

Chapter 146

Queenie Carson was really shocked. After all, Chuck Cannon was Teacher Jordan's student, how could he be Teacher Jordan's husband?

As far as she knew, Teacher Jordan wasn't on good terms with Chuck back then, but lately, she was kinder to him. Could it be that during this period of time, Chuck pursued her as a student?

This...

This completely took Queenie by surprise. It was not a rare thing for a student to pursue a teacher, but Teacher Jordan was so beautiful, and had it not only been a few days?

Just like that, Teacher Jordan started dating Chuck?

Also...

Based on the timeline of events, then that night, wasn't it that...she, in front of Teacher Jordan, helped her boyfriend, her husband to do that?

Queenie immediately felt especially embarrassed, Teacher Jordan was so good to her. However, she ended up not only doing that thing with her boyfriend but also right in front of Teacher Jordan, with all of them in the same room!

She felt at a loss and sighed, feeling ashamed to face Teacher Jordan, also...

...what she did that night was just not right.

Yvette Jordan flew into a rage, raised her hand, and gave the woman a slap.

"Ouch!"

The woman landed on the ground face first, her face started to swell.

Yvette rarely hit anyone but this time she couldn't stand it anymore. She was really enraged at this person scolding the man who had been sleeping together with her since young.

Seeing someone bully Chuck made her angry.

Chuck smiled. Today, Yvette amazed him. She hit someone and crashed her car all for him.

Chuck eyed the seriously-battered hood of Yvette's car, wondering if he should buy his wifey a new one.

Of course, Yvette's car had already become like this. She was about to change it anyway, but he did not know what kind of car she preferred.

He thought that he should let Yvette choose the car, as long as she likes it, he'll definitely buy it for her.

Queenie's aunt flew into a rage, crawling to get herself up. She was furious and ran over to spank Yvette.

How could Chuck let someone hit Yvette under his

nose? He ran over and kicked the woman. This woman really deserved to get beaten up!

"Someone hit me, someone hit me!" the woman clutched her stomach and wailed. In this small village, she was very loud and thus a lot of people came over.

"What's going on? Why did someone hit you?"

"Yeah, and the car is smashed, what on earth happened?"

"Never mind what happened, these two are done for. That car belongs to Master Cady and they even beat him up. Today's not their lucky day!"

"I haven't seen anyone treat Master Cady like this."

"Yeah, these two are probably fools, aren't they?"

The villagers gathered around and talked amongst themselves, pointing all around. Their voices of discussion were endless. Some people were surprised, some mocked and more people were watching the scene unfold.

Queenie's aunt got up with her hands clutching her stomach. Her face was distorted like a madwoman. "You two are finished today! Let everyone here be the judge. These two people are taking away my niece Queenie!"

"What? Taking Queenie away?"

"How can you do such a thing? Isn't there any law?"

Just like that, the villagers were all fuming and they went straight to direct their curses at Chuck and Yvette.

"Not only that, Master Cady and my niece are married. They're in love! But they like my niece so much that they came to kidnap her!" the woman pointed to Chuck and said with a cold sneer on her face.

She was not afraid for things to get worse. She had to vent her frustrations today! Even more so, Master Cady was present.

"This kid took Master Cady's wife? And beat him? How dare he snatches his wife? He's not even half as good as Master Cady, is he?"

"Half? You thought too highly of him. Just look at his car and you'll know. He's nothing compared to Master Cady."

The onlookers were all talking about it.

Chuck scowled. "Don't talk nonsense. It was you who forced Queenie to marry him. Tell me, how much dowry have you received from him?"

"Why do you care so much?" The woman continued raging. "You hit people and now you're taking someone away! You beat up Master Cady and caused this mess. You're done for today. If you don't pay up, don't f*cking bother to leave."

Chuck stared at her. "I won't. I must take Queenie and her sister away today!"

Otherwise, Queenie would have been sold off by her aunt. Besides, Chuck had bought Yvette a house that had always been vacant. It would be good to let Queenie and her sister move in there.

Only this way could Chuck feel at ease.

"You think you can take her away just by saying that?! The f*ck you think you are?" the woman mocked.

"It's not up to you now. If I say I'll take her, I mean it." Chuck was calm.

At this moment, when Queenie heard this sentence, she was so moved that her tears dropped.

"What are you pretending for? And you say you mean it?"

The woman snickered and walked to Master Cady's side. "Master Cady, ask someone to come over and beat these two to death!"

Master Cady already had his phone out, he felt like killing someone today. He had never faced so much trouble in his life before, so he was extremely furious. Just you wait, he would call someone to break their legs!

His face was cold but Chuck came over, took a leg of the broken chair on the ground, and struck down on him!

Right on Master Cady's head!

Chuck did not have so much time to talk nonsense with him now! He was going to fight!!

Thwack!

Master Cady gripped his head, there was blood oozing out of it. His face was of pure shock and he pointed at Chuck. "You...dare to hit me?"

