting his 'mother-in-law' for the first time. He would undoubtedly leave a bad impression if he drove a sports car since such a vehicle equated to madness. He didn't want

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his 'mother-in-law' to have the wrong notion about him.

He had to execute well. Chuck got out of his car, which surprised Zelda. "Don't you want to drive?"

"This kind of car will make Auntie feel that I'm not mature enough. How can she be at ease to hand you over to me?" Chuck smiled.

Chuck's statement blew Zelda away. His words were a little too direct, but she did not hate it.

Chuck also felt that something was wrong with his words, so he added in a hurry, "Relax. It's just kidding."

Zelda smiled awkwardly. "Let's use my car then."

Chuck made no objections. He told Zelda that the hotel and the dinner venue were all set.



Zelda nodded in acknowledgment. Besides, she would handle all the expenses.

Before leaving, Chuck dropped by the store and greeted the manager, asking if he could park his car there for an extra day. The manager politely consented. Chuck walked out of the building and got into Zelda's car.

Zelda drove Chuck to her restaurant.

At the entrance of Zelda's restaurant, a Mercedes Benz slowly pulled up not far away from the restaurant.

There were three women in their forties and fifties inside the car. One of them was Zelda's mother, Manny Lowe. She was the one sitting behind the wheel. Manny's outfit made her look serious and intimidating. Her two friends at the backseat seemed very different from her. They were gorgeously elegant. They had the look of mature women but wore clothes



like young ladies. One of them wore a pair of stilettos, aviator sunglasses, and her hair looked stylish, dyed to a bluish hue. She donned a pair of hot pants, hiding her long legs that stretched for a mile while the other woman wore tight jeans.

Their scents were a combination of peach and vanilla, and an undeniable charm was evident in their eyes. The air smelled like blooming flowers during springtime.

"Manny, how old is your son-in-law?" The woman in tight jeans asked Manny.

"I'm not sure. I only know that he's quite rich." Manny's tone was gentle. She did not care about his fortune. She just didn't want her daughter to be involved with a cheater. Her daughter was almost 30 years old. Manny would always worry about her daughter while she's single.

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"What do you mean rich? A few million dollars? Ten million dollars?" The woman in tight jeans couldn't help asking.

"I guess it's just about ten million dollars," Manny said. Quincy Lowe didn't tell her much. She just declared that her daughter Zelda already had a boyfriend.

"Isn't that too little? Zelda has close to billions of dollars, right?" The woman in hot pants shook her head.

"Almost."

"How can it be then? Zelda is such a smart girl. She should at least find a boyfriend who has hundreds of millions saved."

"I think they're on the same level. At least, it's a perfect match. Don't you think so?"

"My daughter doesn't care about all this." Manny knew her daughter very well.



"That's a big deal. I've watched Zelda grow up. She's so charming and smart. Finding a guy like this will be a great loss for her."

"Yes, I know some people here. I'll hook her up with this guy later."

While the two women chatted, Manny just kept mum. All she did was wait.

After a while, Manny saw her daughter's car approaching. Manny opened the door and got out of her car, and the two women also came out.

When they saw Zelda and Chuck, they immediately shook their heads. The woman in hot pants said, "Why did he come here in Zelda's car? He doesn't own one?"

"Not even a car? Is he a swindler? He's worse than being poor. He doesn't have any money at all!" The woman in tight jeans murmured.

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When Chuck and Zelda came over, the two women looked even more surprised. "Manny, it's over. Is Zelda's boyfriend a teenager? Is he still a student?"

"Of course, he is either studying or working. Sigh, I think this kid must have cheated Zelda. He doesn't even have a car, so he had to come here in his girlfriend's car. He's not someone Zelda could count on. "

The two women looked at Chuck and were instantly displeased.



Chapter 75

Initially, Manny did not put her friends' scornful words to heart. As long as her daughter liked the guy, she would be fine with anything. But now, something was wrong.

My dear daughter, you should have set a standard and limit in choosing someone to love. You should not burden yourself. He doesn't even have a car, and you need to take him here. Both of you don't even look like a good match.

He looks younger than you by seven years. He must have other intentions.

Manny's expression shifted unpleasantly.

"How could Zelda find such a boyfriend? Manny, talk some sense into your daughter. She's young and beautiful, finding a more suitable boyfriend will be an easy thing for



her."

"Now, this kid is most likely living off Zelda. Sigh, people nowadays have no shame at all. We need to stop them now. If they sleep together and Zelda gets pregnant, then we'll have a huge headache later."

The two women kept on talking. Manny grew more afflicted with the things she heard.

How can my daughter be with such a young kid? He's too unreliable. I have to talk to her.

"Mom, Auntie Helen, Auntie Wanda." Zelda came over with Chuck. She addressed them as 'Auntie's as they were her mother's closest friends.

The three women stared at Chuck up and down. The woman with tight jeans folded her hands on her chest and rolled her eyes at Chuck.



This kid knows how to present himself well. He's handsome, quite young, fashionable, and almost the same age as the guy she would usually go for in a club. She could even say that people like him are suitable only for fun. If he wanted something else, there's no way he could get it.

"This is my boyfriend, Chuck Cannon," Zelda introduced with a smile.

"Hello, Aunties." Chuck greeted them.

The more Manny looked at Chuck, the more grumpy she became. She frowned and nodded.

Zelda realized that her mother and two aunts were not happy. She also felt helpless, so to break the ice, she said, "Mom, aunties, let's go eat dinner first. We've already booked a place for dinner."

"Did you make the reservation, or did he do

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it? Manny asked.

"It's Chuck's decision, Mom."

"Him? He didn't pick a budget restaurant, did he? I heard that many cheap restaurants cook with dirty oil to save their costs."

"That's so disgusting. From the looks of him, he must've chosen a low-end restaurant. I won't eat at such a place. I didn't come all the way here just to greasy eat oil from a ditch."

The two women shook their heads and became even more disappointed with Chuck.

Manny scowled.

"Mom, Chuck reserved a good place," Zelda said.

"Zelda, it's not easy for us going here, so we can't eat anything random, okay? Forget it. Just ask your boyfriend to cancel the reservation. I'm quite picky, let me decide on

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dinner." The woman with hot pants shook her head in disbelief.

She had been here last time, and a friend invited her to have dinner in a hotel. The hotel was of the highest standard, and the entrees were delicious. She wanted to go there.

Otherwise, how nasty would it be if she ate a dish made with gutter oil?

"Auntie..." Zelda found herself unable to defend Chuck. Their actions made Chuck look bad, and she felt a little guilty.

"Let her decide," Manny said. She knew that her two friends were very particular about this.

Zelda sobbed and said to Chuck, "I'm so sorry."

"It's okay." Chuck didn't mind. If he went somewhere else for a meal, he wouldn't have

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to bother his mother's hotel staff anymore.

"I've booked the place. Let's go. The dishes there are very delicious, and the ingredients are fresh. You will feel safe and fulfilled if you eat them. It's not something that a typical restaurant can rival with." The woman with hot pants said while storing her VIP card at the same time.

The woman intentionally glanced at Chuck.

I looked forward to nothing. I thought you would book an expensive hotel. Surprisingly, I have to pay for it myself. I'll let you take advantage of me this time. Let me show you what a good meal looks like.

"Get in the car."

Manny sat in the car, and the two women followed her in.

"I'm truly sorry." Zelda felt responsible for all



the confusion and disgrace.

Zelda thought that her mother might be frustrated with Chuck's age, but she did not expect that her mother and aunties would judge Chuck for having no money. She never saw that coming. If she had known this, she should have let Chuck drive his newly bought BMW.

"I'm fine." Chuck shook his head, opened the car door, and settled in.

Zelda sighed and followed suit. She had no clue about the restaurant her aunt had arranged.

Manny had already pulled away from the curb. Zelda also started the ignition and followed behind her mother's car.

She felt uncomfortable because she thought that her two aunts were so hateful towards Chuck. But why?

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Chuck thought that since someone else had made a different plan, he would call Betty to cancel the preparations.

His call got connected.

"Young Master, are you here already?" Betty's voice sounded on the phone.

"No, I'm not coming. We will be going somewhere else to eat," Chuck said.

"Okay, Young Master."

On the other end of the line, Betty put down her mobile phone. She had just come out of the hotel's kitchen. She thought there must be a Michelin restaurant in a five-star hotel.

Betty anticipated that Chuck was about to come over for dinner, so she deliberately brought out a bottle of Lafite 1982, three Australian lobsters, and prepared an exceptional cuisine for him and his guests.

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Since Chuck canceled just now, she had to deal with these ingredients. She hesitated for a moment and went back to the kitchen.

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"Hey, where are we headed?" The woman with tight jeans asked in the car.

"A five-star hotel called Hotel Luna. The seafood there is superb and very gratifying."

"That's not bad. The restaurants in five-star hotels are usually exceptional. They must be much better than the one planned by Zelda's boyfriend."

"You're still talking about her boyfriend? We ended up having to book the restaurant ourselves. Damn."

Manny did not say a word as she felt so humiliated. She sighed in her heart, thinking what a big disappointment her daughter's

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boyfriend had been.

"Manny, that's the hotel directly upfront. I've been there last time." The woman with hot pants pointed to the exterior of the building.

"Okay." Manny drove over the entrance, and a security guard immediately approached them with a smile.

Manny felt relieved and followed the guard into a parking space.

"See, this place is way better. And this is how a five-star service should be. This is the kind of high-end place where we should eat. I don't want to eat anywhere else."

"It's not so bad. This hotel looks decent!"

The two women were all praises, and they were also looking forward to it. After all, they were starving.

Chuck began to feel strange. "Is this the place

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that your aunt has selected? Isn't this my mom's hotel? What a coincidence!"

Chuck suddenly smiled. Zelda followed the security guard's lead to the car park. She couldn't contain her surprise as well. She had been here last time, but she did not expect to return after a few days.

After parking the car, the two of them came down and walked toward Zelda's mother and her aunties.

The five of them went straight inside. The hotel's restaurant was next to the main entrance. The hotel looked modern, and there was a receptionist at the door to welcome them with a smile.

"Are there five of you?" the receptionist asked politely.

"Yes, there's five of us. I've put a reservation on the phone just now." The woman with hot

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pants said.

"Okay. You're Miss Wanda?" the receptionist inquired gently.

"Yes, I'm a member here. I came here last time." The woman with hot pants said proudly.

"Yes, we have reserved seats for you. Please come in." The receptionist took them inside with Chuck following at the back.

"Wow, business here is good." The woman with tight jeans looked impressed.

"That's right. You can't find a seat if you're not a member here." The woman with hot pants said. When she was on the phone just now, the receptionist said there were no seats left. Still, she immediately reserved seats for the group after the woman mentioned her membership number.



When they reached their table, everybody sat down, and the waiter began to introduce the menu.

Chuck looked around and thought, "This is terrific. My mother is so good at managing the hotel. All the staff assists the customers with a ready smile. How did she do this? I'll have to ask her about this later."

"Zelda, what do you want to eat?" The woman with hot pants asked.

"Chuck, have a look," Zelda said.

"Forget it, I'll decide for everyone." The woman in hot pants grabbed the menu and thought, Let him order? What if he orders something expensive? He should already be grateful that he can eat here."

The woman carefully studied the menu for a while and ordered the dishes. The waitress took the list and said, "Kindly wait for your

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orders." Then she immediately went to the kitchen. However, when she turned around, she suddenly noticed Chuck. This guy looked so familiar. She subconsciously thought about it and was immediately shocked. This guy was the one at the banquet last time.

The waitress immediately went to look for Manager Bernard.

"The seafood here is very delicious. You should eat more of it later. After all, someone may not have been here in this kind of place." The woman with hot pants snickered with a hint of sarcasm in her tone.

The woman with tight jeans smirked, but Manny flushed in distress. She grew even more cautious for her daughter to find such a boyfriend.

Zelda was raving mad, but Chuck didn't mind it at all.



The waitress came out of the kitchen and happened to see Betty.

"Madam, the man from before has come," the waitress said in a low voice.

"The man? Who?" Betty Bernard followed the waitress in confusion. When she saw Chuck from a distance, she felt a sudden alarm. "Why did the Young Master come here? Who ordered their food just now?"

"A woman named Miss Wanda. She's a member here," said the waitress.

Betty took a look at their orders. All the dishes were typical courses. She commanded, "Call the kitchen staff to prepare the three Australian lobsters. We'll bring them over later. Also, go to the cellar and bring the Lafite 1982 here. Remember to chill the wine now."

Chapter 76

Manny and her two best friends kept staring at Chuck. Her two friends were really mad at Chuck the more they looked at him. Manny decided to remain silent and soon the dishes were served.

There were all kinds of seafood that smelled incredibly tempting.

"Mom, aunties, please help yourself." Zelda said. As a restaurateur herself, she was quite satisfied with the dishes she saw on the table.

It was all very appetizing.

She served shrimps to Manny and two of her aunties. She also served one into Chuck's bowl and then whispered, "Eat more."

Chuck was stunned at first. But he knew if a gorgeous lady served him food, he must eat them and so he did straight away.

Zelda was a bit weirded out. That move made it seem... a little too intimate!

She had never personally picked up food for any men before, but it felt good to do it for the first time. Zelda watched Chuck as he ate and it reminded her of the time they kissed. Did this mean that they were kissing indirectly then?

Manny frowned at the sight of their intimate gesture. She had thought that they were not a

good match, so she certainly would not allow her daughter to continue to fall further into this abyss.

"Girl, what does Chuck do for a living?" Manny asked.

The lady with tight jeans and the lady with hot pants looked up immediately at Chuck. What could he be doing for a living? He didn't even have a car, so what else could he do for a living? He must either be a nine to five salaried worker or an unemployed loser.

"I'm still studying," Chuck responded.

Zelda, who was about to say something, was startled.

"Still studying?" Manny was getting even more upset. Their age gap was too huge, that would mean almost a seven or eight years difference.

"No wonder. So Zelda, how did you guys know each other?" The woman with tight jeans asked with a smile.

"Maybe they met each other through his part-time job." The woman with hot pants said.

"If that's the case, doesn't that mean the employee is now dating his boss?"

Manny felt even more embarrassed. "Oh my, what are you doing, my dear daughter?"

"No, he wasn't a part-timer at my restaurants." Zelda was angry.

Yet, she could not show it too openly because they were her elders after all. She had to be respectful.

"No? Then how did you get to know each other?"

The woman with tight jeans added, "Well, Zelda, I didn't mean to be asking too much. So if that's the case, can I ask where the place he just reserved for dinner is then?"

"Exactly, this shouldn't be a problem, right? I really want to know what kind of place he has reserved for us! Will it be more high class than this place?" The woman in hot pants was very 'curious' while enjoying the seafood.

Now that she knew Chuck was a student, she was even more convinced of her opinion. She thought that Chuck must have reserved a table at a low-class restaurant. How could they be dining at a restaurant that costs less than a hundred bucks per pax? It was too cheap!

Fortunately, she had booked this restaurant way ahead. Otherwise, she'd probably get a stomach ache if she dined at those kinds of cheap places. The woman in hot pants was frightened at this thought and realized she had made the right choice.

The more Manny looked at Chuck, the more she found Chuck less pleasing to the eye.

Zelda was really helpless.

"The place I booked was..." Chuck paused as he

saw the waiter was coming their way to serve some food.

"Where was it? Why didn't you finish your sentence? The place you booked was? Was it here?" The woman with hot pants said disdainfully.

"Do you know how expensive the food is here? It would cost around seven thousand dollars for their meal from what she just ordered. How could a student like you book a place like this?"

"How generous! This place is very expensive. I doubt that even if you pooled your months worth of living expenses, could you afford a meal here." The woman in tight jeans sneered.

Manny frowned, "Tell us then, where exactly did you book?"

"Here. This was the place I booked," Chuck said.

Zelda was surprised since she thought that Chuck had chosen other restaurants.

However, Manny's face turned cold and she was very unhappy.

The woman with hot pants sneered. "What a coincidence that you've chosen this place too!"

Her tone was particularly harsh when she said "coincidence".

"Yea, what a coincidence! For bookings like this in a five-star place, they always ask for your membership card. Since you said you've booked

this place, why don't you show me your membership card then?"

Chuck shook his head. He did not have a membership card.

"If you don't have a membership card, how did you make a reservation then? Stop bragging!" The woman in hot pants shook her head disdainfully.

"Can't I make a reservation without a membership card?" Chuck asked.

"You don't even understand the rules of the restaurants in a five-star hotel, so please stop lying, could you? Who do you think you are to be able to book a place like this with a simple phone call? Are you kidding me?"

"That's right. The hotel management needs to avoid prank calls. So to book a place like this, you need to either know someone internally or be a membership card holder, alright?"

"He doesn't look like he understands anything. It's not that shameful to be telling the truth, so then why are you lying? Even if you're lying, you could've made up a better story. Young man, is that how you lied to Zelda?" The woman in tight jeans said.

"Men these days love to live on women's support. They only say sweet things and don't really put effort in getting a proper job. These guys are useless. Zelda, for your own good, I advise you to

revise your decision! Finding a boyfriend is a matter of your lifelong happiness, you can't just take it lightly."

Pak!

Manny was getting angrier and angrier as she listened to their conversation. She was extremely embarrassed. She pounded the table, stood up, and said, "I'm done!"

"Mom!" Zelda hurriedly stood up.

"Why would you get a boyfriend like him? I'm very disappointed in you!" Manny shook her head.

"Mom, Chuck is..."

"What's with Chuck? I will ignore his young age, but he's full of nonsense too. Tell me, how is he reliable at all?" Manny was really upset. Her daughter was an outstanding young woman, so how could she have fallen in love with a good-for-nothing like him?

"Mom, you misunderstood. Chuck has..."

"Has what?" Manny glared at Zelda. "Let me tell you something. I hate people who lie the most. He's not honest! You can't rely on people like this! He said he had reserved a table here. So where's the membership card? I'll believe you if he shows it!"

"Oh Manny, he doesn't have it. So how is he ever going to be able to show it? He's just pretending and lying. Seeing how I've chosen such a good

place, he decided to lie as well. But he's not good at lying because he doesn't even know how it all works here! We've unveiled his lies !" The woman with hot pants said disdainfully.

The woman with tight jeans also sneered. "It couldn't really be like what I thought earlier that he was a male prostitute right?"

"Show it. Ask him to show it!" Manny was aggressive.

The two women were watching how the show was going to go on. No matter what, they could not let Zelda be with a loser like this.

"Isn't it an absolute mismatch for a talented woman to be with a conman? "

Zelda sighed and turned around to apologize to Chuck. And right at this moment, three waiters brought forward the three plates of lobsters.

The smell was phenomenal! There was even a waiter who brought over a bottle of red wine.

"Please enjoy your food!" The waiter said politely.

Manny and the other two stood stunned, the woman in hot pants was taken aback. Who ordered these three lobsters? She didn't order them, and that wine... The woman in hot pants picked up the bottle doubtfully. It was a 1982 Lafite Rothschild, an authentic one in fact!

"We didn't order these things!" She said.

"Yes, it was pre-ordered by this gentleman." The waiter said in a respectful manner while looking at Chuck.

"What? He actually booked a table here?"

Those three women were absolutely shocked. How could this be possible? The three Australian lobsters in this humongous size would cost several thousands. But the highlight was the bottle of red wine. It was the authentic 1982 Lafite Rothschild. It was one of those priceless wines in the market. It was even marked at eight thousand dollars a bottle at one point. Now that it's sold in a five-star hotel, it would at least cost more than a hundred thousand dollars!

Did he really book all these? The three women couldn't believe it!

Zelda was stunned. Did Chuck know the boss of this place? Since he said he didn't have a membership card he must be an acquaintance of some sort.

"Did he really book this place?" Manny asked seriously.

"Yes, this gentleman is a VIP of our hotel." The waiter said respectfully.

Manny looked at Chuck again, and the woman in hot pants immediately said, "Oh, I know now, you must be spending Zelda's money with all the expensive food you ordered, right?"

"Exactly, this guy doesn't even have a car. How could he have the money to order all these expensive foods? You're just showing off with a woman's money!" The woman in tight jeans said in an even more disdainful tone. That must have been it.

How shameless!

Manny frowned. If this was really the case, she would be really disappointed with her daughter. How could she have fallen in love with someone like this? Were there no other men in the world?

Chapter 77

Manny and both her friends kept staring at Chuck Cannon. How shameless of him! How could he feel so great about using a woman's money?

"Men these days are all so thick-skinned?"

"Auntie, don't say that, Chuck is not like what you said." Zelda was getting frustrated.

The woman in hot pants tried to convince her. "Zelda, stop talking. We are here to help you. We're more experienced in this field than you. We can tell what he wants to do with all these small gestures. He has been sweet talking to you right? Don't trust him, just break up with him! I'll find you someone that is a hundred times better than him."

"Yes, Zelda, this kid is just pretending to be rich with your money, yet still acting so bold. How shameless can he be?"

"You..." Zelda was furious. However, Chuck reached out and patted her hands, indicating that she should not be angry.

Zelda felt helpless and was on the verge of breaking down. Her heart was filled with guilt. After all, she was the one who had begged Chuck to come over. Now that he was being attacked by her two aunties, she was absolutely apologetic for Chuck.

Chuck looked at them and said calmly, "No, I don't need to pay to eat here!"

Manny was even more furious!

The woman in tight jeans sneered, "Haha! That's so funny. You really don't realize how much nonsense you're talking. How do you even say such things? Well, since you said you don't need to pay to eat here, tell me then, who are you and why don't you need to pay to eat here?"

"Don't bother, he definitely doesn't have an answer for it. I told you he was just bragging. This meal is worth thousands of dollars. Do you think you really don't have to pay? Who do you think you are?" The woman in hot pants sneered.

How ridiculous! She definitely wouldn't believe Chuck Cannon's words.

"It's true that this gentleman doesn't need to pay to eat here." Someone announced from afar. Betty Bernard, who was wearing a work uniform, walked over.

The three women frowned altogether.

Zelda was quite surprised. She had seen Betty before. She was the woman in suit from the banquet last time who brought in hundreds of people with a mere snap. Was she the manager here? Did Chuck know the owner of this hotel?

"Is she Chuck's friend?" Zelda wondered.

"Young..." Betty looked at Chuck respectfully, but Chuck waved his hand instead.

Betty understood it immediately and suppressed the "Master" that she was about to say.

"May I know if you have any comments about our services?" Betty asked with a calm face.

"Who is he?" Manny asked.

"An esteemed guest, he is the VIP of our hotel!" Betty said.

Manny and the ladies were becoming more suspicious. "Is that even true?"

The woman in hot pants looked at Chuck a few more times. If he was the VIP of the hotel, why would he not have a car? She was ridiculed.

"And there is no need to pay for all these food and wine?" The woman with tight jeans asked tentatively. After all, that was a meal worth so much money. What kind of VIP could get everything free of charge?

"Yes, this gentleman doesn't need to pay for any expenses here," Betty answered.

This time, Manny and the two ladies were in absolute disbelief by Betty's answer. Was Chuck really a friend to the hotel's owner?

"Do you still have any questions?"

"No."

"Ok, please enjoy yourself." Betty gave Chuck a light nod and left the room.

Manny and the ladies continued staring at Chuck again.

"Mom, come on, let's eat." Zelda breathed a sigh of relief and gave Chuck a grateful look. Chuck shook his head.

Manny and the ladies took a glance at each other. They started eating but behaved a little bit more cautious this time.

Chuck had never tried a lobster this big before either, so he indulged himself in it.

After a satisfying meal, the woman in hot pants looked at the bottle of red wine that has yet to finish, she asked, "There's still half of this wine left. Don't waste it. Can you help me ask if I can take it home?"

"Sure you can," Chuck said flatly.

She put it away that instant. The woman in tight jeans envied her and added softly that she would drink it later in the evening.

"Let's go then." The woman in hot pants said. She was a little nervous. "This meal costs two hundred thousand dollars. Can we really leave just like this?"

"Yes, Auntie, let's go." Zelda nodded.

The five of them came out of the hotel. Manny and the ladies were dubious of what just happened.

The lady in tight jeans became nervous as she saw Betty chasing after them. "We're done for now. Is she asking us to pay?"

But to her surprise, Betty only said something in Chuck's ear. Chuck nodded slightly, and then Betty returned after asking him to be careful.

There was no mention of money in the process. It was a free meal, for real!

Manny and the ladies were taken aback once again! Who exactly was Chuck Cannon?

"The accommodation is all ready," Chuck said. Betty had chased after them earlier because of this, but it sounded like they were going to stay in the woods of some sort.

Probably some kind of wilderness resort. He had never been there himself either.

"Then let's get some rest tonight and see how it goes tomorrow," suggested the lady in tight jeans.

Manny and the other lady nodded. They made sure to get in the car with Zelda and keep an eye on her.

Zelda and Chuck got in the car and asked where they were going, Chuck responded, "The Hill Hotel!"

Zelda was stunned. She has heard of this place before, but she had never been there and it sounded like a decent place. With the navigation all set, she started driving to their destination..

Manny followed behind them in another car.

"Who exactly is Zelda's boyfriend?" The woman in hot pants could no longer hold back her curiosity.

"Maybe he is in fact quite rich, but he doesn't really have a car so maybe not that rich. It's always connections that pull the strings." The woman in tight jeans suggested.

"No wonder. I really don't believe that a five-star hotel can allow a free meal no matter what you order. His parents probably know the owner of this hotel that's why. Of course it's fine to let these young lads dine in for free a few times, but I won't believe that they can do this all the time. It was over 100,000 dollars for just one meal, who would really allow that?"

"That's for sure. See, we had a free meal at the hotel earlier, but not a free room. If everything was free of charge, why didn't he get us rooms at Hotel Luna just now? Why bother with the commute? From my analysis, he could only get these free experiences once or twice. Just like using credit cards, he has overused the card with that expensive meal this time, and since the owner couldn't really say anything, it meant the chances of this happening for the second time would be nearly impossible."

The two young women kept on muttering and looking as disdainful as ever.

Manny remained silent. She just felt that Chuck had

surprised her a little. At least he wasn't lying just now.

"Look, am I right? He really isn't that rich. He's booked us a place so hidden in the woods. Is this some kind of national park?" The woman in hot pants complained while shaking her head.

