

## Chapter 210

Quinn Miller had a dream, a dream in which an unknown man had saved her, then had sex with her...

It was crazy.

The coldness pulled her back to reality as she opened her eyes and was suddenly frightened. Where was this place?

Was she in the suburbs? Was she captured and locked up here? Quinn got up and immediately stumbled back into the waters. Her legs were numb from the cold and she realized that she was sitting in a tub full of water. This was.....

Quinn found that her clothes were all intact. What was going on? Wasn't her virginity taken by that b\*stard assistant? Quinn struggled to get up and quickly took a look at herself. Her whole body was numb and swollen from soaking in the water for so long. She couldn't even feel a thing.

Quinn shook her head and tried to recall what had happened last night. She was drugged and had tried to escape. Then, she met a person who seemingly managed to chase her assistant away. And then what?

"Oww, my head! There's a bump here, but what did I bump into?" Quinn touched her head, and it hurt so much.

Where was this place? There was a small bed and a television.... was she in a motel?

The person had brought her to a cheap motel? Quinn gritted her teeth. At the very least, he should've brought her to a hotel. Of all the places he could bring her to, why here?

Quinn's clothes were intact, but she didn't know if she was violated by this person. Quinn sighed and quickly cleared her mind of indecent thoughts. She would've felt something even if she was drugged. However, since she didn't feel anything, she was probably safe.

The only thing she could feel was coldness. Quinn stared at the tub in the bathroom. Could she have sat there the whole night?

She shook her head. Her clothes were wet at this time so she had no way of going out.

She could only take off all her clothes and blow them dry with a hairdryer. After drying them, she took a bath and felt herself properly. Knowing that her chastity was probably still intact, Quinn was relieved.

Did she just meet an amazing man of morals?

Her heart skipped a beat. She had to get to the bottom of this! She put on her clothes and went out.

"Beauty, are you awake?" The woman at the reception looked at Quinn strangely.

Quinn asked, "Yes I am. May I know who brought me here last night?"

The woman replied, "It was a young, handsome and muscular man." Chuck had just finished practicing boxing last night, so his muscles were quite obvious.

If Chuck Cannon had come alone, she would probably offer herself to him too...

Quinn breathed a sigh of relief. Her assistant was skinny and neither handsome nor muscular.

"When did he leave then?" Quinn added on nervously. If he had left in the morning, then she must have been...

The woman responded truthfully, "He sent you in and left. It didn't take him more than three minutes."

Quinn was stunned. Did that mean he was just there to save her? There was no hidden intent as he booked her a room and left without even touching her?

He was a fine person for not maliciously taking advantage of her. Since that was the case, she should probably thank him.

She could just give him money.

The woman suddenly asked, "Hey Miss, isn't he someone you know?"

Quinn shook her head. She had only been here for a few days, so how would she ever get acquainted with such a young and handsome man?

The woman continued while looking at her strangely, "If so, why did you wrap your legs around him and even kissed his neck?"

Quinn blushed. When they came here last night, he seemed to be holding her in his arms. How did she have the audacity to kiss him in that position? Quinn was embarrassed. She actually kissed a man who was younger than her on the neck!

"No, It's not what it seems." Quinn was ashamed. How could it be possible? Although she had lost her consciousness, she didn't feel anything apart from someone holding her. He probably just brought her here and didn't take advantage of her. Indeed, he was truly a good person at heart.

Quinn asked, "Could you describe what this person looks like?"

The woman just replied to her, "He's handsome."

Quinn was helpless. There was no way she could find him by that description alone! She was slightly dejected. After all, the person had gone out of his way to save her, but she couldn't even thank him properly. She walked out of the hotel, slightly disappointed. However, the woman chased after her and handed her a deposit of fifty dollars that was paid by the man.

Quinn could only stare at the fifty dollars in her hand. She wondered, how did her saviour look like? To put her in a motel worth 30 dollars a night, did that mean he was extremely poor?

If it was true, she would definitely give him a lot of money.

She headed towards the hotel she was residing in. Her phone and credit cards were still in her room since the assistant had no reason to take them.

When she arrived at the hotel, the staff told her that the assistant had yet to return after leaving yesterday. Quinn's eyes narrowed coldly. How dare he treat her like that!

Quinn went back to her room and took out her cell phone. She wanted to call the police but she couldn't. If the police knew what happened and launched an investigation, how would she ever be able to face the public?

She was suddenly reminded of how the person managed to chase her assistant away, so her assistant would also have seen the person's face! In that case, she could just have her assistant tell her who the savior was!

Quinn turned on her phone and asked the employees from her company to come over.

It wouldn't be a problem capturing the assistant once her employees arrived. Then, she would finally be able to start her search for the person who saved her!

Quinn changed into another set of clothes. She was positive that the man must've made an advance on her before bringing her to the hotel. She was confident that her figure was decent enough and would not lose out to foreigners!

Quinn was in a dilemma. Wasn't a little disgusting? But she didn't care. She just wanted to find her lifesaver.

Who was he?

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Who was he?

She was still dreaming of the possibilities when she suddenly thought of the dream yesterday. They had ravished each other's bodies as though there was no tomorrow. Quinn sighed and quickly shoved the thought out of her mind. What was she thinking? The person was younger than her! She shouldn't be thinking of such lewd issues.

.....

For the past few days, Quinn had been looking for her assistant but he seemed to have disappeared into thin air. She was particularly angry and vowed to capture him! Meanwhile, her mind was also constantly thinking of the man who had saved her.

She was still imagining how this person would look like. How handsome was he? Unbeknownst to her, she had driven to City Square. She narrowed her eyes. She would definitely buy the whole plaza!

She would never let this person go! He had the audacity to peep at her underwear and even grabbed her in places that he shouldn't have. She had to take revenge!

With this in mind, Quinn drove into the parking lot of the plaza.

.....

"Teacher Jordan, what did you say?" Yolanda Lane was especially surprised. Yvette Jordan had just told her about the company's ownership transfer and how she didn't want Chuck to know.

Yvette nodded. Today was the fourth day, which meant Dread would be here any minute now.

"Teacher Jordan, your company has always been doing well, so why did you suddenly decide to transfer its ownership? Are you facing any financial problems? Don't worry, just tell me." Yolanda knew that Chuck was taking special attention and care towards Yvette. Since Yvette didn't want him to know, she could only try to help out if Yvette was facing financial issues. She still had around a few hundred thousand dollars from her savings in college.

Yvette shook her head and refused Yolanda's goodwill, "No, it's something personal. Thank you for offering but please don't tell Chuck about it."

She was only here because site management transfer was one of the procedures she had to go through before the ownership of the company could be completely transferred.

"Well," Yolanda was particularly helpless. Chuck would know sooner or later about the transfer of ownership because he was the boss of the plaza. How would he not notice such a big problem?

"Just try to hide it for as long as possible." Yvette planned to find a part-time job today. After all, school would start in less than a month.

Yolanda nodded helplessly, "Okay."

Yvette brought Dread over to sign the contract, who left after the procedures were completed. He had shut the company's business for a few days as he was still searching for people to take over it. Yvette stared at the closed doors of her company and sighed. Quickly, she gathered her emotions and tried to cheer herself up. It was a new beginning for her, so she had to work hard in order to pay off her debt.

"Dear, why isn't your company open today?" Chuck noticed Yvette from behind and walked over to her curiously.

## Chapter 211

"Hubby, I've given them a vacation to relax," Yvette Jordan said in a hurry. She was nervous and felt guilty that she had lied to him.

"Well, it's better to take some time off." Chuck Cannon thought it was good. It was a good idea too if he could have his employees take a vacation in batches. They would be able to work more efficiently then.

"Well, hubby, I still have something to attend to outside. I'll be back at night."

Yvette was exhausted. She hadn't been sleeping well these days. Even though she had Chuck sleeping beside her and had sometimes rested her head on his chest, she would still wake up in the middle of the night in cold sweat.

She was under a lot of pressure and still owed the 'baller' 600,000 dollars.

She did not dare to say anything to Chuck. If she told him, he would certainly hate her.

Chuck nodded to her, "Alright."

"Hubby, am I very useless?"

Yvette suddenly lost her confidence. She had lost her company and was left with a mere ten thousand dollars. Her rent was almost up, but she was still six hundred thousand dollars in debt.

Yvette looked at the closed shutters. She really wanted to cry, but she couldn't.

"Why would you be? Are you alright?" Chuck was surprised. Why was Yvette so depressed?

"I'm fine, hubby. I'm leaving first. I'll be cooking tonight so let's eat dinner at home." Yvette shook her head and walked into the lift.

Chuck smiled. Yvette had been very busy ever since she started the company. Moreover, since they were at bad terms before and had only reconciled recently, it was already ages since he was last able to eat something she made. Yvette's cooking skills were still pretty impressive.

She took the elevator and left, while Chuck went to Yolanda's office. After following up with some matters, he was prepared to leave the plaza. He had gotten news that there was a new piece of land on sale in the city hub. It would be a definite profit if he bought some property

there, so Chuck was going to go take a look at them himself.

It would be a big investment if he purchased some property there.

Since his mother was so powerful, he couldn't lose out as her son!

Chuck's first goal was to be the richest man in the country. As for when he could achieve it, he had to depend on his luck and hard work.

When he arrived at Yolanda's office, Chuck frowned. Quinn Miller was here again. This time, she was dressed in hot pants that revealed her supple and sexy thighs. The outline of her hip was curvy and tempting that he couldn't move his gaze away.

Chuck suddenly remembered how he had saved her and brought her to a motel that night. He couldn't seem to forget that although this person was annoying, her figure was indeed attractive.

Quinn was disgusted by his gaze. It was nauseating!

She just glared at Chuck, thinking that he was a vile person. All men were nasty, apart from the person who had saved her that night. That man would never take advantage of her...

Chuck regretted immensely for saving her that night. Why didn't he just let the assistant have his way with her? He could've just stood by the sidelines and watched as the whole scene unfolded.

"What are you looking at?" Quinn's voice was cold.

Chuck didn't bother to pay attention to her. Didn't she dress like this to seduce men?

He walked over and said, "I'm not going to sell the plaza no matter what. How many times do you want me to say it?"

Yolanda Lane also tried to explain to her, but Quinn had shoved the plan in her hands. If they didn't want to sell it, Quinn threatened to buy a piece of land nearby and build a greater and bigger plaza.

Quinn already had her own construction team on standby. She was clear how much it would cost to purchase the land. 700 or 800 million dollars was probably enough.

Hearing this, Chuck was furious. He stared at her and said, "Do whatever you want. I will not sell the plaza. End of story. You can just build one for all I care."

"You will sell it to me!" Quinn said and stormed out. Chuck snickered, "You've gotten well quite quickly, haven't you?"

Quinn stopped in her tracks. She turned her head and stared at Chuck, asking, "What do you mean?"



Why did he ask that?

Chuck wanted to tell her that it was he who saved her that day. However, he knew that she would never believe him even if he told her. It would be best to spare him the explaining.

Chuck chuckled, "Your butt... You fell very heavily that day."

Yolanda was surprised. What happened between the two?

"Shameless!" Quinn turned around angrily and walked out. Why were there so many disgusting people in this world?

She was utterly disappointed by all men. Was the only gentleman in the world the person who saved her?

At this moment, Quinn really wanted to know who saved her.

As for Chuck, he prayed that he didn't have to see her anymore. He really regretted saving her. If he could go back in time, he would never have saved her and would probably add in a few more kicks to her head.

In the meantime, Yolanda was wondering if she should tell Chuck that Yvette's company was gone.

"What's the matter?" Chuck looked at Yolanda, who seemed troubled.

"Nothing." Yolanda shrugged. She had promised Yvette to keep it a secret, so she couldn't really tell him.

It was best if Yvette could tell Chuck himself.

"Then I'll leave first," Chuck said as he walked out. He saw the filming crew still busy shooting a scene outside. After asking around, he learned that there were only two days more before the shooting of the plaza, so they would leave to film other scenes elsewhere.

Chuck observed the filming the day before and found that Zabrina Yalden was pretty good at acting. The film would definitely one of the highest-grossing films of all time. The plaza had also become very popular just by the fact that Zabrina was here. Chuck believed that the plaza's business would only go uphill from here on. However, he noticed that Wilbur Wendel waiting for Zabrina, who was still busy taking a scene. He looked.... Chuck was curious. With Wilbur's ability to pick up girls, could he have already gotten together with Zabrina? It was almost a week already.

Chuck shook his head and went downstairs.

"Cut!" The director, Erica Yannic shouted.

Zabrina had fell out of character just now. She noticed Chuck from the corner of her eye and kept taking glances at him, which was why they

had to film another take.

She was silent. She went to the director and said that she wanted to have a rest. The director was surprised and asked, "Didn't you sleep well last night?"

"No." Zabrina shook her head and looked at the spot where Chuck had just left...

When Quinn got into her car, her mobile phone suddenly rang and she noticed it was a call from her new assistant. This time, she was careful to employ a woman as her assistant. She was not going to risk it again by employing another man. She wouldn't want things to end up like last time.

She answered the call.

"What!"

The new assistant said, "Boss, we've found him!"

Quinn's gaze deepened and she asked, "Where?" ... OK, I'll be right there!"

Putting down the phone, Quinn's gaze was burning with a vicious flame. He had the guts to drug her!

Quinn drove to this place.

At an abandoned place.

The assistant was already beaten up. All this time, he was staying alone in a cheap hotel. He had gotten bored and decided to call for a prostitute. However, he was greeted by a group of people instead. He didn't know who they were but he recognized one of them and instantly knew - they were Quinn Miller's henchmen!

The assistant still felt scared but had already expected this to happen. He had already stored the video somewhere only he knew. As long as he wasn't dead, the video would be distributed to everyone whom Quinn ever knew.

Vroom!

The sound of a car engine roared as a car swerved into the place. When it stopped, the door opened and Quinn stepped down from the car gracefully.