Everyone was taken by surprise!

How could he hit Master Cady like this?

Chuck looked at Master Cady and slammed the chair at him again.

Master Cady shut his eyes and fell onto the ground with a plop.

Yvette's eyes widened and the others were dumbfounded. He was insane to hit Master Cady not only once but twice.

"Does this guy want to die?"

"Indeed. If someone hits Master Cady here in our village, they're asking for death! They absolutely can't leave this place!"

"Ah! Murder, murder!" Queenie's aunt was pale with shock. If Master Cady's father knew of this, she would be as good as dead, even more so if he were to get angry at her for this.

Chuck walked over to Queenie who was dumbfounded and pulled her over to Yvette's side. Whoever hits them, no matter the person, he would

hit back.

Of course, the woman did not let him go for this. She grabbed on Queenie and did not let go. "Don't go, don't! He beat Master Cady, so we can't let him go."

"Auntie..." Queenie cried out.

"Don't go!" The woman held on to Queenie stubbornly, refusing to let go. "Someone call the police! Someone died, someone died! Once Master Cady's dad knows we didn't stop these murderous people, he won't let you all go!"

The onlookers were really lost. After hearing the woman's words, they came to their senses and immediately surrounded Chuck and the other two.

Master Cady's father was a force that can not be reckoned with!

He would really unleash his anger on all of them.

Chuck glanced at the woman and kicked her away.

"Ouch, they hit me! Stop them!" the woman screamed and fell to the ground.

"Hitting people and still wanting to leave? No way!" a villager shouted.

All of the villagers and restrained Chuck from leaving, all of their faces full of aggression!

"Hubby..." Yvette held Chuck's wrist in fear. It was rare for her to see such a scene. She was

frightened by Chuck beating Master Cady just now. How could she have thought that Chuck would hit people like this? If the police were to be called in, something bad would happen.

Chuck was not yet twenty years old. How could he have a criminal record because of this?

"It's okay. Don't worry," Chuck patted Yvette's hand. His confident voice stunned her. She bit her lip and nodded. She was not intimidated.

"You won't let us go, will you? Alright!" Chuck pulled Yvette and Queenie behind him.

There were so many people here, and he did not want Yvette and Queenie to suffer.

It was true that unruly people come from poor backgrounds!

"Don't leave! Do you still want to leave after beating Master Cady? There's no way out!"

"Be good and stay here!"

These villagers voiced out and stopped Chuck. Who knows if when Master Cady woke up, he would be in a good mood and would give them some money. Therefore, they absolutely could not let the three of them leave!

Chuck glanced at them, took out his phone and called Betty Bernard. "Hello Betty, I'm now in Queenie's house where you looked up just now. It's just that someone wouldn't let me leave."

Chapter 147

On the top floor of Hotel Luna.

Karen Lee, who was sitting on a sofa, smiled and called Willa Logan of Central City.

"Did you say that Chucky invested in your movie?" When Willa told her about that just now, she was not surprised.

"That's right. The filming will start soon," said Willa.

"Well, how much did he invest? Chucky shouldn't have much money left," Karen asked.

"Quite a lot," replied Willa.

"A lot?" Karen smiled. She knew roughly how much Chuck Cannon had. It was possible that he had invested two to three million dollars, but for a literary film, that was okay.

"Well, he gave me all his money. Looking at him, I can see he's full of confidence," Willa said.

"Really?" Karen chuckled. Entering the entertainment industry was also Karen's idea.

"Yes, he's very confident," Willa added.

"Confidence is one thing, but when the movie records a loss, don't put aside some money just for him. That won't do," Karen said seriously.

She knew Willa's character was too gentle. When

Chuck went to Central City, she did not expect Willa to dote on him so much. After all, Willa was only ten years older than Chuck. She was like a sister to him.

On the other hand, Willa insisted on calling Karen her sister.

"No, I won't," reassured Willa.

"Really?" Karen said.

"Hmm? Well, I did have this idea, but Sister Karen, if you say so, I won't do it," Willa explained.

Karen was skeptical. Really? She didn't believe it.

"By the way, I saw Chucky's wife Yvette. You must've gone to see her since you've been back for so long, haven't you?" Willa said.

"No," Karen shook her head.

"Why not?" Willa wondered.

After a moment of silence, Karen said, "Yvette's a fine girl. I knew about her since the first day she got with Chucky, and I've been paying close attention to her every move. However, I'm a little suspicious of her identity."

"Her identity? Sister Karen, what do you mean? Wasn't Yvette an orphan?" Willa's voice was full of surprise.

"It seems so on the surface, but who knows if there's anything else? You should know how many

enemies I've had throughout all these years. At that time, Chucky's grandpa took Yvette home with good intentions. I meant for her to leave immediately, so I arranged for her to have nothing to worry about as a child. When she grew up, I'd give her some money to let her live on her own. However, as a kid Chucky liked this girl so much he did not let her go. The girl cried and made a fuss about it too. What could I do? I could only agree to let them stay together. Luckily, she's pure and she did nothing bad all these years. But as long as I don't know for sure who her parents were, I'll be restless, so I need to keep an eye on her," Karen elaborated.