"This is such a lousy place. It's packed with so many random people. Is it even safe to be staying here? If I had known earlier, I would have book a place on my own. You've changed my thoughts on you earlier, yet you've turned it back to ground zero once again, how frustrating..."

The two women kept on muttering.

Without saying a word, Manny followed her daughter into the hotel. There were very few people there. It was a resort of some sort. Manny was also getting disappointed. Sure enough, he was not that great after all! Otherwise, he wouldn't have booked a place like this.

She sighed.

"Damn it. We have to be extra cautious at night. Oh my god, this place is so remote. Please don't tell me that there's no wi-fi connection here."

"Do you think there is? This is literally the middle of nowhere like some sort of national park, how would you expect there to be wi-fi? Just use your phone data. Oh my, how disappointing. I really hate staying in these kinds of places! Am I a farmer or

something?"

The two women muttered away with tones full of disdain and dissatisfaction.

Manny didn't say anything. The three got out of the car and followed her daughter in. She was quite tired after the whole day out and she was somewhat getting sleepy.

The hotel receptionist arranged the stay for the three of them. Zelda informed them that she would pick them up for breakfast the next morning. Manny and the ladies nodded and followed the receptionist in.

Chuck had a look around and thought this place was rather decent and elegant. Betty seemed to have a good eye.

"Let me send you back," Zelda said.

Chuck agreed. He got into Zelda's car and watched Zelda as she drove. When he fixed his eyes on her long legs that were perfectly revealed as she was wearing shorts, Chuck had some imagination going on, especially from the photos he had seen lately of Lara Jean and Yvette Jordan's behinds. Chuck could feel something wrong going on down there. So he attempted to cover it with his hand over a cough.

It made Zelda feel embarrassed. She could see Chuck's reaction through the corner of her eyes. Of course she knew what Chuck was hiding? Young

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men these days, how energetic are they exactly?

Yet, she pretended nothing had happened and carried on driving.

After a while, Chuck suddenly asked, "Sister Zelda, can you please help me?"

Zelda suddenly froze. "Help? What do you want me to do for you?"

Chapter 78

All of a sudden, the car became dead quiet.

Chuck was a bit clueless. Why was Zelda looking at him like that?

Chuck wanted Zelda's help, so that she could speak to Yvette to get her to open up. He wanted Zelda to, from time to time, give Yvette some advice. And in the meantime, help him to ask Yvette what she thought of him.

The two of them had met over a meal and seemed to have had a good chat after all. Moreover, since they were both women and Zelda was a smart lady, it wouldn't be too hard for her to ask those questions.

Then it should be rather easy for Zelda to get the answer Chuck wants.

Chuck wanted Zelda to help him out about Yvette, but Zelda seemed a bit confused. She remained silent for a few seconds as if she was battling with herself internally. Eventually, she sighed and parked the car on the quiet road side and unfastened her seat belt.

Then she reached out her hand...

Chuck was absolutely stunned. What was she going to do? He was dumbfounded.

Two minutes later.

Zelda pulled out a few tissue papers and did not say a word. Within twenty seconds, she wrapped the tissues in a plastic bag, stepped out of the car and threw the bag away. When she returned, she buckled up her seat belt and drove away slowly without saying a word.

Zelda didn't say a word throughout the whole process, as if it didn't happen. But what Chuck experienced earlier...was indescribable.

Chuck lowered his head to look at his pants. He was stunned and suddenly felt embarrassed.

He didn't expect that Zelda would misunderstand what he meant and actually help him out with this 'issue'. Besides, it all happened too fast. Would Zelda look down on him from now on?

Chuck was very confused and nervous. This was a man's dignity after all.

What sort of feelings did he really have for Zelda? Chuck couldn't quite figure it out himself. In fact, the two times Chuck had kissed Zelda, he could still remember how it felt very clearly.

And Chuck did dream of her later on. It was a vivid dream. When Chuck first saw Zelda, her ladylike charm attracted him completely.

Chuck might have had some feelings for Zelda since. Besides, he had kissed her and touched her. Chuck had memorized those feelings. But did he really fancy her? He was still confused.

Anyway, the first thing that came to Chuck's mind every night was Yvette. Chuck felt a little guilty with that thought. "Is this considered cheating?"

"Yep, absolutely."

But for what just happened, it was impossible for Yvette to find out. Chuck would definitely not tell anyone, and Zelda, who was still remaining quiet, would definitely not tell either. Those two minutes from earlier had now become a secret between Chuck and Zelda only.

And it was a secret that could never be shared.

However, when Chuck stole a glance at Zelda, he found that she was as calm as a millpond, as if nothing had happened at all. She was still driving, with a safe and stable speed.

Chuck heaved a sigh of relief. Zelda must have just taken him as a younger brother, and she was just helping to solve the issue without much thought of it. After all, she was one who believed in remaining single.

When the car arrived at the residential neighbourhood, they got out of the car, entered the elevator, and came out together. No word was spoken throughout that whole process, it was extremely quiet. It was rather...

Chuck couldn't hold it any longer, "Sister Zelda, tomorrow..."

"Yea, I'll call you tomorrow morning. I might have to

bother you for another day, so please get some rest." Zelda entered her home as she spoke.

Soon, Chuck heard the sound of the door opening and closing. Zelda has returned to her own home. Chuck was silent for a moment. He entered his own apartment and went in to take a good bath. He recalled that experience that Zelda gave him earlier. It was so incredible. He thought,

"So am I considered as her 'friend with benefits' now?"

Chuck was a little anxious and nervous. After a long time of hesitation, he lay on his bed and went straight to sleep.

The night passed by in a blink. When Chuck got up in the morning, he still had to pretend to be Zelda's boyfriend, at least until her mother had gone back. Since he didn't have Yvette's class today, and because of the fact that exams were approaching, there weren't as many classes anymore. So he could still be hanging around for Zelda for another two days or so.

As he opened the door, Zelda was already waiting at the door. Why didn't she just knock?

Zelda seemed to be on a holiday today, so she was dressed quite casually. A T-shirt plus some tight yoga pants showed off her perfect body. She had her hair tied up, and some light make up on. Somehow she lost her mature ladylike look and transformed into a hip and fresh young graduate

overnight!

Chuck was quite impressed, but he couldn't help looking at the hand that Zelda used to "help" him in the car yesterday. Her gorgeous hand felt incredible!

"Sister Zelda," Chuck called out.

"Yes." Zelda pressed a button for the elevator.

The two of them waited for the elevator.

There was no change in her expression. She seemed to be acting like nothing had happened yesterday. Chuck thought to himself, "If I tell her again tonight,

Sister Zelda, can you help me out?

What kind of reaction would she have? Would she help him without saying a word, just like last night?

To be honest, Chuck was a little excited.

They took the elevator and went to the parking lot.

Then Chuck's phone started ringing. He had a look at it. It was Yolanda calling and said that something was going on at the square. He wanted Chuck to go over and check it out.

Chuck hesitated for a moment since he was supposed to accompany Zelda.

"Do you have something to do? Then just go ahead. I will bring my mother and aunties around today. You did a great job yesterday." Zelda said as

she saw Chuck's hesitation.

Chuck thought for a moment. "Why don't we have dinner together tonight?"

"Yea, anything would do." Zelda agreed and asked Chuck where he was going. She could drive him there.

Chuck refused with a head shake since her mother was staying somewhere quite far away. There was no need for her to do that.

"Well, I'll call you tonight then," Zelda said.

"Sure."

Chuck went out straight away and halted a taxi to go to the plaza.

Zelda stood there silently and watched for a while and eventually drove away to fetch her mother.

At Hill Hotel.

Manny and the ladies had already gotten up and left their room.

"Did you sleep well last night?"

"So-so. It's a bit quiet to be so far away from the city. The air is better. Nothing too impressive. It's not even convenient for some simple shopping."

"Yeah, I think it's not convenient to stay here too. It's too remote, but the bed is quite soft. There is wi-fi here too, surprisingly. But there's nothing else worth mentioning since it's probably some of those

rooms that cost less than a few hundred bucks per night. Cheap stuff!"

The two young ladies shook their heads as they spoke about their opinions towards the hotel. Neither of them approved of it. Manny felt it was quite acceptable on the contrary. It felt like returning to nature and she had gotten some proper sleep last night.

"We'll go to the city later and have a good look around."

"Yea, it's too boring to be staying in places like this. I've been longing to go out."

"Why don't we have breakfast here? My daughter just called and said she's almost here," Manny suggested.

She saw that there was a restaurant downstairs. It wasn't too luxurious, but quite minimalist in fact. It was just breakfast so there was no need to be so picky.

"Forget it. I'm not going to have breakfast in a place like this. It's so far away from everything else and I don't think they would even have clean water. It's all muddy water from the mountains. How do we eat food cooked like that? Our tummies will get upset."

"I think it's better to eat elsewhere. The food here would be terrible."

The two women shook their heads, so Manny had

no choice but to agree.

The three of them went out to wait. Zelda arrived after a while. When Zelda was about to get out of the car, the two women shook their heads immediately and said, "No need to get off your car. Let's go now."

"There seems to be free breakfast provided here, why don't..." Zelda said.

"How can we eat in such a place? Let's go to the city and have a proper meal." The two women said as they entered the car.

Zelda was quite clueless of what to do. And then they finally realized something.

"Hey, Zelda, where's your boyfriend?" Asked the woman with tight jeans.

Manny was wondering too, how come he was not here?

"He has something to do today, so he will join us at night." Zelda said while reversing her car.

Those three women had a look at each other.

Manny sat in the car.

The two women were annoyed and muttered with disdain.

"Not coming? I was right yesterday, wasn't I? He must be afraid that we would go to the hotel last night again, and since he couldn't get another free

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meal from the hotel, he came out with some reasons not to come."

"I think so too. We've already spent so much money yesterday. It's impossible to get another free meal today. Being all so pretentious, did he think we really couldn't tell?"

Chapter 79

The two women were complaining with the fact that Chuck didn't join them.

"Who the hell does he think he is? Did he think we are some fools?"

"Exactly. He purposely didn't come because he was afraid that we would expose his lies yesterday! How can he say that he doesn't need to pay in hotels like that, but went missing after that? How hilarious?"

Without saying a word, Manny sighed and drove back to the city with Zelda.

When they arrived in the city, Zelda found a diner for breakfast.

They ordered the daily specials and had a wonderful breakfast.

"This is a real breakfast. These dishes are so exquisite! There are even custard buns. Look at them, so delicious."

"Exactly, this is delicious. I suspect the free breakfast in our hotel would've been some basic buns and baked beans. It can't compare with what we're having here for sure."

"Absolutely, what did you expect from a free breakfast? It's so much more enjoyable to be spending money on the food we actually enjoy,

with so many varieties. Oh, I also want another custard bun. It's so delicious."

The two women kept on complimenting the food. They spent almost an hour just for breakfast. They left the restaurant after Zelda paid.

"Zelda, take us to the largest shopping plaza here. We want to look around and maybe do some shopping. Do you know how bored I was last night? There was nowhere else to go at night where we stayed. How disappointing!" The woman with hot pants said.

"Well, let's hop in the car then." Zelda thought for a moment and said.

"Oh wait, I saw a plaza on the map in my phone. It's very close to us, and it takes only ten minutes to walk there. Why don't we go to this place first and have a look around? We're quite full now so let's walk around." The woman in tight jeans seemed to be in a good mood, so she looked it up on her phone and suggested so.

"Let me see."

The woman in hot pants approached and immediately disagreed. "City Square? This name sounds so common. It must be some small and cheap place. I guess there is nothing interesting there. What's there to shop? We can't be there for just some cheap cafe or KFC right? It would be a complete waste of time, why go there?"

She was very dissatisfied and unwilling.

"The name is very common, yes, but it's super close by. Since we've just eaten, let's go for a short walk. Look at my tummy, that muffin top is all coming out. Let's do some exercise."

"Really? Then my muffin top is out too. Well then, I'll take it as a way to help with digestion. But if there's no branded items, we will come back straight away ok? I don't want to waste time in that kind of place."

"Okay."

The two women immediately decided to go to City Square as a form of exercise.

Manny didn't have any objections. She agreed that they should all go for a walk after the meal.

Zelda was stunned. "To City Square?" She took a look at the place, it was quite close indeed. How did she even end up there without realizing?

"Zelda, why are you still standing there? Hurry up." The woman in hot pants urged her.

Zelda came to her senses and strode over in her long legs. Soon, all of them arrived at the City Square.

The two women looked at each other and were immediately disappointed.

"What? So small? There are only five storeys, it's not even a third of the size of Wonder Plaza.

There's not even an office building. Just look at it. It's so ugly. This plaza is too low class."

"That's right. This is the most useless place I've ever been. Forget it. Anyway, we're done walking and moving around. Let's go back and drive to the biggest shopping plaza. It's just going to be a waste of time to be staying here."

The two women complained again.

"This plaza is actually quite interesting. Let's go in and take a walk," Zelda said as she looked around.

"What's so interesting about it? Chanel, Versace, and Gucci, none of these branded stores are here. What's there to shop then? In my opinion, I don't think there is even Estee Lauder in there. Just some random stupid brands in there so there's literally nothing to shop for." The woman in tight jeans shook her head disdainfully.

"Are you kidding me? You want me to waste my time here? I might as well go home and sleep."

Zelda felt helpless.

"Why don't we go in and take a look?" Manny suddenly said.

"What's wrong with you, Manny? Do you really want to enter this lousy plaza?" The woman with hot pants was puzzled.

The three of them often went shopping, always in big shopping malls. Every time they would spend a

couple tens of thousands of dollars. But in a lousy mall like this, even if they spent the whole day shopping and bought all the things they wanted, they probably couldn't spend enough money.

"Yes, let's just go somewhere else. Since we've walked so much, everything must be digested by now."

"But wait, I have a stomach ache. I want to use the toilet," Manny said awkwardly.

The two women looked at each other and smiled.

"If that's the case, then I'll go in and use the toilet as well."

"I'll go too. This kind of garbage plaza is only suitable for using the toilet. I won't go in unless I need the toilet. By the way, are there any tissues in your bag? It's a big difference compared to the high-end malls. Beware that there may be no toilet paper in the toilets."

"Yea I have some. Even if they had toilet paper, I wouldn't dare use it either. Who knows what trash toilet papers they use there? What if I get an allergic reaction afterwards?"

"That's right. What good toilet paper do you expect to have in this kind of place?"

The three women walked into City Square.

Zelda had no choice but to follow them.

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Chuck entered Yolanda Lane's office. In the past few days, the investment funds pumped into the plaza had been getting more significant. There were a lot of construction projects, renovation, cleaning facility upgrades and so on. It was getting much better than before. It felt comfortable to be growing at this pace. However, the money that he gave Yolanda before was almost used up.

Chuck was very satisfied. Yolanda had spent all his money wisely. She had used the least money to achieve the greatest results. So it was an absolutely sound decision to let Yolanda be the manager of the plaza.

But in a few days time, he would have to ask for more money from his mother again. Otherwise, the funds would run out but yet there were still so many things to do for the plaza. Otherwise, it would be very difficult to attract those big brands to come in and set up shop. If there were not many good brands, the plaza would not stand a chance to be popular.

This was the biggest headache for Chuck and Yolanda at the moment. Yolanda had already come up with a lot of proposals. They had discussed for some time and decided to follow Yolanda's design. Her method was quite novel and so they hoped it would work.

"Let's do as you say," Chuck said.

"Thank you." Yolanda smiled. Chuck had given her

the greatest authority here, and she was very happy with it. She eagerly wanted to bring in the crowd to the plaza as soon as possible.

But at this time, the walkie-talkie on the table made a sound. The voice sounded quite anxious. "Manager, manager, come to the second floor. Something happened."

"Wait a minute, I'll be right there!" Yolanda's face suddenly changed. She stood up immediately with the walkie-talkie.

Chuck was also surprised. He followed Yolanda out. As the boss of the plaza, he couldn't turn a blind eye to things that were happening there!

The two of them went downstairs straight away.

On the second floor elevator, people gathered around and were having fervent discussions. Someone seemed to be lying on the ground in pain.

"What's wrong with her?"

"She seemed to have tripped over earlier. She kept asking to see the person in charge of the plaza and said that the facilities installed here has caused her to trip over."

"Oh, was the fall serious?"

"Quite. She can't even get up so I guess the plaza's boss is going to get into some serious trouble."

The onlookers were discussing. The middle-aged woman lying on the ground was wailing, "What the

hell! This garbage place! How can you make someone fall down from shopping? It's really painful... The boss is such a coward! I want to see him!"

The security guard had come over and wanted to help the lady up. The lady refused. "Tell your boss to come over. I want to find out from him what kind of garbage place this is!"

"Madam, please get up first. We'll take you to the hospital first." The security guard was rather helpless.

"What f*cking hospital! Did you think you can just send me to the hospital and get me over with? Ask your boss to come here!"

Among the crowd, Yolanda and Chuck squeezed in. Yolanda immediately walked over and said, "Hello, I am the manager of the plaza. Please allow us to send you to the hospital first."

There were too many people on the scene. She had to solve the problem as soon as possible. Otherwise, it would bring a bad reputation to the plaza.

"You're the manager, right? I was walking fine but then I've been tripped over by your lousy facilities. My entire body is in so much pain right now and my bones feel like they are about to break. What's the point of running such a lousy place? Aren't you just trying to hurt people?" The lady who was lying on the ground yelled in pain.

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"Please, we'll talk about it when you get up. We'll send you to the hospital first," Yolanda said.

"Do I look like I can still f*cking get up? My bones are almost broken." The lady shouted angrily.

Yolanda frowned. She could tell that the lady was doing it on purpose.

Chapter 80

Yolanda reached out to check the lady's body but she was smacked away as soon as she approached. Her hand even got all red and swollen with that smack.

"You're not even a f*cking doctor. Why are you touching me?" The lady scolded in pain.

Yolanda frowned.

"Come on, what garbage plaza is this? You can make people trip over during their shopping. How would people want to come here for shopping? Don't come here, everyone. Maybe you will be the next one to fall!" The lady yelled from the floor.

"Exactly, there are a few places in the plaza that are undergoing construction at the moment, everywhere is like a mess, it's very dangerous for shoppers, in fact."

"I remember someone fell down last year too, and he broke one of his legs that time. I can't believe they're still not changing the safety measures after how serious that case was. See, someone fell down again today. Your boss is really too irresponsible. No matter what, I won't come again next time."

"Me too. I'm here to shop, not to be hospitalized. So I'm not coming anymore."

The onlookers were talking loudly, and many

people declared that they didn't want to come to the plaza anymore either. Yolanda was frowning even more this time around. She was going to call the police to sort this out since there were surveillance cameras installed all around. She couldn't allow the crowd to be here any longer.

"Call the police!" Yolanda said to the security guard who was standing by her side.

The security guard took out his phone that instant. And then the lady who was still sitting on the floor started to cry even louder. "This lousy place made me fall down, don't come here anymore! Just don't come here anymore..."

"Please stop this, madam. Everything is under surveillance." Yolanda's tone was very cool.

"A lousy place with a rubbish boss!" The lady continued to yell and ignored what Yolanda just said. In a short while, more and more people were stopping by to watch.

Manny and the ladies came out of the bathroom.

"Look, what's the matter over there? Why are there so many people?" The woman in hot pants was puzzled.

"Something must have happened."

"Isn't it normal since this place is so lousy?" The woman in tight jeans said disdainfully.

"Let's go and have a look."

"Yea let's go, I also want to see what's going on."

The three women went over there.

"By the way, Manny, where is Zelda?"

"She just received a call from the restaurant and went out to talk."

"Oh, that's great. If she's on the call, let's go over and have a look."

The three women squeezed in through the crowd. Suddenly, the two women were stunned, even Manny was shocked too.

"Why is Zelda's boyfriend here?"

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"Listen to me people. This plaza's lousy facilities caused me to trip over and then now they're forcing me to go to the hospital. I am supposed to be healthy and pain free, but now my whole body hurts. Did I deserve this? Does that mean that this plaza is not going to take responsibility? This lousy place, it's rubbish." The lady was screaming in pain on the floor.

Yolanda was furious. "You want compensation, don't you?"

"What do you mean I want compensation? I was supposed to be healthy and pain free but then your lousy facilities made me trip over. Do you see how mistreated and unlucky I have been? This is all the fault of your management. If you are wrong, then

you should take the responsibility! Compensation is a must!" The lady glared at Yolanda.

"Yeah, she fell down when she was walking here. It's the responsibility of the plaza's management. It's your responsibility to send her to the hospital and pay her compensation."

"I also think it's necessary to compensate her."

The onlookers were chattering away once again.

"Oh, how much do you want the compensation to be?" Meanwhile, Chuck asked emotionlessly.

"My entire body is now in pain, and my bones are broken too. Thirty thousand. I want you to compensate me thirty thousand for my losses!" The lady said.

Yolanda was even getting angrier. How dare this woman try to blackmail them!

"Thirty thousand dollars?" Chuck touched his nose.

"Yes, it can't be any less. I have to go to the hospital for a check-up too! My leg must be broken now. It hurts really really bad. This lousy place with horrible facilities made me fall down, absolute shit..." The lady yelled again. The crowd of onlookers was growing from what was happening.

"I think thirty thousand dollars is too little. Why don't we pay you a little more?" Chuck said.

The lady who was still on the floor was stunned. The onlookers were also very surprised. What did

he mean? He wanted to compensate more?

Yolanda glanced at Chuck and said, "Right, I'll bring some cash over."

Chuck nodded. "Get more please."

"No problem." Yolanda tried to squeeze her way out of the crowd.

The lady was getting suspicious. "You're guilty now, aren't you? You want to compensate me with more money, right? Good, please remember that's what you said. My whole body is in pain and my legs are broken now. I think I'll have to stay in the hospital for at least a month... so you should definitely pay me more!"

"Yes, that's what I said." Chuck shrugged his shoulders.

The onlookers were absolutely shocked.

"Who is this young man?"

"I don't know him. The aunty only wanted thirty thousand dollars, but he wanted to compensate her more?"

"You don't understand, do you? They're making sure that this lady will shut up so that she doesn't go out and talk nonsense."

"I see!"

Everyone was busy chattering. Manny and the ladies looked at each other in confusion.

"What is Zelda's boyfriend doing here? He seems to be working here, doesn't he?" The woman in tight jeans was puzzled.

"It should be. Otherwise, he wouldn't say something like that. Maybe he's some kind of manager or something."

"Manager? No wonder he's not rich since he's a manager at this lousy place."

The two women were getting even more disdainful. Manny, however, was staring at Chuck silently.

Soon, Yolanda walked into the crowd with a bag in her hand.

"Wow, they really took out some cash."

Some people were quite surprised. The lady who was sitting on the floor frowned. She was getting more suspicious towards what they were doing.

Yolanda walked over to Chuck. Chuck took a look at the cash in her hand and nodded with satisfaction. "Give it to her."

"Okay." Yolanda smiled, bent down, and took out fifty thousand in cash from the bag.

The lady accepted the money and said, "Fifty thousand? That's more like it. Next time, please be more careful. The facilities in your lousy plaza are really poor. Ok, call the ambulance and send me to the hospital now."

"Oh no, fifty thousand is too little. These, these,

these are all for you." Yolanda shook her head. She took out more cash from the bag and put it on the ground stack by stack. There were a total of almost six hundred thousand dollars!

The onlookers were dumbfounded!

"So much in compensation?"

All to compensate this lady? My God, this plaza must be really rich!

All of a sudden, there was a dead silence! They were all shocked by the piles of money on the floor!

The plaza was also stunned. So much money was piled up in front of her, and it was all hers now?

"I've never seen so much cash ever before!" The aunty stammered and trembled. "Are you going to compensate me with this much money?"

"Yes, it's all yours. Please accept it." Yolanda smiled. "You can count it first, it's six hundred thousand dollars sharp. If you don't think it's enough, I'll give you another three hundred thousand."

"No need for that." The lady shook her head immediately. She already felt that everything was so surreal. She had only asked for thirty thousand dollars but they actually gave her six hundred thousand dollars instead. What were they trying to do? To buy her life?

She recalled something, one of her friends tried to

blackmail someone and right after getting paid, he was injured seriously in a car crash. He has been in a coma since. Back then it was only a hundred thousand dollars, but now..... The more she thought about it, the more anxious she became. This six hundred dollars was really to buy her life!

The lady was trembling in shock.

"What the hell are they trying to do? They're compensating with so much money? Zelda's boyfriend doesn't want to work here anymore, does he?" The woman in tight jeans shook her head in surprise.

She looked down on Chuck even more now. What kind of problem solving method was that? It was just merely burning money. It's such a waste! If she were the boss, she would fire him immediately!

"Exactly! Zelda's boyfriend is really stupid. The lady only asked for thirty thousand dollars but he is paying six hundred thousand instead. How "generous"!" The woman in hot pants also shook her head.

From their point of view, if the boss knew Chuck's way of solving the problem, he would definitely fire him!

Why would he keep such an incompetent manager who only knew how to solve problems with money?

Meanwhile, Zelda squeezed in through the crowd. As soon as she hung up, she saw the crowd and

came out of curiosity to find out what was going on.

She was stunned to see Chuck Cannon.

When Manny and the ladies saw Zelda, the ladies immediately said,"

"Zelda, your boyfriend is really terrible. I advise you to break up with him immediately!"

"Yes, right away, don't delay for even a second! He will never be able to give you a happy life. No chance at all!"

"Someone fell down and asked for a thirty-thousand compensation, but he decided to show off and compensate six hundred thousand instead! If the boss finds out, he will be fired today straight away! And he will have to pay for the rest of the money himself!"

"No, that won't happen." Zelda shook her head.

"What do you mean by that? The boss will be so angry for someone to solve a problem like this." The woman in tight jeans shook her head disdainfully.

"It's impossible for the boss to be angry at him, and impossible for him to be fired, because he's the owner of the plaza." Zelda said softly.

Chapter 81

When Zelda Maine said that, Manny Lowe and the other two ladies were so dumbfounded that their jaws dropped.

They were too shocked to react for over ten seconds.

"Zelda, are you serious? The owner of this plaza is your boyfriend?" The woman wearing a pair of tight jeans asked in surprise.

