

Chapter 173

Yvette reached out her hand to wipe away her tears. She could not cry in front of all these people. She bit her lip and endured the pain.

She was in pain after being kicked a few times. This woman said that she was pregnant. In this case, Yvette knew she could not stay any longer. It was better for her to leave. She did not say anything, all she felt was the scorching pain on her face.

Her face was numb and red from being slapped in the face twice.

All she wanted was to come in and have a look at the car. How did she end up this way?

At this moment, when Yvette saw that this woman had a furious husband supporting her, she thought of Chuck. She muttered to herself, "Oh Chuck, you must have been so busy that you forgot to come. Well, if you're busy. I'll wait for you..."

"Get out of here! If you hurt my baby, I will find someone to kill you!" Holly scolded coldly.

Yvette was dressed shabbily and she was here for the cheapest car. Holly

didn't think that she was capable of having anyone powerful behind her.

"Just go. You are clearly not here to buy a car. How can you beat people up just because you are angry?"

"That's right. Thank goodness Holly's baby is fine. If there's something wrong, we'll call the cops right away!"

Other salesmen also added in. They had never met such a guest before. How could she hit a pregnant woman?

Yvette looked down at her shoes. Her heels were broken, so she took off her heels and left bare-footed. There

were just too many people here so she couldn't do anything.

She walked along the street. Some passersby stopped and stared at her, wondering why this beautiful woman was in such a mess. Some were pointing and laughing at her, but most of them were surprised...

When Yvette was finally alone, she burst into tears. She took out her mobile phone and found Chuck's number. However, she didn't call him and just stared at his name.

A handsome man saw her crying and came over in concern, "Miss, what

happened? Do you need any help?"

Yvette said, "It's alright, I can call my husband."

Yvette shook her head and walked away with her shoes in her hand.

"Chuck must have been so busy to forget about our meeting today. It's fine, he should focus on his job....."

Yvette went home in a daze. Her clothes were torn and her shoes were broken. How could she go to work like this? She wanted to go home...

The handsome guy sighed, "Oh, how can your husband allow you to be in such a mess?"

"Thank goodness, she's finally gone," Holly snorted and looked down on Yvette. Yvette wanted to hit her, but when she was caught, she made an excuse that there was something on her skirt.

"Honey, are you okay? Do you need to go to the hospital for a check-up?" The manager came over and touched her belly as if he was trying to feel the baby inside.

"Dear, I'm only three months pregnant. You won't be able to feel the baby now." Holly said sweetly.

"I'm just afraid that something would

happen to the baby," The manager said and breathed a sigh of relief. He wanted to continue to hit Yvette. How dare she touch his wife?

"It's fine, that woman doesn't scare me. Hmph, how dare she try to hit me? If she dares to come again, I will definitely slap her!" Holly said coldly. She knew she could take on three or four women alone.

The manager hesitated and said, "However, since she left so quickly, do you think she might have called the police?" After all, it was wrong to hit a person.

"What are you afraid of? If that woman dares to call the police, I will slap her when I see her," Holly said in a disdainful tone, "Besides, it's her fault. Why did she want to hit me? Even if she called the police, she would still be in the wrong. As for asking people for backup, how many do you think she can find? When I hit her just now, she didn't dare to say a word. She was so timid."

She did not believe that Yvette could call for help. Even if Yvette called for help, she could do so herself too! What more, there were so many people in the store. If she dared to

make trouble here, then she would gladly entertain her!

Holly snorted coldly.

"Well, there's no use being angry over this anymore. What if you hurt the baby? Let's go to the lounge to rest for a while, and..." The manager also felt that he had thought too much. That woman deserved to be at the bottom of the society along with other worthless trash.

As he said it, his eyes lit up. The only reason why his wife was pregnant now was because they had done it in the lounge.

Holly was shy, "Dear, I'm three months along. Do you think anything would happen to the baby if we did it?"

The manager pulled her inside and said, "No, it won't. Come on. I was angry just now, so now I have to vent it out..... " He was the manager here, so no one dared to defy him.