"I understand what you mean, Sister Karen. But since you're so suspicious of Yvette, you might as well let her leave," Willa said.

Karen sighed and shook her head. "That's not good either. Chucky liked her from young. If I ask Yvette to leave without saying a word, he'll definitely hate me for it once he knows."

"Will he?" Willa was taken aback.

"I haven't been with Chucky for so many years, so I owe him a lot. I don't want him to hate me because of anything, so..."

Before Karen finished her words, there was a knock on the door.

"Come in!" Karen said. Betty was no stranger, so even if she was on the phone with Willa, Karen

would not avoid her.

Betty pushed the door open and came in with a very grim face.

Still sitting on the sofa, Karen saw her expression and asked curiously, "You look so upset. What happened?"

"Young Master went to a village, but he's surrounded by the villagers. They won't let him leave!" Betty said. When she received this call, she was very angry. How could they treat Young Master like this?

Karen's face immediately darkened. Anyone would dread to see her face right now!

She said to Willa on her phone, "Willa, let's talk again next time, I..."

"Well, go deal with Chucky. How dare they not let him leave? Do they want to die?" Willa's angry voice came through the phone.

"Right," Karen said before hanging up.

After hanging up the phone, Karen stood up from the sofa. "Let's go! How dare they stop my son? Call Squad No. 1!"

"Yes!" Betty took out her phone. "Squad No. 1, step out!"

Karen headed outside and Betty followed, to Betty's surprise. "Are you going in person?"

After all, Karen seldom went out now. It would be shocking for her to go out just this once.

"Well, unruly people come from poor backgrounds. I'm afraid something would happen to Chucky," Karen's eyes were unforgiving!

A minute later, a Rolls-Royce came out of the hotel parking lot, with Betty behind the wheels!

Moving at breakneck speed, they headed to the village.

Behind them, one by one, a line of all-terrain vehicles exited the parking lot and tailed closely. They resembled a long dragon, terrifying people at first sight!

The collective roar of the cars garnered the shock of many passers-by!

Every car was full of people, all with scary looks! Everyone who saw them from outside was awestruck.

In her own car, Karen said coldly, "Turn on satellite imagery. I want to see how many people have surrounded my son!"

Betty nodded. She worked on the phone as she drove.

Soon, a picture appeared on Karen's phone. It was from an American private satellite!

She saw a village with plenty of people surrounding Chuck. It seemed that they were still shoving him

around. There were too many people, which made Karen's face grew darker.

"We're too far away from Chucky's location. Call Haider Carson – he's near there – let him deal with it first!" Karen said.

"Yes." Betty immediately dialled a number. She already stepped as far as she could on the gas pedal.

A long stream of cars sped across the road like a furious dragon harbouring someone's rage. This was Karen's rage!

.....

Chuck protected Yvette and Queenie Carson who were behind him. These villagers were still fuming, surrounding the three of them.

Yvette was unfazed because Chuck was protecting her. Her heart was very calm. Chuck's eyes made her feel at ease. When did this boy, only a few years her junior, started to be able to protect her?

Yvette grabbed Chuck's arms, feeling reassured.

"Ingrate, you still want to leave?" A woman rushed over, grabbed Queenie by the hair and dragged her away.

Queenie burst into tears. "Auntie, let go of me."

"Let go? I've raised you for so long. It's okay if you don't repay me. But how could you let this out all on me? I found a rich husband for you but you don't

want him, so now you're bringing this upon me? Ungrateful girl! Did you beat Master Cady up on purpose just to cause more problems for me? Don't even think about it!" The woman dragged Queenie into the house with a ferocious madwoman's look on her face.

Chuck was so infuriated that he lifted his leg and kicked her. The woman fell to the ground with a screech, but she still held on to Queenie's hair. Queenie was so much in pain and fell to the ground as well.

Chuck let out all of his rage. This evil woman really deserved to be beaten!

Chuck grabbed another leg of the broken chair on the ground and whacked the woman's hand with it. She screamed, "Someone hit me. Someone hit me...!"

In pain, the woman let go of Queenie. Queenie wept as she got up from the ground. "Chuck, I'm sorry."

Chuck shook his head. There was nothing for her to be sorry about.

"Ah, hubby." Yvette was scared now because many villagers took the opportunity to surround her. Chuck rushed over and hit them with the chair leg, pulling Yvette to his back.

"Ow! He's still hitting people! Get your tools, get your tools!" the villagers who were hit by Chuck yelled as they were beaten to the point of bleeding.

The other villagers were so angry that they grabbed whatever they could find and rushed over, as if they were going to beat Chuck to death.

Chuck stared at them coldly. There were more than a dozen villagers around him, but he had nothing to fear. He was not afraid of killing people.