The assistant sneered. He would definitely have his way with her one day.

Quinn walked over with a straight face and slapped him in the face.

The assistant's face was stained red, but he did not scream. He just

sneered at her, "You'd better beat me to death if you have the guts to!"

Slap!

Quinn took a blow at him again. She really wanted to kill this person. How could he treat her like this? If it weren't for that person, she would have been disgraced by him.

"Are you done? Then let me tell you, I took a video of your seductive face and even took it out to enjoy it yesterday. You were so pretty, I even..." The assistant snickered. He thought Quinn did not dare to hit him after learning that she had been recorded in the video.

Slap!

Quinn raised her hand and slapped him again. The assistant was bleeding from his lips and he stared at Quinn angrily, threatening, "Give me 50 million dollars and let me go, or else I will send your video to everyone you know and let them see your ugly state!"

Quinn glared down at him. She vaguely remembered that he had taken a video of her. To make matters worse, she might have accidentally exposed her chest when she was struggling. Quinn's expression steeled. If others saw her in that state, she would never be able to take it.

Quinn calmed herself down and ordered, "Take his phone!"

The assistant scoffed, "Do you really think I'll have my mobile phone on me?"

Quinn narrowed her eyes and gritted her teeth, "Don't you have your mobile phone with you? Let's put that aside first. Let me ask you, who saved me that day?"

## Chapter 212

"What did you say?" Quinn Miller narrowed her eyes and stared at her former assistant, his face already red and swollen from all the slaps.

"Do you really want to know? I'm sure you must've fallen in love with him!"

The assistant cackled. He was really shocked to hear Quinn ask him this question.

After all, he had been with Quinn for such a long time, so he was familiar with her tics and habits. He knew that Quinn had always been single. She was probably longing for someone to accompany her after being single for so long.

After all, all women would fall in love with their hero.

The more he thought about it, the more amused he felt.

What if she found out that the person she was looking for was actually the one whom she hated the most and the one who peeped under her skirt? How would she react?

However, he wouldn't reveal it that easily. If Quinn wanted to know, then she'd better let him go with some money.

Slap!

Quinn raised her hand and slapped him again. Her beautiful eyes were as cold as ice as she said, "You'd better be honest with me."

The assistant laughed out loud, knowing that his deductions were right. Quinn was in such a hurry to find the person who had saved her. Did she really like this person?

Of course, With Quinn's seductive figure and delirious state, Chuck Cannon probably had his way with her already. Quinn must be so adamant on finding him because of this.

The assistant sneered, "If I don't tell you, you'll never know so you'd best listen to my demands. I want you to give me 5 million dollars and transfer it to my credit card. I'll tell you once all these are done. Otherwise, the secret will die with me here!"

Quinn glared warily at him,. "You'd better be honest!"

Then, she ordered, "Transfer 5 million dollars to his card!"

"Yes!" Quinn's new assistant immediately followed her instructions. Soon, she showed the transfer record to him.

After seeing this, the assistant's smile grew wider, "Quinn, you just spent five million dollars to find this person. It seems you're so eager to find out who he is eh?"

"Say it!"

Quinn's eyes looked merciless but she was actually a little nervous. Who could the person who saved her be?

She desperately needed to know.

It was already to the point that it affected her sleep and daily activities!

The woman in the hotel said that he was handsome and young, so Quinn was actually very nervous. She had dreamed of him recently, but could never seem to have a good look at his face.

In her dreams, the two of them were like beasts as they toyed with each other in bed. Exactly, she had been having wet dreams for a few days because of him...

"Let me go," the assistant said.

Quinn frowned and ordered, "Let him go."

Her new assistant nodded and untied him.

The assistant was released and he stood up, stretching his body. This was amazing! Chuck had definitely made the right choice saving Quinn. He had earned 5 million dollars just like that and even managed to get hold of a video!

"Okay, I'll tell you. But, you have to answer my question first." The assistant looked lewdly at Quinn. He was still annoyed to think that Chuck had laid his hands on her first. Such an excellent woman should have belonged to him that day...

"Say it!"

"Did you feel good that night..."

Slap!

Quinn slapped him, asking, "Do you want to die?"

The assistant covered his cheek with his hand and sneered, "It seems that you must have been thoroughly taken by him in bed to be so desperate! Haha... Well, since I have taken the money, I'll tell you. This person is..."

Quinn was no longer angry. She became nervous as she held her breath. She would finally know who her lifesaver was...

.....

Yvette Jordan was in the car. She had joined a part-time group on social media in her mobile phone a long time ago when she had yet to start her company. She had left it there for years and could finally put the information in it to good use. The group offered many different part-time jobs. However, was there any job she could take up in order to get 600,000 dollars to return to the 'baller' in a month!?

She had thought about it for a long time and decided to take up some real estate jobs. If the commission was high, she could raise a lot of money in a day. However, it seemed that she was not very lucky. She had been searching for a suitable job for the whole morning. There were plenty of suitable jobs and with her education background and ability, she could easily apply for a job with a monthly salary of 20,000 to 30,000 dollars. However, Yvette was reluctant to take up those jobs, since none of them could allow her to make enough money to pay the 'baller' back in a month.

Therefore, she planned it out carefully. She would start off with a sales job in real estate to get quick cash. She had contacted the manager in a newly constructed plot of land and landed a job here. As she had previous relevant experience, she could start right away in the afternoon and end work at 5 in the evening, just in time to buy some groceries to make dinner for Chuck.

She hurriedly finished the pancakes in her hand. Since she didn't have much cash left on her, she had to save up. She quickly got down from the car and changed into a sales uniform 20 minutes later and started work.

She had done similar jobs when she was in college. At that time, she remembered very clearly that she could earn up to 70 thousand dollars in a month.

She hoped that she could earn more money this month. With that, she could return the 'baller' his money in a month!

Yvette was confident that the new building was going to sell like hotcakes since it was situated in the heart of the city. A suite would cost around several hundreds of millions. If she was able to sell a few this month, she would be able to get a lot of commission from it. Yvette steeled her determination and started attending to the clients who had just arrived.

She was dressed in a uniform and looked very elegant. This attracted the envious looks from other salespeople.

Several salesgirls started gossiping about her. Yvette was secretly angry when she overheard their conversation, but what else could she

do? She sighed and instead stood in an unnoticeable corner. She started looking through the property so she could advertise them better to the clients later.

She believed that hard work would help her achieve greater heights!

Yvette maintained a positive attitude. At this time, a potbellied man walked over, his eyes gleaming with vulgarity. He was here to buy a house, but had other thoughts in mind upon noticing this beautiful woman.

Seeing this person walk toward Yvette, the other salespeople were even more jealous!

Yvette put on her work smile and said, "Sir, are you looking to buy a house?"

"That's right. I'm going to buy a suite. Please introduce it to me!" The man's eyes were fixated on Yvette, and the desire in him was ignited. She had an excellent figure!

Yvette immediately started talking about the property. She was already familiar with the land's key features and perks after studying it. However, the man quickly interrupted her. He already had his eye on the property anyway. He said, "Beauty, you're right, I do intend to buy it. But you have to tell me how many sets of these I should buy."

"How many sets would you like to buy?" Yvette was surprised. After all, she had not finished introducing the suites.

All of a sudden, the man shouted and everyone from the sales department looked over. The other salesgirls also looked over curiously. Did the negotiation fall through?

Why was Yvette pretending to be innocent and pure?

Yvette frowned. At this time, the manager came over unhappily. He only allowed Yvette to work here part-time because of her attractive appearance and figure. He hoped that Yvette would be able to sell the property by seducing her clients with her figure, but it had backfired now. The manager was both annoyed and disappointed with Yvette.

"Sir, I am the manager of the sales department. Is there anything I can help you with?" The manager was polite. He knew this man since he was rich and owned a company of his own.

He couldn't afford to offend him.

The man snorted and looked very angry, "What's wrong with you? Why did you employ such useless part-timers? I'm sure you don't want the

job anymore, do you?"

"Please calm down. I'll have her apologize to you right now." The manager smiled sheepishly at the man and turned to Yvette coldly, "Yvette, apologize to the boss!"



## Chapter 213

Yvette Jordan sighed and removed her the working badge from her uniform and announced resolutely, "Manager, I quit."

She then turned and left. Asking her to sell her body just for sales? Not a chance, she could never do something to betray Chuck Cannon. 5 houses were indeed tempting, but they were not enough for her to trade her chastity for.

The manager could no longer keep a straight face and shouted at her, "Why are you still pretending? When you came here, you even said that you had sales experience. Is this your so-called experience?"

"I'm not pretending." Yvette shook her head and sighed.

"What rubbish sales department is this? How could such a person be recruited? I'm sure you're already sick of being a manager, right!"

The man was even more upset. He wanted the manager to force Yvette to apologize to him, but now, she had decided to quit. He had no way of venting his anger.

The manager was a little flustered. This person was rich and probably knew her boss. She could easily make her lose her job with just one call. She quickly grabbed Yvette and stopped her from leaving, saying, "Yvette, you say you're quitting on a whim, what do you think you're doing?"

"Sorry." Yvette shook her head. She didn't want to stay in this place for even a moment longer.

As a manager, was it really appropriate to be side with the clients?

The manager said coldly, "Sorry? If you don't apologize to the boss today, you won't be able to leave!" She had to keep her job at all costs.

The man sneered. She'd better not go against him! She should just wait for him on his bed and everything would be fine.

The other salesgirls were also looking at them, obviously entertained. They were excited that their manager was going to drive Yvette away!

Yvette frowned and continued walking.

Suddenly, she stopped in her tracks. She was pissed. She was here to sell property, not to be insulted. In addition, she didn't even do anything wrong this time! It was all a show put on by the man.

"Watch your mouth please." Yvette stared at the manager.

She then glared at the rest and shouted, "Shut up!"

She shook her head and was firm, "I won't apologize, nor will I do what you asked me to do!"

The manager sneered, "Are you still pretending? Look at how poor you are! You can't even afford a house! Do you still want to fight with this boss? It's going to end badly for you!"

Yvette's heart was filled with anger. She really wanted to go over and fight with the manager. It wouldn't be a big deal if she struck at the manager, but the bigger problem at hand was her chance at finding a new job.

She would probably be put in jail, which was something she wanted to avoid.

With that thought, Yvette's temper subsided. Forget it, she was going to leave anyway.

The manager was still shouting at her, "Get yourself here this instant!"

At this moment...

The automatic glass doors suddenly opened with a loud chime as someone walked into the place. The other salespeople looked over and saw that it was a young man. He was dressed smartly, but no one knew if he actually had the wealth to back it up.

The person who entered was Chuck. He had already decided on coming since this morning at the plaza. This place had newly built estates and he had already thought of purchasing some. After all, the location itself would already guarantee profit.

He headed straight to a model of a house and starting observing it. It was pretty impressive, its location especially. If he bought it this year, the stock price of the building would definitely rise. It would be a good investment.

Chuck was too focused and did not notice Yvette in the corner at all.

"Sir, are you planning to buy a house?" A saleswoman came over to introduce the property to him. Although Chuck didn't seem to have much money, she still had to welcome him.

"How much is this?" Chuck had already researched before coming over. He knew that the price was around three million dollars.

The saleswoman said, "Hello, it's priced at three million dollars,"

"Three million? How much is the deposit?" Chuck asked after thinking about it.

The saleswoman said, "It's 30 percent of the price of the house, so it's

about one million dollars."

Chuck made up his mind quickly and nodded, "Alright. Give me two please." He did not ask for money from his mother since there was still some liquid assets he could use from the plaza. Although it was not much, it was still enough to purchase two sets of real estates since it only cost 2 million dollars. He still had to use the money from the plaza to pay the rest of the rent for the house.

"Okay, this way, please." The saleswoman was surprised. The deal was done in just a blink of an eye!

No one expected that he was pretty rich.

"H- Hubby..." When Yvette saw Chuck, she was so shocked that she thought she was hallucinating. Why was Chuck here? To buy a house? Well, it seemed to be the case since she saw Chuck talking to the saleswoman and being led to the counter thereafter.

"Are you crazy?" The manager scoffed, "It's too late even if you have figured it out now. Someone else has served the client here."

In her opinion, it was simply impossible. She just heard Chuck say that he wanted to order two houses. The deposit itself already cost up to 2 million dollars. Since Yvette was here to sell real estate, her husband could never be so rich!

She probably was just attracted by the young man!

The manager looked down on her, and so did the other saleswomen. Who was she? If she was here working, how would her husband not know? For her to simply call someone her husband, was she that shameless?

The man just now was even angrier! This b\*tch!

"Hubby!" Yvette was anxious and she called out loudly. It was not until then that Chuck heard her. He turned his head in confusion and was immediately stunned.

"Sir, please pay the deposit here." The saleswoman said with a smile. At the same time, she glared at Yvette coldly. Was she trying to steal her client?

Chuck shook his head and ignored her. He walked up to Yvette and was surprised. Why was Yvette dressed in a uniform here? What was going on? Was this what she told him she had to do in the morning?

Seeing Chuck's suspicious gaze, Yvette finally realized what was happening. She had called Chuck on impulse when she saw him just now, but she forgot that she was wearing a uniform. How was she going to explain it to him?

Was she going to confess that she had lost her company? Yvette's heart was perturbed. If she said that, Chuck would definitely be very disappointed in her.

Chuck was surprised and asked, "Dear, why are you here?"

The manager and the other saleswomen were stunned. What? Was he really her husband?

The salesgirl who was attending to Chuck just now sneered. Seems like she was right on, the man didn't have much money! He was definitely putting on a front by saying he wanted to buy the two houses!

"I..." Yvette lowered her head.

"What's wrong? Didn't you say that you had some matters to attend to? Why are you here?" Chuck was anxious. Yvette must be extremely short of money to be here working part-time.

"I..."