This was unbelievable!

"Yes, it's his," Zelda said seriously.

"Is it even possible? Has he deceived you? Shouldn't this massive plaza cost several hundred million dollars?" The woman with hot pants asked in astonishment.

Although the plaza was a piece of trash, it would still be worth a fortune. How could it belong to Zelda's boyfriend? It was absurd, absolutely over-the-top!

"Right, Zelda, has he fooled you? He doesn't even have a car. How could he be the proud owner of this plaza?" The woman with tight jeans said, continuing her line of thought of him.

No matter how crappy the plaza may be, the legal proprietor of this place must be rolling in money. How could it belong to the man right in front of

them, Chuck Cannon?

"No." Zelda shook her head helplessly.

She rolled her eyes and caught sight of Chuck through the crowd. Unconsciously, she recalled what had happened in the car the night before.

Zelda had no clue why she did that yesterday evening. Did she come to his aid because she looked up to him as her actual brother?

Zelda heaved a sigh. What else could she do if he would come around again today? Lend him a helping hand once more?

Zelda was at a loss and did not know what to do.

The two women looked at each other, their eyes filled with suspicion.

They were all thinking,

This must be all Zelda's nonsense. She knew that they looked down on her, so she deliberately declared that her boyfriend owns the plaza. It could be real, but they refused to believe it.

"Zelda, are you telling us the truth?" Manny's voice sounded serious. If this place was indeed Chuck's, wouldn't he be more affluent than her daughter?

He looked younger, but at least he was more competent than her daughter. Thinking of this, Manny suddenly glanced at Chuck and observed that he was a little more appealing than ever.

"It's true. This plaza is Chuck's, and he owns two cars." Zelda was already feeling defenseless.

Why won't they believe her?

"He has two cars? Then why is he not using them? Why are you always driving him everywhere?" The woman with hot pants probed, shaking her head.

She couldn't understand why a man would let his girlfriend drive him to places when he has a car. He had tricked Zelda, and she was confident that Zelda had said those claims on purpose just now. He couldn't possibly be the boss of that plaza.

Zelda could not answer the question.

She moaned deep inside, and her mind was a scrambled mess, thinking about what took place last night inside the car. Feeling annoyed, she rolled her eyes and gawked at her right hand.

"Just forget what happened and stop staring. Let's go shopping somewhere else," suggested the lady with tight jeans.

The woman with hot pants didn't have any objection. What's there to complain?

Manny scanned through the crowd and glanced at Chuck once more. She was a little disappointed. What kind of boyfriend was her daughter looking for?

The two women turned around and left, followed by Manny. Zelda took a deep breath and made her

way out.

.....

"I don't want it. I don't want any of the money anymore."

The woman, who was lying on the ground, scrambled to her feet and threw away the 50,000 dollars in her hand. The more she thought about it, the more frightened she felt. For 600,000 dollars, it could cost her life. She had a husband, a lover, a son, and a grandson. She couldn't die.

"Why don't you want it? Excuse me, are you okay?" Yolanda Lane asked out of curiosity.

"I'm fine. I'm all right." The older woman swung her head in a hurry and was about to run away.

The onlookers appeared taken aback, and many of them immediately condemned her, their faces turning red with anger.

"She's fast. It turns out that she's a swindler!"

"I shouldn't have sympathized with her just now. I thought she just lost her balance and fell. She's shameless, what an old hag!"

"I made a mistake bad-mouthing the plaza just now. That woman is a total b*tch! I will still come here next time."

"Me too."

The crowd had grown enraged.

When the woman ran, the security guards stopped her in her tracks. She instantly panicked. She asked Yolanda for help repeatedly. "Miss, I was mistaken. I know what I did was wrong. Please let me go. I will never go near this plaza again."

"Who are you for me to help?" Yolanda's brows furrowed as she scowled. "Didn't you just admit that you're wrong? How many customers did you make us lose in our plaza? Do you suppose it will help us by just acknowledging that you are wrong?" said Yolanda.

Yolanda looked cold when she spoke.

"Miss, I'm at fault. I'm begging you, and I'm down on my knees." The woman's eyes filled with fear that instantly she knelt.

Yolanda didn't buy it at all. She took a few steps back and said, "You don't have to go down on your knees. I've already called the police. Since you dare to cause trouble in our plaza, you will suffer the consequences!"

"Young lady, since I'm about the same age as your mother, please have mercy on me this time," said the woman. She was so scared that her face turned pale.

At this moment, Yolanda's authoritative demeanor was so intense that she completely overwhelmed the woman.

"Don't insult my mom!" Yolanda was fuming.

Soon, the police came over. After asking about the incident, the police whisked the woman away. The woman was so irked that she threatened to take revenge. She also created a scene for a while. She held onto the railing and refused to leave. The police could only force the woman to get inside the car with them.

The bystanders on the scene gradually dispersed.

Chuck Cannon monitored the woman who had been taken away. He took out his mobile phone and called Betty Bernard. Then he narrated to her the commotion earlier.

"Well, young master, I know what I have to do. I will soon find out everything about this woman. I will make all her family members lose their jobs and notify them about her unlawful act. Don't worry, young master." Betty's voice came over the phone.

"Well, thank you." Chuck hung up the phone with satisfaction. "Just now, that woman declared she would exact revenge?" He laughed. "I'll make her cry!"

Yolanda collected the money on the ground. Yolanda's ability to deal with things satisfied Chuck.

"I'll keep the money in a safe place," Yolanda said. Six hundred thousand in cash was a lot of money, and she was not at ease to hold on to it.

Chuck nodded and kept her company.

They both went to deposit the banknotes, but Yolanda said in an indistinct voice, "I heard that Richard Yuri's company had shut down and left the city. Were you responsible for that?"

For the past few days, William Yuri did not harass Yolanda. The sudden peace made her feel relaxed. When she heard that everyone in the Yuri Family moved, she was at a loss for words. Only Chuck could pull off such things. She mulled over what the background of her boss was.

At the same time, it bewildered Chuck. Did his mother do this? He needed to get the answer from her later.

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Meanwhile, on the top floor of the hotel that night...

"What's wrong?" Karen Lee asked with intrigue. She was going over some purchasing documents.

Betty Bernard told Karen what had ensued. Karen frowned that instant and said, "Hire someone to make the swindler pay for the wrongdoing!"

"But Young Master expressed his content with my way of dealing with the matter," Betty said helplessly.

Karen froze, then the coldness on her face disappeared in an instant, revealing a smile. "In that case, let's do as you say. It's only the beginning. We shouldn't let Chucky be mad."

"All right, I'm handling it now."

"Wait." Karen hesitated. "What about that woman? We'd better teach her a lesson. Maybe cut off one of her hands."

"Yes!" Betty blurted out straight away. Karen continued to read the documents when suddenly, her mobile phone rang. She looked at the screen and grinned.

.....

Manny and the other two women got tired of shopping, so they scanned for a place to have lunch. Unfortunately, Zelda had to deal with something at her restaurant. She skipped lunch and promised to meet up for dinner later.

Manny understood and had no objections. The three of them went on with their shopping spree, but when the time hit past three o'clock in the afternoon, they felt exhausted. The two younger women said they would go home first to have some rest and freshen up.

Manny agreed and drove them back. All the walking drained her energy out.

After arriving at the Hill Hotel, the three women got off the car.

"Let's stay here for tonight. Tomorrow we'll pack up and find a different place to check-in. It's very boring here. There's nothing to do or any sights to see. It's like an undeveloped village here," the

woman with tight jeans said.

"I agree. Other than being clean and quiet, the rest are not worth mentioning." The woman with hot pants also added.

The three women chatted as they walked in, carrying a lot of shopping bags. The woman with a pair of tight jeans slipped and fell to the ground without warning and subconsciously knocked at a big ceramic vase at the entrance of the corridor.

Crash!

The vase fell to the ground and broke into pieces.

"Are you okay?" Manny hurriedly pulled the woman with hot pants up. She was fuming and said, "The sound of the vase breaking scared me to death."

"I accidentally tipped it over."

"It's okay. We're not stupid. We'll just pay for it."

"That's right. It's worth nothing. What good is there in this place, anyway. You can get this kind of vase for 300 dollars at a cheap market. Perhaps this one may cost 500 dollars," the woman with hot pants muttered. They picked up the broken pieces one by one.

At the present moment...

"Excuse me! The three of you!" The receptionist ran towards them as soon as she heard the sound, and her expression changed. "Don't go, please."

"What do you want? We accidentally bumped into it."

"You're ordering us not to leave? Isn't it just a broken vase? Are you afraid that I will run away? Just say it, how much do I have to pay? I will reimburse you!" The woman with tight jeans took out a card from her bag disdainfully. "Isn't it valued at a few hundred dollars? I can compensate you with ten of them if you want."

The receptionist did not say a word and did not take her card. Instead, she picked up the pieces on the floor and handed them over. The woman with the tight jeans frowned. Then she looked at the bottom of the vase and saw the words "The Xuande Year of the Ming Dynasty".

"This is an antique Chinese blue-and-white porcelain vase from the Ming Dynasty, worth seven million dollars." The receptionist said calmly.

Chapter 82

"What did you say?"

The woman with tight jeans frowned when she heard the receptionist's words, and she was furious!

"What the hell is this thing? Does it cost seven million dollars?"

Manny Lowe was shocked. She stared at the scattered pieces on the ground, and she realized that they seemed to be authentic blue and white porcelain... this was priceless!

"It was produced in the Ming Dynasty. This is an antique blue-and-white porcelain from that specific era in China." The receptionist said calmly.

"What nonsense? What blue-and-white porcelain nonsense? Do you think we don't understand such antiques? Do you want to extort money from us?" The woman with hot pants immediately screamed in anger.

She felt insulted. This was such a shabby place, it was like a cheap motel charging 100 dollars per night. And they call this a hotel? It was not even as spacious and picturesque as a farmhouse. How could there be such a valuable thing on display? "Why didn't she say that it was worth seventy million dollars instead?" She thought sarcastically.

"Madam, please don't make a scene. The ruckus will disrupt our valued guests' stay." The receptionist frowned.

"Valued guests? How can you have VIPs in such a horrible place? You are so good at deceiving customers!" The woman with hot pants insulted the front desk lady.

"Madam, please be respectful. We treat all of our guests as distinguished customers, including the three of you."

The woman in hot pants sneered, "You think we're important? I've never met anybody more arrogant than you!"

The receptionist frowned and said, "The blue-and-white porcelain vase made during the Ming Dynasty, and our boss shipped it here three years ago. Three years ago, he bought it for seven million dollars."

"Who would believe that it's worth that much? Why don't you say that its value is a hundred million dollars? Do you want to bribe us?" The woman with a pair of tight jeans also shouted.

"I'll give you a thousand. Charge it to my card. Hurry up!" The woman with the tight-fitting jeans once again forced the card into the front desk clerk's hand impatiently.

"Sorry, but the porcelain vase that you broke amounts to seven million dollars. If you don't

believe me, you can ask an expert to have it examined," the receptionist said.

"Professionals? Have you bribed them? Perhaps you've both worked together to victimize others, haven't you? Unfortunately, I've seen too many this trick. You can't blackmail us with cash. If you continue to annoy me, I'll call the police. Once the authorities arrive, I'd like to see how you can still pretend. " The woman with the tight-fitting jeans added in exasperation.

"Yes! You may choose to call the police," challenged the receptionist.

"Oh, so you're asking for it, aren't you? Well, I'll call them over now and sue you for this wrongful and illegal trade! I'll make the police close your business!"

"Yes, let's summon the authorities! This damned place will receive a warning! Let's see who will break down!"

The woman with tight jeans took out her mobile phone, but Manny shook her head in a hurry. "No, don't call the police first."

"If we don't call the police, they would continue to coerce others." The woman with tight-fitting jeans frowned.

"No, it looks like actual blue and white porcelain!" Manny said in a hurry.

Her husband liked antiques and had a collection of

decorative vases. She distinctly remembered her husband's blue and white porcelain bowl, commonly used for eating, costing over 800,000 dollars. And that blue pattern was not as intricate as the broken vase here.

"Manny, what did you say?" The woman with tight jeans frowned.

"Manny, perhaps you got it all mixed-up. In this kind of cheap hotel, even if there are such porcelain, it could easily be a knockoff. She could have quoted it as two or three thousand dollars, but she indicated seven million. This is a freaking trap!" The woman with hot pants shook her head in disbelief.

She still insisted that they were deceived. In this kind of mountain ditch, the whole house was built. She didn't know if it cost a million. How could it be possible that a decoration vase cost seven million dollars?

Did they take them as fools?

"No, my husband likes to collect antique Chinese ceramics. You should know that the blue patterns on his treasure are not as beautiful as this, and they look much worse. My husband bought it for 870,000 dollars five years ago..." Manny shook her head, and she was a little flustered.

This kind of vase was very valuable and would only be more and more expensive. Three years ago, he bought seven million dollars, and now it might be

ten million dollars.

"It can't be, can it?"

The face of the woman with the tight jeans changed. She squatted down and looked at it. She picked up a piece and looked at it casually. It was very ordinary. It was just garbage. How could it be worth seven million dollars?

The woman with hot pants frowned. Manny was more knowledgeable than the two of them. She knew this. Was this thing really blue and white porcelain?

"It's impossible. This place is so cheap. How could it be so expensive?"

"Manny, call your husband," the woman with tight jeans said.

"Yes, Let's ask him first." The woman with hot pants also said.

"That's great!"

Manny quickly took out her mobile phone and called her husband.

"Hello." A man's voice came from the phone.

"Honey, I have something to ask you."

"Yes, go ahead," the man replied.

"How much would a blue-and-white porcelain vase made in the Ming Dynasty cost? You're a fan of Chinese antiques so you're the best person to ask!"

"Did you spot one?"

The man's voice was surprised. "Where did you see it? Tell me, I'll come over now."

"He sounds so excited..." The woman with tight jeans and the woman with hot pants looked at each other and had a bad feeling about this.

"I... I'm just asking, how much would it be?" Manny was also in a panic.

"It would be priceless. Three or four years ago, it cost hundreds of thousands of dollars for authentic porcelain bowls made in the Xuande year of the Ming Dynasty. How big is the vase?"

"It's as large as a child..."

"Ah, that's very valuable. According to the current market rate, it's worth at least ten million dollars. And they would be collected by some big shots who would keep them and never sell them. If you look at them carefully, if the color quality is good, and the value is higher..."

The woman with the tight jeans was so shocked, that she almost fell to the ground. What? Ten million dollars?

Manny was also so frightened that her cell phone fell to the ground.

"Hey, honey, what's wrong with you? For such a valuable thing, watch carefully when you see it. It's over if it's broken... I've got to go, the company is

having a meeting..."

The phone hung up.

Manny was in disbelief!

The woman in hot pants also collapsed on the ground. How could this be possible?

The woman with tight jeans stood firm and immediately said, "How can you prove that this is authentic antique? This place isn't even worth one million!"

The receptionist frowned and grew a little angry. "Please pay attention to your words! Our hotel is one of the most comfortable hotels within a hundred miles! You say that our hotel isn't worth one million, but you have misunderstood! The floor you are standing on now is made from mahogany wood. The cost of one square meter is three thousand dollars. There are six thousand square meters in total on the three floors of our hotel. All of them are paved with this floor, which means that the flooring costs one thousand and eighty thousand dollars. And then there are the beds, the bathrooms, and the air conditioning,..."

"Stop, stop..." Manny sat down on the ground and her face turned pale.

"Manny, what's wrong with you? She's just bragging. The floor costs more than 10 million dollars? Who would believe it?" The woman with a pair of tight jeans helped Manny up.

"Yes, Manny, don't listen to her nonsense. How can there be such an expensive floor here in this dump?" The woman with hot pants also shook her head. She didn't believe that the flooring could be so expensive.

"Look..." Manny showed them her mobile phone. She had checked the hotel's website and found that it was a six-star hotel!

They glanced at the page and collapsed to the ground out of fear.

"Ah, how is that possible? How could this place be a six-star hotel?" The woman with the tight jeans was so scared that her face turned pale. She felt scared because she was the one who broke the vase!

The three women sat on the ground, stunned and scared.

So, was the antique vase real? Was it really worth seven million dollars? Was it now ten million dollars or more?

"Our hotel is not rubbish. The room you're staying in is the VIP room. It costs 66,000 dollars a night, and there's also..." the receptionist spoke in detail.

The values of the items in the hotel snowballed as the receptionist explained further.

The woman with the tight jeans was totally scared out of her wits. Seven million dollars? How would she obtain the money? Although her husband

owned a small company, he only earned a little more than a million dollars a year. How could she afford seven million dollars now? She would have to sell the company, and even her house!

When she thought of this, she suddenly burst into tears on the ground. She would never have so much money. What should she do?

Chapter 83

Manny Lowe was also scared out of her wits. Since the three of them had come together, she was also responsible for this mess.

Her husband also ran his own company, with a total profit of about three million dollars a year. In addition, her daughter ran a restaurant, so it was no problem to fork out a few million dollars. But the key point was that people said that it would cost seven million dollars at least. How much would it cost in actuality? Ten million dollars? Twenty million dollars? The sky was the limit.

Manny didn't dare to think about it anymore.

The woman in hot pants was dumbfounded. She looked down at the broken pieces on the floor and thought, "These things are actually so valuable?"

"Please wait for a moment. I'll contact our boss. You can compensate him after I check with him!" The receptionist said.

"No, I don't have that much money."

The woman with tight jeans got up from the ground. If she called her husband, she would not be able to keep her marriage. She would be beaten up and kicked by her husband, and she would never defend herself.

"Sorry, this vase was broken by three of you, so

you must compensate for it!" The receptionist was serious now.

She took out the walkie-talkie and prepared to contact the boss.

The woman with the tight jeans was scared out of her wits. She was crying even harder, and her makeup was ruined. She was very desperate.

"Manny, ask Zelda to come over. She must know the boss here personally since she is so successful," the woman with hot pants said in a hurry.

Manny came to her senses and quickly called Zelda Maine on the phone. Soon, her daughter answered the phone. "Mom, I have something to deal with at my restaurant. Wait a minute, I'll be there later..."

"No, that's not it." Manny was so anxious that she was about to cry.

"What's wrong? Mom? What happened?" Zelda became nervous.

"I... I'm at the Hill Hotel with the ladies. We broke an antique vase here, and they said it is worth at least seven million dollars..." Manny burst into tears. She really felt wronged.

Seven million dollars was alright. But what if it was twenty million dollars?

"Mom, please wait for me. I'll be right there! I'll be right there!"

The phone hung up!

The three women stood up from the ground with each other's help and wiped each other's tears. Now, they were so scared that they leaned against the corner and did not dare to speak at all.

At the front desk, the receptionist had already begun to contact the hotel owner.

At this time, a Rolls-Royce arrived at the entrance. The door opened, and a middle-aged man in a suit walked in. He looked elegant with a string of antique beads on his wrist, which was particularly eye-catching. At first glance, it was obvious he was a rich man who collected antiques.

He came in and said to the receptionist, "I mean, Miss Carson, where is your boss? Let me have a good talk with him. How many times have I come here? Let him sell me the blue-and-white porcelain he's been using to decorate his hotel. Somehow, he never agrees to it. How can such a treasure be put in such a place? If it is accidentally broken, it will be a waste of the treasure! Call your boss over and this time I will offer 30 million to buy the blue-and-white porcelain. See if he sells it to me, if he insists not too, I will no longer be his friend!!!"

"30 million?"

The woman with the tight jeans was scared silly. She sat down on the ground again and couldn't stop her tears from falling. She was devastated at hearing those words.

Manny was shocked too. 30 million? Oh my God! It's so expensive. These vases were so expensive that they were worth more than her daughter's restaurant chain!

Manny cried pitifully. She was so upset. How could this have happened?

The woman with hot pants widened her eyes and was caught in a distressed daze.

The middle-aged man came in and saw the broken pieces of china on the ground. He was stunned, his face was ashen as if he had lost a child!

"Director Smith, this blue-and-white porcelain can't be sold."

The receptionist was helpless. Since this rich man had come to the hotel the first time, he had taken interest in this blue-and-white porcelain vase. From the first offer of ten million dollars to the twenty-eight million dollars the last time, the hotel owner did not agree to selling it at all, but today the rich man had actually offered thirty million dollars...

"Who the hell broke it! There are only ten of such blue-and-white porcelain vases in the whole country, but one of them has been broken by you! I'll beat you to death!" The middle-aged man glared at Manny and the other two!

Manny and the other two ladies were already very frightened. Now that they were scolded by the middle-aged man, the three women were so upset

that they cried at the same time. They held on to each other and did not dare to speak.

"I've been taking a fancy to this blue-and-white porcelain for several years, and I can't believe you guys have done this!" The middle-aged man roared, and the more he shouted, the angrier he became.

"Director Smith, please calm down." The receptionist had to say so, otherwise, it would affect the other guests.

"Where is your boss? How much are they going to compensate him?" the middle-aged man asked.

"The boss hasn't called back yet.... Wait, the boss has called back. Wait a minute!"

The receptionist took out the mobile phone and answered the phone. She immediately nodded and said, "Boss, you said 35 million dollars, right? Okay, boss, don't worry. I'll make them pay for it..."

After the phone call, Manny and the other two cried even more loudly. The woman with the tight jeans was already stunned. So much money, even if she were to sell herself, it would not be enough to pay that staggering amount!

Manny cried continuously, feeling extremely aggrieved.

Her husband had said that it was invaluable, and it would only be more and more expensive as they spoke. Now it was 35 million dollars? Even if they

were to share the burden, she would have to fork out 10 million dollars, which would damage her family's wealth significantly.

"35 million? It's so kind of your boss. If it were me, I would have beaten them to death!"

The middle-aged man pondered and suddenly said, "I'll give them one million, no, two million! I'll give them two million!"

The receptionist said, "Director Smith, what are you..."

Manny and the other two were dumbfounded. What was he going to do?

"It's nothing. I'll pay them two million dollars. Give me all the pieces. Don't miss any of them. Go and pack all of them for me. I'll go and find someone to piece them together."

"What? But it is broken, Director Smith!" The receptionist was also confused.

No matter how valuable the antique was, it had to be in good condition to keep its value. To put it bluntly, the broken vase here was just a pile of rubbish, which should be thrown away!

But this rich man offered two million for it?

Manny and the other two ladies were even more shocked. At the same time, they cried even more desperately. He was willing to use two million to buy a pile of broken shards, which could only mean

that this blue-and-white porcelain vase was really worth 35 million!

"I know. That's it. I'll transfer money to your boss right away. Anyway, it's all the same for me." Before the receptionist could react, the middle-aged man immediately called to ask his assistant to transfer the money.

He rushed out and took out a box from the car. As soon as he came over, he began to collect the pieces of debris carefully, not letting go of any minute shard.

The receptionist was silent at first. Then, she became serious and said, "You three can discuss it. Director Smith has paid 2 million, and the remaining 33 million still has to be forked out by you. Please raise the money to solve the problem!"

"No, I don't have that much money, I don't..." The woman in tight-fitting jeans cried sadly and desperately.

The receptionist frowned.

At this time, Zelda Maine, who drove over, quickly came in the lobby. Manny and the other two ladies cried even harder.

"Mom, don't cry." Zelda walked over.

"My girl..." Manny wailed.

"Zelda... We... Boohoo..."

Zelda sighed. When she saw the rich man picking

up fragments on the ground, she felt distressed. She asked, "How much money do you need?"

"33 million," the receptionist replied promptly.

Zelda was shocked that it was so expensive. When she drove over, she thought it was worth about ten million, but she didn't expect to have to pay so much money. As it was thirty million, she didn't have so much cash, and she couldn't sell the restaurant either.

Manny saw that her daughter's face had turned pale, and she was crying harder. "Zelda... I'm sorry..."

"It's alright, I'll think of a way now," Zelda said with a bitter smile.

"Zelda, don't you know this hotel's boss?" asked the woman with tight jeans.

Zelda shook her head. She didn't know him personally. The owner of this hotel was super rich. She was not at the same social status as he was. How could she have known him?

"What should we do? Why don't... Why don't we look for your boyfriend? He might know the boss here?"

"Yes, call your boyfriend and ask him."

The three women suddenly felt a glimmer of hope.

Zelda was silent. She hesitated. "Wouldn't this bring trouble for Chuck? But what can I do?" She

13:15 ■

sighed and took out her mobile phone and called Chuck.

Chapter 84

A minute later, Zelda Maine hung up the phone. She breathed a sigh of relief and lowered her head to look at the number on the screen. She felt a little warm in her heart after the call.

She briefly spoke to Chuck Cannon just now. The first sentence he said was not out of surprise, anger, or even blame. Instead, he said only a few words after three seconds of silence.

"Wait a minute, I'll be right there!"

Zelda felt warm in her heart. It was a big deal that she had to pay so much money for this accident. Perhaps all her savings and the revenue from her restaurant had to be emptied towards this.

Unless she sold several restaurants right away, she wouldn't have enough money. She did think of selling the restaurants, but how could she sell them in a short time?

Chuck said that he would come soon, which undoubtedly comforted Zelda. At least if the amount could be lesser, then it would be easier for her to fork out the money.

"Mom, aunties, don't worry. My... my boyfriend will be here soon." Zelda whispered.

"Alright..." Manny Lowe still couldn't stop her tears from falling. "My dear girl, I'm sorry, it's all our

fault..."

"Yes, it's all our fault."

Zelda shook her head, and then she said to the receptionist, "Wait a minute, I have a friend coming."

The receptionist had no choice but to say, "Okay."

"Zelda, right?" The middle-aged rich man who was picking up the fragments on the ground looked up at Zelda.

"Yes, nice to meet you, Director Smith."

Zelda was very polite. He was a famous antique collector in the province. He not only collected thousands of antiques, but also had collected three rare luminous pearls. One of them was worth hundreds of millions. His wealth was beyond words.

"I went to your restaurant to eat a few times. I didn't expect that you still remember me." He said.

"It's my honor for you to remember me." Zelda said politely.

Manny and the other two looked at each other. The middle-aged man just spent two million on the broken pieces on the ground, which shocked them. All three of them realized that he was wealthy and powerful, but Zelda actually knew him?