Holly was looking forward to it. She felt that Yvette's arrival was right on time. She had a good time slapping her, and now...

The manager warned, "Don't look."

The other salesmen dispersed, but

they were still muttering, "How could that woman dare to hit a pregnant woman? Whoever is going to marry that woman would have a terrible life ahead of him."

"Women like her are only suitable for fun. Marry her? No way!"

They each took turns to curse and jibe Yvette.

.....

Chuck woke up in a daze. Last night, he kept tossing and turning on the bed. It was late when he finally succumbed to his sleep. When he opened his eyes, he found Zelda

Maine lying in his arms and sleeping like a kitten.

When he saw Zelda in his arms, he was not only embarrassed but also confused.

Zelda was a strong and independent woman, but she looked adorable when she slept. Although she was 30 years old, her skin was ageless. This must be the result of her constant workout and skin care regime. Chuck was fascinated with her beauty.

However, their posture was ambiguous, and Chuck was somewhat interested in her. After all,

he was also a man. With a beautiful woman in his arms, he really couldn't stay calm.

Chuck shook his head. He couldn't cheat on Yvette, so he just carefully moved away. However, Zelda suddenly woke up. The two of them just stared at each other.

Chuck was embarrassed. Zelda felt something and grinned, "Guys are guys in the morning...."

As she spoke, Chuck felt even more awkward and tried to stop her, "Sister Zelda..."

"Do you want to do it?" Zelda asked.

Chuck shook his head. Of course, he knew what she meant. He said, "I think we should get up. It's time to have breakfast."

He had to go back. Yvette should still be waiting for him at home.

"Why are you in such a rush? Your body has given you out, you know?" Zelda said. She had a sound sleep yesterday sleeping in the arms of a man. The sense of security was so wonderful, and Chuck was the one who gave it to her yesterday.

Chuck was embarrassed and speechless.

Fortunately, Zelda did not continue talking. She got up from Chuck's arms, sat up, and stretched. She did not want to get out of bed.

Zelda said, "Well, I won't tease you anymore. You can go take a shower first, then we'll go grab breakfast,"

Chuck nodded and got up. He went to the bathroom and took a cold shower, but he suddenly remembered something. Last night, he seemed to have had a wet dream, so...

Zelda tidied up the bed, but when she saw what was on the sheet, her eyes went wide and she chuckled, "This

fool, I told you I would help you out. I wouldn't bother you once it's over.."

Zelda sighed as she spoke. She pulled the sheets from the bed as it needed to be washed.

After taking a shower, Chuck came out awkwardly. When he saw the covers in a heap beside the bed, his face turned red. He really wanted to find a hole to hide in. "Sister Zelda, I..."

"It's okay. It's normal for young people, don't think too much," Zelda smiled. She came over to tidy Chuck's clothes. Chuck didn't know

what to do, but he didn't back away either.

"It's normal for you to have such a dream," Zelda said. Chuck felt relieved. Zelda encouraged him greatly, and Chuck also believed that he would become stronger.

Zelda said, "Let's go grab breakfast. My mother should be done cooking,"

"Okay," Chuck was also hungry. He subconsciously took a look at the time and was shocked. It was 2 p.m! Oh no, he was supposed to buy a car for Yvette!

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Chuck sighed. Two days ago, he had promised to buy a car for Yvette. However, he slept too late last night and woke up at 2pm today.

Yvette must be very disappointed since she had been looking forward to it today. He had broken his promise to accompany her today. Moreover, he had not taken the initiative to contact her. Chuck was anxious and wanted to go back immediately.

But what was the point of going back now? He couldn't buy it now even if he rushed home.



Yvette must be very disappointed in him.

Looking at his cell phone, he saw that there were no missed calls from her. Yvette was like this and would hide her feelings. Chuck sighed, "Sister Zelda, I have to make a phone call..."

"Okay," Zelda nodded.

She opened the door and went out, only to see her mother, Manny Lowe, waiting for her. She saw that her daughter's hair was in a mess and her complexion was rosy. Did they have a rough night?

She was an experienced woman. She

obviously knew the reason why women were in good spirits after a night.