While he just had a wooden stick, the other villagers were mostly armed, some of them wielding sticks or just their bare fists. They would outnumber him easily. Soon, Chuck found himself at a disadvantage. He stumbled back, his shoulders and stomach aching.

"Kill him!"

"Yes, he beat up our people. Don't let him go!"

The villagers all thundered. As they rushed up, Chuck could not stand it anymore. He reached for the nearest person and whacked them, smashing up their stick and whacked again! Soon, a lot of the villagers were bleeding on their heads, howling in agony.

Thwack!

A villager raised his leg and kicked Chuck while he didn't notice, and he fell to the ground. As he laid there, the same villager charged at him and punched and kicked. Chuck's whole body was in pain. He hastily got up, picked up some bricks on the ground and hurled them at the villagers' legs.

"Ow!" a villager fell to the ground shrieking and the

others dispersed.

"Who f*cking dares to come over? I'll smash them to death!" Chuck got up from the ground, his eyes were bloodshot. At this moment, he was like a lion, full of ferocity. Whoever came over, he would beat them to death!

Chapter 148

The villagers around Chuck looked at one another. They were already angered by Chuck using the wooden stick or the bricks on the ground against them, but now, after hearing Chuck's words, they became even angrier.

"What are you all afraid of? We have so many people. Go kill him!"

"Yes, beat him to death!"

The villagers cried out. All of them were furious!

They also grabbed the bricks on the ground and encircled Chuck. Yvette Jordan's face was pale. Chuck would be beaten to death by so many people.

She ran to Chuck's side and said, "Hubby,..."

"Step back a little," Chuck said. Today, he was going to beat these people to a pulp!

There was nothing to be afraid of. These people really deserved a beating!

Chuck still looked so calm, Yvette started tearing up. "Hubby, there's too many of them. Run away. I'm a woman, they won't hit a woman..."

Chuck shook his head. It didn't make sense. A person like Queenie Carson's aunt would definitely hit Yvette. Since she had hit Queenie, the others

would definitely follow suit. Besides, how could Chuck leave Yvette alone?"

"Step back a little," Chuck said seriously.

"No." Yvette held Chuck's hand and refused to let go.

"Don't worry. I usually exercise a lot, so I won't have trouble in a group fight," Chuck said.

"No." Yvette's eyes turned red and she shook her head firmly.

Chuck protected her so many times, which made Yvette feel well-defended under him. She did not want this feeling to disappear, so...they had to face it together.

Chuck looked at her. Frankly speaking, his wifey was really powerful today.

These villagers gathered around them as Chuck pulled Yvette behind him.

He looked sombre. There were a lot of people but he had already called Betty, so he just needed to keep going until she came over.

Betty would definitely bring some help over!

Chuck pushed Yvette behind him, grabbed a brick, and tossed it.

He tossed bricks at every villager he could see, frightening Yvette, and making Queenie's face turn pale.

However, at this moment, a loud engine roar could be heard in the distance!

Everyone stopped. When they heard the sound, they turned to see the road of the village, where a man riding on a motorcycle came over at an incredible speed!

The speed was jaw-dropping!

It was as if the engine was about to explode!

Screech!

The motorcycle stopped in front of everyone, and a middle-aged man got off. His whole body was caked in dirt, as if he just came from a construction site. He was wearing slippers and his mouth was greasy. It seemed that he came directly in the middle of his meal.

"Who are you?" a villager angrily grabbed a brick and walked over to the stranger, trying to frighten him.

However, the man just glanced at him, raised his hand and slapped the villager.

Thwack!

The villager screamed and fell to the ground.

Chuck was surprised. Was this the person Betty called?

The other villagers were dumbfounded and immediately surrounded the man in a devilish rage.

"The hell are you doing?"

"What makes you think you can hit someone?"

"He must be their helper. Don't let him go!"

"Fight!"

These villagers all spoke up. They gathered around the man, all wielding bricks. One of them angrily hurled a brick at him. Just now, the man knocked out one of his relatives. Seeing his relative being beaten like this, how could he stand it?

Thwack!

This man slapped again and the villager's face was swollen on one side as he plunged into the ground, motionless.

The other villagers looked at one another.

"Someone is beating people up! Come over here everyone!"

The villagers shouted at the top of their lungs. There were more people coming, all carrying long hoes.

Very quickly dozens of people surrounded them and the atmosphere of the scene suddenly became horrific. Everyone was full of anger. The disorder of the scene showed that the people in their village had been bullied by outsiders!

The unfamiliar man walked up to Chuck and said, "They haven't come yet. It's too complicated now.

"You bring your friends away first."

Chuck nodded. This man must be one of Betty's or his mother's people, although he didn't look like it.

Still, there were many people who might hurt Yvette and Queenie, so he had to take them away at once.

"Let's get out of here first," Chuck said to Yvette and Queenie.

Yvette and Queenie were stunned. They thought that it would be over just now.