Then... could he put in a good word for them? Perhaps he could convince the hotel owner to

lower the compensation amount.

The woman with tight jeans thought in her heart,

In fact, when she suggested for Zelda to call Chuck Cannon, she was thinking of every possible effort to get them out of this mess. After all, she had no choice. It was impossible for her husband to raise so much money even from selling the company and their other property. She could only find another way. Therefore, there was no other way but to call Chuck.

She didn't believe that the plaza was Chuck's, but he could book such an expensive hotel for them. Perhaps there was some connection between him and the hotel owner!

She took Chuck as their last glimmer of hope, although she was already mentally prepared to be disappointed.

"Who's your boyfriend? I'm curious." The middle-aged man suddenly said.

"His name is Chuck Cannon," Zelda replied.

"Chuck Cannon? I've never heard of him. I only know that the hotel owner is very hard to deal with. It's very kind for him to ask them to pay 35 million for it. His temper is normally formidable," the middle-aged man said.

Zelda was silent. A formidable temper? Then what about Chuck? Could he convince the hotel owner? She didn't know. She only knew that the owner of

this hotel was very rich. Would Chuck know him?

The woman with tight jeans was completely disappointed by his words. Yes, this was a six-star hotel, and the boss's assets were at least in the billions. Even if Chuck was the owner of the plaza, was he powerful enough to convince such a wealthy tycoon?

She fell into despair again.

Manny Lowe sighed, and her tears were flowing silently. No matter who came to save them, it would be futile.

The middle-aged man put away all the debris on the ground, carefully making sure every last piece was well packed. He swept them together gently. He was relieved and couldn't wait to hire someone to piece them back together.

To some extent, he even thanked Manny and the other two. If they were not so silly, he would not be able to get his hands on this blue-and-white porcelain vase.

He was ready to leave happily, but at this time, a taxi stopped at the door. A young man got off the car and then walked in.

The middle-aged man was confused. Was this Zelda's boyfriend?

He didn't know him.

Zelda saw Chuck walking over and felt warm jolt in

her heart. "You're here."

Manny and the other two ladies looked at Chuck and sighed in their hearts. Did someone who would come over in a taxi... really own two cars?

The three of them were even more disappointed. They had no choice but to feel despair. The woman in tight-fitting jeans could not help but cry again. How could Chuck know the owner of this hotel since he did not even own a car?

Perhaps he had used all his money to book a room here, and he had no relationship whatsoever with the hotel owner. The last glimmer of hope in their hearts was shattered.

Chuck Cannon looked at the middle-aged man in surprise. He saw the broken pieces of blue-and-white porcelain in the box. He didn't say anything, but noticed that Zelda looked a little distressed, which upset him.

He walked over and asked softly, "Are you okay?"

"I'm fine." Zelda shook her head.

"Are you alright?" Chuck asked Manny and the other two ladies.

They were already in a daze from all their crying, and their eyes were dull. They did not answer.

The receptionist looked at Chuck and hesitated. "You're here to solve their problems, aren't you?"

Chuck nodded and said, "Yes, I have already sent

someone to call your boss, but he hasn't answered his phone yet. I guess he will come in person later."

Since this hotel was reserved by Betty Bernard, when Chuck was on his way just now, he had called Betty directly.

"He'll come here in person? Young man, do you know how unpredictable the temper of the hotel boss is?" The middle-aged man, Director Smith, said doubtfully.

Director Smith had been in touch with the hotel owner for many years. He had a very cool personality, and he was very famous in the antique industry. Director Smith had also talked to him many times about buying his vase from him, but the hotel owner simply ignored it. Even if he were ever asking for help, it was really just for show.

He didn't think the young man in front of him would know such a powerful person.

"I don't know." Chuck shook his head. He had never seen this hotel owner before, and he didn't even know his name. How could he know about his character?

"Do you know him?" the middle-aged man asked again.

Chuck shook his head.

Manny and the other two were in despair. "Why did you come when you don't even know the owner personally?" They thought.

The woman with the tight jeans had collapsed on the ground. She cried hysterically. "It's over, it's really over. There's no hope anymore."

Zelda bit her lips and stared at Chuck. Her heart was still warm. "If you don't know him, then it's enough for you to come here already."

The receptionist was helpless. She thought that if Chuck knew the boss, there was still some leeway. But he didn't know him at all. Then what was the use of all of this?

The middle-aged man suddenly felt strange. "Young man, you said you don't know the boss, so who did you call?"

"Betty Bernard," Chuck said.

"Betty Bernard? I've never heard of this person. Forget it. Young man, don't bother. The most important thing now is to raise the money. Don't think about anything else. This boss would not give a damn about you at all." The middle-aged man shook his head and walked out with the broken pieces in his arms.

"Sir, what do you think..." the receptionist asked after a moment of hesitation.

"Wait a minute, your boss will come here in person," Chuck said.

"Stop it. You don't even know him. Why would he come over?" Manny shook her head and sighed. She was disappointed. She was really

disappointed. He didn't even know the owner. Why did he brag? Did he come to see her make a fool of herself?

Chuck glanced at Manny and said, "Wait a minute."

"What are you waiting for? The boss doesn't care about you at all. He won't come over even if we wait for a day. You're just here to laugh at us!" The woman in tight-fitting jeans cried.

"Auntie, please calm down! Don't accuse him." Zelda was angry!

The receptionist was helpless.

At this time, the middle-aged man who walked out of the hotel was stunned. A customized Rolls-Royce pulled up at the entrance. A man in his early thirties came out in a hurry. The middle-aged man was stunned. "Oh, why isn't this Jay Yates, the owner of this hotel?"

"Hey, Mr. Yates, how ..." The middle-aged man raised his hand to greet him, but Jay Yates simply ignored him. He passed by him and walked in directly. The middle-aged man was helpless. He followed Jay doubtfully. Who was he looking for?

He saw Jay speak loudly, "Who is Chuck Cannon?"

There was a hint of politeness in his tone, and the middle-aged man was stunned.

Chapter 85

"Who is Chuck Cannon?"

To Manny Lowe and the other two ladies, he was a stranger. Who was he? Why was he looking for Chuck?

But for Zelda Maine, she was stunned...

"I'm Chuck Cannon," Chuck said calmly.

Jay Yates came over and looked at Chuck. He didn't speak for a while.

It was extremely quiet.

The receptionist was confused. What was her big boss doing here?

This weird atmosphere made Manny and the other two ladies look at each other with some doubts in their disappointed eyes.

Manny thought, "Who is this man? Why is he looking for Chuck?"

The woman with tight jeans shook her head and said, "Damn it. Is the boss finally here? He was annoyed by Chuck's call and deliberately came looking for Chuck? Oh, Chuck, if you could not solve the problem, why did you do that? Why did you make the call?"

Now that you've made things difficult for him, wouldn't the boss ask us to pay more?"

At the thought of this, the woman cried even harder.

"I'm Jay Yates!" Jay suddenly said, introducing himself.

"Hello," Chuck said.

"Nice to meet you, and I'm sorry about today's matter. This vase issue has frightened your friends, hasn't it? Please accept my apologies, Mr. Cannon!" Jay said politely.

His words shocked all the people present!

"What? Apologize? My boss actually apologized to this person?" The receptionist was completely confused.

Manny and the other two ladies were flabbergasted. They were completely at fault, but Jay took the blame for it and apologized instead.

"What's going on? Am I hallucinating because I'm so desperate?

Is the plaza really Chuck's?

Does he really have two cars?

Could it be that he could consume all luxuries at that five-star hotel without paying any money?"

At that moment, many questions flitted across their minds, leaving them dumbfounded and confused.

Even though Zelda Maine was mentally prepared for this, her face was full of awe. Chuck himself

said that he didn't know the boss here. But why did the boss come to apologize in person after only receiving a phone call.

The person who was the most shocked now, was the middle-aged man who couldn't help pacing back and forth.

He knew Jay's personality well. Jay usually wouldn't show anyone much respect, let alone apologise for a mistake that wasn't his to begin with! Under usual circumstances, it would have been already a favour from him not to throw a tantrum and start beating people up.

But now everything was going the opposite! It was fine that Jay was not angry, but yet he apologized in return? And he was so polite... Was this really Jay Yates?

So, the middle-aged man was shocked beyond words. Who was this young man? He was called Chuck Cannon, he remembered. He had to go check his background!

"You're welcome..." Chuck said helplessly. The reason he made that call was only to ask that they could compensate less. After all, it was really Manny and the other two ladies who were at fault.

"No, you don't have to be so polite. It's our management's problem. I shouldn't have put such a large item to decorate the corridor, causing an accident which frightened your friend, Mr. Cannon. As an apology, your friends can continue to stay at

my hotel for a month free of charge!" Jay said sincerely.

What? It was shocking to see her boss admitting that he was wrong, but now these people were even invited to stay at the hotel for free. That was worth more than a million dollars! The receptionist was dumbstruck.

Manny and the other two ladies were even more dumbfounded!

"Well, you won't need to do that. My three aunts just came here to have fun. They won't stay for a month," Chuck said.

"No problem. Mr. Cannon. Your friends can stay here for the few days they are here then." Jay said very seriously, and then ordered the receptionist, "Miss Carson, these three distinguished guests must be well treated!"

"Yes, yes..." The receptionist nodded in a daze.

"Mr. Cannon, would you like to have a cup of tea if you have time?" Jay invited him earnestly.

"Alright."

Chuck nodded and said to Zelda Maine, "Zelda, wait for me. I'll come back here once I'm done."

"Alright." Zelda came to her senses and bit her lip nervously.

"This way please!"

Chuck followed Jay over. The middle-aged man was envious. Jay did not invite him to have tea! Was he not worthy to have tea with this young man?

"I'm sorry for all the trouble earlier, you can go and have a rest at your rooms now," the receptionist said politely.

"Mom, aunties, let's go back to the rooms first!" Zelda said.

Manny and the ladies were at a loss. How could a matter of more than 30 million dollars be solved with just a few words? They felt like they were dreaming.

Zelda took them back to the room. The three of them were still very confused.

The woman with tight jeans asked blankly, "Zelda, who is your boyfriend exactly?"

Zelda couldn't answer this question either. Anyway, in her heart, Chuck Cannon was becoming more and more mysterious to her.

"Is that plaza really his?"

"He's not a super rich second generation, is he? Otherwise, why would the boss be so polite to him? But why is he so low-key?"

"Zelda, this boyfriend of yours is quite impressive. You need to make full use of him!"

"Yes, don't let him go. You must keep him in your

grasp. It's hard to find such a man."

The two young women talked noisily. All of a sudden, they felt that everything in the room was commendable.

"The air is fresh. That's great!"

"Yeah, look at this bed. It's so comfortable. Oh, there's a milk bath provided!"

Surprised, the two women immediately took out their mobile phones to take selfies.

At this time, there was a knock on the door. Zelda walked over and opened the door, and the receptionist was standing outside. "Hello, it's dinner time now. What would you like to order for your meal? This is the menu!"

Zelda was surprised, because the food listed on the menu was all luxurious items, and there was no price listed. That meant that the meal would be free of charge.

"Mom, aunties, what would you like to eat? It's free." Zelda took the menu over.

Manny and the other two ladies were surprised. Free?

The three of them immediately looked at the menu, and the two women were shocked!

"Look, there have lobster!"

"Wow, there's also steak. It's free. Oh my God, why

would I ever eat outside?"

"Look at the caviar porridge served as their breakfast set! Alas, the fried buns I ate in the morning are really awful!"

"I want this!"

"I want this!"

Manny and the ladies ordered five dishes. The receptionist smiled and said, "Please wait a moment." Then she left with the menu. The three of them were looking forward to it.

"Zelda, do you use protection when you two do it?" The woman with a pair of tight jeans suddenly asked.

The woman in hot pants also looked at Zelda. Manny was also looking forward to her answer. This boyfriend of hers was really something.

Zelda was embarrassed. Of course, she knew what they were asking about. She could only nod and say yes.

"Don't use protection the next time. It's the best if you get pregnant, don't you know? He has so much money! You have to get pregnant to keep him!"

The two aunties suggested this idea, and Manny also began daydreaming. What would her daughter and Chuck's child look like?

Zelda, however, had a strange feeling in her heart. "Should I offer myself to him? But how? He fancies

Yvette. What if he does not want me?" She sighed. She didn't know what to do.

"Zelda, I have no objection to it. You'd better seize this opportunity. You're not that young," Manny said.

Zelda nodded after a moment of silence. "How will I seize the opportunity? We don't have that kind of relationship at all..."

Chuck walked out of Jay's office. He wanted to call Zelda, but when he walked over, he saw Zelda waiting in the car. Chuck went over and opened the door. "How are they?"

"They are fine. Thank you for today's matter," Zelda said.

She really didn't know what to say. Just now, Manny and the other two gave her some suggestive ideas. They even taught her some tricks on how to seduce Chuck. But what was the true relationship between Chuck and herself?

They were just pretending to be a couple. Although she did help him last night, but...

Zelda's heart was in a mess. She felt that the gap between Chuck and herself was getting bigger. She had thought that they were of similar statuses, but... it was different now.

"Let's go," Zelda prompted. Chuck had no objections.

Zelda drove. There were very few people on the road, and it was very quiet inside the car. After pondering for a while, she suddenly stopped the car by the roadside. There was no one around.

Chuck was taken aback. What was Zelda planning to do?

Chapter 86

It was very quiet in the car, and the atmosphere was a little strange. Chuck Cannon was surprised at what Zelda Maine was doing. He couldn't help but look at Zelda's face and found that there was a trace of complexity in her eyes. "Is she going to..."

Chuck understood.

He was not a fool. He knew what she meant. She wanted to 'help' him, just like what she did last night.

However, Chuck was very conflicted.

If Zelda was thanking him for today's incident, then Chuck didn't want it. After all, he took her as his friend. Giving help to a friend did not need repayment. It would alter the meaning of their being friends. Chuck didn't think it was necessary for her to do so.

Zelda unbuckled the seat belt just like last night, and then stretched out her hand. It was very dark inside the car. Chuck could not see her face, but he could see her eyes clearly, just like yesterday...

"Sister Zelda."

Chuck really wanted her, because her hand was very skillful. But he didn't want Zelda to help him in this way. He didn't think of asking for this when he decided to come help her.

Zelda was stunned. Her hand stopped and she bit her lip. "You don't want me to do it today?"

"Er..."

Zelda was a little disappointed. After the fierce struggle in her heart just now, she took the initiative to approach Chuck, but he didn't want it. It was...

She sighed and nodded. "Well, let's go then!"

She sat upright again, put on her seat belt, and drove. It was still silent inside the car.

Chuck felt a little uncomfortable. It was not because he felt uncomfortable physically, but because he saw Zelda's disappointed eyes. He felt distressed about this. How should he explain?

Chuck didn't know how he was feeling about Zelda. Yesterday, she had 'helped' him. When he went back at night, he wondered if Zelda could be deemed as his lover now.

He was looking forward to it, to be honest, he was really looking forward to it. After all, Zelda's figure was so good, and she was so beautiful. She was an attractive lady.

It would be great to be her lover. But Chuck's also thought that they should not interfere with each other's lives... Then what about the disappointed look in Zelda's eyes just now?

Could it be that Zelda had feelings for him?

"It can't be, can it?"

Chuck was confused and he peeked at Zelda again. She looked calm. He breathed a sigh of relief. He had thought too much. After all, Zelda believed strongly in staying single!

When they arrived at the residential complex, Chuck hesitated for a while before he said, "Sister Zelda, I've already asked Yolanda to pay attention to the shop lot you want."

In the afternoon, Chuck briefly talked to Yolanda Lane about this matter. She certainly had no problem with it. He thought that Zelda's restaurant would definitely draw large crowds.

"Alright."

The two of them took the lift upstairs. When the lift opened, Chuck said, "Good night, Sister Zelda."

"Good night." Zelda whispered, then walked to the door of her unit. She opened the door and walked in.

Chuck was a little regretful. Just now, he should...

"Forget it. I'll handle it myself." Chuck entered his house and headed towards the bathroom.

When he was sleeping that night, Chuck had a dream of Zelda again. This was another illusion...

In the morning, Chuck Cannon got up and went out to ask Zelda Maine, "Would you like me to accompany you?" Zelda shook her head. She didn't

want to trouble him. She could take her mother and two aunties to visit places on her own.

Chuck couldn't help but feel helpless. Did Zelda feel very upset about his rejection last night?

They got off the lift together. Zelda said that she would send Chuck to the plaza. But he then shook his head and said that he would go to school instead today.

"Then I'll send you to school." Zelda spoke, but then fell silent. "Isn't Yvette at school?"

Obviously, that was the case. Chuck need not explain further.

"Well, good luck with your classes today." Zelda said softly and drove away.

Chuck shook his head and took a taxi to school. For the next few days, he had classes at school every day. Whenever Chuck didn't attend a class, Yvette would call him to remind him that their exams were drawing close and that he must attend those classes!

Her tone was particularly serious!

Chuck thought that he had to start catching up with classes, so he went to Yvette's office every day to ask her questions. Yvette actually explained everything to him patiently and carefully until he fully understood, which made him feel very pampered.

"If you fail this course, I'll punish you," Yvette said coldly and seriously.

Chuck nodded helplessly. Seeing Yvette packing up her things coldly, he asked her whether she was going to the company.

"Hmm," she said. "You're going to your part-time job, right? I'll take you with my car."

Chuck shook his head as he thought about it. He had driven over today.

Seeing him shake his head, Yvette was a little angry. "Alright, whatever."

After she said so, she left. Chuck was startled by her sudden anger, and he left the school helplessly. After arriving at the parking lots, Chuck drove to the plaza. The place was getting quite busy recently! Chuck had to go help out with the operations.

After arriving at the parking lot at the plaza, Chuck took the elevator to the first floor and specially went to check the new facilities. He was wandering around on the first floor and felt quite content. Although there was no big change, the new rest area facilities would surely attract new shoppers.

"Mr. Cannon..." While Chuck was wandering around, he suddenly heard someone calling him from behind. Chuck turned his head in confusion and found that it was the BMW salesperson, Charlotte Yates.

Lara Jean and Charlotte had opened a shop here at the plaza. It was probably still under renovation, so she must have come to check on it.

But today she was wearing a denim mini skirt. Her straight long legs were really attractive. She was wearing a tight white T-shirt, which was quite revealing. Chuck's eyes lit up. Her figure was not as curvy as Yvette's but she was attractive as well.

Charlotte was nervous. She hadn't taken the initiative to contact Chuck for a long time. The last time, Chuck had rejected her advances, so she was very upset. She thought that since she had sold the car to him, she might not have another chance to meet him. She didn't expect to see him again here.

"Just call me Chuck."

"Well, what are you doing here?"

"Just wandering around," Chuck said.

At this time, Lara's voice came from behind. "Hey, cousin, come over here. It's so heavy..."

"Sorry, wait a minute." It occurred to Charlotte that both Lara and herself had ordered some fixtures and were about to send it to the store.

Charlotte ran over to help. At this time, Lara was carrying a big box and bending her body out of breath. Chuck's eyes moved. Recently, he had continued to seduce Lara on WeChat and asked her to send photos to him constantly. Lara was very obedient. As long as Chuck mentioned it, she

would send them.

He was probably pushing it, but these photos gave Chuck a particularly clear understanding of her body shape. Normally, she never flaunted her figure, so Chuck had to admit that her figure was actually quite attractive..

Charlotte was excited. Chuck was looking at her. She had thought that he was no longer interested in her.

Chuck was surprised when he caught a glimpse of the store. The renovation should be done in a few days and the design was quite modern and stylish. The signboard would also be fixed up very soon. He commented, "The renovation design is quite good."

"That's right. I designed it myself." Lara was proud of her work. She was panting and tired of moving things. She took twenty dollars out of her pocket and gave them to Chuck. "Go and buy three bottles of water. Take the rest as a tip."

Chuck was stunned, and Charlotte was angry. "Lara, what are you doing?"

"Nothing. I'm thirsty. I want to drink some water. Why are you still looking at me? Don't you want ten dollars as a tip? Go..." Lara pushed Chuck out of the store and walked in by herself. Then she opened the box.

Chuck felt helpless. "This Lara!" He walked aside

and suddenly thought, "Should I ask her out? Let her come and we'll get a room, and then I'll let her know that the "baller" is actually me. How would she react?"

Chuck was getting excited. He immediately took out his mobile phone and sent a message to Lara, saying, "Let's meet tonight!"

Chapter 87

After sending this message, Chuck Cannon went straight to buy the bottled water. Lara Jean was busy now, so she should not be able to read the message so quickly. Soon, Chuck bought the water over and saw Lara bending over to look for something. Her figure was really alluring.

"Looking again?"

Lara looked up and saw Chuck staring at her. She glared at Chuck angrily, straightened her body, and walked over with a snort. "You are only able to look anyway..."

"That's not for sure." Chuck laughed in his heart. To be honest, Lara's figure was really comparable to Yvette's. Yvette's figure was extremely hot, and so was Lara's.

Lara took the water from Chuck's hands and muttered, "You're so slow at just buying some water. What else can you do? Come on, cousin, have some water..."

Lara handed Charlotte Yates a bottle. Charlotte saw that Chuck did not buy any for himself, so she shook her head and said that Chuck could have it.

Lara was unhappy. "It's not like I didn't give him the money. Who is to blame if he doesn't buy any for himself? Now he wants to drink yours. How can he? He only knows how to peep all day, humph!""!

Charlotte felt helpless. She thought to herself, it was Lara who was showing off her body and not Chuck who was peeping on purpose.

Charlotte was envious. If she had Lara's figure, she would have revealed more too. Unfortunately, she was too thin. Obviously, Chuck liked women with nice figures. Should she gain weight to favor him? Should she get to the gym to work her butt?

Charlotte handed him the bottle of water. Chuck shook his head. There was water in his car, which he had just drunk.

Charlotte felt lost in her heart, and Lara was not happy. "Cousin, why are you so kind to him?"

Charlotte glared at her. Lara rolled her eyes, she knew that she had said something wrong, so she continued to go back to work after drinking the water.

"Don't take it to heart. In fact, Lara has an unkind mouth, but she's actually very nice," Charlotte said.

Chuck glanced at the busy Lara. Whether she was kind or not, at least she had to keep her promise. Her mouth was cheap, but her figure was really good.

"Loser, are you looking at me again? Come here, help me carry these things, and I'll let you have a closer look," Lara said.

Chuck could not be bothered to entertain her.

"Why are you still standing there? Come here!"

"Lara, don't order him like that." Charlotte was really angry.

She thought that if Lara went on like this, Chuck might be angry with her because he was actually super rich.

Chuck walked over to help. Lara snorted and pulled up her collar. "I won't show anything to you."

Chuck thought it was quite funny.

"I know your size. What's the point of covering up?"

However, the more Lara behaved like this, the more she was revealing her figure. Chuck felt more emotional. He wondered if he could do something with her when he met up with her tonight.

"I would definitely make fun of her tonight!" he thought.

After a while, Lara found that the clothes she wore today were really too revealing. The collar was too low, so she didn't bother to cover up anymore. She whispered in her mind,

So what if I show it to you? Do you think you'll be able to touch me?

I won't let you touch me. I gave you a chance last time, but you still want me to give you a second chance? No way! Humph!

Chuck had been helping them until noon, so he was

exhausted by then. Lara and Charlotte were also sweating profusely and their clothes were getting translucent from that. This was really a temptation. Chuck felt that today's help was not in vain.

"I'm so hungry, cousin. Let's go eat." Lara washed her face at a tap, leaving some water droplets on her face.

Charlotte also felt hungry, so she nodded. However, she walked over to Lara and said, "Let's ask Chuck to come with us."

"Now, I suspect that you like Chuck, my cousin. How many times have you met each other? He is a loser although he looks good." Lara curled her lips. The more she looked at Chuck, the more uncomfortable she felt. "What's so good about this useless boy?"

I will never fancy you for the rest of my life. Lara thought angrily.

Hearing this, Charlotte's face turned red. Did she really like him? She would have to agree.

Her impression towards Chuck was getting better every time. Charlotte thought. Last time, when they had dinner together, she wanted to sleep with Chuck. At that time, she had the idea of being with a rich heir. She did not deny that she liked money, and sleeping with Chuck was also for money.

However, Chuck declined her the last time. To be honest, Charlotte was quite disappointed. She was

not bad in terms of appearance. She had been thinking about this for days. She felt that there was already a place for Chuck in her heart. But he didn't like her the same way.

Charlotte sighed.

"You're speechless? Oh man, cousin, do you really like him? What's so good about him?" Lara was surprised and got even angrier.

What was wrong with Chuck? He was peeping at my chest and eyeing my figure. I won't argue with that, but he is now seducing my cousin?

She was so angry that she wanted to question Chuck about this. Her cousin was too narrow-minded. This was the second time they met, wasn't it? Did she fall in love at first sight?

"Don't be so loud. No, I don't like him." Charlotte was shocked.

"Humph, if you don't like him, then why are you so nice to him? You're offering drinks to him and you're asking him to eat with us."

"He has helped us for the whole morning. Shouldn't we ask him to have a meal with us?"

Lara breathed a sigh of relief and also felt that it was reasonable. How could her cousin's taste be so poor? It was impossible.

However, Lara curled her lips. "That shouldn't be the case. He helped us, but he peeped at us for the

whole morning. Also, I just discovered that he was looking at your butt. My classmate said that he was staring at me the last time. In fact, the two of us suffered a great loss. He should be the one who treats us for a meal."

"Lara, what are you talking about?" Charlotte was helpless. Chuck wouldn't be thinking that way, would he? He was a rich guy!

"Humph, alright, let's ask him to have a meal together. What a win for him." Lara said.

Charlotte had no choice but to go over to Chuck and say that they were ready to have lunch together. Chuck was really hungry, so he agreed. He had been busy for the whole morning, so he had to eat!

Lara and Charlotte packed up their things. Lara asked Charlotte to go to the plaza to have a look on what they should eat. Then Charlotte went out.

"Chuck, come and help me," Lara said.

Chuck walked in and Lara immediately pulled down the roller shutter. He asked immediately, "What are you doing?"

"I warn you, you should not have any improper thoughts about my cousin! She won't be interested in a loser like you. Don't make fun of yourself." Lara said threateningly.