She smiled and asked, "Zelda dear, did you sleep well last night?"

"Yes mom, I slept extremely well," Zelda sat down and took a sip of the milk on the table.

"Daughter, I won't pester you to get married. But when do you think you can give me a grandchild? I am open minded enough for you to have a baby before marriage," Manny said with a smile.

Zelda's expression became unnatural.

Have a child? That would require Chuck to be willing to lay a hand on her first, and also approve of them having a child.

In this case, why would Chuck want to touch her? Even if he finally succumbed to his desires, it would not be possible for her to get pregnant overnight.

She didn't want to threaten Chuck with a child. It was meaningless to do that.

Gosh, even her mother was worried about her love life.

Zelda was forced to come up with an

excuse, "Mom, do you think it's appropriate to say such things? Chuck is still a college student."

"What's wrong with college students? How many college students became pregnant when they were studying? Things are different now. My daughter, you have to be more open minded," Manny said earnestly.

Zelda felt helpless.

Manny sighed and said, "My daughter, you will be 31 years old in a few days. Have you ever thought about your age? It's about time for you to have a child. This is what a

woman should do in her life."

"Mom," Zelda sighed softly. She glanced sideways into the room. Chuck must be calling Yvette.

Manny couldn't do anything about it. She said, "Daughter, you have to work hard. Chuck is young. The both of you have been together for so long, so you should be pregnant by now. Work harder!"

Zelda smiled bitterly and thought to herself, "If Chuck doesn't want to touch me, how can I work hard?"

On the other hand, Chuck was in the room desperately trying to call Yvette.

When he finally got through to her, he let out a sigh of relief, "Honey, I'm sorry. I told you that I'd like to accompany you to buy the car today, but..."

Yvette said, "Chuck, it's alright,"

Chuck felt even more guilty. He could hear her voice trembling, it must be because she was disappointed.

Sigh, what did he just do?

They had finally become closer, so why did he make such a stupid mistake?

Chuck said, "Yvette, are you at work? I'll come over tonight."

Her eyes were filled with tears as she said, "No, I'm going out of town for a business trip. I won't be home until tomorrow." In truth, she was in her room.

She was slapped twice so her face was still swollen. If Chuck saw her like, Yvette would fall apart.

She couldn't let Chuck see her in such a sorry state.

Chuck said gently, "Alright. I went out yesterday and I will be home tonight. What time will you be home tomorrow? I'll pick you up and then we'll go buy the car, okay?"

"I..." Yvette wanted to cry, but she couldn't. She couldn't let Chuck know.

"I'm sorry, honey. I promise I will show up tomorrow. I swear, please trust me," Chuck said earnestly. He could not wait to see Yvette.

"I trust you. Listen Chuck, I'm about to head into a meeting right now."

"Okay, don't tire yourself out, alright?"

"Alright," Yvette said.

Yvette cried hard after she hung up the phone. It was only then that she dared to vent all of her sadness. She

sobbed and wiped away her tears, then held her knees close to herself and stared blankly at the empty house. Her tears could not stop flowing. She was happy to receive Chuck's call and hear him promise to bring her out the next day, but she felt wronged by what had happened this morning.

Her husband hadn't forgotten about their plans, he was just busy with things. He was still with her.

.....

Chuck came out of the room. He didn't want to stay here anymore and

wanted to go back immediately.

However, he saw Zelda waiting for him at the dining table. Chuck had no choice but to have brunch together.

Manny wanted them to stay, but Chuck kept on insisting he had something to do. She had no choice but to let them leave. The two of them then went downstairs.

Chuck drove quickly since he wanted to go home as soon as possible. Zelda sat in the passenger seat. It was quiet throughout the whole journey.

Soon, Chuck reached Zelda's house.

"Thank you so much." Zelda said gently.

"No problem, Sister Zelda. I'll use this car for a couple more days," Chuck wanted to go to Yvette's house right now, so he had to take this car.

"Okay, go ahead," Zelda got out from the car.

Chuck thanked her and sped off to the place where Yvette lived. After all, what if Yvette decided to come back tonight? He had to be home for her!