Chuck immediately understood. That must be the case! Alas, why was Yvette so stubborn and refused to get money from him?

The manager snickered, "Your wife is here to make money. Don't you know that?"

Chuck glanced at her and ignored her. He said to Yvette straight away, "Honey, you should continue with your work. We'll talk about it when we get back."

Now that Yvette was already working here, he couldn't take her away just like that, could he? That would be rude of him.

"I..." Yvette's heart was filled with disappointment.

How was she supposed to continue working?

Chuck grinned, "Honey, I'll buy the houses from you. Give me two, please."

"Hubby, you..." Yvette covered her mouth in surprise. Chuck wanted two houses? The deposit would cost at least 2 million dollars. Where would he get so much money? In addition, he had managed to buy a 7th-series BMW and a sports car that cost nearly five million dollars! Yvette was seriously taken aback.

The saleswoman who was attending to Chuck earlier would not allow Yvette take her business away that easily. She quickly butted in and said, "Sir, your wife is no longer an employee here since she quit."

She continued, "Sir, please follow me to pay the deposit here."

Chuck ignored her. He was surprised and asked, "Honey, you..."

Yvette was always pretty resilient at work, so how could she give up easily? Something must have happened!

Yvette shook her head uneasily, "Hubby, I don't want to do it anymore." Her voice came out as a squeak as she just couldn't muster the confidence to say it.

Chuck immediately understood that she must have been bullied to the point that she quit. Hence, Chuck nodded and assured her, "It's alright. Since you just quit, I think I'll just forfeit buying a house here."

It was fine since there were still other options elsewhere.

"Hubby." Yvette was touched. However, if Chuck really had the money to purchase the houses here, it would be a pity and a loss if he refused to purchase them here.

She was just about to persuade Chuck to continue with his purchase.

## Chapter 214

Chuck Cannon frowned. Yvette was also angry. She could be wronged, but she didn't want Chuck to be dragged into her mess.

"What did you say?" Yvette Jordan stared at them.

She didn't know where Chuck got the money to buy a house. But since he came in, he was definitely serious on buying a house. He only stopped buying it because of her.

"Why are you still pretending? Is your husband still going to put on a show here?" The manager snickered, "I knew it! You're here to sell property, so how would your husband have the ability to buy a house here? I can help you explain it with just two simple words - to brag!"

"Yeah! I'm sure they're just bragging!" The salesgirl who attended to Chuck just now also jeered at them for getting her happy over nothing. Good-for-nothings!

Yvette said coldly, "Shut up. My husband has money to buy a house. He's just not buying it because of me."

The manager scoffed, "Oh, then why don't you ask your husband to buy one now? Otherwise, he's just talking big."

The saleswoman added in sarcastically, "A tin can makes the loudest noise. The key here is the ability to pay. Since you said he could afford it, will you be paying in cash or in credit?"

Chuck glanced at the two of them and said calmly, "I've said that I won't buy it."

"Haha!"

The saleswoman sneered at him, "If you're poor then just say it! Stop trying to put on airs and say that you have the money! You beggar!"

Chuck frowned.

"Yvette, don't think that you'll be fine with your husband here. I'll still make you apologize to this boss in front of your husband!" The manager said snarkily. Since the two of them were poor, she did not hesitate to throw them under the bus.

The man strode over with a sly smile in his face as he said, "Boy, get out of my way. Your woman is going to apologize to me!"

Yvette said anxiously, "Hubby, just now he asked me to..."

The manager shouted at them impatiently, "Hurry up!"

"Hurry up, or I will find someone to break your husband's legs!" The man threatened them while glaring at Chuck in disdain. He could easily crush a person like Chuck, who couldn't even afford to buy a suite!

"Of course, if you listen to me obediently and bring me to check out a few rooms, I'll let your husband go and even buy 5 suites from you. What do you think..." The man snickered. Would she still refuse him now?

Yvette just glared at him.

However, even before he could finish taunting them, the man suddenly fell to the ground, howling in pain while clutching his stomach.

The manager, as well as the other saleswomen, were dumbfounded.

Chuck grabbed a chair next to him and walked over with a cold look in his eyes.

"You f\*cking dare to hit me, I..." The man got up and was extremely angry!

Chuck didn't even give him a chance to retaliate. He swiftly took the chair and started smashing it on the man again and again. Since the man was defenseless, he soon fainted from the blows. The manager and the staff were all shocked and she stammered in disbelief, "What... what did you do? Did you just beat him up? You guys are finished, I tell you. Finished!"

The manager panicked. This wasn't any random customer, this was a big boss! And here he was, being beaten up that easily? Chuck must be dumb to do it. Did he not know that the man could easily order his death with just a word?

Chuck put down the chair and walked to the manager.

With a crisp sound, Chuck slapped her right across her face and the manager fell to the ground, yelping in pain. Then, Chuck left the place straight away with a visibly dumbfounded Yvette. His priority now was to interrogate Yvette. Why was she working part-time here?

"Trying to leave after beating someone up?" The manager struggled and got up. She would be in big trouble if she let Chuck leave just like that.

She ran over and tried to grab Chuck to stop him from leaving. Chuck responded with a roundhouse kick right in her abdomen. After learning the art of boxing for a while, women like her were nothing but appetizers to him.

"Ouch!" The manager screamed and rolled on the ground, "Someone,

stop them!"

However, the other salesmen didn't dare to come forward. Whilst they were looking around for someone to volunteer and step up first, Chuck had already arrived at the door with Yvette.

Right at that moment.

The door opened and a stern-looking woman walked in. When Chuck saw her, he frowned. What did she come here for? To buy a house?

It was Quinn Miller. Chuck was surprised that she was here. Was she also attracted by the houses here and was hoping to make a smart investment?

Quinn took out a card and announced, "I'll buy the rest of the houses!"

The sales department's salesmen were frozen in their shoes. What type of people were coming today?

Quinn sounded harsh as she repeated herself again, "Didn't you hear me? I want to pay!"

The manager got up with her hands still clutching her stomach. She quickly ran over to Quinn to attend to her, glaring at Yvette and Chuck on her way, as though she was going to settle things with them later. She tried to flash her best smile, but the slap from Chuck just now made her expression contorted. Quinn frowned and ordered, "Not you!"

"I am the manager here." The manager said awkwardly. She could see that Quinn was dressed in branded clothes that cost up to hundreds of thousands of dollars. The bag Quinn was holding was also proof of her wealth since it was a limited edition bag that cost millions of dollars. She definitely had the ability to purchase all the property here, so the manager was determined to treat her with utmost respect.

She was definitely more esteemed than Yvette and Chuck!

Quinn scoffed, "So what if you're a manager? Get me someone else, now!"

The manager's face flushed with embarrassment. She had no choice but to call over someone else to attend to Quinn. In a jiffy, someone calculated the total amount payable and handed the bill over to Quinn. She just took one look at it and handed her credit card over to them.

Soon, the whole process was completed. The manager was shocked. How could she be so rich? Everything cost over a hundred million dollars!

The other salesmen were also dumbfounded. Such a rich woman was rarely seen.



Yvette was especially surprised. She knew that there were still more than forty suites left, but Quinn had managed to purchase all of them. How much would all of them cost?

Chuck didn't bother to pay any attention to her. This woman was crazy. How could she buy so many houses at once?

Chuck was about to leave with Yvette, but was once again stopped by the manager who shouted at them, "Stop! Don't even think about leaving today!"

Were they playing around? Did they really think they could leave after beating that influential boss up?

At that moment, Quinn said, "That man is an eyesore. Throw him out."

The assistants whom she had brought with nodded and quickly tossed the unconscious man out. The manager was shocked, "Boss, he is..."

Quinn didn't even look at her. She walked up to Chuck and stared at him!

Yes!

Her former assistant said that the person who saved her was Chuck, but she didn't believe it. Therefore, she had her new assistants beat him up to see if he was lying, but he remained firm.

Quinn felt that something was wrong, how could it be him? She remembered that she woke up in a cheap 30-dollar motel in a tub of cold water. If it wasn't Chuck, how would others bear to treat her like that?

The more Quinn thought about it, the more disgusted she felt. How could she be saved by the person she hated? She even touched him!

She had an impulse to beat Chuck up as well, but she hesitated. Although she was put off by the idea, Chuck did save her anyways!

If she beat him up, wouldn't she be returning kindness with ingratitude?

She was extremely conflicted. After pondering over it, she decided to return the favor.

Yvette's eyes were glassy. She didn't know this woman, but why was she staring at Chuck like that?

"Was it you?" Quinn stared at Chuck and asked. She was both nervous and disgusted. If it really was Chuck, she would really feel sick because that would mean that the person she was having a wet dream with all this time was Chuck.

"What 'was it me'?" Chuck did not want Yvette to misunderstand. If Yvette knew that Chuck had saved Quinn who was drugged at that time, she would definitely suspect that something had happened. However, Chuck really did nothing.

"I found the assistant. He said it was you who saved me," Quinn said.

"You're crazy, I don't know what you're talking about. Do you think I would save you?" Chuck shook his head and would not admit to it. He regretted helping her out of taking pity for her that day. He should have just let her be taken advantage of!

Quinn's eyes were as cold as ice. She was also doubting that Chuck would save her.

However, Quinn could tell that Chuck was too composed. It must be him! Quinn was both disgusted and conflicted that he saved her.

Quinn said, "I don't like to owe people a favor. Since you're here to buy a house, I've bought all the houses here so you can pick 20 suites!" This was the only reason why she was here.

Yvette froze.

The other salesmen were also stunned, and their chins almost fell to the ground. Twenty houses? This was a gift that cost than 60 million dollars?

The manager's eyes widened in disbelief. Was Chuck really that influential for a woman to willingly give him 20 sets of houses?

Chuck frowned. Why would he want her to offer him houses? He shook his head and refused, "You're mistaken. I'm not the one who saved you so you'd better go and find someone else... Honey, let's go."

Chuck left with Yvette but was once again stopped by Quinn as she said, "Stop, it's definitely you. It's an eye for an eye here, and I don't want to owe you anything. Tell me, what do you want?"

If he didn't want a house, fine! She could always give him money, right?

## Chapter 215

Chuck Cannon turned to look at Quinn Miller. Was she really set on repaying him?

Putting aside the fact that he refused to admit it in front of Yvette Jordan, the fact that Quinn was being so stubborn was already putting him off.

Chuck's business in the plaza was already looking good. His mother was also extremely wealthy, so there was no reason for him to risk exposing himself for 20 meager suites.

"Are you out of your mind?"

Chuck said this and dragged Yvette away with him, who was still in a state of shock.

Quinn's eyes were shooting daggers at Chuck, who was leaving nonchalantly. The sales department was dead silent.

It was so silent that the sound of a falling pin could be heard.

No one dared to say anything. Everyone, including the salesperson and Quinn's new assistants, could see that Quinn was enraged now.

No one had the guts to try her patience!

The other customers were shocked. A rich, beautiful lady was going to give Chuck 20 suites, but he didn't want it?

Was he really that rich?

The manager and the salesgirl who attended to Chuck earlier were the most shocked. They had firmly believed that Chuck was just a poor beggar, but they were doubtful now. Would a poor person refuse 20 suites like that? Was he really poor?

There was no way he could not pay for 2 suites just now!

Could Yvette's husband be secretly rich?

Otherwise, how could they refuse the 20 suites so 'generously'?

The salesgirl from just now was the most remorseful. If she didn't mock him just now, could she have already sold two suites?

Silence still hung in the room.

Quinn was very angry, but based on his reaction, she had to accept the reality that Chuck was really the one who saved her!

But the question now was, why?

Quinn was particularly puzzled. After all, the two of them were like cats and dogs from the very first day they met. Could it be that he had taken pity on her?

He had saved her regardless of what happened in the past because he didn't want to see a woman in danger?

This was the only possible explanation that Quinn could think of.

That could probably explain why Chuck refused to lay a hand on her after he saved her and just abandoned her in a shabby motel. He even threw her in a tub of cold water and left just like that. No doubt, this was his way of getting back at her. He was using this to vent his dissatisfaction with her.

Quinn was silent. He had peeked at her from below and even grabbed her where he shouldn't have. He was very disgusting, but... he was also a man.

Since he had done what a man should, he wasn't so useless after all.

The anger in Quinn's heart unknowingly disappeared and she couldn't help thinking of the wet dreams that she had for the past few days. She actually dreamed of doing it with him...

She shook her head and dispelled the thoughts in her mind. It would be best if she stopped thinking of such disgusting things.

The new assistant broke her trance as she whispered, "President, now..."

"It's okay. You can deal with the house here first."

"Do you still want the 20 suites?"

Quinn narrowed her eyes and ordered, "Keep them!"

With that, she strolled out of the shop charismatically.

The manager hurried over and asked, "Who on earth was that Chuck just now?"

All of them were equally curious. They wanted to know what kind of person he was to flat out refuse an offer of 20 suites.

The new assistant said, "All you need to know is that our boss has a net worth of ten billion dollars, but this person saved our boss..."

What? He saved a person who was worth ten billion dollars?

F\*ck!

The manager was so stunned that she froze. The other salesmen were also shell-shocked but they soon became envious. Why didn't they have the luck?

Quinn saw Chuck get into a sports car while the woman who was with him got into a Benz. Then, the two of them drove away one after the other. Quinn got into the car and started following behind Chuck.

Soon, Quinn was stunned. She had assumed Chuck would be living in a luxurious villa with the amount of wealth he possessed. However, he was actually staying in such a small neighborhood with a rent of around 1000 dollars a month.

How could he live in such a place?

Quinn's curiosity was now piqued. Yes, Chuck was disgusting, but he had done what a proper man would've done. Staying in a place like this despite being so rich, what kind of person was Chuck?

She found a parking lot and stopped her car there. Then, she started thinking of her next move for she had never expected to be hit with such a surprise. A few minutes later, she made up her mind and got down from her car. She strolled casually in the neighborhood as though she was just walking in a mall.....

