

## Chapter 311

Yvette was beaten up savagely. She was no match for Damon. At that moment, her eyes were filled with hatred and coldness.

Pa!

He raised his hand and gave her a harsh slap on her face. Her face went numb as she fell onto the ground yet again. She stared at him with a mouth full of blood.

"I can't believe a dog like you wants to take over the company!" He cried as he grabbed her by her hair. He thought to himself, "If Grandpa is really dead, then all of the family's property will be mine. This woman is a threat!"

He had to find a way to get rid of her.

Yvette could tell that her cousin wanted to end her life and she was wondering how she could possibly escape this place. He grabbed her by the neck and started choking her, saying, "Such a beautiful woman. If only you weren't my cousin, I wouldn't have let go of you. It's such a shame..."

Indeed, when he first saw Yvette, he was stunned by her beauty despite having seen many women in his life. Her figure and her beauty were on a whole other level.

It was a pity that she was his cousin.

He took out a sharp dagger from his waist and aimed it towards her heart...

.....

Chuck drove back to the plaza and parked his car. He was about to ask Yolanda about the situation at the plaza and that piece of land they had recently bought.

He assumed that there won't be much of an issue. He had always trusted Yolanda with her job.

In order to keep an eye on Yvette, he would travel to Floriland if it was necessary. Otherwise, if anything were to happen to Yvette, Chuck would deeply regret it.

However, as he was about to get out of the car, his phone rang. He looked at the screen and learned it was a call from Queenie. Chuck answered in a hurry, worrying if something had happened to her.

Chuck answered the call and asked, "Did something happen?"

"No, I'm fine, but school is about to start," Queenie reminded him. She had contemplated for a long time before she made this call. Indeed, school was about to start.

She was about to be a sophomore.

Chuck felt a headache. How could he forget about this? He sighed. Usually, if Yvette was by his side, she would have reminded him that it was time for school to start. Chuck even fantasized that if the school started and he was on good terms with Yvette, they could have a good time in her office. The thought had gotten him really excited.

However, now Yvette no longer responded to him and also refused to see him. It was making him miserable.

If all of this did not happen, they would have been doing well together.

Yvette was not only his teacher but also his wife. She could help him cheat during the exam. But now, it wasn't the same anymore.

Chuck sighed, "Okay, I know. I will try my best to

show up when school starts."

Chuck thought that perhaps he would drop out of school. Since Yvette was not his teacher anymore, he felt that there was no point in going to school.

"Okay, Chuck. How have you been doing recently?"

Queenie felt worried because school was about to start but Chuck didn't seem like he was doing anything about it. She figured he was going to quit school, after all, he was rich.

Chuck had no words to explain his emotions and answer her question, thus, he simply added, "I'm fine..."

After a simple conversation, the phone call ended. Chuck thought, "Is Yvette going to return and continue teaching at the school? She's highly educated and great at teaching. What a loss."

Chuck missed Yvette. School was about to start soon. What should he do? Should he go and attend the classes?

If he decided to go but Yvette wasn't there, should he quit school? What would his mother say about this matter?

Chuck felt his headache getting stronger. He

opened the car door and was about to enter the plaza, but out of a sudden, he heard the sound of a car horn. Chuck looked over doubtfully and found that it was from a luxury Mercedes, and there was a woman sitting in the driver's seat.

Quinn? What was she doing in the plaza?

Quinn opened the car door. She stared at Chuck and walked over with her long legs swaying. Ever since she had found out that he had returned from training, she had yet to see him. She had been waiting for him for so many days and now, he had finally appeared.

"President Miller, what are you..." Chuck was a little confused. Why did Quinn look so angry? He couldn't recall doing anything that might have offended her.

It had been such a long time since they last saw each other.

"Who told you to call me president? You haven't shown up for such a long time, do you even still want to continue doing business in the plaza?"

Quinn said with a tone of unfriendliness.

Chuck's head was in pain. He didn't intend to

neglect the plaza, it was mainly because he didn't have time. Chuck was really helpless about Yvette's matter, so he had no mood to care about his work at all.

"Why aren't you saying anything?" Quinn came over and asked.

"I'm sorry," Chuck could only compromise.

Quinn looked at him, and the anger in her heart was now greatly reduced. She snorted lightly and her voice became softer, "Why are you apologizing to me?"