Zelda looked at Chuck, who was already no more than a speck in the distance. She was silent and sighed.

After reaching home, she lay on the bed and just stared blankly at the ceiling...

All of a sudden, Zelda felt that her eyes were wet. "Why am I crying?" She wondered.

.....

Chuck drove to Yvette's house. It was already past nine o'clock in the evening when he arrived. He quickly jumped out of the car and went straight to Yvette's house. He hesitated and then knocked on the door in an attempt to see if she was home. After knocking, no one

responded. However, Chuck could hear someone shuffling inside. She was home.

"It's me, honey," Chuck said.

"Chuck, is that you? Give me a minute..." Yvette was taken by surprise since she was still in daze. She immediately got up and powdered her face. Her swollen cheeks had already subsided, but her face was still red.

Chuck breathed a sigh of relief when the door finally opened. It was Yvette. The moment she saw Chuck, she felt wronged again and tears started

welling up in her eyes unconsciously.

She muttered, "Chuck....."

Chuck smiled, walked in and closed the door. He felt so happy to see Yvette. They sat down on the couch. However, Chuck was surprised when he noticed that Yvette's high heels were broken.

Chuck asked, "Honey, you broke your shoes?"

"Ah? Oh yeah, it broke while I was walking." Yvette said.

Chuck said, "Have you eaten? Let's go out and grab something to eat." Although Yvette must have had her

dinner already, it wouldn't be a bad idea to grab some supper.

Yvette said softly, "Nah, no thanks."

"Okay... honey, can I hug you? Don't worry, I just want a hug. I won't do anything else...." Chuck barely finished his sentence and was surprised.

This was because Yvette had hugged him tightly. She must have missed him after not seeing him for the entire night.

"Hubby... let's go to bed. I'm tired." Yvette said. She held Chuck tightly and closed her eyes, listening to the

steady thumping of his heartbeat.

"Alright. Hm, what happened to your face? Why is it red?" Chuck couldn't help touching it, and Yvette's eyes widened. She was flustered and dismissed it, "It's nothing, let's just go to sleep."

Chuck smiled and held Yvette in his arms. He also closed his eyes, his heart finally feeling at peace...

This night passed. Chuck slept soundly, but when he woke up the next morning, he noticed tear stains on his shirt. Chuck was surprised. Was Yvette crying?

He shook his head. She must have had a nightmare.

Yvette had already returned to her room to change her clothes. Chuck casually tidied up her clothes. He planned to call his mother later to ask for some money so he could buy a car for Yvette.

He pondered, should he go to the BMW shop first, or the Mercedes-Benz store? Since he already had a BMW, he could buy a Mercedes-Benz for Yvette.

If she didn't usually use it, he could also try it out some time.

After finishing breakfast, they went downstairs and Chuck drove to the car store. The Mercedes-Benz and BMW stores were all next to each other. They most likely had the same owner.

"Honey, I'll buy you a Mercedes-Benz today," Chuck said. However, he noticed Yvette looking at a Volkswagen store. Did she want a Volkswagen?



Chapter 175

"Honey..." Chuck called.

Chuck was going to buy a Mercedes-Benz for Yvette, but why was she staring at the Volkswagen? Did she want to buy one?

Yvette snapped out of her thoughts and said, "Yes, Chuck?"

Chuck said, "Don't look at the Volkswagen anymore. Let's go check out the Mercedes."

"The Mercedes-Benz?" Yvette was shocked. The cheapest Mercedes-Benz cost about 300,000 dollars. It



was too expensive.

She had been thinking about what had happened yesterday. In a trance, she did not realize that Chuck had actually brought her here.

"It's fine, I don't want it, okay?" Yvette shook her head.

"No, we'll get it today!" Chuck was serious. Yvette's temperament was suited for a Mercedes-Benz!

"But Chuck, a Mercedes is too expensive," Yvette was touched but worried. How could she buy such an expensive car?

"Don't worry, honey. I've already told

you that I have a rich family," Chuck said with a smile.