In Yvette's rented house.

Silence hung in the air. Yvette was preparing food quietly while Chuck watched her without a word. Both of them didn't exchange any words after they came home.

Yvette sighed and felt that she should give Chuck an explanation. After all, they were husband and wife, and there should not be any secrets between them. However, would Chuck be disappointed with her if she told him the truth?

Yvette hesitated. After she finished her meal preparation, they sat down and ate silently. Yvette looked up and mumbled, "Hubby, I..."

Chuck smiled at her encouragingly, "Go ahead."

In fact, he was very anxious to know what had happened to Yvette, but it was certainly useless for him to force it out of her. It would be better if she revealed the truth willingly.

"I..." Yvette felt like a child trying to report their mistakes to their teacher. She was very nervous, but she still took the courage to say, "Hubby, my company has been transferred to someone else, I."

Chuck could already guess. In the morning, he noticed that Yvette's company was closed. Coupled with the fact that she was at a part-time job just now, Chuck had his reservations.

"Well, what are you going to do then?" Chuck decided to figure out why Yvette transferred the company to others.

Yvette said in resignation, "Go to work. I need to work."

Chuck was silent. He took out a credit card that contained more than two million dollars which he had earned from the plaza. He was really worried about letting Yvette go to work, since she was pretty and had a curvy figure. If she went to work, she was bound to be harassed by her superiors, and this wasn't something Chuck wished to see.

"Hubby." Yvette was moved and she shook her head. She didn't know how much money there was in Chuck's card, but she was still really thankful.

She said seriously, "Hubby, you can keep it for yourself. Don't worry about me, I'll earn the money myself."

It was at this moment that he really wanted to tell Yvette not to worry since he was super rich and had an extremely wealthy mother backing him up. Giving her 100 million dollars and letting her start her own company would be nothing to him.

However, Chuck sighed. How long was his mother planning to stand by and watch?

Chuck had no choice but to think of other ways to help since Yvette would never accept his goodwill like that. He could only help her start a company and transfer its ownership to Yvette.

He could ask Yolanda Lane for help.

Yvette sighed in relief when Chuck finally put the card away. She was older than him, so how could she bear to spend his money?

After eating, Yvette left to wash the dishes. Chuck took this opportunity to go out and make a call to Yolanda to see what projects were available recently. However, the minute he opened the door, he was stunned and frowned as he asked, "Were you following me?"

It was Quinn Miller, who was strolling around the residential area casually. It was the first time she felt unnatural seeing Chuck. She herself wasn't sure why she was there in the first place. She cleared her throat and said calmly, "I didn't expect you to live here."

"It's none of your business." Chuck didn't want to talk to her anymore.

Quinn raised an eyebrow at him and asked, "Let me guess, the woman who was with you just now doesn't know that you have a rich mother, right?" She immediately knew that this was one of his ways to pick up girls. What a low-life.

Chuck was now visibly annoyed as he said, "What does it have to do with you?"

Quinn replied calmly, "It's none of my business, but I said that I won't owe anyone anything. Therefore, I'm here to fulfill a request for you!" She was here for this reason only. It would be against her principles if she didn't settle it properly.

By giving him a reward, they would be even and could go back to being enemies.

"Are you out of your mind? I told you it wasn't me." Chuck shook his head.

Quinn frowned, "I'll determine with my own eyes whether it's you or not. So, tell me! What do you want!"

She could afford to settle this with a few hundreds of thousands of dollars.

Chuck said emotionlessly, "Will you really agree to whatever I want?"

"Yes, just say it and I'll do it." Quinn nodded. She knew that Chuck was rich. He had a house, a company and a plaza, so money wasn't the most attractive thing to him. However, this was the only way she could repay him.

With that, the favor would be repaid and they could go their separate ways.

Chuck stared at her and approached her step by step. Quinn frowned and asked, "What are you doing?"

Chuck looked at her and snickered, "Didn't you say that you would agree to whatever I said? Well, I want you to accompany me now."

## Chapter 216

"You, you are shameless!" Quinn Miller was angry, her eyes filled with anger!

Chuck Cannon said bluntly, "What's wrong, President Miller? Didn't you just say that you would agree to anything? I've stated my request now, and yet you don't agree. Were you just showing off just now?"

He knew this was the only way for him to deal with this woman.

"You!" Quinn raised her hand and slapped him.

What was she doing here? Getting teased and humiliated by a man younger than her?

But how could Chuck let a woman hit him? He reached out and grabbed her wrist effortlessly.

"Let me go!" Quinn yelled!

She closed her eyes and took multiple deep breaths to calm herself down. After regaining her composure, she opened her eyes and said, "Let me go!"

Chuck sneered, "There's no one here. It's perfect for us now! Just say whether you agree or not!" .

"You're disgusting!"

"Now you dislike me for being disgusting. Why didn't you say I was disgusting when I saved you?"

"Oh, so you're admitting to it now?" Quinn squinted her eyes at him..

"Yes, I admit it. Now, how about you accompany me to repay me?" Chuck looked at her and asked, "Don't pretend. Just tell me if you agree or not!"

Quinn took a deep breath, "If you want to touch me, you would have done it that night. Why today?"

She was calm since she didn't see any lust from Chuck's actions or words.

"How are you so sure that I didn't touch you?" Chuck flashed her a strange smile.

"I could feel it myself. You were just all talk, so of course I felt nothing." Quinn said lightly.

In addition, she had asked about all the details from her former



assistant as well as from the hotel. Chuck saved her and left her at the hotel in about 6 to 7 minutes. It was about the same time taken to get from the site to the hotel, so Chuck could not have had the time to do anything to her. In addition, he was holding her in his arms, which made it even more inconvenient for him to do lewd things to her.

"Hubby, are you out there?" At this time, Yvette's voice could be heard.

Chuck was startled. If Yvette Jordan saw this, it would be hard to explain. He quickly approached Quinn, covered her mouth and said hastily, "I am on my phone. I'll be right back."

Thinking of this, Chuck rolled his eyes. Quinn just glared at him.

Forget it. Chuck was in no mood to touch her. He already had a beautiful wife like Yvette, so he would never think of touching her anyways!

"Ah!!!"

He suddenly shrieked because Quinn had dug her claws into his leg. What the h\*ll? Was she trying to dig out his flesh?

"Hubby, is everything OK?" Yvette's footsteps sounded closer.

Chuck tried to dismiss it, "It's nothing, the person I am on the phone with now made me angry. This idiot!"

Quinn's eyes were filled with anger.

Yvette assured, "Well, don't be angry, hubby. Take your time." She had finished washing her dishes, but she didn't see Chuck in the room. She came out and asked him because she wanted to sleep with him.

Chuck breathed a sigh of relief. Quinn's eyes were fixed on him. Then, she bit the hand that he had used to shut her up. Chuck jolted in pain and clenched his fists to prevent himself from screaming. It really hurt!

"You' b\*tch!" Chuck let go of her and looked at his hand. There were visible teeth marks on his hand, and the place he was scratched just now was burning in pain!

"Leave and don't even try to look for me again. You've paid me back enough with this." Chuck said as he patted her on the back.

Quinn's eyes widened. She was even more infuriated and spewed, "You disgusting..."

Chuck covered her mouth again. Was she trying to make Yvette come here by shouting so loudly?

"Why are you staring at me? It's not like I didn't touch you that day. Now that I have touched you here, just take it as you had repaid the favor.

After all, I asked you and you refused me arrogantly, right? Since I've already done it, you can leave at ease. We're even now." Chuck said as he let go of her hand. He didn't want to talk to her as he walked up the stairs.

"What you're saying is that you touched me that day?" Quinn was annoyed. Apparently, what she felt that day was true.

Chuck snapped back, "Yeah, but why aren't you saying that you kissed me that day? You're the one who's disgusting for kissing a younger man like this at your old age! You should be ashamed at yourself!"

Quinn was trembling with anger. Old? Didn't he also hook up with Zelda Maine? Quinn was the same age with her!

Quinn sat alone in the staircase, the anger in her heart only subsiding after some time. She walked out and took the elevator downstairs to her car. In her car, she stared at Chuck's apartment until the ringing of her phone woke her from her daze. She picked it up.

"I see. Keep the twenty apartments! By the way, please help me check how much this community costs?" Quinn stared at the residential district where Chuck lived, and an idea suddenly came to her.

After hanging up the phone, Quinn continued to stare blankly into the distance. At that moment, Chuck drew the curtain and he saw Quinn sitting in the car. The two of them just looked at each other...

## Chapter 217

What was this pretentious woman trying to do?

Chuck Cannon didn't bother to pay any attention to her. He pulled up the curtains and did a hundred push-ups and sit ups. Then, he went to bed holding Yvette Jordan in his arms.

Early the next morning, Yvette made breakfast. After they had breakfast, she went out to find a job. Chuck did not stop her since he knew that Yvette was stubborn. Instead, he drove to the plaza and looked for Yolanda Lane.

"So you knew that the ownership to Teacher Jordan's company has been transferred?" Yolanda was surprised.

Chuck nodded. The competition for training companies were too fierce. Even Yvette who had put in so much time and effort had failed to come out on top. Chuck was thinking of letting her change professions. Yolanda sat down after listening to his opinion.

She checked the information and then said, "There are actually many businesses that could make money. In fact, with Teacher Jordan's ability, it would be easy for her to succeed, but she'll need a certain amount of investment and money."

"Money is not a problem." Chuck shook his head. He didn't want Yvette to work so hard anymore, so he intended to create a project and have her work on it directly. With that, she wouldn't have to go out searching for jobs.

"I know, however, I have a better idea. With Teacher Jordan's circumstances, we don't need much capital to help her make money." Yolanda smiled.

"What?"

"Why don't you invest in a movie and let Teacher Jordan be the heroine?"

Chuck was speechless. It wasn't like he hadn't thought of it before. When he was first scouting for the lead actress, he had thought of asking Yvette. After all, her figure and appearance were first-class. Even if she wasn't good at acting, she could still become famous just by her looks.

She was beautiful and had an alluring figure, so her acting skills weren't really important. Chuck only needed to tell Auntie Logan that

and it would only be a matter of time for Yvette to become famous. With Auntie Logan's ability, she could become a superstar in just three months.

However, Yvette was not interested in this.

Although the filming crew had been working at the plaza or a few days, Yvette did not pay much attention to them. Moreover, since they were young, Chuck knew that Yvette wasn't the type of person who would fawn over stars. She definitely had no interest joining the entertainment industry.

The moment Chuck thought of this, he immediately shot the idea down. There was no way Yvette would want such a job.

Chuck was thinking about it and he looked at Yolanda with a strange look. She was so beautiful, and her figure was also very hot. If she wanted, she could also take the job.

He asked her but Yolanda smiled and shook her head, "I'm also not interested in these things, like Teacher Jordan."

"Are you afraid of being forced to do those unscrupulous things? Don't worry. I can guarantee that as long as you're keen on the job, no one will hurt you." Chuck said seriously. He wasn't bragging. With his mother's ability and Auntie Logan's wrath, they could ensure that no one would dare to lay a finger on her.

Yolanda was embarrassed and denied, "It's not that."

She really had no interest in such jobs. There was once where someone had asked her to model for them when she was just walking on the streets. She refused them. She wasn't really willing to do it even if they offered her 5 to 6 hundred dollars an hour.

Chuck joked, "Haha, it's a pity! You have such a nice body, so it would be good for you to show it off sometimes."

Yolanda was even more embarrassed. Chuck noticed that Yolanda was wearing a uniform today. She wore a pair of exquisite high heels that went with the black skirt that she was wearing. In addition, she had worn a pair of black stockings to compliment her long legs, making her look extremely seductive.

Chuck had known her for a long time. He knew that her figure was pretty good. She just preferred to lay low. She didn't really like to wear skimpy clothes even in terms of fashion.

Chuck realized that it was inappropriate of him to look at her this way and he couldn't let Yolanda misunderstand. He coughed and said, "Why don't you continue?"

Yolanda suggested, "Well, why don't we open a restaurant for Teacher Jordan? We'll invest around 2 million dollars and also help create some specialty dishes. We could employ Zelda Maine's idea to open franchises!"

This was a good idea. If he opened a restaurant for Yvette and handed her the contract, she would definitely be pleasantly surprised!

Chuck smiled and decided to do so. However, there was no empty lot in the plaza. After asking Yolanda, she managed to find an vacant place in the plaza that was situated in a strategic position. The transfer fee was around 800,000 dollars. Hence, the entire investment would amount to about 3 million dollars.

Chuck was ready to visit this place with Yolanda. If it was suitable, he would give it to Yvette immediately and give her a surprise!

But at that moment, someone came in. Chuck didn't know them, but Dread had a few people with him. They were the people who loaned their money to Yvette.

Dread announced, "Hey, I'm here with someone to sign the contract. I want to transfer the training company upstairs to them. "

Chuck frowned. It turned out that these people were the ones taking over Yvette's company, but why were they transferring it out now? Yolanda looked at Chuck, who was visibly confused. She told him softly that they were loan sharks.

After she said so, Chuck understood.

However, didn't Yvette only borrow 700,000 dollars from there? Was there a need to sell the company? There must've been something fishy going on. After all, loan sharks had different traps to lure their clients into never-ending debt. Was Yvette duped by these people?

But she could just call the police. How could she give in to their unreasonable demands?

"What are you looking at?" Dread sneered. How could he not know Chuck? His men had been observing Chuck for a long time.

"Watch your tone!" Yolanda was angry.

"Watch out? You should scram!" Dread sneered. What was a wimp like him doing here?

Chuck glanced at him. Yolanda immediately whispered into her walkie-talkie and the guards over, but she was stopped by Chuck. There was no need to beat people up in the plaza. He could just take action in an alley where no one was looking. They deserved it for calling his mother

names and cheating Yvette of her company!