Chuck touched his nose.

"Speak." Lara was angry.

Chuck just looked at her. Lara frowned. "Are you mute? What else do you want to do? Haven't you peeped enough for the whole morning. Do you want to touch me?"

Chuck shook his head. He had been tired for the whole morning, he didn't want to do that. However, Lara's tone made him uncomfortable.

"I don't like your cousin. Don't get me wrong."

"Humph, so you know what's good for you! It's useless even if you like her!" Lara turned around and pulled the shutter open but Chuck suddenly laughed. Lara was angry and turned to stare at him. "What the f*ck are you laughing at!"

"It's none of your business." Chuck shook his head.

But at the thought of Lara's appearance, Chuck smiled with expectation. She had been looking down on him all the time. If she knew that the "baller" tonight was actually him, would she scream?

Thinking of this, Chuck smiled more happily.

"Are you crazy?"

When she realized that he was not, Lara became even angrier.

"You have a good figure, don't you?" Chuck said. Then he pulled open the shutter and went out.

Lara was so angry that she stamped her feet. Chuck's smile made her very unhappy. She felt that she had suffered a great loss. Just now, she had been peeped at by Chuck again. She thought that she belonged to the "baller". She couldn't let others look at her carelessly.

Lara muttered a few angry words, and her mood gradually calmed down. She came out of the store, closed the shutter, and bent down to lock it.. When she looked up, she saw that Chuck was looking at her again. Lara was so angry that she came over in a fury. "Are you peeping at me?"

Chuck was wronged. He was looking at the signage board just now, so he accidentally glanced at her. However, after Lara said so, Chuck said, "Aren't you dressing like this to show it to the others anyway?"

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Lara Jean was so angry that she gritted her teeth. She glared at Chuck Cannon with disdain. "Then look all you want. But can you touch me? You can only look for the rest of your life."

Lara shot Chuck another glare and snorted. When she saw her cousin, Charlotte Yates, coming over, she walked over.

Chuck laughed. "I'm afraid you don't know that I'm your baller!" He thought.

I'll see what you'll do tonight!

Charlotte came over and suggested that they could have barbecue. It would be cheaper to eat as a group. Moreover, the plaza has some good barbecue restaurants. Chuck had no objections. He thought that he might as well pack a meal for Yvette Jordan. After all, it was already time for lunch.

However, when he looked up, he saw that Yvette had just come out of a restaurant alone. She was perspiring slightly. He guessed that Yvette must have eaten some spicy dishes for lunch.

After her meal, Yvette did not see Chuck, but directly took the elevator to her office. She had been very busy recently, so she should be in a hurry to deal with the company's affairs. Chuck recently realized that Yvette was busy until late at

night. He felt quite distressed that she was being overworked.

He sighed.

"I'm starving. Come on, stop dawdling and I am not asking you to pay for the meal anyway." Lara's unhappy voice came over.

Chuck walked over.

Charlotte put her hand on Lara, who was even more upset. "It's true, cousin. Let me tell you, this guy has cheated you of 6,000 dollars the last time!"

Charlotte was surprised. "Chuck is so rich, why would he want to cheat her for so little money?"

"What's going on?" Charlotte asked in a low voice. Lara curled her lip and explained. Charlotte rolled her eyes at her and said, "You think he's stupid, don't you?"

"What? He agreed to let me bring a friend over. But in the end he didn't pay for it. I hate him so much." Lara said.

"Nonsense. It's your fault. 6000 is nothing for him." Charlotte really couldn't keep her cousin under control.

"What are you talking about? He's really poor. If you ask him to take out six thousand dollars now, he definitely won't have it," Lara said.

Charlotte was helpless. It would not be a problem

for him to bring out tens of thousands of dollars. Unfortunately, Lara had no idea!

Chuck walked over. Charlotte hurriedly told Lara not to say anything more. She just wanted to have a good meal.

The three of them took the elevator upstairs and went to the fourth floor for lunch. They entered a hotpot restaurant and sat down. After ordering, the three of them began to eat.

In fact, there was a reason why Lara was in good shape. She liked meat, and there were all kinds of meat. Charlotte just ate more vegetables. No wonder she was so thin.

Chuck ate everything. The meal was not bad. The three of them ate for less than 200 dollars. Charlotte went to pay the bill.

"So this settles it," Lara said to Chuck

"What do you mean?"

"You bought dinner the last time, so we're even now!"

Chuck was speechless. The last time, he spent more than 7,000 dollars, but this meal cost only 200. How could they compare? However, Chuck didn't think too much about it and just nodded.

"You still think it's a loss, don't you? My cousin and I have been peeped at by you for the whole morning, and we suffered a loss." Lara was not

happy, and the more she thought about it, the more unhappy she felt. "Does this bastard really have the nerve to ask women to pay for him? No wonder he is single."

Chuck ignored her and drank up the rest of the drinks. He didn't want to waste them. Lara saw his behavior, which made her murmur disapprovingly.

"It seems that he has never had a drink before. Such a cheap person, and my cousin says that he can fork out 6,000 dollars? Is it possible?"

But at this time, a surprised and unexpected voice came to Chuck's ears. "Chuck..."

As soon as Chuck turned around, he saw a few people coming out of the restaurant after finishing their meal. They were Zelda Maine, Manny Peters, and the others two ladies.

Manny was the one who called his name. She thought she was mistaken. After all, there was a young and pretty girl sitting opposite him.

In the morning, why hadn't Chuck come over? Zelda had said that Chuck was busy with work and she didn't think much about it. But if he was busy with work how could he be hanging out with a girl for lunch?

Manny was furious, and the other two women were quite conservative too. How could he? He was Zelda's man.

How could he come out to have lunch with another

girl?

Zelda was embarrassed. She really had no choice. Her mother insisted on coming here to have lunch and said that she wanted to see how big the plaza was. She didn't want to, but the three women forced her to come and finally agreed that the plaza was not too bad.

Zelda was really helpless. She wanted to finish her meal and leave as soon as possible. After all, she had told her mom that Chuck was not in the plaza. Otherwise, Manny would definitely ask her to call him out. Wouldn't that be embarrassing?

Originally, she was feeling uneasy eating there. She hoped that she would not bump into him during the meal. Alas, she spotted him eating with another girl whom she had seen before. This girl had made trouble in Zelda's restaurant previously, and offered to sleep with Chuck for a night. Now that they were eating together, was it because they had slept together before?

Zelda sighed in her heart. "So when I offered to 'help' him in the car last night, he actually did not want it? He would want to let this girl do it instead?"

Surprised, Chuck immediately stood up and greeted the ladies politely.

Lara recognized Zelda. The last time, she had been slapped by Zelda. She instinctively was afraid of Zelda and subconsciously did not dare to look at

Zelda.

But in the eyes of the woman with tight jeans, this was a guilty conscience! "What a shameless girl! How dare you seduce Zelda's husband?"

She rushed over angrily and raised her hand to slap Lara. With a loud slap, many people heard the sound and immediately looked over.

Lara covered her burning cheek with her hand, and the grievance in her heart came out at once. Tears welled up in her eyes. "Why did you hit me?"

She didn't dare to say anything else because Zelda was also present.

"Why? You're shameless!" The woman with a pair of tight-fitting jeans glared at Lara.

Lara felt so wronged that she burst into tears. "What are you talking about? I just came here to have lunch, and I didn't do anything wrong!"

The gazes of the people who were eating around made Lara feel ashamed and burst into tears.

Zelda was also shocked. She quickly held the woman with jeans back and said, "Don't do anything stupid." Chuck was also shocked. He didn't expect that the woman with tight jeans would suddenly slap Lara!

This was too sudden. Chuck thought that it must be the young woman with tight jeans who thought that Lara was a mistress stealing him from Zelda,

so she hit Lara in anger.

After paying the bill, Charlotte ran over and saw that her cousin had been slapped. She also got angry and held Lara in her arms. "What are you doing?"

"What are you doing? You're so young but shameless! She deserved it!" The young woman with hot pants said coldly. Manny also frowned. "Who is she? How dare you hook up with my son-in-law?"

"What are you talking about?" Charlotte was angry and was about to fight with the woman with tight jeans. She had a good relationship with Lara, so when she saw Lara was slapped, she had to rush over and protect her despite her petite size.

"Woo..." Lara ran out sobbing. Charlotte was anxious. "Lara..."

She looked at Chuck with a complex expression. She was worried that something would happen to Lara, so she immediately chased after her.

A waiter at the restaurant came over to ask about the situation. Zelda sighed and said that everything was fine.

"It's nothing? You're just a little girl. How could you be mistress at such a young age? Shame on you!" The young woman with hot pants said.

"That's right. With that appearance, how dare she go around seducing people?" The woman in the

tight-fitting jeans was also disdainful.

Zelda was helpless. Chuck sighed. Lara had made two enemies today.

"Chuck, what's wrong with you?" Manny was serious. "What's going to happen to you? You're already two-timing before getting married. What will you do after you get married? Do you want to abandon your wife and kids?"

"I..." It was hard for Chuck to say anything. First of all, nothing really happened between him and Lara, but Manny and the other two were in a rage. It was useless for him to explain, they wouldn't believe him.

What's more, he was pretending to be Zelda's boyfriend. It was really going badly. Anyone would be angry if he didn't tell his "girlfriend" that he was having a meal with another girl. So it would be better if he didn't speak now.

"Mom, stop talking..." Zelda shook her head.

"Why?" Manny was serious. Today, she had to get straight to the point. She thought this son-in-law was a keeper, so she couldn't let others snatch him away.

Zelda felt helpless.

Manny then turned to Chuck and said, "You are young, I understand that you have some desires. But is it because my daughter can't satisfy your needs? That's why you are looking for other

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women?"

"Forget it. Young people really cannot control themselves. I think the two of them should get married as soon as possible."

"Yes, they should get married! They'll be fine after they get married!"

The two ladies also came up with some crazy ideas.

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The two ladies suggested marriage, and Manny agreed to it.

She didn't mean to be angry. She was very satisfied with Chuck Cannon as her son-in-law. It was understandable for a man to hang out with other women from time to time. Her husband was also behaving like this, so she just turned a blind eye on him.

What's more, Chuck was so rich that the whole plaza belonged to him. It didn't matter that he wanted to play around with women. As long as he didn't take them home, then it was alright.

"But their relationship is not set in stone yet. This is not alright. At the very least, they have to get married. Otherwise, if they suddenly break up, it will be terrible."

Manny agreed, so she said, "Chuck, why don't you make a phone call to your parents? We can make an appointment and come out to have dinner together. Let's set a date."

Chuck was dumbfounded.

Zelda Maine hurriedly shook her head. "Mom, don't talk nonsense. Chuck and I are not there yet."

"What do you mean? You two are sleeping together. How far do you need to go to consider

marriage?" Manny glared at her daughter.

"Zelda, you should get married. Look at my daughter, her child is already five years old. Marriage is not as bad as you think." One of the ladies said.

"That's right. You two are so happy together. You will get married sooner or later anyway. You'd better get married as soon as possible."

The two women also tried to persuade her.

Zelda sighed in her heart.

Marriage? In the past, she had never thought of marriage. But how should she explain the situation? This time, when she heard her mother's words and the words of two aunties, she was not angry. She did not think they were wrong. Her walls were breaking down...

Marrying Chuck... how should she put it? She didn't know how to describe her feelings. She had to get his consent first.

However, he was just a friend to her, and this time he also came here to pretend to be in a relationship with her. In addition, although she 'helped' him in the car that night, but... who was she to help him?

His girlfriend? No.

Were they husband and wife? No.

"A platonic friend? Is he my friend? Because he was feeling it down there, and I could not refuse, so I

helped him? This seems to be..."

The more Zelda thought about it, the more confused she became. What exactly was on her mind?

Seeing that she didn't speak, the two women could only pull Zelda aside.

"Zelda, what do you think? Were you angry just now? Let me tell you, there is nothing to be angry about. Men are all like this. Your uncle is also the same. But as long as I ask him, he will come home every night."

"Yes, the two of us have watched you grow up, so we treat you as our own daughter. We want the best for you. Chuck is a good choice, he has a strong background and even owns a plaza. I'm sure he owns several other businesses too. Where can you find such a man?"

The two women kept discussing.

Zelda didn't know how to answer. She just looked at Chuck, and she was very nervous. What if Chuck agreed?

Then...

What would she do?

Refuse?

Or... Just make the best of it?

"Zelda, there is nothing to think about. Don't you

already sleep together? Please get married. Don't delay it."

.....

"Chuck, what are you thinking?" Manny saw her two best friends talking to her own daughter. She couldn't stay idle, so she immediately came over and spoke to Chuck.

"I..."

"You think my daughter is not good enough, don't you?"

"No, no." Chuck shook his head. How could he think so of Zelda? She had a good character, a good figure, and a beautiful face... But it was too sudden. Chuck was not prepared for this at all.

"Yes, my daughter is a little older than you, but since you are already dating her, you certainly won't care about these things. So what else do you need to think about? Call your parents. Let's have dinner together in the next few days," Manny said.

Chuck felt helpless. If he called his mother and told her that he was going to get married. He was sure that his mother would be overjoyed.

However...

"Chuck, what are you thinking? You still want to fool around, don't you?"

Manny was very serious. "Women are all the same. What fun is there to look for other women? It's kind

enough that I didn't get angry with you today. As long as you restrain yourself after getting married, I won't meddle in your business. What else do you want?"

Manny had a headache. She could tell that her daughter really had feelings for Chuck. After all, she was experienced in such matters. Her daughter's gaze towards Chuck was really different from others. It proved that her daughter truly fancied him.

She was very annoyed. Her daughter was so excellent. If Zelda was still in her early twenties and they caught her boyfriend fooling around, then she would definitely not agree to it.

However, her daughter was almost thirty now. In addition, she had finally met someone she liked. It was a must to push them for marriage, Zelda might not get a second chance.

But Chuck still hesitated after she had made such a big compromise. Manny was annoyed.

She wanted to continue talking, but her daughter Zelda came over. "Mom, this is a matter between us. Let us discuss it by ourselves, okay? Chuck is not even twenty years old, he's not even old enough to get married..."

There was a sense of loss in Zelda's tone. She had been a little nervous just now and had thought that Chuck might agree. What should she do then?

But Chuck didn't mean it at all. So what was the use of forcing him to go on?

Seeing the look in her eyes, Chuck also felt a little distressed.

"Then let's get the ceremony done first. You can get the marriage certificate when he is older," Manny said.

"Mom, let the two of us discuss it by ourselves." Zelda sighed.

Manny immediately felt helpless. "My dear girl, you're not young, do you know that? If you continue to drag on like this, how many more years will you be able to drag on? A woman's golden years are very short."

"I know, but..." Zelda felt wronged in her heart. Her emotions, which had been suppressed in the aspect of marriage for a long time, were about to explode, and her eyes were reddening in frustration.

For so many years, she had been single and had never been understood by her parents. But she had not met anyone she liked. What should she do? She was under too much pressure.

Manny was also anxious. "Don't cry. Mommy won't force you. I won't force you anymore..."

The two women came over helplessly and comforted Zelda in a low voice.

Zelda shook her head. "I won't cry. Let's go."

Chuck sighed and everyone came out of the restaurant together. He didn't know what to do either. Today's meal gave him a headache. Lara was slapped by mistake, and he was asked to marry Zelda. He had never expected that.

"Zelda, we will hang out with your mother. You two have a good talk."

"Yes, it's a big deal. You two can discuss it by yourselves."

As the two ladies spoke, they pulled Manny out of the way. Manny felt helpless, and the three women walked out.

"Zelda is still too soft-hearted. If she is tough they can get it settled today."

"Yeah, the two of them are well matched. It will absolutely be a good marriage."

Manny sighed. Her daughter was like this. She didn't like to force her, but at this time, they were already sleeping together. Shouldn't she be getting married?

"The two of them should discuss by themselves. I can't do anything about it," said Manny.

"They're sleeping together. Is Zelda pregnant?"

"No, I don't think so. If she's pregnant, why would they refuse just now?"

"Okay, we should not get involved in young people's affairs. Let's go shopping."

"Yes."

Three women went to the parking lot and drove away.

Chuck was a little embarrassed. He did not know how to comfort Zelda. He could only say, "Sister Zelda..."

"Sorry that my mother and the two aunties are talking to you about this," Zelda said.

"It doesn't matter. Why don't we find a place to have a rest?" Chuck wanted to go to a coffee shop downstairs. After all, Zelda was in a distressed mood.

Zelda shook her head and said, "It's alright, let's go home." Chuck felt helpless. "You will feel much better if you sit down."

Zelda nodded after a moment of silence. Then they went downstairs and entered a cafe.

They didn't say much, mainly because they were too embarrassed. Time passed quickly. In a blink of an eye, it was dark. Zelda quietly drank her coffee, looking at her hands.

Under such circumstances, Chuck couldn't help but look at the time. It was already eight o'clock in the evening, so he said, "Sister Zelda, shall we go home?"

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Zelda Maine looked up at Chuck Cannon. After a moment of silence, she nodded. "Yes."

Chuck breathed a sigh of relief. It seemed that it was getting late, so he decided to go home. After all, the coffee shop was going to close soon. Anyway, they both lived in the same complex, so they should go home together.

The two of them walked out of the cafe, and pressed the button for the elevator.

Chuck wondered if Zelda still felt upset. He asked, "Sister Zelda, I..."

"Yes, I understand," Zelda said.

Chuck felt helpless. What did she know? They were silent the whole time. They didn't say anything, and Chuck almost choked to death during the silence. He had been thinking about a question all the time.

Originally, he just wanted to be Zelda's 'friend with benefits'. Since it was a symbiotic need, then they should just 'help' each other at night. Anyway, they lived in the same complex. They could go to Zelda's home or his home. When the day comes, they would leave and not interfere with each other's lives.

However, Chuck didn't expect that they were

asked to get married all of a sudden. After all, Chuck hadn't thought about it yet.

However, seeing that she was depressed all afternoon, Chuck thought, "Could it be that this headstrong Zelda, who has always been single, wants to get married?"

Chuck decided not to speak.

"Don't feel stressed." Zelda suddenly said.

She went on to say, "My mother and the aunties just brought it up casually. Don't feel stressed. Just because I 'helped' you that day, don't feel obliged to be responsible."

The sense of loss in her heart was even heavier. She thought for the whole afternoon,

If she married Chuck, what would happen? She felt that their personalities were quite compatible. In fact, it should work out fine. If Chuck agreed, she would also agree. The two of them would live a good life, but...

It was too difficult for Chuck to say anything, he was a little embarrassed.

Unconsciously, Zelda's words reminded him of what had happened in the car that night... Oh no, he was getting aroused just thinking about it...

Zelda had originally been lowering her head, but she accidentally caught a glimpse of his bulging nether regions. She was stunned.

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She was in a dilemma. Why would Chuck get aroused at this time? Was it because she had spoken too frankly earlier? No way!

"You..."

Zelda bit her lip and plucked up the courage to say, "Why don't... I 'help' you?"

Chuck was stunned, and he also felt that it was difficult to explain. At this time, Zelda was very upset. The fact that he was having such desires now seemed so inappropriate, and he really wanted to find a hole to hide in.

However, Chuck had always had such lustful ideas about Zelda. Plus, she offered it herself. He was a hot-blooded youth, he couldn't help that he had such reactions quite quickly.

However...

"Don't stress out. I'm just helping you. It's not a good idea to endure it." Zelda continued.

She felt her face burning hot, because she took the initiative to say something like this to a boy almost eight years younger than she was. Did she really like him?

"I can't afford to see him holding back, and I don't want to see him suffer. Is this just platonic concern for a little brother?"

"Or is it because I actually like him?"

Zelda didn't understand herself, and she sighed in

her heart.

Chuck was so excited that he thought, "If we go to the office..."

But then, Chuck felt a sense of fear. He didn't want to marry her, but he accepted her offer. Wasn't he too shameless?

Just as Chuck was in a dilemma...

Ding, the elevator arrived at this time.

When the elevator door opened, Chuck was stunned because Yvette Jordan was in the elevator. She had just gotten off work. When she saw Chuck and Zelda together, she was also a little stunned. They had a scent of coffee about them. Were they having a drink in a cafe?

Zelda was feeling very awkward. If Yvette had heard what she said just now, how embarrassing would that be?

The two of them stood at the door and didn't move.

"Come in?" Yvette asked.

Chuck quickly nodded that he was coming in. The two of them entered the elevator, and then...

The three of them stood in the elevator, and the atmosphere was a little awkward.

Chuck was in a hurry to put out the lust in his heart. How embarrassing would it be if Yvette saw this?

Chuck was standing behind Yvette. He did not dare

to look at her behind at all. Otherwise... he hurriedly shook his head. The emotions in his heart was forcefully suppressed.

Ding, the elevator door opened.

The three of them walked out. Subconsciously, Chuck followed behind Zelda. After all, they lived in the same complex.

But... a voice came from behind.

"Chuck, why don't... Why don't I send you home today?" It was Yvette who was speaking.

Chuck was surprised.

He turned his head and looked at Yvette's cold and calm expression. Did she actually take the initiative to offer him a ride?

Zelda stopped. She was silent. She was just thinking about how Chuck was already so aroused. Then she would help him solve it in the car, just like the last time. They could do it in his car or even in a corner where there was no one. Anyway, there was no one in the parking lot now, and the lights were not bright.

However...

It was beyond Zelda's expectation that Yvette would take the initiative to speak.

"Don't trouble Director Maine. I'll send you home today," Yvette said.

Chuck too, didn't expect Zelda to send him home. He drove here on his own. But Chuck was helpless now. Why did Yvette suddenly offer this?

Could it be that Yvette was jealous?

"I don't think so. Yvette doesn't like me and doesn't have any expression on her face. Perhaps she's really afraid that I'll trouble Zelda?" He concluded silently.

"Well, Chuck, let her send you back today." Zelda smiled and walked to her car. She opened the door and sat down, then drove quickly out of the parking lot.

Then...

"Come on, get in the car." Yvette walked to the other side coldly. Chuck was still startled, but he had to follow her.

When they got in Yvette's cold car, it was quiet inside.

Yvette didn't say anything, and Chuck could only sit there primly, but he was actually thinking about some crazy things.

There were only the two of them in the car. There was no one on the roads, so she could find a place where there was no one to stop the car at any time... If Yvette could 'help' him silently like Zelda did, then...

It was impossible!

After all, Yvette and Zelda had different personalities.

Chuck shook his head.

Soon, they arrived at the place where Yvette dropped him off the last time, which was on the opposite side of his residential complex. Yvette stopped the car.

"Thank you." Chuck said, then opened the door and got out.

"I will drive over in future," Yvette said coldly.

"Huh?" Chuck was stunned.

"Don't you understand? You're working in the plaza, and I'm also working there. We get off at almost the same time. I'll send you home, it's on the way anyway," Yvette said.

"Is it? We live in opposite directions..." Chuck said subconsciously.

"It's none of your business. I said, it's on the way!" Yvette glared at Chuck and drove away in anger.

Chuck touched his nose. After a helpless smile, he thought that since Zelda drove so fast, she should have arrived home first. Chuck walked over to the complex.

But at this time, Chuck's mobile phone rang. He answered it doubtfully, and Charlotte Yate's anxious voice came out from the phone.

"Chuck, where are you? Can you do me a favor?"

"What's wrong?" Chuck was surprised. Charlotte sounded like she was about to cry. What's going on? She went out to chase the crying Lara Jean during the day. Did something happen?

Charlotte started crying when Chuck asked her what was wrong. She said that she didn't catch up with Lara during the day. She was very anxious. It turned out that Lara ran out because she felt wronged. She bought a bottle of wine in a restaurant and drank it all. She then went to a bar when she was drunk and had a conflict with someone there. Now Lara was not allowed to leave. Charlotte was also now at the bar too.

Chuck felt helpless. During the day, Lara was slapped for no reason. In fact, Chuck also felt guilty in his heart. But he didn't expect that Lara would go out to get drunk. No wonder she didn't answer his message. She might be too upset.

Hearing Charlotte's anxious voice, Chuck's heart softened. He asked Charlotte about their location. The people holding Lara captive must want money as compensation.

As soon as Charlotte finished her words, Chuck asked her to wait for him, and then he went over immediately.

After hanging up, Chuck took a taxi to the bar that Charlotte had mentioned. This bar was quite famous, and the drinks served were quite

expensive. Lara actually came here heavily drunk. She might have wanted to come here previously but was deterred by the prices. However, in her drunkenness, she had come here boldly.

Chuck went straight in and located the private room that Charlotte had mentioned. At the door, a fierce-looking man was standing guard. Chuck took a peek and saw that Lara and Charlotte were inside.

Just a little. Then it might be because he was rich.

Lara stared at Charlotte and suddenly thought of a serious problem. "Cousin, tell me the truth. Did Chuck do something to you last night? Did he force you to sleep with him?"

If that was not the case, then why would Charlotte help him? Could it be that when she was drunk and unconscious last night, they had sex together? That would be disgusting!

"Don't talk nonsense, okay?"

Charlotte sighed. It would be nice if she had really slept with him last night. But no, she pleased herself last night!!

"Really?" Lara was suspicious.

"No."

"That's the best. Chuck, that loser really doesn't deserve you. Cousin, don't lower yourself. You cannot let that loser take advantage of you!" Lara warned.

When she thought of the possibility that Chuck might have done something to her cousin last night, she was instantly consumed by anger.

Charlotte smiled bitterly. "Don't underestimate Chuck."

"Me, looking down on him? He doesn't need that. He's just a fine-looking man, without any skill, and only knows how to hook up with women," Lara said

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However, Lara Jean was squatting in the corner in a drunken stupor. There were traces of palm prints on her face. She was in a state of confusion, probably from the slapping, and the fact that she was drunk.

Charlotte Yates's face was also red, and a palm print could be seen clearly on the face. She was probably being slapped not long ago, perhaps before she made the call.

"Are you the person she called?" The big guy looked at Chuck Cannon and said coldly.

Chuck nodded calmly.

"Come in!" The big guy said as he opened the door of the private room. The big guy closed the door after Chuck entered the room.