His mother had told him previously that he wasn't supposed to let Yvette know she was back. When the time was right, she would introduce herself to Yvette then.

Chuck did not want to worry Yvette, so he decided he would not tell her about his mother. However, he could tell her that he was rich and that she could spend his money however she liked.

Yvette was especially touched, but she shook her head. She clearly knew

that Chuck was not from a rich family. He was probably just saying that just to comfort her.

"Come on, honey. Let's go in and have a look," Chuck got out of the car with a smile.

Yvette hesitated. It was too expensive and she didn't want Chuck to be in a dilemma. What if she used up all the money that he had earned recently?

But Yvette couldn't refuse Chuck's request. She could only go in and have a look. If she didn't like any of the cars, her husband would definitely take her somewhere else

that was more affordable. She could probably get herself a cheaper domestic car instead.

Having made up her mind, Yvette got off. However, because the Volkswagen and Mercedes-Benz stores were next to each other, Yvette was a little worried. She was worried that the woman yesterday would see her. Therefore, she walked closely beside Chuck. Chuck was happy that his wife was so close to him.

Chuck grinned sneakily, "My dear wife, you smell so good."

Yvette's face turned red, "Chuck,

don't say that."

What was he thinking about? How embarrassing would it be if someone heard his words?

Chuck smiled and the two of them walked in. Yvette was surprised that he didn't show any sign of fear when entering such a place. He had really changed a lot.

She felt at ease. She knew that Chuck really wanted to buy her a Mercedes-Benz. Although she was moved, it was too expensive. Chuck was younger than her, so how could he afford to buy such an expensive car

for her?

.....

The saleswoman from the day before was standing at the door chatting with her husband. She was surprised to see Yvette and Chuck and exclaimed, "Hey, husband, did you see that? It's that woman from yesterday."

The manager also saw Yvette. He initially thought that he was probably just mistaken, but his wife's words assured him that he wasn't dreaming. He scoffed, "How dare she come again! She has gone into the

Mercedes-Benz store next door this time. Hasn't she learned her lesson?

"She certainly can't afford any of the cars there since she couldn't even afford a car worth tens of thousands of dollars. She should just get herself a toy car. I can't believe she brought a man with her this time, and they're even driving such a shabby old car!" Holly felt very disgusted. How could there be such a person?

"She probably went in to have a free meal. Isn't it time for lunch anyways?" The manager shook his head. He could tell at a glance that the man this woman had brought with her was

young and certainly didn't have much money. It was also impossible for him to come from a rich family judging by the car they had driven.

If they were rich, they would have to drive at least a sports car! How could such a person have the confidence to enter the Mercedes-Benz store?

"It's disgusting. She's so poor that she came over to have a free meal. Can't she go somewhere else to eat?" Holly said. How could there be such a person? Was it that she was also looking for a free meal yesterday? That must be it!

Thankfully she managed to expose her dirty deeds. If the woman really managed to eat at their store, she would be grossed out for a month!

Holly nudged, "Honey, let's go over and have a look."

"Okay," The manager nodded. Anyways, the shops here belonged to the same owners. It was normal for the staff to go in and out of the stores all the time.

The two of them entered the Mercedes-Benz store from the backdoor. Both of them sneered. Holly wasn't satisfied with yesterday's

slapping, so today would be the day she could go all out on her.

.....

Chuck and Yvette walked in. Chuck overheard several employees laughing as they were gossiping about something.

"Hey, did you hear? Yesterday, there was a woman creating trouble in the store next door."

"I heard that Holly nearly got hit by the woman. Rumors say that this woman was aiming at Holly's stomach because Holly is pregnant. Fortunately, her husband came out

and slapped the woman. Otherwise, Holly might have suffered a miscarriage."

"Oh my god! Is there really such a vicious person?"

"Yeah, I didn't believe it either. Oh, we have customers, I'm going to go greet them."

A beautiful saleswoman walked over. When Chuck overheard what she said just now, he was a little curious. Did it really happen?

"Welcome, are you here to look at the cars?" The beautiful saleswoman asked with a smile.