Yolanda said, "We're not open for procedures today."

"Not open?" Dread sneered. "If you don't do it now, I'll smash your place to smithereens! Try me!"

Several of Dread's men also echoed his sentiments. He had managed to find someone who was willing to take over Yvette's company at 350,000 dollars.

Chuck glanced at Yolanda. She understood him and asked, "How much are you selling the company for?"

"350,000 dollars!" Dread replied.

Chuck was furious. Yvette had invested at least 1.5 million dollars in this company. How could he sell it at such a low price?

Yolanda said, "Okay, I'll give you 350,000 dollars, and we'll take back the company. Your card please!"

"Take it back? Do you think you can do it so easily?" Dread snickered, "On second thought, 350,000 dollars is not enough. I want 500,000 dollars!"

"You!" Yolanda was angry!

However, Chuck assured her and said calmly, "Give it to him."

Dread scoffed, "Give me? Who do you think you are?"

Chuck squinted his eyes.

Yolanda repeated herself and asked for his card.

Dread frowned, but he was in a good mood since he managed to earn another 150,000 dollars. He quickly shooed the person whom he had initially chose and gave Yolanda his credit card. After receiving the money, he mocked delightedly, "I can't believe that you would rather get back such a rubbish company. I hope your plaza goes out of business."

Then, he left with his men. He planned to find someplace to lavishly spend the extra 150,000 dollars.

After they left, Yolanda asked, "What are you planning to do with the company now?"

"I'll give it back to Yvette. Could you draft a contract please? I'll go out first. Contact the person in charge of the empty shop lot and inform them that we'll pay them a visit this afternoon or tomorrow." With that, Chuck went out. When he arrived at the parking lot, he noticed Dread and his henchmen leaving in a sports car. They were probably heading to an erotic massage center or someplace where they could have fun.

He snorted, "Trying to leave? Not so fast."

Not only did he plan to get back the 500,000 dollars that he had just transferred to Dread, Chuck also planned to get Yvette's money back. He opened his car door and started the engine. He had pepper spray on him and was equipped with some boxing skills. It wouldn't take much to beat these people up since he had been attending boxing classes for some time now. Besides, he wanted to train himself. He couldn't always rely on his mother for help.

Or he wouldn't be able to move forward then.

However, Chuck frowned when he saw a woman walking towards him. It was Quinn Miller again. Was this woman out of her mind? Was she still trying to buy the plaza?

Chuck quickly locked his car doors as Quinn walked over to him.

"The plaza is not for sale. How many times do you want me to tell you?" Chuck was in a hurry to chase after Dread and his men, so he didn't have time to talk to her.

Quinn didn't say anything but just walked over directly to him.

## Chapter 218

Chuck Cannon really hated this woman's guts. He was done giving in to a woman like her.

Also, didn't he already tease her yesterday? What were her intentions on coming all the way here?

Was she really trying to repay him?

Chuck was skeptical. He only saved her once, so why was she acting like she was searching for her Prince Charming?

Quinn Miller asked, "Do you wanna go to a hotel or do you wanna do it here?"

"You are quite open-minded, aren't you? This is a parking lot. Have you ever tried it with someone else in the parking lot?" Chuck sneered.

Quinn frowned, "No."

Chuck didn't believe her.

"Forget it then." Quinn's tone became colder.

Chuck waved to her and she walked over with a scowl.

She would do it since she had said it.

It didn't matter anymore. It would be as if she was going to be assaulted by another equally revolting person. She could just pretend that her assistant did have his way with her last time.

She was actually betting on the possibilities.

She only started having those dreams because this person had saved her.

Chuck nodded. He didn't mean to have sex with Quinn anyways. He only teased her yesterday because he felt that she deserved it. Furthermore, he had to chase after Dread and his men now. He really did not have the time to play around now.

"Are you... really taking it back?" Quinn asked subconsciously.

She was annoyed and turned around to leave. He saved her and toyed with her feelings several times. Wasn't that already enough?

Chuck had no time to play with her, so he let her go, "President Miller, please stop. We're even now so you could..."

Before he could finish his sentence, he suddenly saw some people walking towards them. They were dressed in black from the top to the



bottom. Chuck stopped. They were all staring at Quinn. What was going on?

Quinn had also noticed this and she frowned. Her ex-assistant must've called them over.

Yes, her ex-assistant had indeed called these people over. He was beaten up by Quinn earlier, but he was a rich man now. Therefore, he employed some people to capture Quinn. He wouldn't stop until he slept with her.

"Take your time. I'm leaving." Chuck started the car engine. He was too lazy to care about this right now.

"Chuck, you can't leave!" Quinn instinctively grabbed him. It was almost similar to last time, where she had pleaded him for help.

Chuck tried swatting her away, "Don't you see I'm busy now?" How far was Dread now? If he was stopped here, didn't that mean that he had to wait for another chance before he could get the money back from Dread? He didn't have that patience.

"Yes, but you saved me last time. This time..." Quinn was anxious. She didn't know how to persuade Chuck. She was certain that he wouldn't help her. However, there was no one else here. Where could she run to?

"I..." Quinn was taken aback by what Chuck had said. She was silent.

Seeing as her assailants were rushing towards her fiercely, she wondered, why was she so unlucky recently?

"Anyways, thanks for last time." Quinn was surprised that she could still say something like that right now. Maybe, she was really .... grateful to him.

"Are you sure?" Quinn was surprised.

"I'll be burdened if you get caught in my plaza anyway. Just f\*cking get in the car!" Chuck shook his head and shouted at her. He had no choice. If they were someplace else, he would've just driven away without a second thought.

Quinn was momentarily silent before quickly getting into the car. Then, Chuck drove away with her.

One of the men managed to catch up with them at the last minute. However, Chuck's driving skills were extraordinary. They could never catch up with him.

Soon, they managed to leave the plaza safely. Quinn regained her composure and asked, "What's wrong with your plaza? How could you

allow these people to enter?"

Chuck retorted impatiently, "Are you crazy? How could we even expect this to happen?" Chuck asked impatiently.

"Hey! Don't scold me!" Quinn glared at Chuck.

"I really regret saving you again." Chuck really wanted to slap himself. He had saved her once again, but he now had to listen to her complain about everything. Who did she think she was?

Quinn's words were stuck in her throat. After a moment of silence, she said, "Okay, I owe you one more time. If you want, I can give it to you now..."

She wondered if she had been possessed, why could she say such disgusting and shameful words?

Chuck was too lazy to care about her. Instead, he drove carefully and finally found Dread's car. With that, he stepped on the gas and started tailing them. On the other hand, Quinn sat quietly in the car. She thought Chuck was looking for a hotel. However, they had already drove past several good hotels, so where was he heading to? Was he looking for a cheap 30-dollar motel?

Quinn felt even more disgusted. Were they going to do that there? This was an insult to her.

"Stop, I'll pay for the room!" Quinn was angry. She hadn't had sex for nearly ten years. She would die of shame if she had to do it with a man in a place like that.

"Are you out of your mind?" Chuck didn't follow her thoughts. He wasn't thinking of such vulgar things. He had more important things to worry about. He ignored her and continued tailgating Dread up until they arrived at a club. Chuck immediately followed them and drove inside.

Quinn scoffed, "Here? You're out of your mind!"

She knew that Chuck was a super rich person, so it was normal for him to come here. But...

"Could you just shut up? What business do you think I have here?" Chuck stared at Dread and his henchmen who were entering the club. It wasn't just a matter of minutes if he had to go in and beat them up. In addition, there were plenty of guards inside, and Chuck was alone. He couldn't simply go in and call for a fight, so his last plan was definitely ruined. What could he do now?

Quinn was silent. After thinking for a while, she finally realized that Chuck seemed to be chasing after someone. Her eyes lit up as she asked, "Are you following someone?"

Chuck turned around and snickered, "You're finally in your right mind now."

## Chapter 219

Quinn Miller was ashamed and angry. When had she ever been reprimanded by a man like this?

"What on earth do you want to do? Are you trying to stalk them and beat them up?" Quinn asked.

"What does it have to do with you?" Chuck Cannon thought about it for a long time and decided to go in and have a look. Waiting here wasn't a choice either.

He opened the door and got out of the car. However, he turned back and said, "You should leave. Don't stay in my car."

Quinn narrowed her eyes. She took out a card and said, "Do you think I won't be able to afford a car worth several hundreds of thousands? Don't look down on me. I'll buy your car."

Chuck ignored her and went straight in.

As for Quinn, she received a call from her new assistant in the car.

"Well, I'm fine. You... don't have to follow me here. No need to pick me up either, I'm in the car." Then, she hung up the call.

Sitting in this car, she felt fine. At least there was a sense of security.

She was suddenly surprised with that thought. Was it because he had saved her twice?

Quinn shook her head. She was bored and played around with her mobile phone while she waited for Chuck. As she did not sleep well night before, she quickly dozed off.

She had another dream.

In her dreams, she was once again doing it with that person.....

Huh!

Quinn opened her eyes and felt discomfort in her pants. She was embarrassed, what was wrong with her?

She looked out of the window in a daze. That disgusting man had saved her twice. Quinn didn't even know if there was something wrong with him or with her. She should've stormed out of the car by now, but why didn't she?

What was she doing here?

She was so bored that she just waited for him.

Right then, she saw Chuck coming out of the room and she was instantly relieved. Wait a minute, was she worried about him just now?

Chuck opened the car door and got in. His presence seemed to lighten up the mood in the car.

"How was it?" Quinn asked subconsciously.

"What does it have to do with you?" Chuck started the car engine and smirked. He found out that Dread was a frequent customer there. After spending some money bribing the staff, Chuck managed to find out where Dread's usury company was.

Hence, he made up his mind. Not only was he going to make Dread cough up all the money, he was going to wipe off his company from the face of the earth.

He was going to crush Dread completely.

Who asked him to plot against his wife?

Chuck drove his car back. He had to first come up with a plan.

Hearing Chuck's impatient words, Quinn frowned but remained silent. She sat quietly in his car. When they drove past a hotel, she suddenly spoke, "Drop me off here."

Chuck did not speak and just stopped his car at the side of the road. Quinn opened the door and went out. However, Chuck noticed that the seat was wet. What was this? Was the weather too hot?

"Hey!" Chuck called Quinn and pointed to the spot on the car seat.

Quinn looked back. When she saw it, her face turned red. She had left a stain on the car when she had that dream just now.

"Sorry, I was careless when I was drinking water just now... I'll compensate you." Quinn stammered as she took out a card. She had never felt so humiliated.

He probably didn't know, did he? She was nervous. If he found out, she would definitely collapse.

Chuck didn't want to talk to her anymore. Why was she so careless? And who would want to accept her money?

He got out of the car, took out a tissue and wiped the seat clean. Then he threw the tissues into a trash can on the side of the road. Seeing Chuck's actions, Quinn was so embarrassed that her face turned redder. How could he.....

Chuck drove away without saying another word.

Looking at Chuck's car leaving in the distance, Quinn barely managed

to keep her cool. She couldn't let him know what happened just now, or he'd never let go of the chance to laugh at her forever. Quinn calmed down, but she kept looking in Chuck's direction. What was wrong with her?

"Humph, you don't seem to be so disgusting anymore..." Quinn murmured to herself. She then turned around and went into the hotel. She had to take a good bath...

Chuck went back to the plaza and found out where Dread's company was located. He could check it out tonight, but it was still early. So, he brought Yolanda Lane along to check out the vacant shop house that was up for rent.

It was situated quite strategically, as expected for a place where its transfer fee was already almost 1 million dollars. Both of them was quite pleased with the shop, so Chuck quickly paid them and bought the store. Hiding the contract in his jacket, Chuck planned to give Yvette a surprise.

Besides that, he was also going to give her company back to her.

Chuck called Yvette and asked her where she was. She told him she was still discussing with the higher-ups of a company, which meant that she was still looking for a job. Chuck smiled and asked her to go home. He was hungry.

Yvette said, "Okay, hubby, wait for a while. I've found a new job. Someone's going to bring me around so I'll be back soon."

Chuck agreed and hung up the phone. He didn't know how Yvette would react when she knew that he had helped her retrieve her company and even gave her a new shop.

Chuck sent Yolanda back to the plaza and happened to see Queenie Carson. She was just about to head home, so Chuck offered to give her a ride. After all, he had a car and it wasn't a big bother to him. Queenie bit her lip as she got into Chuck's car.

Chuck sent her home. When she got home, Chuck wanted to see if she needed anything, so he followed her upstairs. Queenie opened the door and invited him in. Chuck noticed her sister wasn't home, and even saw her clothes that she was drying on the balcony. He cleared his throat awkwardly.

He was a little embarrassed. Why did he follow her?

"Um, I'll leave first." Chuck said awkwardly. The two of them were alone in the same room and he couldn't help but think of the events that night.

"Okay." Queenie lowered her head and Chuck walked to the door. She plucked up her courage and hugged him from behind, saying, "Stay for a while. Just a while, okay?"

Queenie had been accused unfairly at work today. She usually would endure it quietly, but Chuck happened to send her back. She couldn't help but think of that night just like Chuck did...

She was as impulsive as she was that night.

Chuck fell silent. He felt sorry for Queenie. He had asked her to help him get off when she herself didn't have a boyfriend. He could not find a way to repay her, so the only way he could compensate her was by giving her this house.

Chuck asked gently, "What's wrong?"

Queenie must have been wronged. Otherwise, she wouldn't be as bold as to make a move that was out of the ordinary.

"Stay here for a while." Queenie held Chuck in her arms.

Chuck sighed softly. He wasn't refusing her, but it was just the way Queenie was hugging him. He had been training recently and didn't have Zelda Maine help him get off, so his physiological reaction was instant.

Queenie felt the bulge as well and plucked up her courage like that night. She asked, "Didn't Teacher Jordan help you?"