Chuck spotted a man and a woman sitting on the sofa. The man had dyed his hair white. He was clad in tight pants and wore a pair of loafers.

The woman on the other hand was wearing heavy makeup and she had blue hair. She was in skimpy outfits, which made her look sexy but indecent.

There were about five or six strong looking thugs in the private room, all staring at Chuck with hostility. The man and the woman looked at Chuck in disdain.

Charlotte panicked and cried. When she came here, she was slapped by the woman and was called a bitch. She did not dare to call home. Besides, it would be too late as her family was in another province, so she could only call Chuck.

She was very nervous, she worried that Chuck would not come. But seeing Chuck now, she was relieved and so moved that she cried.

"What's going on? Why did you hit people?" Chuck frowned. Chuck wasn't pleased to see Charlotte crying. What was the conflict that had led them to hit people? Just look at how bad Lara was being beaten up.

Her hands and face were all red. If she was sober, she would be devastated at the sight of her current state.

"This bitch seduced my boyfriend. Shouldn't I slap her?" The blue-haired woman stood up from the sofa. She looked as if she was still angry and wanted to slap Lara some more.

Charlotte was frightened by the look of the blue-haired woman. She immediately protected Lara to prevent her from being injured badly if the woman continued to slap her.

Chuck frowned. Lara wasn't so desperate that she needed to seduce any guy.

The man had most probably taken advantage of Lara when he saw that she was drunk in a bar.

After all, Lara had a hot body. Any man would have wicked intentions if they saw someone like Lara in a place like this.

However, he was caught red-handed by this blue-haired woman, so the only thing the man could do was to shirk his responsibility and said that Lara had seduced him.

Lara was unlucky. She shouldn't have come to this kind of place. With all sorts of people here, it would be easy for her to get into trouble.

"I have someone I like. Why would I seduce someone like your boyfriend?" Lara shouted drunkenly.

Hearing this, the blue-haired woman got angry and ran over. She raised her hand and slapped Lara, but instead the slap landed on Charlotte, who had blocked it for Lara.

"Enough! What the hell do you want?" Chuck was annoyed.

The blue-haired woman sneered, "She likes seducing people, doesn't she?"

Under the order of the blue-haired woman, several strong men in the private room, who had been excited since the beginning, got ready. It seemed like they had done this many times.

This woman was really vicious. It was obviously her man's fault, but she had the decency to get so many people to violate Lara. What a crazy woman.

"No!"

Charlotte cried out. She burst into tears while trying her best to protect Lara. "She knows she's wrong, she really knows she's wrong... Don't treat her like this. No."

"Pap!"

Chuck picked up a wine bottle and smashed it to the ground. The men stopped instantly. The blue-haired woman frowned, and the white-haired man on the sofa was equally surprised.

The strong men looked at each other in dismay!

"Tell me, how do we solve this problem?" Chuck said in a calm tone.

"Hey, he's a tough guy," The blue-haired woman said.

The blue-haired woman sneered while pointing to the broken red wine on the ground, and said, "How interesting. The wine costs one hundred thousand dollars. If you can't afford it, I will..."

Chuck took out his card!

"You're so rich?" The blue-haired woman was surprised. She looked at Chuck and said, "You didn't just smash the wine bottle, but you have damaged the floor too."

"How much?" Chuck asked calmly.

"300,000!" said the blue-haired woman.

"I'll swipe my card!"

The white-haired man who was sitting on the sofa looked at Chuck up and down again. Three hundred thousand dollars yet he didn't even blink?

Who was this guy?

The blue-haired woman frowned and asked, "Who are you?"

"You don't have to care who I am. How much money do you want for this matter to resolve?" Chuck said.

"Three hundred thousand dollars is nothing to me." The blue-haired woman shook her head.

"How much do you want then? Didn't you ask her to make the call so that you can ask for money? Go ahead and name your price!" Chuck said.

"You're rich and 300,000 dollars for a bottle of wine is a piece of cake for you," said the blue-haired woman.

The blue-haired woman sneered and stretched out three fingers. "Three million! Then I'll let them go!"

Charlotte was stunned. Three million? She... She didn't have that much money even with her whole family income combined.

She looked at Chuck lifelessly and frowned. She was devastated. Three million dollars was just too much.

"So expensive?" Chuck asked. He thought five or six hundred thousand dollars was more than enough, but he didn't expect the blue-haired woman to be so greedy. It was obviously a trap!

Chuck was infuriated!

"Expensive? Do you know how much anger she has caused me? How dare she seduce my boyfriend! I have been in a bad mood for the whole night!"

The blue-haired woman sneered. "What's more, three million dollars is just the turnover for one and a half days business at the bar. When business is good, it can be..."

"Is this bar yours?" Chuck asked.

Chuck was surprised. No wonder the man on the sofa did not dare to speak, he looked like a gigolo. But this man was also a fool to harass another girl in his girlfriend's bar. How many people could do such a thing?

"It's my dad's!" The blue-haired woman boasted.

Chuck was silent. If the woman was so rich, then three million dollars was not a lot of money to her. But Chuck did not intend to give so much money to her. This was totally a scam. What's more, there was only one million dollars in his card, and he didn't have that much money!

Charlotte saw Chuck's annoyed expression, and it seemed that he didn't want to help her. She was in despair. She touched Lara's face with her hand.

Was this how it was going to be for Lara tonight?

She wanted to ask for Chuck's help, but why should he help her? Three million dollars! It was enough to buy another BMW seven series. She cried in desperation.

"What, you don't have the money?" The blue-haired woman sneered. It turned out that he was pretending just now. How could he have so much money? There were probably just a few hundreds thousands dollars in his card. It's not even close to her bar's turnover!

"Just wait. I don't have that much money in my card. But I'll call someone to transfer the money to me," Chuck said.

"Hurry up! I won't care what happens to her If I don't receive the money within three minutes," The blue-haired woman sneered.

Chuck walked to one side of the room and called his mother. It was only after a long time that she answered the phone. Moreover, the surrounding environment was particularly noisy. Where was his mother?

"Mom... Can you transfer three million dollars to me?" Chuck asked.

"Okay, wait a minute. I'll transfer the money now." His mother's voice came from the phone.

"Mom, where are you? Why is the surrounding so noisy?" Chuck was surprised and asked curiously.

"Haha, I'm at a bar. I'm talking business with Betty. Do you want to come over?" Karen Lee invited her son.

Bar?

Chuck was surprised. His mother was also in a bar? Which bar was that? "Mom, which bar are you in?"

"Chinatown Bar!" Karen said.

"Mom, I'm also in this bar," Chuck was delighted. What a coincidence! Mom had just said that she was talking about business. What was she doing?

"Really? Which private room? I'll look for you." Karen's voice was full of surprise, as if she had never expected this to happen.

"My... something happened to my friend, so I came over. Let me see, I'm in..." Chuck enquired about the private room he was in, and the blue-haired woman said impatiently.

"What's the matter?" Karen asked in a surprised tone.

Chuck briefly explained the situation to his mom. Then his mother said, "Wait for me, I'll be right there!"

Chuck was glad. He hung up the phone and let out a sigh of relief.

"Do you have money or not? If you don't have the money, don't waste my time," the blue-haired woman said impatiently.

14:08 ■

After all, Chuck was hiding in the corner when making the call. In her eyes, he was begging for help, for three million dollars? What a poor fella!

"Yes, someone will send the money right away," Chuck said.

That straightforward?

"Did you call the police? Damn it!" The blue-haired woman was furious, but the next instance she sneered and said, "This bitch seduced my boyfriend. It's no use calling the police. The matter has been settled when the police arrive! You know, I have the final say in this place!"

Bang!

The door was kicked open and Karen walked in with Betty Bernard.

Chapter 92

Chuck Cannon saw his mother and breathed a sigh of relief.

"Who are they? How dare they kick my door? You two are courting death! " The blue-haired woman was angry almost instantly. She dashed across the room to hit Karen Lee.

However, Karen only took one glance at her and then completely ignored her. Betty Bernard, who was beside her, was quick-witted. She raised her hand and slapped the woman first!

Slap!

A crisp slapping sound rang through the room. The blue-haired woman's face was red and swollen. She sat down on the ground, shocked and stunned.

The men in the private room were dumbfounded. This was the daughter of the owner of the bar, so she was the boss here. She could summon hundreds of people with just a phone call. Now she was being slapped?

These people had a death wish!

Charlotte Yates's eyes widened. She didn't know Karen Lee, nor did she recognize Betty Bernard. However, these two women had an imposing manner, which completely shocked Charlotte.

"How dare you slap me? Do you know who I am?"

I..." It was not until now that the blue-haired woman realized that she had been slapped.

How was this possible? How could she be slapped in her dad's bar? Was the person looking for trouble?"

She got up from the ground angrily, but she met with another slap!

Slap!

Betty slapped her again, and the blue-haired woman fell to the ground with a cry.

"Damn you! Go!" The white-haired man on the sofa stood up and cursed, and several men in the private room rushed over immediately.

Chuck was startled. These men were tall and strong, almost as strong as bulls. How could Betty fight them?

Chuck clenched his teeth and grabbed the wine bottle on the table, but Betty said, "Young Master, let me handle this."

Charlotte was dumbfounded. Young master? Chuck?"

Betty's movement was swift, as if she was proficient in all kinds of fighting skills. She knew how to defeat people as quickly as possible. She punched a man's cheek with her fist, and her movements were fast, accurate, and ruthless!

The man groaned and fainted. The other men were

dumbfounded. Betty moved again. She moved effortlessly under the siege of a few people with her fighting skills. When she threw her punch once again, another man instantly fainted.

The fight was quick and fast. The man fell to the ground one by one, while Betty remained unscathed!

Chuck was amazed. Betty was really good at fighting? Would he ever reach her level one day?"

He was looking forward to it.

The white-haired man was already dumbfounded. "You, you..."

Slap!

Betty glanced at him then raised her hand to slap him hard. The white-haired man screamed and fell to the ground, unconscious. He couldn't even take a blow, what a weakling.

Charlotte was completely stunned. She was in a daze and couldn't come back to her senses.

The blue-haired woman was also too shocked to react. She got up from the ground and stared at Betty as if she had seen a ghost.

"I heard that you have asked for three million dollars as compensation?" Karen sat down and said in a soft and nonchalant manner.

"Who the hell are you? This is my dad's territory. How dare you hit me?" The blue-haired woman was

furious, but...

Betty's eyes turned cold. Her hands were nimble. In a flash, she appeared before the woman and slapped her again!

Slap!

Ah!

The blue-haired woman screamed and fell to the ground. Her face was painted with horror.

"You have to be careful when you talk to me." Karen looked at her.

"Ah, ah!"

The blue-haired woman got up from the ground and retreated to the door. "Just you wait. I'll call my dad over and ask him to beat you to death!!!"

"Then go ahead and call him." Karen's tone was still soft.

"You will regret it later. I'll smash your face today! I'll let you all kneel down and beg me for mercy!" The blue-haired woman opened the door in a fit of anger and ran out. The private room fell silent.

Chuck was a little nervous.

"What are you doing standing there? Come and sit here." Karen gave Chuck a warm smile, unlike her hostility towards the blue-haired woman earlier. Betty stood beside her.

Chuck breathed a sigh of relief. He walked

hesitantly over to Charlotte. Lara was at present, totally wasted and sleeping on the ground. Charlotte looked at Chuck with a dull look. What happened just now was mind-blowing, and something she had never seen before.

A woman could be so intimidating, and she even called Chuck, Young Master. Then she... Charlotte looked at Karen...

All of this was too much for Charlotte to handle.

"Are you all right?" Chuck asked.

Charlotte shook her head blankly and was about to say something, when "Bang!"

The door was kicked open once again, and the blue-haired woman emerged with a man with a big belly. Behind her, there were about twenty or thirty men. All of them were tall and strong. They barged in like beasts.

The atmosphere in the private room suddenly became tense!

Charlotte started trembling at the sight before her!

"Dad, they are the ones who hit me just now. Just look at my face now, it's disfigured because of them. boohoo..." The blue-haired woman felt so wronged that she cried, but she stared at Karen with vicious eyes.

"It's okay, whoever hit you, I will make them pay back ten times the price!" The fat man said in a

cold and dignified tone.

There were dozens of people behind him, they looked like they were ready to fight at any time.

"No, dad, I want to smash their faces and watch them bleed! Look at my face," The blue-haired woman said pitifully.

"Okay, I'll listen to you. Be a good girl and find a place to sit down." The fat man nodded.

The blue-haired woman glared at Karen and Betty, then sat down, and opened a bottle of red wine. She was ready to celebrate watching Karen's face being smashed later.

The fat man looked at Karen. "I only have one daughter. She is the one I love the most. I once swore that if anyone dares to bully my daughter, I will make the person regret it! But you hit my daughter. Well, well, well!"

The fat man said as he raised his hand.

A man behind him threw out a dagger, and the sharp dagger fell on the table in front of Karen.

"Do it yourself! I don't care if you stab each other or do it on yourself, three cuts! It must be three cuts! Then, I'll be lenient."

The fat man sounded brutal. They dared to beat his daughter in his territory? Then they had to pay the price with blood!

"Interesting." Karen glanced at the dagger on the

table, and her eyes were calm.

"Do I need to repeat myself?" The fat man narrowed his eyes, and darted a ferocious look towards Karen!

Dozens of strong men behind him were like wild beasts, ready to pounce at their prey. The atmosphere in the private room was extremely tense and quiet!

It was as if bloodshed was going to happen in the next second!

Chuck was no longer nervous. The scene in the hotel last time was much more intense than this. This was nothing. Chuck walked over to Karen and sat down beside her. Karen smiled and asked, "What do you want to do?"

Chuck thought for a moment. He didn't know either. So he decided to let his mother deal with it.

Since Chuck had voiced his thought, Karen nodded. "All right, I'll take care of this. Betty, get started!"

As Betty took a step forward, the dozens of men in the private room sneered disdainfully. "Is this woman stupid?"

They knew that Betty was skillful, but she had to fight against twenty or thirty people. They only need to throw her a single punch each, and she would be a dead meat.

An evil smile crept up the corners of the fat man's mouth. The blue-haired woman was delighted. What she wanted to see most was Betty being beaten because Betty was the one who slapped her just now.

"Since you guys are not cooperative, then prepare to be hospitalized!" The fat man raised his hand and the dozens of strong men approached.

"Wait!" Karen suddenly spoke.

"You've got it figured out now? Fine, you still have a chance to stab yourself!" The fat man's expression grew sinister.

"No, I'm asking you to wait!" Karen looked at the dozens of strong men calmly. The men jeered, who's she to ask us to wait?!

"Are you begging for mercy?" The fat man mocked. "It's no use. Today you..."

"If you don't want to be fired, just stop. I can give you a chance," Karen said.

"What, fire us? You're so funny. You're not our boss, how are you going to fire us? Our boss is here!"

"What a brainless woman!" A man said.

The men in the room laughed in disdain, as if they had heard the most ridiculous joke.

The fat man exclaimed with a hint of sarcasm, "Are you talking in your dreams? Haha! I'm the boss.

14:08 ■

What rights do you have to fire them?!"

"No, you aren't their boss from this second onwards, because I'm buying this bar!" Karen said as a-matter-of-fact.

Chapter 93

When the people in the private room heard Karen's words, they all laughed at her.

"Did I hear it wrong? Do you really think you're buying vegetables in the market? Pick and pay?"

"Ha ha, this is ridiculous. She really thinks that she can buy this place with a few dollars? How ignorant. My boss spent 50 million dollars merely on renovation! Can you buy it with a few dollars?"

"You're so pretentious!"

Their endless contempt and sarcasm towards Karen, filled the private room.

Chuck was a little surprised that his mother had chosen to buy this place. This bar should not have caught his mother's attention, right? After all, the interior design didn't look as luxurious although this place was expensive. Its standard was far from the five-star hotel that his mother had bought. Why would his mother want to buy this place?

Chuck looked at his mother curiously.

The fat man was stunned by Karen's comment. He thought he had heard it wrong. His chubby face was piercing cold, and his eyes glinted with danger!

In his opinion, Karen was provoking and humiliating him!

He had invested hundreds of millions of dollars to establish the bar. How could anyone barge in and take it from him?

"What are you talking about? You are looking for death!" The fat man's voice was gloomy and cold, and his eyes were full of killing intent!

"You are referring to yourself." Karen's expression was indifferent!

The blue-haired woman burst out laughing. She came over from where she was sitting and said, "Look at you. You are interested in this place. Do you know how much this place costs? Why don't you go and sell..."

Slap!

Karen only glanced at her briefly. The next moment, Betty rushed out and slapped her hard!

The slap was loud and crisp, leaving a mark on the blue-haired woman's cheek. The blue-haired woman screamed and fell to the ground. Her face was red and swollen. She fainted after being slapped and lay on the ground motionless.

There was dead silence in the huge private room! The air seemed to freeze!

The dozens of strong men were utterly shocked. It wasn't because Betty could knock someone out with a slap, but because in a tense situation like this, Betty did not hesitate to hit the blue-haired woman.

14:08 ■

This...

Were they nothing to Betty?

"Daughter!"

The fat man was enraged by her action. His face twisted and ferocious." Beat them, kill them for me!!"

The group of people charged forward in an aggressive manner!

Betty's expression didn't change at all. She whipped out a black dagger from her waist and stabbed it into the shoulder of the strong man who was leading the pack, pfft!

Blood spurted out!

The room was instantly filled with the smell of blood!

"Ah!!!"

The burly man screamed in horror and pain. Betty was quick, accurate, and ruthless. In that split second, she successfully deterred the others at the scene from charging forward!

Who would have thought that a woman would stab a person with a dagger! And in front of so many people!

Brutal, it was pure brutality!

"Let go!"

"Let go of my brother!"

"You fucking stabbed him. He will die!"

The twenty or thirty people were raging! The private room was suddenly filled with roars of anger!

"Ah!!"

The man was screaming because Betty was turning the dagger, which was sunk into his shoulder. Betty's cold blooded stare frightened everyone at the scene!

The fat man was infuriated. This was his place. If someone died here, he would not have the capability to deal with it! At the very least, it would be a big loss for him to have his business closed for a few days.

"Let him go!" The fat man said coldly.

Betty only looked at him, then pulled out the dagger, and slowly moved it to the throat of the strong man!

"What do you want to do? Stop!" The fat man shouted! She was going to kill him!

"Don't, don't kill me." The big man was scared out of his pants. He could clearly feel Betty's killing intent. At that moment, he was terrified. He was just doing his job here, and he was afraid to die.

"Who else dares to approach?" Betty said.

Her voice was not loud but acted as a deterrence. Everyone present was intimidated by her means. Everyone was afraid that they would be the next person under Betty's dagger. They only had one life, so no one dared to approach her anymore.

They had never seen Betty's cruelty before!

"Rubbish, you good-for-nothing, what did I hire you for?" The fat man was overcome with fury. His men were all cowards!

His men looked at each other in dismay. But no one moved!

"Pack up your things and leave!" Karen looked at the fat man and ordered.

"F**k you. This bar belongs to me. Do you think you can have it just because you want it?" The fat man roared, he was furious.

Chuck couldn't stand his mother being scolded.

He jumped up, grabbed a wine bottle from the nearby table, and smashed it hard on the fat man!

Cracked!

The fat man howled. He covered his head and felt his world spinning. He was very shocked. This kid actually beat him on his own turf?

"You..."

Betty was surprised. Karen on the other hand smiled after she realized what Chuck had done. It

looked like she hadn't doted on her son for nothing.

The fat man stood upright even though his head was in excruciating pain. Rage surged through him. "Did these people just hurt him in his own bar? Did they think he has no backup?"

He took out his mobile phone and was about to call someone when Karen took out a contract from her bag. The people there were flabbergasted. "What is this? Did this lady really take a fancy to this bar?"

She even carried a contract with her? The people there were startled!

"Sign this and I'll transfer the money to you. Then you can leave," Karen said, as if she was talking about something trivial.

Silence in the room.

The fat man sneered. "Who the hell are you to ask me to sign it? Do you know how much my bar costs?"

"Everything in your bar is worthless. The only valuable thing is the building on this piece of land. I'll purchase it at 100 million dollars!" Karen said.

"100 million? What a joke. Do you think a hundred million is like hundreds of thousands? Something you can just take it out at will?" The fat man mocked.

In this entire Ocean city, there were too few people who could take out 100 million in cash at once. He

knew all of them, but there was no such woman in the list that he had known.

Karen glanced at him and took out her mobile phone. In less than a minute, the phone in the fat man's pocket rang. He took it out and looked at it doubtfully. It was a message. The message said that 100 million was transferred into his account.

The fat man was completely shocked! Who was this woman? How could she transfer 100 million dollars to him so quickly?

"You..." He shook his head immediately. "I didn't say I want to sell my bar to you!"

"You will," Karen said.

The fat man didn't look good. What's the matter? He noticed a calm demeanor on Karen. He had never felt such an aura on anyone before. Was she from a powerful family?

It shouldn't be possible!

He was shocked and skeptical!

The other people at the scene were even more stunned. Did she really transfer a hundred million dollars because she was interested in this place? How wealthy was this lady? They suddenly felt scared. If they had hit her just now, wouldn't they be doomed?

"Now you are all under her control. Her name is Betty Bernard," Karen said.

More than twenty people who were at the scene, turned to look at Betty. She put away the dagger. The big fellow, who was injured by her dagger just now, had already collapsed to the ground out of fear. He was completely shocked.

"Why are you guys still here?" Betty said coldly.

They looked at each other.

"How dare you!!" The fat man was angry. How dare she command his men in front of him?

They didn't move.

Betty walked over to them with the dagger in her hand. They were intimidated by her coldness and ruthlessness! Some were startled and retreated in fear of being stabbed. Those who were really frightened ran out of the room. Subsequently the rest of men followed suit.

"You are all useless! Useless!" The fat man was couldn't contain his anger. What kind of people did he hire?

He glared at Karen. "Who are you? I didn't sell you the bar! Get out of here right now!"

The fat man had to be cautious since she could transfer 100 million dollars so easily. After all, his own net worth was only a few hundred million dollars, and even so it was not easy for him to raise 100 million dollars in such a short period. He could only say that the woman in front of him might be more powerful than him.

14:09 ■

"You don't have the right to say anything, because I like your bar." Karen stood up from the sofa.

"What a joke! This is my bar! You can't just buy it like that? I disagree!" The fat man sneered, but before he could finish his words, his mobile phone rang again, and another text message came... It was a notification for another 100 million dollars!

The fat man was shocked! He thought he saw it wrongly, but it was true. This woman had just transferred 200 million in less than a minute?

"Who the is she really?"

Chapter 94

The fat man was completely shocked. 200 million dollars, she didn't even bat an eyelid. This woman was filthy rich.

He hesitated. Being able to take out 200 million dollars like this, he was definitely not at her level. The fat man came over and said through gritted teeth, "Who the hell are you?"

"Do you know why I transferred 200 million dollars to you even though I know this place is worth at most 100 million dollars only?" Karen Lee said coolly.

"I, I don't know."

The fat man shook his head and said.

"Because I don't want to see you here!" Karen said.

The fat man was angry and thought, "Is she asking me to leave with the money?"

He wanted to vent his anger. After all, he had been running this bar for many years and had his network. To force him to leave was undoubtedly cutting off his way of making money!

But at such a close proximity with Karen, he had already felt a sense of oppression. He didn't dare to look into Karen's eyes anymore.

He once had this kind of feeling when he went to

Central City and met with a few business tycoons. Was this woman in front of him a super baller?

But why hadn't he heard of her before..."

Suddenly, he remembered a major event in the city recently. Hotel Luna was bought over by Madam Lee at a price of nearly 3 billion!!

Was Madam Lee the lady n front of him?

When the fat man thought of this, he broke out in cold sweat.

He had several hundred million dollars, but that was including assets like his house and the bar. This lady spent three billion dollars to buy a five-star hotel. Then, in less than half a month, she bought his bar with 200 million dollars. Her net worth was really unimaginable!

He felt as if he had offended her.

"What's the panic?" Karen looked at him, and her voice was nonchalant.

"Excuse me, are you Madam Lee?" The fat man asked tentatively.

Karen tapped her fingers on the table as if she didn't hear anything. "Come and sign. I'll give you three days to leave this place. Remember, don't show up in front of me! I hate it when a person I dislike shows up in front of me again. I'll make him disappear forever!"

All of a sudden, the sense of oppression

intensified!

The fat man quivered and immediately came over. He signed and pressed his fingerprint on the contract.

He stood stiffly and didn't know what to do.

Betty put away the contract on the table and stared at the fat man with her eyes narrowed.

He was petrified by Betty's ruthlessness. But the fat man was even more perturbed. If Karen could afford three billion so easily, then she could deal with him easily!

"I'll refund 50 million dollars to you." The fat man gritted his teeth and said.

"This is no longer your place. You can go now," Karen said.

"No, I'll refund 100 million dollars to you. I want to make friends with you," The fat man said hurriedly.

In his heart, he felt that he had already offended someone he couldn't afford to offend. He felt that the hundred million dollars was likely to take his life. The more he thought about it, the more afraid he became.

Karen narrowed her eyes. "Not going?"

Betty took a step forward, the intimidation was hard to ignore!

The fat man trembled with fear and immediately

pulled the blue-haired woman, who was lying on the ground, to run. She woke up.

"Dad, have you resolved the matter? Ah, dad, why are they still alive? Call someone and beat them now!" The blue-haired woman struggled.

"It's all your fault!" The fat man said.

The fat man raised his hand and slapped her. The blue-haired woman covered her face with her hand and looked at her father, confused. "Dad, you..."

The fat man dragged the blue-haired woman out. When she finally got out, the blue-haired woman was in a daze. Why did her father slap her?

"Then I'll start dealing with the bar," Betty said.

"It's too late today. Start tomorrow. You can ask someone to re-design the whole bar. I don't want to see any former items in this bar," Karen said.

"Yes." Betty nodded.

Chuck was surprised. His mom was planning to renovate the bar completely? That was really a bold decision. Chuck asked, "Mom, it must cost a lot to renovate the whole bar."

Chuck knew that his mother was wealthy, she would definitely make this place into a luxurious bar, with the possibility of demolishing this old building and rebuilding from ground zero. After all, his mother was very powerful!