"Yes. By the way, what were you talking about just now?" Chuck was curious.

The beautiful salesman sighed, "Oh, here's the thing. Yesterday, at the store next door, there was a woman who got angry because she couldn't afford a car. She wanted to hit the saleswoman's belly. That saleswoman is pregnant, so we're all discussing about how evil the woman is."

Yvette lowered her head and felt bitter. She didn't beat anyone up. In fact, she really didn't do anything to that saleswoman. She wanted to

leave here immediately.

"Is that so?" Chuck suddenly understood. He continued asking, "What happened to this woman in the end?"

The beautiful saleswoman said, "She was kicked a few times and left with her tail between her legs."

Chuck nodded and said, "Well, do you mind introducing some cars to us? My wife will be the one driving it."

"No problem. What's your budget?" The beautiful saleswoman asked.

"It doesn't matter. As long as my wife likes it." Chuck didn't think it was a

big deal. As long as Yvette liked it, he would buy it for her.

The beautiful saleswoman was surprised. This was an important customer. She smiled at Yvette and said, "Well then, why don't you follow me?"

"Honey, what's wrong?" Chuck was surprised because Yvette kept her head down and did not move.

Yvette raised her head and her eyes were red. She muttered, "Chuck, let's leave. We don't have to get it today."

Chuck sighed, "Don't worry. We'll just have a look."

He came over to hold Yvette in his arms. What was wrong? Why was Yvette acting like this all of a sudden?

"Alright," Yvette held back her tears.

They followed the beautiful saleswoman to a Mercedes-Benz.

"This is a Mercedes-Benz C grade car, which is more suitable for a lady to drive..."

She began to introduce the car and Chuck thought it was pretty good. He sat in the car with Yvette. Yvette would look good driving this car. He praised, "Honey, this car is not bad."

Yvette shook her head and said, "But

it's too expensive." This car would cost 400,000 dollars. She had planned to buy a car which cost 70 to 80,000 dollars. She couldn't accept driving such an expensive car.

The car was beautiful, but it was too expensive.

"It doesn't matter, I have the money," Chuck could just make a call to his mother.

"Don't say that. Let's take a look at the other cars. I don't really like this car." Yvette said with a pleading tone.

Chuck sighed and said, "Alright then, let's go... I'm sorry, my wife doesn't

like it."

"It's okay," The beautiful saleswoman smiled and said. She heard Yvette's words. She was saving money for her man. It was so thoughtful of her.

Chuck took Yvette outside. Since Yvette didn't want a Mercedes-Benz, she probably wouldn't want a BMW either. Then ... how about a Volkswagen? That would be fine with him. He was going to take Yvette to the Volkswagen store next door, but was interrupted abruptly, "Jane, does she like this car?"

"Nope," The beautiful saleswoman

shook her head and said.

"Of course not. Yesterday, she went to our Volkswagen store and couldn't even afford a car worth about seventy or eighty thousand dollars. Are you still hoping to buy a Mercedes?" The saleswoman came in from behind with a sneer.

Yvette bit her lip coldly and said, "Chuck, let's go."

Chuck glanced at the saleswoman in surprise. Did Yvette come by to see the cars yesterday?

"Was that the woman who hit you yesterday?" The beautiful

saleswoman asked in surprise.

"Yes, that's her. You have to be careful. She is very mean. If she doesn't have money to buy a car, she will hit you out of anger!" The saleswoman scoffed at Yvette. She continued to provoke her, "I slapped her a few times yesterday and she still had the guts to come back. I have to expose her for what she did...."

Chapter 176

"What did you say?" Chuck asked.

Chuck's face instantly turned steel cold when he heard what the saleswoman said. In that case.... Yvette did come over yesterday, and she was beaten up?

Chuck suddenly recalled the night before. It was no wonder that when he touched Yvette's face last night, he found that it felt a little different from usual. It turned out that she was slapped by this woman.

His heart ached because Yvette's

eyes were red and tears started filing her eyes. She had been greatly wronged.