"I've made you angry," Chuck was not in the mood to argue with her. The main reason he compromised was that Quinn had a great outfit and tight jeans on that day, which hugged her figure perfectly.

"Did I ask you to be nice?" She snorted, and her voice became unexpectedly soft as she continued asking, "What happened? You can tell me and I'll see if there's anything I can do to help."

Originally, Quinn wanted to teach him a lesson. But he was surprisingly nice to her, which got her extremely confused. "At least try to fight back! If

you don't fight back, how am I going to continue arguing with you?" She thought.

The truth was she had also been very busy recently. Nonetheless, she still came to the plaza every day to deal with tasks. But the affairs could basically be dealt with through the phone. She also didn't understand why she came here every day.

Was it because she wanted to see Chuck? Quinn felt ridiculous, thinking, "Why do I want to see this disgusting man?"

"If I didn't want to see him, why did I come here?" Quinn thought about it and became silent. She didn't understand why she felt that way. Was all of this just because he had saved her twice?

Chuck didn't think it would be a good idea to tell Quinn about Yvette's matter. He shook his head and said, "It's okay."

"Hmph, you're so ungrateful. How can you regard my kindness as malice?" Quinn snorted. At this moment, Chuck was hungry. He said, "President Miller, let me treat you to a meal."

"I told you not to call me president." Quinn was

annoyed, and soon her voice returned to normal. She continued, "Why do you want to treat me?"

"I'm hungry," Chuck said, turned around and left.

Quinn snorted. It was normal to have a meal since she had waited for him to show up for such a long time. She followed him upstairs. When they arrived at the elevator, Chuck remembered the times where he peeked at Yvette's back in the elevator. When he got into the elevator, it brought back the memories.

"What are you looking at again?" Quinn scolded him. Chuck came to his senses and sighed. Thinking of Yvette, he sighed again and again. He didn't say a word and didn't even answer her.

Quinn was surprised, wondering to herself, "I didn't condemn him. He's always staring so I have to call him out. But why is he so quiet today?"

"Did something bad really happen?" Quinn thought in her heart.

"What's wrong with you?" There was a touch of concern in Quinn's tone as she asked. Chuck smiled bitterly and said, "I'm sorry."

Quinn was startled. Did he just say sorry to her?



Did he have a fever?

Chuck did not continue to speak. He sighed and walked out of the elevator. Quinn's beautiful eyes were full of doubts, "What's wrong with him?"

She went to a restaurant in the plaza with Chuck. He was still gloomy when they were eating. She felt even more strange. This was the first time for her to have a meal with him.

She was surprised herself because she hardly ever had meals with men that were younger than her. She figured the only reason was that Chuck had saved her twice.

Quinn blushed unconsciously. Recently, she had not seen Chuck but she had dreamed about him almost every night. The dream she had the most frequent was that she was saved by him when she was drugged by her assistant. She was brought to a hotel, but he didn't leave. Instead, Chuck saw her figure and couldn't resist himself.

After that, she became sober and slapped him on the face. Then, she woke up from the dream.

Then the dream would just continue on the next day. It would repeat again and again. Quinn did

not even remember how many times she had slapped Chuck in her dream. She even felt that she was bewitched. How could she have such a dream all the time? Why did she want to slap him so badly?

Chuck raised his head and asked, "Why is your face blushing?"

"It's none of your business," Quinn lowered her voice and felt ashamed.

For sure, Chuck did not know how many times Quinn had hit him in her dream. After he saw Quinn finish eating, he went to pay the bill. Quinn followed him out and wanted to ask what had happened to him. He was so sullen that Quinn had no mood to deal with her own affairs.

It wasn't easy to meet him again. How could it be considered as a meeting if they didn't quarrel?

At this thought, Quinn asked again, "Chuck, what's wrong with you?"

Chuck turned around suddenly and asked, "President Miller, can you do me a favor?"

"What can I do for you?" Quinn became nervous subconsciously. Was this disgusting

person going to propose to sleep with her?

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Of course, Chuck never intended to sleep with her in the first place. He had only always talked about it casually, but Quinn took it seriously.

However, he felt strange when he saw that Quinn's pretty eyes had been fixed on him. "President Miller, what are you thinking about?" He asked.

"Huh? Nothing. Didn't you want me to help you? Say it." Quinn was upset and thought in her heart, "Are you kidding me?"