It might cost three or four hundred million dollars to

do that. This would be a premium bar.

"Maybe more than 300 million dollars," said Karen.

Chuck smiled and asked if he could come to drink at any time? Karen shook her head and said, "Yes, but you have to stick to moderate alcohol consumption. You can come here three times a month to drink. You can come here at any time when you don't drink. Do you understand what I mean?"

Chuck nodded. His mother was concerned about his health. After all, drinking was harmful to one's health.

"One more important thing is that don't drink and drive!" Karen was particularly serious when she said that.

"Got it," Chuck replied.

"If I find that you break the rules, I will be angry. Please remember this!" Karen said in a serious tone, but there was a hint of doting in her eyes.

Chuck smiled. He didn't like drinking anyway. Besides, if he were to get into a car accident because he drank and drove, all the money would be meaningless.

Karen finally turned to look at Charlotte, who was still in the corner. Charlotte was in a daze, because in just a few minutes time, she witnessed a 200 million dollars deal...

Did that really happen?

"I don't care about your private life, but you can't mess around with women, you can't force or play them! If you impregnated a woman, you'll be a man and admit it!" Karen became serious again.

Chuck said, "I know. And Mom, you think too much. I don't have feelings for these two."

"Two?" Karen asked.

Karen patted Chuck's forehead. "You've become bad!"

Chuck felt helpless. As his mother, she was supposed to set up a correct view of women for him. After all, she was also a woman.

Karen stood up and said, "Let's go. Accompany me for supper."

"Mom, how can I leave in this situation?" Chuck asked.

Chuck felt helpless. Lara was still drunk while Charlotte was still in a state of shock. He had to make arrangements for the two of them.

"Okay, deal with it yourself." Lara and Betty went out. Chuck suddenly thought of something and ran out after his mother. "Mom, I need money for the plaza recently. I..."

Karen was walking ahead, she waved her hand and replied, "Got it."

In less than a minute, Chuck received a text message from his bank notification. His mother had transferred him another five million dollars.

Chuck was pleasantly surprised.

He put the phone into his pocket and walked into the room with a sigh of relief. When he saw that Charlotte was still staring at him blankly, Chuck had no choice but to go over. He saw that Lara had fallen asleep, she had certainly drank a lot.

"I'll send you two back. Can you let Lara stay over at your house tonight?" Chuck said. He thought that he could prank Lara today, but he didn't expect that such a thing would happen. Chuck was a little disappointed.

"The place where I stay is too small, and I have two more roommates..." Charlotte said.

"Then what should we do? I'll book a room for you two." Chuck had no choice but to say so.

"Why don't we go to your house?" Charlotte bit her lip and said. She was very nervous when she asked that question. Would it be too obvious?

But today, Chuck had once again amazed her. She wanted to take the initiative, otherwise, she might have no chance in the future.

"Go to my house?" Chuck was surprised. Although he had other rooms, but...

Chuck was in a dilemma. He wouldn't mind

Charlotte but he didn't want Lara to enter his home.

"Let me get you a room. It's more convenient," Chuck said.

"Okay." Charlotte felt disappointed.

"Is he really not attracted to her?" Charlotte wondered.

She bit her lip and decided to go all out. "Chuck, I know you have a lot of women, but I don't mind being one of them. As long as you're willing to come to me when you need me, or I'll come to find you. Is that okay?"

Chuck was stunned. He looked at Charlotte again. Charlotte was beautiful, but Chuck was not interested in her for the time being. What's more, his mother had told him not to play with a woman's feeling.

"Well, let's talk about it next time," Chuck brushed it off.

"Okay." Charlotte lowered her head and felt bitter in her heart. "Do you think my chest is too flat?"

What should he put it? Chuck pondered. Compared to Lara's, Yvette Jordan's, and even Zelda Maine's, she was really ordinary, but her legs were still very nice.

She saw Chuck looking at her legs. Charlotte was relieved. She was very confident about her legs. She looked good in all the clothes she wore before.

Everyone said so, Charlotte had great legs!

That said, she still had a chance!

As Charlotte thought so, she felt much better. She grabbed Chuck's hand, and Chuck was startled. This....

However...

Charlotte's face turned red. "If you want me, I'm ready any time."

Chuck nodded.

Charlotte wanted to help Lara up, but Lara's body became weak and clumsy when she was drunk. It was impossible for a girl to hold her up. She had to leave Lara to Chuck.

Chuck picked Lara up, lowered his head and saw her voluptuous chest. Looking at her so closely, he had to admit that she was attractive. However, he could not think blindly about it. Chuck held Lara in his arms and walked outside, followed by Charlotte.

There was a hotel near the bar. The receptionist saw Chuck holding one woman in his arms, followed by another woman behind him. She was surprised but proceeded to book a room for Chuck, while looking at him in a strange light. When they arrived at the room, Lara was drunk and wanted to take her clothes off. Chuck did not refuse. He saw Lara took off her coat and she fell down in a daze. Chuck had no choice but to help her up. However, Lara vomited all over Chuck without any warning.

Chuck was caught off guard.

After vomiting, Lara fell to the floor and continued to sleep. Charlotte rushed over and apologized, "I'm sorry, my cousin didn't do it on purpose."

Chuck wanted to slap her on the thigh. What the f*ck was going on? Was that how she repay him for helping her?"

She had vomited all over his body. What should he do? Lara was still sleeping like a dead log.

"Why don't you go in and take a shower? Take off your clothes and I'll wash them for you. Then, I'll dry them for you with a hairdryer. Just ten minutes will do," Charlotte said in a low voice. She was really sorry for the mishap.

Chuck had no other choice. He took off his clothes and went to take a shower while Charlotte washed his clothes. Through the frosted glass, she could see him inside. She was shy. How should she put it? She knew that women were actually lascivious too. She admitted that she was like that, which was why she couldn't help peeping at him.

However, Chuck wasn't stout. But he did look toned and attractive.

While she dwelled on the thoughts of Chuck, Charlotte quickly washed the clothes. Chuck came out of the bathroom, wrapped in a bath towel. Just now, he was tempted to give himself a handjob inside the bathroom.

He was a man after all. In situation like this, Chuck could have sex with Charlotte, even with Lara as well. Anyway, Lara was drunk, and Charlotte was likely to cooperate with him. But after giving it a good thought, Chuck couldn't do it!

First of all, Chuck really had no feelings for Charlotte, let alone Lara. Lara had a beautiful figure but that's it, Chuck disliked her. Chuck felt a little guilty about what happened to Lara today. Therefore, it was even more impossible for him to take advantage of her.

So it was better not to think too much.

Chuck sat on the edge of the bed and looked at Lara who was sleeping on the floor. It was a terrible day for her. She was drunk and got beaten. She shouldn't sleep on the floor like this.

After a moment of hesitation, he decided to give her a hand, and carried her to the bed.

Lara was mumbling nonsense, "Baller, come on, come on... I don't care about your look, it's better if you look similar to Chuck... Come on!"

Chuck was surprised. Did Lara actually fantasize about the baller and took him as Chuck? Chuck had never thought about it. He thought Lara hated and despised him very much. Did Lara actually like him? This should not be possible!

Chuck stared at Lara on the bed.

Chapter 95

Lara Jean had completely fallen asleep. She wasn't with a quilt. She looked very tempting lying like this. Chuck Cannon looked at her and shook his head secretly. Lara disdained him very much. How could she fantasize about him?

This was probably because she was too drunk.

Charlotte Yates felt embarrassed.

Lara, didn't you know that Chuck was the "Baller". How could you like Chuck? Were you thinking nonsense?

Charlotte could do anything but continue to blow dry the clothes for Chuck. Chuck didn't look at Lara anymore. He couldn't be sure that he would do something if he continued to look at her.

Ten minutes later, Chuck's clothes were dry. Chuck went to the bathroom to put on his clothes and then came out. "Sleep early. I'm going back. Don't tell Lara about what happened today."

He was still thinking about pranking Lara.

"Why don't you stay?" Charlotte said.

Charlotte asked him to stay. Then, she walked over to Chuck, bit her lip and said, "It doesn't matter if Lara is here. She's drunk, and she's sleeping like a dead log. Let's... keep our voice down, or I can help you."

Since Charlotte had already brought it up to this point, Chuck understood what she meant. She wanted to give him a handjob like what Zelda Maine did.

Chuck was torn. In fact, he had the idea when he was in the shower just now, but he had held it back.

After thinking about it carefully, he decided to brush it off. He didn't feel anything for Charlotte. It's wrong to ask her to help him.

"There's no need. Go to bed early." Chuck opened the door and went out.

Charlotte sighed and sat on the bed. She looked at Lara, then said, "Alas... Am I that bad?"

Thinking of the shower scene with Chuck in it, Charlotte blushed and had an idea. She walked over and gave Lara a nudge. After making sure that Lara was sleeping soundly, Charlotte took the bag and went into the bathroom...

.....

In the morning, Lara woke up and found herself in the hotel. She was shocked and immediately uncovered the quilt. When she saw that she was naked, she screamed.

Charlotte, who was in the bathroom, was startled and came running out. "What are you doing?"

Lara was terrified. "Where are my clothes? And my

hand? Why is my leg red? Was I... boo hoo."

As Lara said this, she couldn't continue, and tears came out of her eyes.

"That's nonsense. I slept with you last night. Who can harm you? You were naked because you were drunk last night and had vomited all over. I took them off for you. Do you have any problem with that?" Charlotte sat down.

"No, I'm relieved that it's you, cousin. I remember I was in the bar, and then I was beaten by a woman, and then..." Lara breathed a sigh of relief, she remembered vaguely that she was carried in by someone. Who was this person?

"Cousin, were there only the two of us in this room last night? I remember there was a man in the room. Who is he?" Charlotte was confused.

"Chuck." That was the only thing Charlotte could say.

"What? It's the loser?" Lara jumped up from the bed in shock. It was him? Did he take advantage of her last night?

Charlotte felt helpless and thought, "He's not a loser! He has a lot of money."

"Did he do anything to me last night? Did he touch me?" Lara was nervous and angry at the same time.

Of course, when they were in the store yesterday,

he had been peeping at her for a long time. Since he had the chance last night, how could he let her go?

At this time, Lara wanted to run out and slap Chuck twice.

"No. You can take a shower and we'll check out." Charlotte packed up her things.

Lara did not believe it. How could it be possible? She had such a good figure. Chuck had to have done something to her. The more she thought about it, the angrier she became. If it weren't for Chuck yesterday, she wouldn't get beaten up by that middle-aged woman.

Not to mention that she had been beaten, but how could he harbour a bad intention towards her?

Lara got up from the bed and put on her clothes. She needed to find Chuck to clear the air. Charlotte saw through her thoughts and immediately stopped her. "What are you doing?"

He had helped her yet she wanted to scold him. Chuck would definitely be angry. She didn't want Chuck to be angry and lose her chance with him. Last night, if it weren't for Lara, Chuck would not have hesitated, and she could take the initiative to make him stay.

Charlotte was speechless. In her mind, she thought, "Lara, are you that angry at Chuck? Do you know you were talking nonsense last night and

you had mentioned his name."

As Lara spoke, she went to the bathroom to wash up, and ventured out angrily. Charlotte followed her reluctantly. Charlotte hurried off because if Lara went too far, she would definitely stop her.

Chuck came out of the house.

The exam was about to start in the next few days. Chuck wanted to finish the exam and start his business as soon as possible. He didn't want his mother to be disappointed, nor did he want Yvette Jordan to be disappointed. However, there were no classes in the morning. Chuck wanted to go to the plaza first and give Yolanda Lane part of the money his mother gave him yesterday.

Chuck waited for the elevator and looked at Zelda Maine's door. He hesitated and wondered if he should go over and say hello.

Zelda wanted to help him relieve his sexual desire at the plaza last night. In fact, if Yvette did not show up at that time, Zelda might have already helped Chuck with the handjob in the car.

Of course, at this moment, Chuck wasn't thinking of anything. It was early in the morning. He walked to Zelda's door but hesitated. He had decided to leave when Zelda's door suddenly opened. Zelda was stunned..."

The two of them looked at each other.

Zelda was silent. She reached out and pulled

Chuck into the house. Chuck was confused but followed her in.

"Do you want it?" Zelda asked.

Chuck was stunned. Before he could speak, Zelda continued, "Yvette probably didn't do anything to you. I'll help you."

As she spoke...

Chuck sat down.

Two minutes later, Zelda went to the bathroom and washed her hands.

Chuck was really embarrassed. Did he climax too fast? It was just like last time. Chuck didn't know what to say and felt a little embarrassed. He stood up and said, "Sister Zelda, I..."

"I told you yesterday. Don't feel pressured. It's nothing," Zelda said. She was disappointed last night. Yvette had only called Chuck once, and he left in her car.

Zelda was ready to help Chuck relieve his sexual desire. How much courage would a woman need to take the initiative to mention this?

But... Chuck still left.

"Well, Sister Zelda, let me ask you a question." Chuck was embarrassed.

"Go ahead," Zelda walked over. She thought, "Does he still want it? Maybe, after all, he is very

young."

Chuck whispered into Zelda's ear. Zelda found his question funny.

Zelda actually didn't have much experience in this aspect. When she was in college, she had a boyfriend whom she had also given a handjob. After graduating from college, she had another boyfriend. She had done everything with him. She felt that Chuck was fast, but it was okay.

Zelda thought for a moment and said, "It's a little fast."

Chuck wanted to find a hole to hide in it. It was true. He had watched porn before, but...He sighed.

This couldn't do.

If he was with Yvette, Chuck would be even more ashamed for her to discover this. It seemed that he had to work out! He really had to toughen up at the gym with more trainings.

"Don't take it to heart. It's not good for you to feel pressured by this kind of thing," Zelda said. She found Chuck a little funny and that brightened up her mood.

Chuck was embarrassed and did not know how to continue. Zelda said, "Don't think too much."

"Okay," Chuck said.

"Do you... want to come over to my place tonight?" Zelda asked.

14:11 ■

Chuck thought for a moment. "It depends, but Zelda's skills are beyond description."

"If you want to, just say it," Zelda said.

Chuck didn't know what to say. Did he cheat again?

"I'm sorry, Zelda." Chuck felt guilty.

They came out and took the elevator downstairs. Zelda went to her restaurant while Chuck drove directly to the plaza. As soon as he got out of the car, his phone rang.

He took it out and saw that it was from Lara. Why would this woman call him? To thank him?

Lara's angry voice came from the other side of the phone when he answered the phone. She asked about Chuck's whereabouts. Chuck frowned and said. "Are you mad? Where I am is none of your business!"

Chapter 96

Chuck Cannon scolded Lara Jean and hung up the phone. Then, he walked towards Yolanda Lane's office.

On the other side, Lara mad. She called again immediately, but Chuck did not pick it up. Lara called several times more but he still did not pick up her calls. She overcome with rage she almost smashed her mobile phone.

"Bastard, he must be feeling guilty, that's why he didn't answer my call! He must have touched me last night." Lara was furious.

"Lara, forget it. Chuck didn't touch you at all. I was there the whole time. Do you think I'll lie to you?" Charlotte Yates sighed. She couldn't persuade Lara at all, this gave her a headache.

"Cousin, don't put in good words for him already. Don't tell me you like him? You have only met him a few times right?" Lara was anxious. She really felt that something was wrong with her cousin Charlotte. Why keep defending Chuck?

That didn't make sense.

"Don't overthink."

Charlotte shook her head feeling a little guilt. She was equally puzzled. Did she really like Chuck? It seemed like she had just a little feeling for him.

disdainfully.

If it wasn't because of Zelda Maine yesterday, would she have been beaten up?

"What if he hooks up with you... no, you hook up with him one day?" Charlotte asked.

Lara sneered. "I'll hook up with him? What a joke. For someone like him, even if he were to kneel down and beg me, I wouldn't even look at him! How can I hook up with him?"

"The key is that you are now in..." Charlotte sighed, and the key was that you were trying to hook up with him now!

"What key?" Lara frowned.

"Nothing." Charlotte shook her head.

"Humph, I must find him and ask him!"

The more Lara thought about it, the angrier she became. "By the way, he must be at the plaza. Since he was there yesterday, he must be there to pursue Yolanda. Otherwise, why would he go there every now and then? He doesn't even look at himself. Even I won't look at him, let alone Yolanda, the campus belle? He's daydreaming! Cousin, let's go to the plaza. Chuck is definitely there!"

Charlotte didn't say anything. When she went to the square last time, she had signed the contract with Yolanda. Yolanda was indeed very beautiful. Chuck might really like her...

.....

Chuck Cannon walked into Yolanda Lane's office. Yolanda was wearing a dress and she let her long hair down today. She looked refreshingly beautiful. She had both talent and a beautiful face. Chuck was sure she would be someone great in the future!

Chuck walked over. Yolanda was so engrossed in work she did not see Chuck coming. Her eyes were fixed on the documents on the table. Chuck coughed and Yolanda came to herself. She looked up and saw Chuck. She smiled and said, "You're here?"

"Yes. Any ideas recently?" Chuck sat down. Yolanda handed him a set of documents, which contained discussions Yolanda had personally involved in over the past few days.

She planned to do some activities in the plaza in a few days time, after the facilities in the plaza were completed. The objective was to increase the plaza's popularity. She had found something special to come hype up the activities.

Chuck looked at the plan and thought it was a good idea. He said, "Okay, do as you say."

"Okay. By the way, I've got the shop front that you have asked me to pay attention to. There's a shop on the fifth floor that wants to transfer. The location isn't very ideal, but it's very big. The transfer fee may be about 300,000 to 400,000

dollars," Yolanda said.

Four hundred thousand? It's not expensive for Zelda. Bad location? It wouldn't be a problem for a restaurant with a good reputation like Zelda's restaurant."

Good wines need no bush.

Chuck immediately called Zelda and told her about this news. Zelda's voice was a little surprised. She said that she would find time to come over and check it out. Then she added, "Then... I'll repay you tonight. What do you say?"

She spoke softly, as if she had deliberately lowered her voice.

Chuck wanted to. After Zelda had 'helped; him twice, he had begun to enjoy the feeling. Tonight, Chuck would go to find Zelda when he had time.

But Chuck thought, if Yvette Jordan also gave him a handjob one day, would the feeling be the same as Zelda's? It should be different."

After all, as far as Chuck was concerned, Yvette was still fresh. She did not have any experience in that aspect. Chuck knew this very well.

"Yes," Chuck answered.

"Then I'll help you." The voice from the phone was still very low.

"Can you use..."

"You... um..." Zelda was embarrassed.

She understood what Chuck meant, but using her hands was already her final limit at this stage. She was indecisive, not because she was unwilling, but because... how should she put it, she was afraid that she would fall for him gradually. Therefore, using her hands was the best way.

"Sister Zelda..." Chuck called her name.

"I... don't, don't want."

"All right."

"Okay, Come to my house tonight. I'll wait for you. Just knock on the door."

"Okay."

After hanging up the phone, Chuck was happy but also conflicted. He found that he had gradually grown to like this feeling. The feeling of having a woman was really different. Would he continue to cheat on Yvette? Chuck felt sorry for Yvette, but if Yvette could help him, then he would not have to go out and mess around.

However, Chuck did not know when he would be able to reach the stage where Yvette would help him.

He sighed and put the phone away.

"Is it okay?" Yolanda asked.

"She said she would come over in the next few

days. You can inform the boss of that shop later," Chuck said. He was pretty sure that it would be ok.

"Okay." Yolanda was about to say something when she saw Lara Jean walking in looking angry. Chuck frowned.

"Chuck, you tell me. Did you do anything disgusting to me when you got a room for us last night?" Lara stared at Chuck. If Charlotte didn't come in together with her, Lara might have rushed in and slapped Chuck.

Yolanda was surprised. Did this mean that Chuck and Lara went out to get a room last night? She gave Lara a strange look and then looked at Chuck.

"Are you out of your mind?" Chuck was irritated. "If I wasn't there last night, do you know how many people were going to violate you?"

"What's wrong with me? Chuck, you bastard. Are you afraid to admit what you did? You're like a toad trying to eat a swan. How dare you try to hit on Yolanda? Do you think you're from a rich family? Look at you, such a loser, yet you're really here to court Yolanda. How shameless!" Lara blurted. She was in a bad mood.

"Lara, stop talking," Charlotte Yates sighed.

Chuck was annoyed. He couldn't stand being accused for no reason. How could he hit on Yolanda? He is her boss!

"Shame on me? Don't you know what you did?"

Chuck said coldly.

"Me? What did I do? Tell me!"

Lara was angry. She said mockingly, "What I am doing is much better than you living off a woman. If it weren't for Zelda, you couldn't even afford the food. Whoever gave you the courage to hit on Yolanda?"

Chuck wanted to take out his mobile phone and let her cousin have a good look at her naked photos! He wanted to see if Lara still had the face to be boastful!

However, when Chuck put his hands in his pockets, Yolanda walked over with a smile and gently held Chuck's wrist. "Lara, you're wrong. Chuck didn't pursue me. I was the one who hit on him."

Chuck was stunned. Yolanda was helping him? Charlotte was disappointed to hear that.

Lara's eyes widened in disbelief. "Yolanda, what did you say? You're pursuing him? You're the campus belle. Are you blind? Are you crazy?"

Chapter 97

"I'm not crazy, you're the one who's mad!"

Yolanda Lane shook her head. "When you discover Chuck's strength, you will regret it."

Lara Jean sneered as if she had heard the biggest joke. "Haha, I will regret it? Don't worry, I won't regret it for the rest of my life. I'm not as blind as you guys! I can't believe you like him. Yolanda, you've really broadened my horizons today. The campus belle's taste is so low!"

She was really amused. Yolanda had all the good criterias, but she actually took a fancy to Chuck Cannon? And she was the one pursuing him? What a strange thing!

"I think you are the one who is blind," Yolanda said.

"Really? I'm curious. What can Chuck give you? A delicate woman like you needs tens of thousands dollars per bag and hundreds of thousands dollars for a lipstick. How can he afford to support you? How can he support you? Or, does he also live off on you?" Lara said disdainfully. She did not believe that Chuck could support such a beautiful woman.

"You're wrong. He didn't live off me, and why would I let him support me? Oh, it's not your fault. Generally, people without abilities rely on others to support them," Yolanda said.

"You!" Lara was angry.

"Lara, stop arguing. Let's go to the store and have a look." Charlotte Yates sighed and pulled Lara out. Her shop would not be opened smoothly if they continued to quarrel like this. After all, Yolanda was the manager of the plaza!

Lara also realized about this, and she grew a little timid. She glared at Chuck and said, "You loser!"

After the two of them went out.

Yolanda loosened her hand, which was holding Chuck's wrist, and said with a smile, "I hope I didn't over-compliment you just now."

She sat down as she spoke.

Chuck smiled and thought, "Yolanda is really amazing. She managed to shut Lara mouth with just a few words." Chuck shook his head and said, "No."

"That's good." Yolanda began to read the documents.

Chuck had no intention of staying any longer. He had to go to class. He bid Yolanda goodbye, and she nodded with a smile.

Chuck walked out. When he came out of the office, he saw Yvette Jordan come out in a hurry. Chuck walked over doubtfully and asked, "Yvette, what are you doing?"

Yvette glanced at Chuck. She hesitated for a

moment before shaking her head. "I'm fine."

After saying this, she went into the elevator and went down. Where was she going? What happened? Chuck was puzzled. Why didn't she say anything?

Chuck sighed. He was going to take the elevator to the parking lot and drive to the school.

However, his phone suddenly rang. Chuck took out his phone and looked at it in puzzlement. It turned out to be Yvette's WhatsApp. She hadn't contacted him for a few days.

Chuck opened the message instinctively but was instantly disappointed.

"Baller, could you do me a favor?" This was from Yvette's WhatsApp.

It seemed that she had really encountered something just now. But since she had seen him just now, why didn't she tell him?

Chuck didn't want to pay much attention to it, because he was disappointed. Yvette, it would be the same if you have asked me for help!

However, Chuck wanted to know what had happened to Yvette. He sighed and replied after a moment of hesitation. "What do you want me to do for you?"

"Lend me five hundred thousand, I will return it to you in ten days."

"Money? Yvette is short of money?" Chuck was surprised. "Didn't she sell her house for millions? How could she be short of 500,000.

However, Yvette had done a lot of things recently. She wanted to build her own company. It was said that she had also hired a very good trainer. There were also advertisements inside the plaza, and outside too. These advertisements all needed money. She would have spent hundreds of thousands already.

Chuck wanted to reply, but... Yvette, why didn't she ask him when she saw him just now?

After thinking about it for a while, he replied, "Okay."

"Thank you. I'll definitely give it back to you in ten days!"

"I have a question for you."

"Go ahead,"

"Am I the first one you think of when you ask for help?"

After Chuck sent this message, Yvette did not reply for a whole minute. Chuck was disappointed.

When Chuck thought she would not answer this question, Yvette sent him a message. "No."

Chuck's heart skipped a beat, and he immediately replied, "No? Is there anyone who is more capable than me?"

14:12 ■

"I don't think so."

"A man or a woman?"

"Man, I..."

"What?"

"Someone who grew up with me, he should be able to lend me 500,000," Yvette replied.

Chuck smiled. Yvette was talking about him, but he had not shown his strength in front of her. Why did she think that he could give her the five hundred thousand?

"Then why didn't you borrow it from him?" Chuck asked.

There was a minute of silence in the mobile phone. Chuck felt that it was inappropriate to ask this question. It would sound like he didn't want to lend her the money. Then he replied,

"Sorry, I'm just a little curious. If you don't feel like saying it, I'll transfer money to you now."

"It's nothing. I knew that he would help me if I mentioned it to him, but I didn't want him to find another person, so I didn't ask from him."

Chuck was baffled. "What does Yvette mean by that?"

"Who will he look for?" Chuck couldn't help but reply.

"A restaurant owner, he knows the owner. If I

mentioned it to him, he will go to borrow it from the owner. I don't want him to find the owner of the restaurant."

Reading this message from Yvette, Chuck was delighted. Yvette didn't want him to find Zelda?

He recalled that Yvette had called him back from Zelda last night and said that she would send him back. Was she jealous?

That didn't sound right. He had known Yvette for a long time. How could she be jealous?"