The saleswoman, Holly sneered, "Wait, what did you say? That's your wife? Hmph, I don't care what your relationship is with her. Yesterday, she came to see the car, but she didn't want to pay a deposit. In the end, she still wanted to hit me. Shouldn't such a woman deserve to be beaten up?"

When Holly came in just now, she saw Yvette sitting in the car just like then. She was really annoyed.

Chuck clenched his fists. Why would Yvette hit anyone? She was just here to look at the car, and Yvette would never lay a hand on others.

This woman was sarcastic and mean. It was clear that she was bullying Yvette.

"Honey, what's going on?" Chuck gently took Yvette's hand and found that she was in tears. Seeing her aggrieved look, Chuck reached out his hand to wipe her tears. Yvette was silent as she shed more tears. She couldn't stop crying.

Chuck said anxiously, "It's okay, you

can tell me."

Yvette sobbed, and the pain she had been holding in all burst out. "Chuck, I came by to see the car yesterday. When I was about to leave, I saw something on her dress, so I went to help her take it off. But she said that I hit her, so she..."

As she spoke, Yvette could no longer continue. Rage pulsed through Chuck's vein. He hugged her gently and patted her on the shoulder to comfort her, "It's alright. It's alright..."

"Honey, let's go. I don't want to stay here anymore," Yvette said. She

wiped away her tears and felt that she had lost her composure in front of Chuck today. She didn't want Chuck to see her crying.

But she couldn't help it. She really couldn't.

She didn't do anything wrong yesterday. She didn't even touch her at all and was slapped by this woman for no reason. If she wasn't outnumbered yesterday, Yvette would have fought back.

"Yes, but..." Chuck said.

"What are you crying for?"

Holly the saleswoman came over and

sneered, "You're so pretentious, I despise people like you. You are so vicious in front of others and so delicate in front of men. Who are you trying to convince?"

Chuck glanced at her. He really didn't want to hit a woman, but how dare she bully his wife?

Smack!

Chuck raised his hand and slapped Holly.

The saleswoman let out a scream and fell to the ground. She touched her red and swollen cheeks and she was shocked. She was hit?

The clear sound stunned all the other salesmen in the Mercedes shop.

"Chuck, she's pregnant." Yvette was astonished, but Chuck had already walked over to Holly who was on the ground.

"How dare you hit my wife?" Chuck roared.

The manager ran over angrily. Chuck glanced at him, grabbed the chair next to him and threw it at him. The manager did not expect Chuck to be so fierce. He screamed in pain as he couldn't dodge the chair and fell to the ground. Chuck didn't flinch as he

grabbed the chair again and walked towards the manager.

He smashed the chair hard on the manager!

"Ah!!!" The manager screamed.

This chair was made of iron and the manager could not fight back against Chuck's strength. When he got up, he was hit to the ground again by Chuck. He couldn't stop screaming. After a few times, his head started to bleed.

"Ah, how dare you hit my husband?" The saleswoman got up. Chuck glanced at her and raised his hand!

Slap!

The saleswoman fell to the ground again. Her face was red and swollen. She didn't expect that Chuck would dare to hit her.

Chuck came over. The saleswoman quickly got up onto her feet and said, "What the hell! I'm pregnant. How dare you hit me?"

Smack!

Chuck didn't say anything and slapped the woman again.

The saleswoman fell to the ground with a scream. She was horrified because she saw that Chuck did not stop there. He squatted down and

grabbed her by her hair. The saleswoman shrieked and Chuck continued slapping her repeatedly.

"This is for my wife! How dare you hit her? So what if you're pregnant? That doesn't give you the right to hit other people." Chuck said coldly before he slapped her again. The saleswoman kept on begging, "Don't hit me, please don't hit me..."

There was pin-drop silence in the Mercedes-Benz store. Who would have thought that Chuck had it in him to hit other people like that?

Yvette was completely stunned. Her

heart was thumping wildly as she was reminded of the first time she met Chuck in Central City.

Yvette felt lucky to have a husband like him.

All of a sudden, Yvette noticed the manager getting up from the ground. His head was bleeding as he grabbed the chair and was about to ram it on Chuck's head. Yvette cried out in alarm, "Hubby, be careful!"