Chuck was embarrassed. It was not because Yvette was unwilling to do so, but because Chuck wanted Yvette to see him at his strongest. He had restrained himself from then onwards.

"Do you want me to help you like I did last time?" Queenie blushed and said shyly.

Chuck shook his head awkwardly. He had not thought of that initially, but ever since she started hugging him just now, he could feel his determination stripping away. After all, Queenie was pretty and had a voluptuous figure. In addition, she had the vigour of a 20-year-old woman.

However, before he could say anything, someone knocked on the door. Both Chuck and Queenie were startled. Queenie quickly loosened her embrace, thinking that her sister was back. She whispered, "Chuck, it's not good for my sister to see you like this. You should go to the washroom..."

Chuck was embarrassed since it wasn't ethical in the first place. He hurried to the washroom and soon heard the sound of Queenie

opening the door. Then, he heard her exclaim, "Teacher Jordan?" Chuck, who was in the bathroom, was taken aback. Didn't Yvette say that she had just found a new job and was looking around the company? Why was she here?"

He was the one who had bought her house after all!

It was Yvette who was outside. She had found a job at a real-estate agency today, so her colleague brought her to take a look at one of the houses on sale. Coincidentally, it was in the neighborhood where she used to live in. When she was about to leave, she saw Chuck's car and wondered why he was here.

With that in mind, she tried knocking the door of her old house. She didn't think much. If it was vacant, she would leave straight away. However, the door opened, and she was shocked to see Queenie...

Yvette was shocked. She remembered that Chuck had found a place for Queenie to live in, but why here? What was going on? Was Chuck the one who bought her previous house?



## Chapter 220

But how could that be possible?

How could Chuck afford to buy himself a house at that time? Yvette didn't understand. Moreover, how could the place that Chuck had found for Queenie be her previous house? Could it be a coincidence?

What was going on?

"Well, you live here, right?" Yvette Jordan smiled. She saw Chuck's car downstairs, so Chuck must be here.

Of course, she didn't think that Chuck Cannon would do anything that would break her heart. She had just received a phone call from Chuck, saying that he had left the plaza and was heading for home.

Yvette knew that Queenie Carson was working part-time in the plaza, so Chuck was probably just sending her back.

"Teacher Jordan, please come in and have a seat." Queenie was nervous and at the same time, the feeling of guilt was engulfing her. She felt sorry for Yvette. She had done something that would let her down, and then she was trying to do it again!

"Nope, it's fine. I have to go home to cook." Yvette took a look inside. Hubby, aren't you going to come out yet?

"Well, Teacher Jordan, please be careful on the way." What a sigh of relief! Queenie thought. If Yvette really came in, she couldn't imagine how awful the incident would have been. After all, Chuck was still inside the washroom.

"Okay," Yvette sighed in her heart.

She then turned away and left.

"Wait."

However, Chuck had come out from the washroom. He knew he couldn't hide anymore. After all, his car was still parked below. Yvette wasn't blind, how could she pretend that she had not seen him?

He wouldn't be able to explain himself if he still refused to come out. Anyway, Chuck just came here to send Queenie back. He did not do anything, nor did he planned to do anything.

Yvette heaved a euphoric sigh of relief. This proved that Chuck was not doing anything behind her back. If Chuck didn't come out, she would be convinced that he and Queenie were doing something culpable just

now. Since he came out now, she believed that he was innocent. He probably just sent Queenie home.

The reason why he hid was that he was afraid that she might misunderstand him.

"Hubby." Yvette turned her head and asked with a smile blossoming over her face, "Why are you here?"

Chuck replied awkwardly that he was just sending Queenie home and was just about to leave.

Queenie's heart sank.

"Well, Queenie, I'm going back now. Take good care of yourself. Go ahead and do your work," Chuck said.

"Okay, thank you for sending me home."

Chuck felt guilty as if he had just committed a crime. Even though he didn't, but he nearly repeated the same mistake that might break Yvette's heart and hurt Queenie. Chuck was well aware that he couldn't give Queenie, this divine and innocent young lady, the future she wanted.

All in all, it was a mistake from the beginning. And yet, the thing was becoming more complicated now. If Queenie was an easy girl, Chuck could've hooked up with her without any guilt. But Queenie wasn't. She was simply charming, sweet and beautiful. She just needed to find herself a Prince Charming who would treat her like a princess. Her virginity should be left to her husband in the future.

"Hubby, could I ask you a question?" Yvette came in and asked.

Chuck replied in embarrassment. "Yes?"

"I knew that you were the one who found this house for Queenie, but how did you find it?" Yvette smiled. She just asked due to curiosity. She didn't mean to accuse him of anything, but she merely wanted to know the truth, simple as that.

"Err...I, I bought it," Chuck stammered. He thought it was no longer necessary to hide these matters from her. He was pretty sure Yvette was already suspicious about him when she asked the question.

"You bought it?" Yvette was stunned. She remembered the time when she had hired a real estate agent on the day she sold the house. Coincidentally, someone happened to buy her house on that very same day. She and a real estate agent went to the house management office the next day. Chuck was also present at that time.

She should have thought of it! She had completely no idea that Chuck

had so much money!

Also... she had suspected then that the reason it was bought so quickly was because of the "baller". Then, could it be that Chuck... was the "baller" who had been helping her all along?

Yvette began to grow nervous. How should she explain it? She could sense that something was fishy when Wilbur Wendel showed up as the "baller" and had dinner with her. That feeling.... it was weird. She did not get the same feeling from Wilbur compared to with the "baller". Nevertheless, she thought that she was just overthinking at that moment. But it seemed that she didn't... If Chuck really bought the house, then it would be a high possibility, at least a fifty percent, that the "baller" was Chuck, then...

Was it true?

"Yes." Chuck nodded.

Queenie was shocked. When Chuck brought her here, she thought this was just a house that Chuck had rented for her. But she didn't expect that he had bought the place. How could Chuck be so rich?

"Are you angry, honey?" Chuck whispered.

"No, I still have a question to ask you. If you don't answer me, then I will be mad at you." Yvette was even more nervous now. He admitted to it. So Yvette was 70% sure that Chuck was the "baller".

She didn't expect that Chuck was the one who bought her house. Did he take over the house because he thought she was having a difficult time?

"Question? What question?" Chuck was surprised. But what questions would Yvette ask? Was she going to ask how he had gathered that much money to buy this place? Nevertheless, he had told her before that he was born with a silver spoon. She just didn't believe him.

"Let's go home now. I'll ask you after we get home," Yvette said with a smile. "Queenie, please look after yourself. We're leaving now."

Queenie nodded silently. Chuck waited for Yvette to leave. He then approached Queenie and said, "I'm sorry, just now..."

"No, please don't say that. I'm sorry for you, and I'm sorry for Teacher Jordan." Queenie burst into tears uncontrollably. She knew that she was doing something inappropriate, but what could she do when the feeling was so overwhelming and that she couldn't even control herself?

Chuck sighed. "No, it's my fault. I overindulged myself that night. I could've kept myself in check."

If he could resist the temptation and refused her that day, Queenie would not feel guilty.

"No, you should go back now. Teacher Jordan is still outside." Queenie's tears were still rolling down her cheeks. Chuck had no choice but to leave. If he didn't leave, he might not be able to make up his mind to leave. Chuck left and closed the door.

Queenie wiped her tears, but they were endless...

.....

They had just arrived home. Chuck took the contract out and was ready to talk about this with Yvette. Yvette came over with a cheerful grin and lay on Chuck's chest. "Hubby, could I please add you as a friend on your Whatsapp?"

Chuck was at his loss of words. How could it be...

Did Yvette guess that he was the "baller" after the incident just now? Impossible! Wilbur had appeared as the "baller" and they even had a meal together. She should not have doubted him.

"Maybe next time?" Chuck said.

Yvette raised her head and her nervousness disappeared. "Uh-huh, so it was you who saved me in the hotel right? And you didn't appear before me... because I was very brutal to you at that time, am I right?" she thought to herself.

"Okay, next time then. Hubby, I'm going to cook." Yvette said with a smile. Chuck was relieved and asked her to wait. Yvette was stunned the moment she saw Chuck take the contract out. Yvette's beautiful eyes were wide open. She froze as she placed her hand over her mouth. "Hubby..."

She wanted to cry. Tears were welling up in her eyes.

"I saw that someone was taking over your company today. So I bought it over. I'm returning the company to you now, and... I saw this outlet. The location is very strategic so I've bought it too. We could refurbish it into a restaurant. Let's take a look at the place tomorrow. You can design the interior, and then I will find the renovation company," Chuck said.

Yvette put the two contracts down and kissed him on the lips. Chuck was surprised.

Yvette held Chuck in her arms. "Hubby, why are you being so good to me?"

At this time, Yvette was almost certain that Chuck was indeed the

"baller". But he still refused to admit it, so she would ask Wilbur about it tomorrow.

Chuck chuckled. He should treat his wife like a queen, shouldn't he?

Chuck felt relaxed and pleased that night. He felt much better when he hugged Yvette to sleep. In the morning, Yvette went to the company together with Chuck after finishing their breakfast. She had already contacted her previous employees that night before and said that the company was in business again. Since only a few days had passed since the company had closed down unexpectedly, most of the employees hadn't found a satisfactory job. They were pleasantly surprised to receive a phone call from Yvette.

After informing her that they could come back to work today, Yvette breathed a sigh of relief. This company was her baby. Therefore, she would still focus on developing the company, but at the same time also managing the outlet that Chuck had bought for her. After handing over the company's affairs, she would check the place out with Chuck in the afternoon. Even though Chuck didn't say how much money he had spent, Yvette knew that it was definitely not cheap, so she must be careful!

When she arrived at the plaza, she saw that Wilbur was watching Zabrina Yalden filming. She smiled and asked Chuck to wait for her at the company. Then she walked towards Wilbur.

Wilbur was startled for a moment when he saw her. But after listening to Chuck's words, he, as the "baller", of course, would continue acting as the "baller".

"What's wrong?" Wilbur asked.

"I had just sent you a message through Whatsapp." Yvette said in a cold and nervous tone.

Upon hearing this sentence, he knew things had gone out of hand. Shit! He understood what Yvette meant. But how could he see the message?

"Ugh, you," Wilbur murmured. He couldn't pretend anymore.

"Tell me, please! Is the 'Baller' my husband Chuck?" Yvette looked at him and asked nervously. Quickly! Say it! It must be him!

## Chapter 221

Chuck Cannon was chatting with Yolanda Lane in her office. He heard from Yolanda that Zelda's restaurant had begun renovation. Zelda Maine had dropped by the plaza the evening before. Chuck felt guilty when he thought of the incident where he had kissed Zelda in the private room of the bar.

He didn't know how to get along with her after that incident. Zelda was hot, sexy and curvy. He was deadly attracted by her. Chuck didn't want to overestimate his self-control. He was afraid that he might hook up with her if he couldn't bear the temptation of Zelda's hot figure. This would definitely break Yvette's heart into pieces.

At the same time, Chuck was filled with remorse and shame. Chuck knew that he couldn't promise Zelda anything.

Chuck sighed. He had a message on his Whatsapp. It turned out to be from Yvette. This...

Chuck opened the message and looked at it in confusion. It was a smiling face picture sent by Yvette Jordan.

What was she doing?

Out of confusion, Chuck decided to ignore her and put his phone inside his pocket. The 'baller' shouldn't appear as much as he did previously. Anyway, he had basically solved Yvette's problem.

Chuck thought, "I'd better take a look at the place where Yvette had borrowed from the usury." Chuck couldn't wait to destroy that company. He stood up and said, "Yolanda, I'll need to leave now."

"Alright, bye! " Yolanda nodded with a smile.

It was nice to chat with a beautiful woman like Yolanda. Chuck were friends with her, so it wouldn't be a problem joking around with her. He actually enjoyed seeing a beautiful woman smiling. Yolanda really was an elegant woman.

Yolanda nodded awkwardly. "Yes."

The atmosphere turned awkward. Of course, Chuck wouldn't stay there any longer. He glanced at Yolanda before he turned away and went out.

Such a relief! Yolanda loosened up a bit and was ready to go to the bathroom to take off her clothes. It wasn't appropriate to wear such attire for work.

However, Yvette suddenly came in and asked. "Where's Chuck?"

"He just went out," Yolanda said.

"Oh, I see." Yvette curled her lips. She had just asked Wilbur Wendel. He already admitted that the 'baller' was Chuck. Yvette's anxious heart was finally at ease. It was really him!

At the same time, Yvette was so touched because the "baller" had helped her a lot. No wonder he had been politely rejected her when she wanted to return the money to him. He was her husband all along!

However, why did he let Wilbur pretend to be the 'baller'?

Yvette was disappointed. But no matter what it was, the "baller" was Chuck, and this fact alone was enough to surprise Yvette.

However, Yvette was even more confused. At first, Chuck transferred 200,000 dollars to her. She didn't take it at that time. Then he lent her 500,000 dollars and bought two cars. She was curious. Where did Chuck get so much money all of a sudden?

Yvette was baffled. What was going on? Did Zelda give the money to him? Or did the woman in that Rolls-Royce in Central City give it to him?

After greeting Yolanda, Yvette went out and was ready to give Chuck a call. He didn't reply to her message just now. She was a little upset. Why he didn't want to admit that he was the 'baller'?

She sent Chuck another message, but he still didn't reply. Yvette stomped her feet. "Hubby, how long are you going to hide it from me?" she thought to herself.

When Yvette went over to the office, all she could think of was how to express her gratitude. How should she repay Chuck? Or, or... Yvette felt shy. Just thinking about the intimate interaction made her face blush.

Since they were living together again, it was inevitable for her to think about that.

Chuck drove out on his own. He thought it would be better to go to his mother's hotel and call a few people over. After all, it was a usury company. There would be a lot of people there. Chuck wanted to ensure that his plan would go smoothly.

If he brought enough people, it would definitely scare them out of their wits.