Chuck was anxious. He couldn't wait to return a message, "Do you like him?"

Did she like him or not? Otherwise, why would Yvette send him back yesterday and stopped him from looking for Zelda? This seemed to be a sign of jealousy.

Chuck was perturbed.

However, what made Chuck helpless was that Yvette did not reply to this question. Chuck could only transfer the money immediately.

After Yvette received the money, she replied, "Thank you, I will definitely give it back to you in ten days."

"Don't worry." Chuck was in a good mood. He pressed the elevator button to go down. The elevator door opened and he walked in.

In the parking lot.

Yvette breathed a sigh of relief. She looked at the message the "baller" had sent on her mobile phone. "Do you like him?"

"Do I like Chuck?" Yvette shook her head. "I don't like him at all. Not at all. He spent all day with Zelda Maine. Who knows what he did? And he has a good relationship with Yolanda Lane. And Queenie Carson. They almost hugged when they were singing Karaoke last time. What's more, they always whispered to each other in class..."

Yvette was agitated when she thought of this. She put her thoughts away and drove out of the parking lot.

Coincidentally, Chuck just came out of the parking lot and saw Yvette. Chuck hesitated. "What happened to Yvette all of a sudden? After all, she was fine last night. Was Yvette hiding something?"

Chuck thought for a moment and decided to follow her. He got into his car. Then he stepped on the accelerator and followed her out of the parking lot.

Chuck was tailing Yvette. Soon he was surprised when Yvette actually went to his mother's five-star hotel. Who was she going to treat? Chuck was puzzled. After Yvette went in, he slowed down the car and drove in slowly.

The security guard had already recognized Chuck's car, so he naturally led the way respectfully. When Chuck saw Yvette's car, he thought for a moment and parked his car next to her. Then he got off the

car and went to the hotel's restaurant.

As soon as Chuck arrived, the waiter immediately greeted him respectfully. Chuck waved his hand and said, "Did a beautiful woman come in just now?"

"After all, this is a hotel. If she is not here for a meal, then she is getting a room with someone..." Chuck thought. He immediately shook his head. Yvette would not do that.

She had her bottom line.

As expected, the waiter said, "Yes, a beautiful woman came in. She's at table 3. Look."

Chuck looked over. Although he did not see Yvette, he heaved a sigh of relief.

"What would you like to eat? I'll ask someone in the kitchen to prepare it for you." The waiter said so because Betty had already instructed them about these things.

"No need, just arrange a table near table No. 3 for me, but the beautiful woman should not be able to see me." Chuck wanted to see what happened to Yvette and who she was having dinner with here. It would be more expensive to have dinner here than at Zelda's!

"Okay, this way please!" The waiter led the way, and Chuck followed him in. As expected, Yvette was already sitting alone at table No. 3.

Chapter 98

At this time, Yvette Jordan was sitting at table No.3. Chuck Cannon, led by the waiter, sat down alone, and looked at Yvette from a distance.

Chuck was thinking. Yvette suddenly needed money, and now she was treating someone to dinner in a five-star hotel. Was this a business matter, or something else?"

"What would you like to drink?" The waiter asked politely.

"Fruit juice please," Chuck said.

"We have watermelon juice. Would you like to have it?"

"Sure."

"Please wait a minute." The waiter left politely.

Chuck continued to watch Yvette. Yvette didn't have any special makeup on today, she looked as usual. But today, she looked particularly attractive in the pair of skinny jeans, which made her thighs appear firm. Her silhouette was perfect.

As Chuck had his eyes fixed on Yvette, he also took his time to enjoy this beautiful sight. The wifey whom he had hugged for so long while sleeping was indeed attractive.

However, at this time, Chuck's mobile phone

beeped. He clicked on it and found that it was a WhatsApp message from Lara Jean. She said she was very sorry for not replying until now, and there were a series of crying emoji that followed. She was apologizing.

Lara had been angry all the time and had no time to look at her mobile phone. After busy with things in the shop for a while, she grew bored and looked at her mobile phone. Then, she realized that the "baller" had actually asked her out for the night. She was pleasantly surprised. However, when she saw that it was sent last night, she was devastated and regretted for not checking her phone.

Now, she hated Chuck even more. If it hadn't for Chuck yesterday, would she have fought with that woman? Would she have gone for a drink? She would have slept with the "baller" that night.

She was nervously waiting for the "baller" to reply to the message. However, at this time, Chuck's mind was focused on Yvette. How would he have time to play with Lara?

He ignored her.

However, Lara who did not receive a reply from "baller" grew anxious and panicked. Oh, no, was the "baller" angry?

This made her got even more annoyed at Chuck: "It's all because of you! The 'baller' has now ignored me!"

Lara was puzzled. She wanted to apologize to the "baller". Then, she saw that her cousin was busy, so she went into the bathroom, took a nude photo of herself, and clicked 'send'.

It was only the upper part of her body. She couldn't bring herself to take a photo of the lower part of her body.

Chuck received the message and clicked open the attached picture. However, after glancing at it once, he was too lazy to pay attention to it.

Chuck had already seen several photos of Lara. Although they were still eye-catching, after seeing these photos and continuously looking at them, he had lost his curiosity. He just wanted to see some other parts...

The "baller" still hadn't replied to her message. Lara was disappointed. At the same time, she was so angry at Chuck and had the urge to go look for Chuck to vent her anger again. It was so frustrating!

She prayed in her heart, "" Baller" please don't be mad!"

She began to send apology messages continuously. More than a dozen of her words were pleading. She had never been so humble before. She found that she had really fallen for the "baller".

She really enjoyed this kind of relationship. She wondered how the "baller" would look like.

Looking at the profile picture of the "baller" on WhatsApp, Lara was both disappointed and expectant.

Chuck glanced briefly at the messages a few times and felt funny.

Lara could really apologize humbly, and beg for forgiveness? If she knew that the person she had begged for forgiveness was the same person she had always looked down upon. He didn't know what expression she would have on her face.

Chuck put away his phone and ignored Lara. He continued to watch Yvette. At this time, a man and a woman in glamorous outfits were finally being led to the table.

Chuck let out a sigh of relief. The woman was Kendra Wendel, Yvette's university classmate, while the man was her husband, Darrel Mate.

Kendra was an average student in college, but she had found a good husband. Her husband Darrel was a big shot of a training company, one of the most famous trainers in the United States. He had his own company and business was doing very well.

In fact, Yvette had spent money to invite him to come and help her advertise for her company. However, the advertising fee was very high, and it would cost 600,000 dollars!

This was also a friendship price, and Yvette had

been trying to secure this appointment for a long time.

Yvette invested a lot in the company recently, therefore she had spent a lot of her money unconsciously. However, Yvette believed that there would be returns if she worked hard for it. She invested all her money and believed that the company would definitely grow.

She was determined.

Kendra and Darrel sat down at the table.

To be honest, when Kendra saw Yvette now, she was very jealous.

She was jealous not for anything else but because of Yvette's appearance and figure. After several years, Yvette had not changed at all. On the contrary, she had grown even more beautiful than before. After all, Yvette was one of the four-campus belle of their university at that time!

With Yvette's current appearance, the other three campus belle was nowhere near.

However, Kendra suddenly laughed in her heart. She did not see anything valuable on Yvette. The fragrance on her body was not from Chanel, and the bag was not a Hermes. She looked very ordinary. Everything on her including the watch could not be more than 20,000 or 30,000 dollars. All that was not as valuable as her handbag.

She only looked beautiful and had a good figure.

Kendra had a sense of superiority in her heart. So what if she was beautiful? She had no money!

She jeered in her heart. The reason why she came here was to humiliate Yvette. All because, when she was in university, the boy she liked actually had a crush on Yvette.

Now that she had become like this, she deserved it!

Kendra was delighted. "Long time no see. Yvette, you're getting more beautiful, and your figure is getting hotter. I'm not as good as you. I just came back from a vacation in the Maldives a few days ago. After staying there for a few days, I had put on a few pounds. In a few days, I'll travel to Europe again. I've to think about the next travel destinations all day. Oh, it's so tiring."

Yvette smiled. "Is Maldives fun?"

"Of course it's fun." Kendra was even more pleased. She bet Yvette hadn't been to the Maldives before. And it's very expensive to stay in a five-star hotel!

"Haven't you been there yet? You should have said it earlier. The next time I go, I will take you with me. The scenery there is so beautiful and the food is delicious. Honey, let's go there again next month, okay?" Kendra said in a coquettish tone.

Darrel nodded. "No problem."

"Then let's go together next time," Kendra invited.

"Thank you, that's fine." Yvette shook her head. Her company was in a tough period. How could she go on vacation? What's more, she knew Kendra's ulterior motive.

"Yvette, as women, we should treat ourselves better. What's the use of working all day? The money you earn is not even as much as the value of my bag. Are you having financial difficulties lately? That's why you are not able to go on holiday? No matter. You don't need to spend money going out with me. Just follow us. You can tag along wherever we go. We can also pay for your meal. That should do," Kendra smiled. Then Kendra could use an extra hand to hold her bag and treat the money spent on Yvette as a charity.

Yvette frowned slightly and shook her head. "It's really not necessary. Let's order. Let's talk while eating, waiter!"

The waiter quickly handed over the menu. Kendra opened it and found the menu rather ordinary. She pointed to a dish and said, "Do you have a croaker?"

"Sorry, the croaker needs to be pre-ordered," the waiter said.

"Yvette, did you come here on a whim? Why didn't you make a reservation? Don't you know that croaker was my favorite dish?" Kendra asked.

Yvette shook her head. She did make a reservation, but the croaker was really an expensive dish. She

sighed in silence. Would this meal cost her tens of thousands of dollars?

She hoped that everything she had invested into would yield her a good result.

"Why don't you choose anything else. The rest is also very delicious." That was all she could say.

"There's no croaker. I don't have the appetite to eat, honey..." Kendra acted coyly.

Darrel frowned. "Ms. Jordan, what do you take me for? You didn't even prepare for the dinner. How would I have the mood to do propaganda for your company? Do you know, if it weren't for Kendra begging me to help her classmate, I wouldn't have come here? Kendra had helped you so much, how could you repay her like this? At the very least, your attitude is not right. No wonder the company can't grow!"

After listening to Darrel, Yvette paused for a moment before apologizing.

"It's no use. I'm kind enough to help you, but you don't even let me enjoy my meal. How can I continue to help you?" Darrel shook his head with a cold face.

When Yvette was silent and speechless, Kendra was delighted. She thought Yvette deserved this for seducing the guy she liked in university!

Chapter 99

"Kendra, you decide. Do you still want to help her now? Even a meal turned out to be a disaster. I'm worried about the company's prospects!" Darrel Mate shook his head.

In fact, he had other agenda for saying this:

He was famous, but he felt that 600,000 dollars was just too low. He wanted to make use of this situation to increase the price. She dared not resist even right now, this meant she really needed help. Then it would be fine to ask her for 800,000 dollars. If she were to disagree, then he would leave immediately!

Secondly... On the way here, he had heard from his wife that the woman he was going to help had a sour relationship with his wife in school. He had thought of her to be ugly, but he didn't expect her to be so beautiful and have a hot figure, especially her thighs, which were really beautiful.

If she could accompany him for one night, he could do it for 600,000 dollars. But it would depend on her.

As Darrel thought about it, his desire grew. He looked at Yvette Jordan and thought that if his wife were not here today, he would have asked her to spend the night with him directly.

After all, the more he looked at Yvette, the more

interested he became. It seemed that he had to find a chance to send his wife away later.

"Yvette, you've made my husband angry!" Kendra Wendel said disdainfully. When she saw that Yvette did not utter a word, she felt so good.

"I'm sorry."

Yvette sighed. She had no choice. When she came, she had been prepared. She was okay with Kendra insulting her, as long as her company could get better. What did it matter right?

But when the time came, Yvette felt that she was overly humble and a little wronged. She even had the impulse to leave straight away, but what good would it do if she left?

Just bear with it.

"Humph, I begged my husband to come all the way here. Yet you made him so angry. Shouldn't you do something?" Kendra said.

"What do you want?" As soon as Yvette heard this, she understood Kendra's meaning.

This meant that she had to add money.

" add 200,000 more! Otherwise, I will ask my husband to leave immediately. Only renowned people like my husband can save your company now. Without my husband's help, your company will be doomed," Kendra sneered.

Did you really think I'd offer you less money? That's

impossible. I was going to ask for even more money than anyone else. You had delivered yourself to me like a fool. Did you think I wouldn't accept it?

Yvette was silent. Her eyes were fixed on Kendra. 200,000? She could take it out, but she had other plans for that. She didn't want to give it to them.

Kendra was enraged.

"Honey! Let's go! It seems that she can't pay 800,000. Why bother to set up a company? We don't need this petty money," She said.

Darrel had already taken an interest in Yvette. The more he looked at her, the more he thought about it. How could he leave? He shook his head and said, "Forget it. Let's have some food then visit her company first. We can talk about other things later."

He had already put good words for Yvette. Darrel hoped that Yvette would repay him later! There's a toilet in the company. He would wait for her!

Kendra said coyly, "Honey, you are so generous. Well then, let's help her this time. You're lucky, Yvette!"

Yvette sighed.

"Hmm." Darrel nodded.

"Then I'll just order a few dishes. After the meal, we'll go to your company to have a look. Waiter,

this, this, and this..." Kendra ordered a few dishes casually, but they were also expensive dishes. It would cost seven or eight thousand in total.

The waiter took the order and left.

Chuck Cannon was too far to make out what had actually happened. However, when he saw Yvette's distressed expression and there were a lot of grievances, Chuck's heart ached a little. He immediately took out his phone and called Betty Bernard.

After the call was connected, he just said that he was in the hotel, and then hung up the phone.

Less than two minutes later, Betty came down from the elevator. But when she saw that there were no dishes on Chuck's table, she immediately said, "Young Master, the fisherman sent a wild croaker to the restaurant this morning. I'll call the kitchen to prepare for you now..."

"No need for that." Chuck shook his head. For such an expensive fish, it was better to sell it for money.

"Help me find out what that man is up to." Chuck pointed at Darrel Mate in the distance.

Betty looked over and immediately nodded. "Young master, please wait a moment."

She took out her mobile phone, took a picture of Darrel, and sent it to someone. In less than a minute, Betty received the detailed information of Darrel.

"Young Master, this man is called Darrel Mate, forty-two years old. He is the owner of Mate Training Co and one of the well-known trainers in the United States. His personal assets are between fifty million to sixty million. His wife is Kendra Wendel. After graduating from college, this woman used to work in the nightclub for three months. She had performed about ten times in total..."

Chuck was surprised by Betty's report. Kendra was not a good person it seemed. She was mean and sarcastic. She had found herself a sugar daddy for sure. What was the relationship between her and Yvette?

"That is Yvette, your..." Betty continued, but stopped. Yvette was Karren Lee's focus target. Of course, she knew who Yvette was.

"Kendra is Yvette's classmate," Betty said.

"Okay." Chuck nodded. He had a rough idea of the reason why Yvette had invited the two of them over.

"What is Kendra dark history?" Chuck asked.

"Yes, a lot. Let me see," Betty stared at the detailed information and said, "When Kendra was in college, she had two abortions with her boyfriend. She and Darrel are married for a year. She cheated on him, probably six times..."

Chuck smiled. This Kendra turned out to be slutty? He wondered if Darrel knew that.

Betty continued to say some more, with Chuck listening carefully.

Yvette and the other two had already finished their meal. Yvette was ready to pay the bill. The three of them walked towards the door, but they did not notice Chuck.

Chuck said, "Betty, please spare Yvette's bill."

"Okay, Young Master, please wait for a moment!" Betty took out a walkie-talkie and said to the front desk.

"Young Master, don't you want to eat something?" Betty asked with concern.

Chuck thought for a moment. Yvette was definitely heading to the company now. In that case, he would like to have a plate of egg fried rice. "Okay, egg fried rice for me."

"What? Young Master, you want to eat egg fried rice?" Betty was surprised. Didn't he know how rich his mother was? It's not a problem to have a meal that would cost hundreds of thousands of dollars a day.

"That's right. Make it simple."

"Okay, young master, please wait for a moment!" Betty immediately went to the counter to give orders.

When Yvette and the other two reached the front desk, Kendra happened to see a waiter carrying a

big croaker to a guest. She muttered in her heart, "Yvette is really too weak. How did the others get it in advance?"

Humph!

"How much is it?" Yvette took out her purse and was ready to play with her credit card. Kendra was even more scornful. How could it be a credit card? Was she so poor that she needed to use a credit card? Did she get the 600,000 dollars from the credit card as well?

You were really poor!

Kendra looked at her with contempt!

"Miss, we were told that you don't need to spend any money whenever you are here," said the receptionist with a smile.

Yvette was taken aback. This meal was worth eight or nine thousand. Who could spare it? The boss here? But she didn't know the boss here. Could it be? Yvette looked around. Did "baller" own this hotel?

It shouldn't be possible. This was a five-star hotel!

Kendra was surprised. Free? Humph, Yvette had to have hooked up with the boss here, humph!

Not bad. She could get a free meal!

Kendra was envious!

"There's no need." Yvette shook her head and

insisted on swiping the card. If the boss here wasn't "baller", then what's the intention of the person who exempted the bill?"

She didn't want to inexplicably accept other people's goodwill.

The receptionist was helpless and said, "Don't make things difficult for me."

"Stop dawdling on the bill and hurry up!" Kendra urged impatiently.

Yvette put away the card and took out all the cash in the bag. "Thank you."

After Yvette said that, she told Kendra that they could leave.

The three left. The receptionist was helpless and inadvertently reported to Betty through the walkie-talkie. Betty then told Chuck. Chuck was silent, then he smiled slightly. "Since she didn't want to accept it, then forget it."

Walking behind Yvette, Kendra became more upset. Since she could get a free meal here, this meant Yvette had found someone even better than her? She was not at all pleased "Where is the car?"

"It's right at the front," Yvette said as she led the way.

"Yvette, have you gotten yourself a sugar daddy? Why are you setting up a company? You should just be the rich wife."

Kendra said with sarcasm, "But I've heard that there are a lot of rich men who have a lot of women. You may only be one of them. You may be dumped one day. You have to be careful and don't be played by others."

Yvette did not say anything. Instead, she took out her car key and pressed the unlock button. Kendra was even more contemptuous. It turned out that she had been thinking too much. Yvette was actually driving a worthless car!

Chapter 100

When Yvette Jordan was ready to get into the car, Kendra Wendel smiled and said, "I thought the BMW 7 series next to you was yours!"

"No."

Yvette shook her head. Just now, she had also spotted the car that was parked next to her. She found this car familiar?

"This car seems to be the top range. It costs more than two million. Ordinary people can't afford it. Honey, let's change to this car next time," Kendra sneered.

"Okay." Darrel Mate was already driving the fifth series, and he had wanted to change the car. He went over and looked at it for a while, and the more he looked at it, the more he was tempted.

"Yvette, why don't you ask your boyfriend to give you one? This car is not that expensive. My husband could simply buy it." Kendra made fun of her.

Yvette threw a glance at Kendra and got into her own car.

Kendra complained. The two of them got in as well. Kendra was not happy. "This car is so uncomfortable. The space is so small..."

Yvette did not speak and started the car engine.

Kendra muttered in her heart.

Kendra pretended to be kind-hearted. "Yvette, be careful. Don't scratch the BMW 7 Series next to you. You will have to pay ten of thousands just for a little scratch!"

Yvette drove away. Kendra saw that Yvette was a very skillful driver. She sneered and thought, "You're just lucky you didn't hit the BMW 7 Series just now. Otherwise, I don't know if the money you earned in the past few months would be enough to pay for the repair."

After having the egg fried rice, Chuck Cannon got up to leave. But when he thought of Yvette's aggrieved expression, he turned and said to Betty Bernard, "Betty, do you think it's difficult to ruin Darrel Mate's company?"

"No. I just need to make a call and then he will have to close down his company. He has a lot of dark histories, so it's not difficult to deal with him." Betty shook her head.

Chuck smiled. That's good. If he were to make things difficult for Yvette, then he would have to go bankrupt and suffer the loss.

"Okay, then I'll go first, Betty," Chuck said.

"Okay, young master, take care." Betty saw the plate on the table, it was wiped clean. Young Master really didn't waste any food!

She smiled and called someone to clean up the

table.

Chuck left. He arrived at the parking lot, got his car and drove to the plaza.

"Yvette, your company is actually located here?"

Kendra Wendel murmured, the plaza looked ugly. It didn't even have any high-end brand. No wonder Yvette's company was losing money. The company would be doomed to open in such a place?"

"Yes." Yvette nodded.

"This plaza has neither high-grade stuff nor rich patrons. It's remote. There's no future for your company in such a plaza," Kendra said.

Kendra thought that Yvette had poor taste. If she wanted to start a company, she wouldn't run it here no matter what. This place was rubbish. It would lower her standard.

"Yes, the geographical location is poor. No wonder your company can't do it!" Darrel shook his head too. This was the most useless plaza he had ever been to. The boss had to be a fool. How could one design the plaza like this? It would be damned if he could bring this place a success.

"I think it's very good," Yvette said and pressed the elevator button.

"Bullshit! I would never run a company here," Kendra murmured.

The three of them sat in the elevator. Kendra and

Darrel followed Yvette to the company. Kendra was even more disdainful. "Yvette, you have a company worth 100,000, right?"

What was wrong with the renovation? The sofa was not genuine leather. It looked cheap. How uncomfortable it was to sit there! The floor was not shiny at all, and there was the bookcase. The decoration was just bad.

"Around there." Yvette didn't want to talk much, she took them to the office.

Kendra looked down on her and didn't want to go in, because the office was too low-end.

Yvette poured some tea and proceeded to discuss with Darrel. Her main purpose was to make publicity for her company with the help of Darrel's reputation. She presented her own idea. Kendra said, "You asked my husband to do so many things, but only paid 600,000?"

"Yes, six hundred thousand," Yvette said calmly.

"That's too little. Honey, let's go. Don't waste time. I don't want to stay for a second," Kendra said coyly.

Darrel had other thoughts in mind. This office was good, and it would be good if he could sleep with Yvette here.

"Kendra, we're here already. Lets just get on with it," Darrel said.

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"Dear... Who knows her company would be so useless? Do you want to lower your status? Let's go," Kendra said.

"It's all right."

"Honey... Oh, I don't want to stay any longer. I'm going out."

In fact, Kendra wanted to go to the bathroom. Darrel nodded and said, "Come back soon!"

"Yes."

Kendra walked out, and Darrel smiled. Five or six minutes was enough for him. He got straight to the point. "To tell you the truth, it will be difficult for your company."

"I know, that's why I invited you here."

"I came all the way here, and you're Kendra's friend. There's no problem for me to help you, but your 600,000 is too little. Why don't you add more?"

Yvete frowned.

"If you don't have that much money, then I won't mind doing something else. Anyway, there's no one else in the office..." Darrel was excited. She should understand his intention, right?

Hehe, he was going to play this exquisite lady.

.....

"Damn, what's wrong with this toilet? It's not even

a sitting one. I need to squat down?" Kendra spat and squatted down in disgust.

She came out of the bathroom and spat at the door again. "Rubbish!"

Chuck Cannon, who just came out of the elevator, saw this and frowned.

"What are you looking at? This is a garbage plaza, rubbish people!" Kendra glared at Chuck and left disdainfully.

Chuck didn't bother to pay attention to her. He wanted to check on Yvette. He was worried about letting Darrel alone with Yvette. He walked towards Yvette's company, so did Kendra. When Kendra saw that Chuck was actually heading towards Yvette's company, She thought, "Is he an employee? This is even more rubbish."

But when Kendra entered the office, she saw that her husband's cheek was red, like he was being slapped. Anger surged within her. "Honey, what's the matter? Who hit you?"

Darrel was furious. Just now, when he was about to touch Yvette, Yvette had raised her hand and slapped him. He knew that he was wrong, so he dared not make a fuss and walked out.

Oh well, since you refused to play the game, I would have to use my connections to destroy your company!

Let your company close down!

"I'm fine." Darrel shook his head. He could not say anything else.

Kendra was furious and immediately dashed in. "Yvette, you beat my husband, right?"

Yvette gave her a cold look. "Get lost!"

"F*ck, did you ask me to get lost? What right do you have to ask me to get lost? Your company is useless. Do you really think you're a boss? Bullshit? In my eyes, you're not even as good as garbage. Honey, call someone and get rid of this b*tch! How dare she ask me to f*ck off! The boss of this plaza doesn't even dare ask me to leave! You're f*cking pretentious!" Kendra said immediately. She acted like a shrew.

Darrel had the same thought. He took out his mobile phone. Yvette let out a sigh. Darrel had the capability to bring down her company. She felt wronged. What was going on today?

Yvette pointed to the outside and said pointedly. "Get lost!"

However, when she saw Chuck come in, she felt even more wronged. She had spent eight or nine thousand dollar to hire such a person? Just now, he even wanted to...

Yvette sighed as she realized that Chuck once again saw a negative side of her.

"F*ck off! How dare you hit my husband? I won't let you run this company. I'll make you beg for food!"

Kendra cursed when Chuck came over.

"Who the hell are you? Why are you so close to me? Get out!" Kendra was even angrier when she saw Chuck coming over.

Chuck glanced at her and said, "I'll only say it once. Kneel down immediately and apologize to Yvette!"

"No ..." Kendra cursed.

"After you graduated from college, you worked at a bar. Do you want me to tell your husband?" Chuck said.

Kendra was shocked and instantly became furious. "What are you saying?"

"You even slept with a foreigner four days ago. Do you want me to tell your husband?" Chuck continued.

"You!" Kendra was stunned. She came over anxiously and lowered her voice. "How did you know? Humph, I haven't done it, and my husband won't believe what you said! I'll let my husband screw you!"

"Honey, he bullied me..." Kendra walked over coquettishly. Darrel was already angry because he couldn't get Yvette, and now someone had just bullied his wife? He couldn't take it anymore.

"You f*cking bully my wife? I'll kill you!" Darrel walked over, as if he was going to give Chuck a good beating. Chuck glanced at him, then whipped

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out his phone. "Hey, let's bring down Darrel Mate's company now!"