Chuck was thinking that Quinn had been acquiring a lot of businesses. He had no time to manage all that recently. Yolanda had also said that there was a nightclub looking for a new owner, and he didn't have time to check it out as well. It couldn't go on like this. He wanted to see if he could cooperate with Quinn and acquire something together so that he could expand his business empire quickly.

Chuck told Quinn this, but she snorted, "Is this what you wanted me to help you with?"

"Yes, let's work together. I'm very busy recently,

and I don't have time to do anything. President Miller, you have a good eye for projects. So, let's see if there is any chance for us to cooperate," he said.

"You don't have to flatter me," Quinn snorted.

"So, President Miller, are you..." Chuck continued.

"I've told you, stop calling me president!" Quinn snapped. She was furious and she turned around to leave.

Since Chuck had raised this matter, it was only natural that he wanted to get an answer. He caught up with her and asked, "What do you think?"

"Hmph, you have a good plan. You want me to help you with your business, don't you?" Quinn stared at Chuck.

Chuck smiled awkwardly, "It's fine then. The deal is off while our friendship is still on. Just pretend that I never said it."

"Hmph, never said it?" Quinn turned back around and said, "Okay, I'll do it."

To Chuck's surprise, she had actually agreed.

"Don't leave today. I'll treat you dinner as well later in the evening," Chuck smiled. He was not very sure if she would agree with it in the first place. After all, Quinn had a good eye and was not short of money. As long as she invested in businesses, she would have good returns. Why would she even want to cooperate with others?

"Do I need you to spend two hundred dollars to treat me to a meal? Am I short of dinner from you? Short of that two hundred dollars?" Quinn snorted.

"Didn't I ask you to order just now? You didn't want to order and said it was enough. What are you blaming me for?" Chuck muttered under his breath.

Quinn's beautiful eyes widened upon hearing this, "You think that I'm saying the meal was cheap? I was talking about you. You only treat me to a meal for a purpose."

"Then why should I treat you to a meal without a purpose? You are not short of a meal from me either," Chuck muttered. Treating Quinn to a meal for nothing? Chuck didn't have the mood to do so.

"You!" Quinn gnashed her teeth.

After that, he asked her where she wanted to go and eat. Anywhere would be fine for him. Maybe they could go to his mother's hotel and it was guaranteed to be expensive.

Quinn shook her head, "No, I have a project after this. If you really want to cooperate with me, just pay up then. I'll give you half of it."

Chuck breathed a sigh of relief, "What project is it?"

"Why are you asking for the details? Didn't you say I have a good eye?" Quinn said with no expression.

Chuck was rendered speechless. He had to admit that Quinn did have a good eye. Since she said it this way, it should be quality.

"Okay, when you've confirmed it, just let me know the price," Chuck said.

Quinn snorted and turned to leave. Chuck reached out helplessly and pulled her, "President Miller, don't be angry. I really want to treat you to dinner tonight. Don't go."

This was what he should do.

At the very least, the two of them had cooperated, so they should have dinner together.

"I don't eat spicy food. It was too spicy just now, change to another restaurant if you want to eat with me," Quinn said.

Chuck smiled, this meant that she agreed. There were several restaurants with lighter tasting dishes in the plaza. Chuck had eaten them several times and he decided to bring Quinn there that night.

However, he figured it would be better if they just went to his mother's hotel. Therefore, he said, "Let's go to my mother's hotel. The dishes there are delicious, some of them are worth more than 10,000 dollars. I'm sure you will like it."

"I didn't say I want to have something expensive. Let's just eat here," Quinn shook her head.

"Okay. Would you like to go to my office or wander around by yourself?" He asked.

"What's the point of wandering around? I've been here for dozens of times," Quinn replied.

Chuck turned around and asked, "Why did you come here so many times?"



"To acquire your plaza, duh!" Quinn snorted and went into the elevator with him. He smiled while thinking, "This woman is actually very soft-hearted." But thinking of Yvette, Chucked sighed again.

Quinn heard the sigh and looked at him, "What's wrong with you?"

"I'm fine," he answered calmly.

"Was I too fierce in the elevator just now? But who told you to peek around?" Quinn sounded a little gentle as she spoke.

"Did I scared him just now? But he was never like this before, he was disgusting and would continue peeking even if I called him out. What is going on with him today? He seems so depressed. I wasn't even that harsh earlier," she wondered.