When he was driving to his mother's hotel, he suddenly received a call from his mother, saying that Auntie Logan had reached Ocean City. His mother had asked him to pick her up. Chuck was surprised. Why did Auntie Logan suddenly come to Ocean City?

But Chuck would definitely listen to his mother. Furthermore, Chuck had a particularly good impression of Auntie Logan. His mother said that Auntie Logan came here for vacation, to relax and have fun. She asked Chuck to take Auntie Logan around. Chuck thought that this was his pleasure to do so.

Otherwise, why would she let Chuck come to pick Auntie Logan up on his own?

Willa Logan was confused when she saw Chuck. She glanced at him again. She was a little astounded. She didn't see Karen Lee. But... how could she not understand Karen's meaning?

Willa was undoubtedly smart.

Willa didn't know how she should react. Should she cry or should she laugh? She glanced at Chuck gently, "Karen, your son is too young. How would he suit my tastes?" She thought.

He was still a child.

"Auntie Logan, are you hungry? I'll take you to dinner." Chuck was planning to take Willa to his mother's hotel. It was a five-star restaurant with all the scrumptious food there.

"Okay." Willa nodded.

Chuck took the suitcase from Willa and accidentally touched her hand. It was soft! His cheeks flushed and he hurriedly pulled the suitcase to the place where he parked his car.

Willa grinned and followed after Chuck.

Willa had already entered his car when Chuck was putting her luggage in the trunk. She sat next to Chuck. He could feel the warmth of her beautiful legs when he was shifting the gears. Chuck shook his head nervously. "Holy moly! What am I thinking about?"

Chuck called his mother and said that he had already picked Auntie Logan up from the airport. However, there were no vacancies in the hotel. Chuck wasn't surprised when he was asked to arrange the accommodation for Willa. It was within expectation that the hotel would be filled to the brim. His mother's hotel was always crowded with people.

Since there weren't any available rooms in her mother's hotel, Chuck had no choice but to let Auntie Logan stay in his own house.

He thought Auntie Logan wouldn't mind staying in his house since Yvette was staying with him too.

"Auntie Logan, my mother said that there isn't any vacancies in the



hotel. She is not in Ocean City right now, so she asked me to take you to my house. What do you think?" Chuck asked for her opinion.

"All right, it's fine." Willa smiled.

Chuck could only take Auntie Logan to his mother's hotel for dinner first and then drive her to his own home. However, to Chuck's surprise, he would also staying here tonight...

## Chapter 222

"Auntie Logan, welcome to my home. Err... It's a little bit messy. I hope you don't mind." Chuck Cannon opened the door with embarrassment and walked in with Willa's suitcase.

Willa Logan followed him into the house, her beautiful eyes observing around. She smiled and said, "It's good."

Just a little messy.

Willa tied her hair up and then started to tidy up Chuck's house.

Chuck was embarrassed. He told her that he would clean up the mess himself. It was definitely inappropriate and rude to let Auntie Logan clean up the house for him. He couldn't do that.

"It's okay." Willa shook her head and rejected him politely. She would be staying here anyway. She had to clean up her own house.

Chuck, of course, had to clean up the mess together with Willa. By 8 o'clock in the evening, the house was all clean and tidy. Chuck was so tired that he struggled to catch his breath. In contrast, it seemed to be easy and effortless for Willa.

Chuck was stunned. Willa really did live up to her name. A super 'baller' like her was able to come to the Ocean City all alone. She was also a master in fighting. She could beat more than ten people by herself.

"Okay. Ask away." Willa sat on the sofa. She didn't use her mobile phone. Instead, she took out a book and started reading it. After listening to Chuck's question, she smiled, looked up and closed the book.

"Auntie Logan, are you good at fighting?" Chuck came over and asked.

Willa was a little stunned, and then she immediately chuckled and replied, "Hmm...I think I'm not too bad."

However, Chuck understood. Willa probably could defeat more than 20 people on her own! She was indeed an incredible woman!

One would definitely feel secure by her side.

Chuck gave her a thumbs-up, and Willa smiled.

"Auntie Logan, I'm going back now."

"Okay, be careful on the way."

Chuck opened the door and came out. He gave Yvette Jordan a call and asked her if she was still at the plaza. Yvette said that she was

already home. It was a hectic day for her. Apart from dealing with the company's affairs, she also went to the new outlet in the afternoon. She had taken some photos of the outlet's interior and was ready to work on the design herself.

However, she suddenly realized that she should take the initiative to do something to repay Chuck. So she made a meal and waited for Chuck's return patiently.

"Well, honey, I'll go back soon."

"Okay, I'll wait for you."

Chuck hung up the phone, but when he walked to the elevator, the light above his head suddenly turned off. Chuck was speechless. Was there a blackout? Seriously? Here? He was at one of the highest floors in the building.

Chuck hesitated for a moment and knocked on the door again to see if there was a blackout at home. Sure enough, when Auntie Logan opened the door, the house was in complete darkness. He was embarrassed. It was the first time he took Auntie Logan home, and never did he expect that he would encounter such an unpleasant situation.

"Excuse me, Auntie Logan. It seems that there's a blackout here," Chuck said apologetically.

"It's okay. I'll just go to bed early tonight. The power is off, so the elevator is not working either. If you don't mind, why don't just spend a night here?" Willa smiled.

She didn't want Chuck to take the stairs down. They were staying on one of the highest floors. His legs might turn numb or even tremble if he took the stairs all the way down. It would be dangerous if he couldn't control the accelerator properly when he was driving. He was still young and had a good future. The accident would destroy his future.

Just as Chuck was about to shake his head and say that he had to go back, Willa added, "Come in. If you walk the stairs down, I'm pretty sure your legs will become numb and shaky. It wouldn't be good for driving. You didn't train enough."

Chuck was embarrassed. Was Auntie implying that she could go up and down the stairs effortlessly but Chuck couldn't?

Chuck was convinced and he eventually entered the house.

"Be careful, Chucky," Willa said gently.

Ouch! Chuck exclaimed in pain. He covered his legs. What luck! How could he even hit something at his own home? He was speechless. Willa quickly helped Chuck up. "Sleep earlier, Chucky. Sleeping early is good for your health."

"Okay, Auntie Logan, you should go to bed earlier too."

Auntie Logan chuckled in the dark. She entered her room and closed the door, but she did not lock it.

Willa trusted Chuck. To Willa, he was still young, tender and shy. He was a good boy. Coming back together with Chuck was very reassuring. She was also worried that Chuck would be in danger if he went downstairs like this. Of course, Chuck didn't know that.

Why would she be on guard against such a boy?

Chuck went back to his own room. He only realized that he had forgotten to tell Yvette about the bad news when he lay down on the bed. Without wasting any time, he immediately took out his mobile phone and called Yvette.

On the other side,

Yvette was waiting nervously for Chuck's return. After struggling for the whole day, she had made up her mind to take the initiative today. She had even thought about how to start doing it, such as...

However, the phone suddenly rang. Yvette smiled. Did he arrive?

She answered the call.

"Honey, I'm not going back today. I'll be staying at my own house." It was Chuck's voice on the phone.

Yvette was disappointed at that instant. "He's staying at his own house? Is he together with Zelda?"

Yvette was waiting for Chuck to come back so that she could clarify about the 'baller' matter with Chuck.

"I see, hubby, go to bed early then." Yvette was sad.

"Well, you should go to bed early too."

The call ended.

Yvette sighed and closed her eyes. It took her a long time before she fell asleep.

Chuck got up early the next day. He did a search on the Internet and was ready to bring Auntie Logan to the popular scenic spots in the city. He had chosen one of the renowned spots. However, when he came out from his room, he saw Auntie Logan already sitting on the sofa and

reading her book.

She really was an early bird. Was that why her skin was still glowing despite her age? Chuck realized that her hair was wet and her face was flushing. Aah... She probably had done her morning exercise in the room. Maybe she had practiced boxing or yoga to keep her figure perfect.

Such a self-disciplined woman!

Chuck was impressed. He came over and asked if they could leave soon. Auntie Logan smiled and said, "Okay."

Chuck actually hadn't been to any of the scenic spots in the city. He planned to have breakfast together with her at the cafe downstairs and drive to the place after that. The scenic spots he chose had gotten very high ratings on the internet. He believed that Auntie Logan would enjoy the view.

However, when they came out of the house, they heard the sound of hitting and scolding coming from somewhere. Chuck was shocked. Out of curiosity, they walked to the side and saw a few people hitting the door. There were also words like "pay the money back" scribbled on the wall.

Chuck didn't want to meddle in other people's business at first, but after seeing these people clearly, he found that they were actually the same people who lent money to Yvette. It seemed that the house owner had been deceived by the usury and had no money to pay them back, so Dread came over to collect the payment violently.

As luck would have it, he met with the gangsters from the usury company! Perhaps he was meant to meet his enemies.

However, Willa was by his side. He shouldn't spoil her good mood. After all, it was supposed to be a fun day. So Chuck deciding against calling them out. He whispered, "Auntie Logan, let's go."

Willa was stunned. She nodded with a smile. "Alright."

"Boss, look, it's that gigolo. He's here too!" However, when one of his men turned around and saw Chuck, he immediately informed Dread.

Dread turned around. He was already in a bad mood since he couldn't get the money today. He didn't expect that Chuck would crash himself on the muzzle.

However, the beautiful and charming lady standing beside Chuck had taken away all of his attention. His eyes widened and sparkled with excitement. Was she an angel?

Dread was green in envy. He spat out a mouthful of saliva and walked

towards them. "Lucky little boy. There are so many beautiful women around you. Hey, gorgeous, let me treat you breakfast, freshly brewed coffee..."

Chuck was furious. He didn't expect that Dread would try to flirt with Auntie Logan. He couldn't help but clench his fists. Chuck was about to punch Dread in the face. However, Auntie Logan just smiled gently as she normally did and walked to the front of Dread. In the blink of an eye, all he could hear was Dread's painful scream. He flew about three meters away. Chuck couldn't even recall what she had done!

It was definitely a jaw-dropping incident for both Chuck and Dread!

Oh God! Was Auntie Logan really that good at fighting?

## Chapter 223

Dread's men were shocked. Even though they had witnessed with their eyes how their boss had been knocked unconscious by a woman, still, no words could describe how shocked they felt. It was unbelievable! His mouth was even bleeding. Who was this woman?

"How dare you hit my boss?"

"Let's go, boys! How dare her to beat our boss! Let's fight!"

Dread's men rushed over angrily. But before Chuck Cannon could react, deafening and awful screams were heard. Chuck saw that these people couldn't even get close to Willa Logan, and she had beaten them up easily with just one hand. How could her lean perfect arms have such great strength?

It only took her less than three seconds to beat these five men to senseless!

It felt like a dream. Everything happened so quickly. Willa smiled and walked over. She said in a gentle voice, "Chucky, what are they doing? Are they loan sharks?"

"Yes, they are." Chuck looked at Dread pitifully. Although he had fainted, there was a fixed expression of disbelief and fear on his face.

He probably did not expect a tall and beautiful woman like Willa could have knocked him out with just one move.

He must be shocked and scared to death before he fainted.

"Loan sharks? Oh boy! This is horrible."

Willa shook her head, took out her mobile phone and snapped a photo of Dread. She then sent the picture out to someone and said, "Take over this man's usury company! ... Yes, desolve everything including all of his property. I don't want him to own even a single penny!"

Willa then hung up the phone. Seeing that Chuck was completely taken aback, she smiled and asked gently, "Chucky, are you afraid of me?"

Chuck shook his head.

He was also sick of Dread and his doings. He was just going to ask for a few people from his mother to give Dread a hard lesson and ruin his company, but he didn't expect that Dread was so ignorant and even had the gall to molest Auntie Logan today.

Dread definitely deserved it.

Willa received another call and heard some news.

She was stunned. She put away her mobile phone and asked, "Chucky, you have a grudge against them, right? I'll give all of his company's property to the needy people. And then I'll return all your money back."

Chuck wasn't surprised. A powerful woman like Willa could simply solve everything with just a phone call.

"Thank you, Auntie Logan." Chuck was embarrassed.

"It's no big deal, don't mention it. Now please, let's get some breakfast. I'm hungry. Did you hear my stomach rumbling?" Willa smiled and reached out to touch Chuck's hair. Chuck's heart started thumping wildly. He saw Willa's fair arm, and there was a black strap on her shoulder.

This...

Chuck lowered his head and quickly looked away. "Auntie Logan, let's go downstairs."

"Okay," Willa replied. He was really a good boy.

They took the elevator downstairs.

Half an hour later, Dread woke up in a daze. He found himself in great pain. What was wrong with him? Was he knocked out by a woman just now?

"Useless things! Get up now! All of you!" Dread kicked a few of his men, but they were still unconscious. It seemed like they would need a whole day before they could regain their consciousness.

"How could you, a gigolo, ask that woman to beat me?" Dread shouted angrily. Suddenly, five people wearing suits and sunglasses came out of the elevator.

He was confused and asked, "What's the matter?"

Dread could feel that something bad was going to happen as the five men approached him. "What are you doing? What do you want to do? I'm Dread, the loan shark. What's the matter?"

"Well, boy. I'm sorry to say that but from today onwards, you aren't any more!"

One of the men in black grabbed Dread with his big hand. Dread was scared as he screamed in panic. "How dare you attack me?"

Hey!

The man punched Dread's teeth out. He was shocked as he stammered in fear, "Who, who are you? Do you know who I am? I am..."



"It doesn't matter who you are anymore. Do you realize what you had done? You have offended President Logan. Just accept your fate!" The man in black shook his head and said in a cold voice. How could Dread endure his punches? Dread begged for mercy, "Stop, please... What do you want?"

"I'll make you beg for food for the rest of your life!"

Boom!

A punch followed by another punch. All Dread could do was moan helplessly. Soon, he fainted again because of the serious injury. His mind was filled with a single thought before he passed out. Who the hell was President Logan whom he had offended?