"We..." Yvette nodded.

Queenie said yes but she had to take her sister away too. Chuck asked her where her sister was. Queenie said that she was staying at the school hostel, she was in seventh grade.

Chuck nodded and asked Queenie to call her sister. Queenie nodded hastily but said that her phone was still in her aunt's hands. Yvette took out her phone and gave it to her.

Queenie made a phone call right away.

Yvette looked at her car. The front of the car was already like this. It was almost unusable. She sighed. This car had been with her for several years but it was ruined today. She could still drive it, for it shouldn't be a problem to take them out of here.

"Get in the car, let's go," Yvette said as she opened

the front car door and got in. She could force the car to get going after starting the engine but the warped car hood had already affected her line of sight.

Queenie got in. She already got through to her sister just now. She asked her to pack up and leave immediately. Chuck looked at the man Betty had sent out and asked, "Any problems?"

"No." The man shook his head.

After a moment of silence, Chuck asked for his name.

"Haider Carson," he said.

"Right, I'll remember it," Chuck was about to get on the car but Queenie's aunt rushed up and leaned on the car hood, preventing them from leaving. "Ungrateful child! You've hurted me so much today and you still want to leave?"

Chuck threw another brick over. Queenie Carson's aunt's head bled as she fell into the ground. When Queenie saw her like that, she promptly sobbed. Chuck got in the car and Yvette continued driving it.

How could the rest of the villagers let Chuck leave so easily? They bashed the car with their hoes one after another. The rumbling of their tools was frighteningly loud. The car was already battered. If they continued striking like this, the glass would soon be broken.

Yvette's face turned pale as she drove.

"F*ck, get down here! You still want to leave after beating up our people? Come out!"

These villagers roared angrily but Haider let out his fists.

Boom!

One of the villagers fell into the ground wailing. The rest of the villagers were more enraged.

"Now, I'll play with you lot!" the man said expressionlessly.

Yvette took this opportunity to step on the gas pedal and rush out.

These villagers were horrified. They could only move aside. Who dared to stop the car?

Yvette's car swiftly broke through the siege. The man let out a sigh of relief. If something happened to Chuck, he would be good as dead.

Now that Chuck had left, he could finally relax.

All the villagers glared at him and surrounded him. The man just looked at them and said, "It's still not too late for you all to leave now."

"Leave? You hit the people in our village, so you are the one who can't leave!" All the villagers charged at him.

They unleashed their fists, hoes and bricks.

The man's muscles were astonishing. He was taking on this group of people alone, hitting anyone he could see.

Queenie's aunt got up from the ground shakily. She was very anxious. If Queenie left, it was not just that she would have to return Queenie's dowry, but the most important thing was that she was going to be dead meat!

She went over to Master Cady, who had fainted, and shook his body. "Master Cady, Master Cady..."

In a daze, Master Cady, opened his eyes to a splitting headache. He stood up in confusion and looked around. Soon he was infuriated, "Where is he? Where is he?!"

"Gone," said the aunt.

Thwack!

Master Cady slapped the woman and she fell into the ground, groaning in pain. Master Cady was ferocious. "Running away after beating me up? How dare he!"

He took out his phone to call someone.

"Dad, call thirty people over right away, I...I..." Master Cady began but suddenly became stunned because a Rolls-Royce came from the entrance of the village and there were more than ten all-terrain vehicles behind the car!

Who was this?

There were so many cars, and they were all the same. It was not something that ordinary people could do. It shocked him!

The loud noises of the car made everyone stop. They looked at each other and didn't know what had happened.

The cars surrounded the village. Their doors opened and fifty or so men in suits came out. All of them looked scary, immediately encircling all of the people present.

These villagers had never seen such a scene before. They were all stunned and looked around not knowing what to do next. In fact, they did not know what happened at all.

The Rolls-Royce's window opened, and a cold voice came from inside. "Who hit my son just now? Come out!"

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The villagers were really dumbfounded. They had never experienced such a scene before, and they didn't even know that the car was a Rolls-Royce. They just felt that this car should be very expensive.

The people all around them looked cold-blooded, as if they were machete-wielding executioners from old times. An aura of fear enveloped the villagers!

Panic! Those proud and domineering villagers from earlier began to panic!

Frightened and headless, they huddled around one another silently, dared not make any sound!

In particular, Master Cady, who was on the phone, was already shocked. He stared at the scene in front of him with his eyes wide open. His eyeballs were about to fall out and his whole body was trembling inadvertently.

A custom Rolls-Royce and a row of all-terrain vehicles with so many well-trained people alighting them. This was a spectacle they had never seen before. It was aggressive and amazing! It was a sight that could swallow them whole!

Master Cady clearly knew what all of this meant. It meant that the person sitting in the Rolls-Royce was particularly horrible and scary!

He could not afford to offend her!

The point was, what son did the person in the car mean just now? Could she mean the one who beat him with a stick just now?