"No," Chuck said. He didn't know what else to say. He could only shake his head and say so.

When the elevator's door opened, Chuck went to find Yolanda. Quinn followed him out as well. She stared at Chuck and felt there was still something wrong with him, but she couldn't bring herself to ask him.

Yolanda saw Chuck and Quinn coming in. She was stunned and didn't ask any more questions. Chuck asked about the plaza and sure enough, Yolanda didn't let him down. She did a good job in this aspect.

Time flew. In the evening, Chuck wanted to bring Yolanda along for dinner with Quinn. After all, it was quite normal for him to do so. But Quinn was angry, she said, "You said you would treat me to dinner. Why did you call someone else? I don't want to eat anymore."

Quinn went out after saying that, she was very furious.

Chuck was dumbfounded by her attitude. He turned to Yolanda and said, "I'm sorry, Yolanda."

"It doesn't matter. I'll order takeout myself," Yolanda smiled.

Chuck had no choice but to chase after Quinn. It was not easy for them to cooperate with each other, but she got angry suddenly. How could they cooperate later?

"President Miller, don't be angry. Why do you behave like a little girl? It's not a big deal, it's just

another person at the table," Chuck comforted her.

"Why should I have to eat with another person?"

Quinn was in a rage. In order to have this dinner, she had been waiting for the whole afternoon and she hadn't even dealt with the affairs in her company. Unexpectedly, he invited another person in the end. What was this? Was it a dinner party?

"Okay, what do you want to eat? Let's eat, just the two of us," Chuck asked helplessly. He was having a break down internally. How could Quinn be so mean? Wasn't it just Yolanda?

"I don't want to eat anymore," Quinn refused.

"Sister Miller," Chuck compromised. Quinn turned around, "Who told you to call me sister? Who?"

"No one. Here, I've eaten this one. It's very delicious. Come here!" Chuck dragged her into the restaurant.

Quinn blushed and said, "Let go of my hand. I can walk by myself."

Chuck breathed a sigh of relief. Finally, she was not angry. The two of them went in, and the waiter recommended them to have the couple set. Chuck waved his hand and said that they were not a

couple. Then, he handed the menu to Quinn. She looked at it for a long time, and the waiter said, "Why not you guys just have the couple set? It's a good deal."

"No, why would I want to have a couple set?" Quinn shook her head.

"Okay, we will take this," Chuck said as he pointed at the couple set on the menu.

Chuck also thought it was a good deal. Anyway, it was just a meal. It was not like they had to feed it to each other, right? Wasn't it just a normal meal?

Quinn looked up at Chuck and handed the menu back to the waiter without saying anything.

"It's mainly because it's a good deal," Chuck explained.

"Yes, a good deal," Quinn also said.

Then, the two of them stopped talking.

It was very quiet until the dishes were served. Chuck thought it was a little funny because it seemed like a blind date. He picked up his fork and started eating. While eating, he said, "Do you think we look like we're on a blind date?"

"Who wants to have a blind date with you? You are so disgusting," Quinn snorted and continued to eat. She thought the food tasted good. The food they had during lunch was just too spicy.

Chuck thought of Yvette suddenly and sighed. Quinn looked up and said, "What's wrong with you? Fine, you're not really that disgusting..."

"Yeah," Chuck smiled bitterly. It was rare for Quinn to say that.

After they finished their meal, Chuck received a phone call from Regine.

"Hey, I've thought it over. Let's go to the Floriland." It was Regine's voice. She had thought about it over and over again. Chuck had promised her one thing and she was thinking about what she should do. It seemed that what she could do was to let Chuck accompany her on a trip to somewhere.

Anyway, he happened to have something to deal with over there.

"Okay, let's depart tomorrow morning." Chuck didn't hesitate at all. After all, Yvette was in Floriland at this time. However, Regine was actually asking him to do what he wanted.

"Huh? Are you agreeing so readily?" Regine was stunned.

"Yes, see you at the airport tomorrow morning."  
After that, Chuck hung up the phone.

"Hello, hello..." Regine called out. She was in a state of confusion. She looked at the phone number and said, "I didn't get the wrong number. Why did he agree to it so quickly?"

Regine found it very unexpected.

"Where are you going?" Quinn heard him. Where was he heading again?

"Floriland," Chuck didn't conceal anything.

"I am going as well," Quinn said solemnly. She wanted to find out what had happened to Chuck.