Chuck would definitely be seriously injured if the chair hit him. Yvette quickly ran over and tried to stop the manager.

In response to the attack, Chuck just tilted his head. He had attended one lesson of self-defense training. Although he didn't have real combat experience, he knew how to deal with this sort of people. He just stood up and punched the guy.

"Ah!" A loud scream was heard.

The chair in the manager's hand fell to the ground as he clenched his stomach. The blow had almost caused him to black out. Chuck was pleasantly surprised with himself. He had to start going for training more often.

Chuck gave him a whack on the head. He must have also hit Yvette yesterday too. Since Yvette was wronged, Chuck had to let others know the consequences of beating his wife.

The man was on the verge of death but Chuck kicked him with his foot. He spat at him, "Get up now, I want you to apologise to my wife!"

"Sh*t..." The manager was furious. Chuck raised his foot and kicked him in the stomach again. The manager yelled out in pain.

"Stop, stop. I'll do it..." The manager

screached. Chuck grabbed his clothes and dragged him towards Yvette. The manager felt humiliated, but Chuck raised his hand and slapped him.

The manager got down to his knees and apologized to Yvette, "I'm sorry, I'm really sorry."

Yvette was stunned. She looked at Chuck and said, "Chuck..."

Whack!

The manager was slapped by Chuck again, and he fell to the ground with a howl. Chuck walked to the saleswoman, grabbed her hair and

dragged her over as well. She wailed, "I am pregnant, I am pregnant..."

Slap!

Chuck gave her another smack on the face. It wouldn't be much of a problem to slap someone like her.

"Get on your knees!" Chuck said coldly. The saleswoman struggled and Chuck glared at her, "If not..."

"Okay, I'll kneel, I'll kneel!"

She kowtowed to Yvette and begged for forgiveness. Yvette looked at her and bit her lip.

Chuck shouted, "Now, get the hell out

of my sight!"

The saleswoman quickly staggered to one side. The manager stared at him with resentment and took out his walkies-talkie, "Everyone, get your *sses over to the Mercedes-Benz store, now! Someone's got a bone to pick with me!"

Soon more than a dozen salesmen ran over. Seeing their manager in such a mess, they were also stunned.

"I want him beaten up!" The manager sneered. "So what if you have some fighting skills? You have been outnumbered!"

"Beat him, he hit me just now. Dinner's on me as long as you beat him!" Holly screamed. She was really angry. She had never really encountered such humiliation and got beaten up so badly by a mere man.

These salesmen surrounded Chuck and Yvette.

Yvette grabbed Chuck's hand and said, "Chuck."

"Don't be afraid," Chuck said calmly. When he went to the boxing house, Draco Logan told him that when he was surrounded by many people, it was necessary for him to make an

example out of someone. If he could beat someone until they were at the verge of death, the others would retreat out of fear. It was even more applicable now since these people were just wimps.

When they saw the bloody scene, they would be afraid.

Yvette was not afraid and was more worried for Chuck. She would feel distressed if she saw Chuck being beaten up. After all, Chuck was her husband whom she had known since she was little.

"How dare you beat our manager?"

Are you trying to dig your own grave?"

"Oh, I remember this woman. She was the b*tch from yesterday. Let's beat her together!"

More than a dozen salesmen were ready to attack Chuck. But at this time, a loud voice suddenly rang out in the store, "What the hell are all of you doing?"

Everyone stopped and looked out, only to find a man walking in. The man was the manager of the Mercedes-Benz store. The staff of the store had the colour drained from

their faces as soon as they saw him.

Their manager looked extremely pissed and was about to erupt in anger any moment now.

He came over and said, "Stop this now. Whoever continues to fight will have to bear the consequences!"

The Volkswagen manager frowned, walked over and said, "Manager Wilson, today..."

Whack!

Manager Wilson of the Mercedes-Benz store raised his hand and slapped him. The manager yelped and fell to the ground. He was

shocked, and the other staff were also stunned to their core. What had happened? Why did Manager Wilson hit him?