Master Cady's heart was about to leap out of his chest!

"Hey, son, why aren't you talking? Where are you? I'll call thirty people over now. Who the hell dares to bully my son? We'll see once I break their legs! ...Hey, talk, why haven't you said anything?" Master Cady's father's angry voice came out the phone.

Master Cady shuddered all over.

"Are you calling someone?" A cold and light voice came out of the car.

The voice fell into Master Cady's ears, making him shudder even more. He wanted to hang up the phone in horror but his shaky fingers clicked the wrong button. It was the speaker!

The enraged voice in the phone suddenly rang throughout the silent atmosphere.

"Son, say something, who bullied you? I can call up ten cars and kill his whole family! No, I'll crush his whole family, even his ancestors' graves! Say something, son!!"

This voice echoed all around the village. At this moment, the anger of Master Cady's father seemed

very empty and insignificant!

The air was filled with killing intent! The killing intent came from these well-trained people!

The atmosphere was already freezing.

"Dad, stop talking, Dad..." Master Cady knelt down on the ground with a plop.

Fear spread throughout his heart. It was useless for his father to call for help. With so many people surrounding him, it would be too late for any help to arrive!

"What are you talking about? Son, what are you afraid of? No one dares to cross anyone in our family. Tell me, who's this person, and I'll personally come to beat him up!" threatened Master Cady's father.

"Beat me up?" the faint and cold voice in the car responded.

"Who? Who's talking?" Master Cady's father shouted.

"You're Tristan Cady, aren't you? Your holding companies reported a lot of losses. Two out of three make losses, while the other one only has a profit of 3,000 to 4,000 dollars a month. No, you've earned a little more last month, 4,832, more or less," the voice in the car was still so faint.

"What, what nonsense are you talking about?" Master Cady's bossy tone became flustered, to the

point of being horrified!

Master Cady was completely astounded. He was so shocked that his jaw almost dropped to the ground, because what she said was completely right, and it was in great detail, like the company belonged to her.

His father's company was really in trouble, so he pushed his luck finding someone to get married with.

The other villagers looked at one another. Was this true, that Master Cady's family didn't make much money every month?

"What godd*mn nonsense are you talking about? I'll find someone to whack you to pieces!" Master Cady's father was fuming.

"You're not qualified enough to kill me. It's about time, and I really hate others scolding me, so I'll teach you a lesson," the voice in the car sounded.

"Haha, you know where am I now? Hell, you even said you want to teach me a lesson? I've seen many people who pretends well before, and I've never seen someone like you! I'll sit here waiting for you, waiting for your lesson! Son, say something, I'll call someone to come over right away and make her kneel on the ground, give me..."

Master Cady's father's voice was proud and domineering, full of conceit and disdain. Master Cady had to believe that his father was really

awesome!

However...

"Bang!" the voice came from the phone, as if a door had been kicked open.

"Where are your eyes? Don't you know I'm here? Get out of here! You...ah, uh, who are you? Don't, no, ah! My hand, my hand!! Help, help..." Master Cady's father said over the phone.

What followed was his screams and pleads on the phone.

All the people present were stupefied!

The dignified Tristan Cady was screaming?

Did the person in the car really send someone to teach Master Cady's father a lesson?

"Dad!" Master Cady called out.

He was so terrified that he sat weakly on the ground, shivering all over.

"Ah!" his father let out one last shriek.

Then, there was no more sound on the phone.

A man walked up to Master Cady, raised his fists, and threw it down on him.

Master Cady screeched.

"Stop, please stop!" he pleaded.

Though, soon enough, Master Cady was on the

verge of death! He widened his eyes. He was terrified and puzzled. Just who had he offended?

The whole place was dead quiet! Fear was spreading amongst them!

At once, these villagers were scared out of their wits.

"Someone hit Master Cady."

"What's going on? The person we beat up was so powerful? He called up so many people!"

"It's too horrible, too horrible."

"Who are these people? The special forces?"

"It's none of my business, none of my business!"

"It's her. She was the one who asked us to beat them up. It's all her..."

"Yes, it's her! It's none of our business!"

These villagers all spoke up. Panicked, they crazily pulled Queenie's aunt out. She was already stunned, the immense fear made her face pale. She quivered and struggled wildly. "No, it's none of my business. It's them who did the beating..."

She pleaded with all her might.

Despite this, a person came over. It was Haider Carson. He clenched his fist and swung it out. Queenie's aunt screamed and immediately passed out.

Everyone fell into dead silence!

The air was engulfed by fear!

"I'll say it again. The people who beat my son just now, stand out!"

In the car, the voice rang again. Without a doubt, it was full of the majesty of a queen!

These villagers shook their heads in alarm. No one dared to stand up!

"All of you hit my son with your fists, bricks and hoes, yet no one wants to stand out. Beat all of them up then!" the voice sounded in the car.

Dozens of well-trained men at the scene nodded, gathering up their fists to hit the alarmed faces of these terrified villagers, making them wail in agony non-stop.

"No, I didn't hit him. No!" a villager said.

"I didn't. I just kicked him once. I... ah!" another villager tried to explain.

Three minutes later, the dreadful motorcade drove away, flying off!

The villagers were lying all over the ground, fear plastered on their faces. As they got up from their feet they would come to remember this day forever.

.....

Chuck Cannon and the others had already picked

up Queenie's younger sister. Chuck thought that it would be better for her to go to Ocean City and study there. He could call his mother to arrange it for her. It was very simple.

Queenie held her sister in her arms. Before she came to her senses, her sister was a little sluggish to take in the news.

Today, they were freed and no longer needed to be abused by their horrible aunt.

Queenie was grateful.

Yvette Jordan eventually drove them back to her place in the battered car. She said, "You two can stay at my house today."

"Thank you, teacher," Queenie shed some tears. She really didn't know how to repay them.

"It's okay," Yvette took out the house key and handed it to Queenie. "You know which floor my house is at. You two go upstairs first."

"Yes." Queenie accepted the key and took her sister upstairs. She looked back at Chuck and sighed deep down. Teacher Jordan was really his wifey and they were really dating.

Nonetheless, a few days ago, what Queenie had done that night made her too ashamed to face Teacher Jordan. She felt guilty, but the more she thought about it, the part where she helped Chuck do it became particularly clear in her mind. Her hand...

Queenie faced a dilemma. Was Chuck going to stay over tonight? What if, what if...he touched her again? Queenie shook her head and the two of them went upstairs.

Yvette came out of the car and looked at it. It was a miracle that she could drive so far back. Now it was worthless even if she got it repaired. She sighed. Since the car was gone, she could take the bus in the future. When she made more money, she could buy one again.

The car would be sold tomorrow. It might be worth 10,000 to 20,000 dollars, and it could also relieve her purse a little for now.

Chuck saw the disappointed look on Yvette's face. He walked over to her and said, "Wifey, I'll buy you a car!"

Chapter 150

"No, hubby, I'll just take the bus." Yvette Jordan quickly shook her head.

Though, she was moved. When he said he would buy a car for her, it was definitely not going to be any cheap cars. It might cost him two to three hundred grand to buy it. However, this money...

...was it Chuck Cannon's own money or some other woman's?

Thinking of this made Yvette Jordan struggle a lot. If the money came from Zelda Maine or the woman in the Rolls-Royce, she would never accept it.

What's more, how expensive was it to buy a car now? It was better to save up some money. She had already thought it through just now. Once she sold the car, she could start saving and wait for her own company to grow. She could buy car then.

"Hubby, don't buy it. I'll take the bus. I mean it." Yvette looked at Chuck helplessly. She repeated what she had just said in a serious tone.

"Wifey, I can afford any car you want. You tell me, I'll buy it," Chuck said. Was Yvette worried that he couldn't afford a car? He just had to make one call to his mother to buy a 4S Automobile Store, therefore how could he not afford a car?

"I don't need a car right now, hubby," Yvette

insisted.

"Wifey, you're running a company. How can you do it without a car? Your company's so far away from home," Chuck said.

"It's the same as taking the bus. Why don't you buy yourself a car?" Yvette said.

Last time at the airport, Chuck claimed that he had a car, but he didn't see it when he went to the parking lot. She felt very strange.

"I do have a car, a BMW, and..." Chuck was at a loss for words. He had a BMW 7 Series and a Porsche. The two cars were enough for now. When his movie and the plaza made money, he would consider buying other cars, such as a Rolls-Royce and a Maybach.

He was really from a wealthy family, so it would not be a problem for him to buy dozens or even a hundred of them.

"Hubby!" Yvette snapped.

"If you don't believe me, you can go with me now to..." as Chuck said, Yvette came over, biting her lip. She interrupted, "Drop it hubby. Are you going to sleep here today?"

She didn't want to listen to this any more. She suddenly felt that she was too incompetent. On one hand, Zelda could buy him a car but she couldn't. On the other hand, Chuck was younger than her, so it was inappropriate for him to buy her

a car.

It was supposed to be the older one buying it for the younger one.

Chuck thought that if Queenie was alone, there would be no problems for him to stay over. However, Queenie's twelve or thirteen year old sister was around. There was only one bedroom and one living room. It would not be suitable for him to stay over this time.

"I'll head back to sleep," Chuck thought for a moment and said.

"Well, be careful on your way home," Yvette advised.

"Wifey, you can sleep in my place, I..." Chuck got excited.

"No thanks," Yvette interjected.

She shook her head. That house belonged to Zelda. How could she sleep over there? How awkward would it be if Zelda came back?

Yvette's face turned red at the thought of it.

"Okay then." Chuck nodded. He was disappointed.

However, Yvette was so powerful today, so Chuck wanted to do something for her. After all, his wifey was too beautiful and had a good body, which increased Chuck's desire to conquer her body.

Despite this, Yvette didn't want to go home with

him. Since he couldn't stay in her place too, how about they go to a hotel? She wouldn't agree to it.

The more he thought about it, the more Chuck got tempted. "Wifey, there's no one in that alley. Could you..."

"What, what are you thinking about?" Yvette's face turned red.

She just looked at Chuck suddenly trailing off. She found that he was looking at her legs, chest, and...

The look in his eyes was making her numb all over.

She was especially nervous and wary of being looked at like that. She also thought that Chuck wouldn't do anything to her here, would he? Sure enough, what she thought had happened. Did she make him too suppress himself too much?

"I'm thinking..." Chuck felt very excited. He was shocked. "D*mnit, was I too nervous? Why am I nervous when it's my own wifey? Was there really any kind of problem with me? If wifey knew about it, could I still face her? What a shame!"

Chuck didn't dare to think about such nonsense any more.

"Hmm...hubby, there'll still be people in the alley. If someone sees us, it's not good, no. Why don't we get in the car?" Yvette mustered up some courage and whispered these embarrassing words. Perhaps she didn't want Zelda to help him, so...

She decided to speak up but the more she spoke, the more worried she became. Chuck didn't say anything. She looked up uneasily and found him taking a deep breath, as if he was holding back something.

Yvette was stunned and confused. "Hubby, what are you doing?"

"Nothing, nothing." Chuck shook his head. "Wifey, I'll head home. You go to bed early. I'll pick you up tomorrow. I do have a car."

Yvette was silent. Chuck's sincere gaze moved her. "Okay, hubby, pick me up tomorrow. Please come earlier, you've got a test tomorrow."

"Okay then," said Chuck.

He nodded. Queenie would definitely be in the car tomorrow, so the Porsche was out of the question as it wouldn't fit all of them in. Hence, he could only drive the BMW 7 series out. It had been a few days. The car ought to be ready by now.

Hopefully.

Chuck dared not look at Yvette's moist lips. He dashed out of the building. Yvette was astounded. "What was he doing just now? How could he mention about it, and then take it back? So strange... ah, I don't know if my husband heard what I said just now. How could I say that? I'm so embarrassed..."

Yvette blushed and went upstairs. When she

opened the door, she saw Queenie. She smiled and said, "Don't worry about anything else. Make yourself at home."

Ever since she first met Queenie, she had always known Queenie had no parents like her. So, she would do this for her.

"Thank you, teacher." Queenie was even more ashamed to look at her.

"It's okay. What's wrong, Queenie? Why are you so quiet? You don't have to be so polite to me," Yvette comforted her.

"Teacher, are you and Chuck really husband and wife...?" Queenie asked in a low voice.

"Well, he and I are husband and wife, but we don't have a marriage certificate yet. When he turns 22, I'll get it done with him," Yvette said earnestly.

She decided that if there was no conflict between them when Chuck turned 22 and if he could still be with her, then she could have a baby with him, even two children would be fine!

"I..." Queenie was shocked. She heard Yvette's confession with her own ears. It made her feel shocked. How did Chuck got to date the prettiest teacher on campus in such a short time?

This was really unbelievable.

"Surprised? Haha, don't be. But keep this between us. I still want to continue teaching," Yvette said

seriously.

"Okay, I will." Queenie nodded. She would not tell anyone. Her school was too strict. If someone were to know of this, Teacher Jordan would certainly be fired.

"Thank you. You have a test tomorrow, so rest early. The three of us will sleep together. Come in," Yvette pulled Queenie into the room. Queenie subconsciously looked at the corner of the room where she had a memory there...

She still clearly remembered what happened in the room at that time and Queenie could not help it, but since Teacher Jordan told her about their relationship, she would never do that again.

.....

When Chuck returned home by car, he still had to do it himself in the bathroom. D*mn it, what was going on? He exited the toilet, feeling dejected. He was quite healthy, thus it was impossible for him to have been so weak. Was it because of himself feeling too nervous? Was it because he had never really touched a woman before?

He should jog a few kilometres and then head back to bed.

Training!

He couldn't embarrass himself in front of Yvette. At the very least, he must prove to her how capable he was. Chuck felt very confident. He changed his

clothes and went out. There was a basketball court in the area. It would be good to run around the court for a few laps and pick up on his exercise.

As he opened the door to head out, he saw Zelda coming out of the lift. Zelda was amazed. She didn't expect to see him here as she thought that he went out with Yvette, didn't he? Why did he come back? Why was Chuck in his sportswear so late at night? Was he going for a jog?

"What's up?" Zelda came over.

"I..." Chuck couldn't find any words. Could he say that he was going to train himself?

D*mn, how could this be?

"You..." Zelda thought of something. Training? Could it be? Zelda suddenly wanted to laugh. "You, you're training for Yvette, right? You did it with her today and then she laughed at you. That's why you..."

Chuck's face turned red with embarrassment.