.....

Chuck drove Willa to the scenic area and he was in a much better mood. He just received a notification of a transaction from Willa. There were 1.2 million dollars in total. This was the lesson Willa gave Dread.

Chuck was relieved. Of course, he would return this money to Yvette Jordan.

They were in the scenic area till the evening. He could tell that Willa did not come to these kinds of places often. With Chuck accompanying her, she laughed cheerfully like a young girl throughout the day. Chuck was stunned most of the time and he couldn't seem to take his eyes off of her.

Willa was charming. Chuck sighed. Who would be the lucky one to be this woman's boyfriend?

Chuck sent Auntie Logan back to the house in the evening. He had to go back today, or else Yvette would start to overthink.

"Auntie Logan, please have a good rest. I'll take you to another place tomorrow." Chuck had made up his mind that he would definitely make this trip a happy one for Willa. He would bring her to another scenic spot tomorrow.

"Okay, I can't wait for it." Willa smiled gently.

Chuck went downstairs. Willa was sitting on the sofa and she took out the book with a smile.

"Chucky is really a big boy. But, Karen, your son is too young. He is not suitable for me. I'd better be his Auntie Logan. You've done enough for us... Dear Chucky, where will you take me to tomorrow?"

.....

Chuck drove back. He had just called Yvette. She was already home.

Chuck said that he would be back immediately. He drove the car into the community and took the elevator up. He knocked on the door and Yvette opened it.

Yvette's heart was filled with disappointment since the night before. She didn't call Chuck for the whole day, fearing that she might disturb him. Therefore, she was surprised when she received Chuck's call just now. Seeing Chuck now, she felt that she was on cloud nine.

"Hubby, come in!" Yvette pulled Chuck into the house.

When Chuck came in, he felt something was wrong. The way Yvette was looking at him was strange. What was going on?

When Chuck was still confused, his mobile phone rang. Chuck took it out. It was a phone call from Wilbur Wendel. He was puzzled and told Yvette that he would need to answer the call. Of course, Yvette said yes.

He went to the balcony and answered the call.

Wilbur was nervous and embarrassed. He thought of calling Chuck at that time to tell him that the truth had been exposed. However, he was too embarrassed. After being anxious for a whole day, he finally decided to call him.

After listening to what he had said, Chuck was shocked. "What did you say? Did you tell Yvette the truth?"

Oh my God!

Chuck was speechless. What was going on? How did Yvette know his identity when he tried so hard to prevent his "baller" identity from being exposed?

"I'm sorry, Chuck. I'll treat you for a massage tomorrow, okay? You see..." Wilbur was even more embarrassed. He had promised to help Chuck and even said that he could count on him. But at the end of the day, he still screwed the whole thing up.

Chuck sighed. "No, it's fine. I'll call you tomorrow."

"Okay, I'm so sorry!" Wilbur felt guilty.

Chuck said it was alright. He hung up the phone and put it in his pocket. He walked in uneasily with a heavy heart. Yvette knew about his identity, but why didn't she say anything about it? He coughed.

"Hubby, come over and have dinner," Yvette said in a gentle voice.

"Honey, I..." Chuck was really nervous. Yvette shook her head and walked towards him. She put her arm around Chuck and kissed him. Then she winked and said, "Would you like me to call you Hubby or

Baller? Which one would you like better?"

Chuck was embarrassed. She really knew!

"It's you. You were the one who had helped me all this while. Why didn't you tell me?" Yvette asked gently.

Chuck didn't know what to say. It was too complicated to explain everything. Ever since he saved Yvette, he had added Yvette's social media because he wanted to know how she was doing and also because he wanted to give her some money. But he didn't expect that Yvette remembered him and was grateful to have him in her life. Chuck knew things were getting out of control at that point and that he could no longer let things go on this way. However, as time passed, he couldn't seem to figure out a way to tell her the truth.

"Dear, let's have dinner first... or? Just tell me, I can do anything for you." Yvette whispered with shyness.

## Chapter 224

"Honey, stop eating. Let's start." Chuck Cannon picked Yvette Jordan up and walked to the sofa.

Yvette was nervous and her heart starting thumping. She had been preparing for this for more than ten years. Today, she was going to give it to Chuck.

"Hubby, I don't know much, but I found some information online. Please don't judge me, I'm trying my best..." Yvette said in a low voice. She wasn't proficient in these matters. Her best friend, Susan Sun, was the one who had told her about it last time...

She was surprised at that time.

Chuck thought of other ways to educate her. With her character, she must have never seen that kind of movie before.

Forget it. She did say that she had done her own research.

"Honey, I'll just find a movie to watch," Chuck said. She probably didn't know anything about it. When they were younger, Yvette vowed to change her fate. Hence, she had always focused on her studies when she was in school and did not waste any time on anything else. She was never exposed to all these things.

"A movie? Wouldn't it distract us?" Yvette did not know what Chuck was thinking. She thought Chuck wanted to watch a normal movie.

Chuck placed her on the sofa and sat down beside her. He took her hand and smiled slightly. His wife was too innocent. He told himself that he couldn't let her down.

"Hubby... you should lie down." Yvette calmed herself down. She had slept beside him for so many years. There was nothing to be shy about.

Of course, Chuck would do as she said. But...

Ding, ding...

Yvette's cell phone suddenly rang. She snapped out of her nervousness. She took a look at her phone and didn't want to answer it. Today was a big day.

"Hubby, I won't answer the phone." She shook her head.

Chuck smiled. She would usually pick up calls in the middle of the night for the sake of the company. However, it seemed like she was

finally ready tonight.

The phone rang again. Chuck was surprised. Was someone looking for Yvette about an emergency? Anyway, it wouldn't be a big deal to answer a call. It wouldn't take too much time.

"Honey, you should answer the phone first," Chuck said.

"Okay, hubby, wait a minute. I'll answer the phone." Yvette walked to her bag and took out her mobile phone. She saw that the call was from her good friend from Central City, Susan Sun. She was puzzled. She quickly answered the phone.

Chuck took a deep breath and relaxed himself. "There's no need to be nervous with your own wife!" He told himself.

Chuck comforted himself. However, Yvette returned with an apologetic look on her face. "Hubby, I'm sorry. Susan's company is in trouble. She has a lot of debts and now she's at the bus station. I'm going to pick her up now..."

"What?" Chuck's eyes widened.

Yvette had no choice. Susan was crying on the phone. She said that she had offended someone. Her company had gone bankrupt, and she still had a debt of millions of dollars. She had no choice but to hide here.

Yvette was very grateful for Susan's hospitality in the Central City, so she couldn't refuse.

She walked towards Chuck and kissed him. "Hubby, I'm sorry. I can't do anything about it. She's scared. I have to pick her up. Something might happen to her. I'm sorry, I'm really sorry..."

Chuck was really speechless. What happened?

What could he do if Yvette kept apologizing to him like that? He had no choice but to comply.

"Thank you, hubby. I'm going off now." Yvette breathed a sigh of relief and went out, the car key in her hand. Chuck was ready for action, but it wasn't happening tonight. He sighed.

He probably should take a shower!

Chuck took a cold shower. He lay on the sofa and fell asleep. He was tired. After spending the whole day with Willa Logan, Chuck had a dream. He dreamed that he had gone home. He heard someone taking a shower in his room and he pushed the door open. He was immediately surrounded by a strong fragrance, and the room was covered by water vapor. There was a sexy figure in the room. Suddenly,

he woke up.

Clap!

Chuck slapped himself on the face. What was he thinking? He sighed. Did he spend too much time with Auntie Logan today? What if that was the case? He shouldn't think about all these again!

Chuck shook his head. His body was drenched in cold sweat. He looked at the time and saw that it was around four o'clock in the morning. He wanted to go to the toilet. He stood up and walked to the bathroom. When he heard the sound inside, Chuck smiled. "Yvette? Are you in there?"

Haha!

Chuck opened the door slowly, not putting much thought into it. He reached his hands out towards the figure inside the bathroom and started touching her. However, he suddenly noticed something was wrong. "Why does Yvette's chest feel smaller?" He thought to himself.

He trembled. He was so shocked that he immediately let go of his hand and stepped back!

He shook his head. He calmed down and went to the toilet. He walked past Yvette's closed door. Susan must be sleeping in the room with Yvette. He shook his head again. It was a misunderstanding just now. Hope Yvette wouldn't know it.

If Yvette did, he would be doomed.

He tossed and turned on the sofa. He was getting all these temptations from left and right. Yvette, Susan, it wasn't his fault. He took out his mobile phone and looked at Lara Jean's naked photos on Whatsapp...

He suddenly had a perverted idea. If he called Lara now, she would probably be willing to come out, but...

After looking at the pictures for a while, he put down his mobile phone and went to sleep!

"Hubby, it's time for breakfast," Yvette called out in a low voice.

Chuck opened his eyes in a daze and noticed that it was already morning. What was going on? He slept too late last night, and couldn't wake up. He nodded and went to brush his teeth. Yvette whispered to him that Susan was going to stay for a few days. Chuck glanced at Susan, who was eating breakfast.

He heaved a sigh of relief. It looked like she was pretending to not know what had happened the night before either. It would be best if

she could pretend to forget about it.

Susan turned to look at him.

He felt guilty and quickly went to brush his teeth. After the three of them finished their breakfast, Yvette asked him if he wanted to go to the company. He shook his head. He still had to accompany Auntie Logan today, so he couldn't go. Chuck said that he had something to do.

"Well, I'm going to the company. Susan, please rest well. Everything will be fine." Yvette said, trying to comfort her.

Susan nodded.

After Yvette left, Chuck also hurried out. It was inappropriate for him to be alone with her. It was so awkward. Chuck walked to the door.

"I didn't expect you to be this type of person." Susan suddenly said.

## Chapter 225

Chuck Cannon was embarrassed. What could he say? Should he just say that she had a good figure?

After all, he made a mistake last night. Susan Sun had all the right to be angry. He was not blameless. It was indeed his fault.

Last night, he grabbed Susan when she was in a bad mood. He was lucky that she didn't slap him last night.

"I'm sorry. I thought you were Yvette. I'm sorry," Chuck apologized.

The atmosphere was very awkward.

Susan glanced at him silently.

Chuck was embarrassed. "Why don't I compensate you?"

He grabbed her a few times and even kissed her. He should compensate her, right? After all, they were strangers. He might have inflicted some trauma on her.

Chuck wanted her to keep the incident a secret. He couldn't let Yvette Jordan know about it.

"Who do you think I am? A whore?"

Susan stood up, finished her milk, and silently walked into her room. She never spoke another word.

Chuck stopped. He didn't regard her as a whore at all.

However, Chuck breathed a sigh of relief. If Susan wanted to get to the bottom of this matter, he certainly couldn't refute her. Now, it seemed like she was just going to let it go. This would be bode well for him.

Chuck was relieved when he heard her collapse on her bed. She was sleeping. He hoped that she would forget about what had happened last night.

Alas, Yvette was being so kind. We should have just booked a hotel for Susan!

He didn't know how long Yvette was going to let Susan stay here.

Chuck sighed. Last night should have been a beautiful night. After all, Yvette was the one who took the initiative. It would have been a pleasant night. Unfortunately, Susan had ruined it all.

What a pity!

Chuck opened the door softly and drove to his own home. He took



Auntie Logan to eat some delicious food. Since she was so rich, she had tried all kinds of high-end food her whole life. He wanted to take her to a farmhouse so that she could try some local cuisines.

Auntie Logan would definitely like it. Chuck went upstairs to look for her.

.....

At the same time.

On the top floor of the Hotel Luna, Karen Lee and Betty were talking about something.

"Will Willa accept the Young Master?" Betty was a little curious. She knew Willa Logan and her character very well.

"I'm not sure about that." Karen shook her head helplessly. The day before yesterday, she didn't go to the airport to welcome Willa. She should know what that meant.

"Willa is a nice person. She probably just treats Chucky as a junior, otherwise, she would have left in the beginning, so..." Karen was helpless. She had helped Willa because she believed women should help each other. She also wanted to get a good wife for Chuck.

If they could know each other like the back of their hands.

However, looking at the current progress, there seemed to be no result in sight at all.

"But, what should Willa do if the Young Master takes the initiative to sleep with her?" Betty asked.

Karen glanced at Betty with a strange look.

Betty was embarrassed. "I mean, although Willa is 30 years old, but she takes good care of herself. Her appearance isn't that much different from a teenage girl. The Young Master likes Yvette, but Yvette is five or six years older than him, right? So, the Young Master might like Willa too. The kind of relationship... Maybe he has some feelings for Willa, but he doesn't express it..."

Karen shook her head and said, "I understand what you're trying to say, but I'm not going to intervene if Chucky sleeps with her. However, it's definitely not right for him to do so. If someone else does that to Willa, she would definitely kill his whole family. But what could she do if Chucky took the initiative to go after her? That being said, if Chucky really did that, I'm going to teach him a lesson for not respecting women."

Betty nodded, her face returning to normal. "Then, would you like me to

create some opportunities for them?"

"No, don't! Willa is highly intelligent and observant. She would realize that something was off if you do something about it. I had asked her to come here so that she could think about it. I'm not planning to force her or do anything to her. They should slowly cultivate the relationship." Karen was firm.

"Well, but I'm afraid that the Young Master would force himself on Willa," Betty replied. After all, everything about Willa was so perfect. Her appearance, figure, temperament, and character were flawless. Which man would not be tempted by her?

Chuck might not be able to control himself. Any normal man wouldn't.

"Force her? If he had the galls to do that then I..." Karen frowned, but soon sighed. "Well, it's up to fate! By the way, how's Yvette's investigation going?"

"There's some leads, but there's something really wrong with her..." Betty said cautiously.

Karen's eyes widened...

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Chuck went upstairs. He knocked on the door and Willa opened it. She was dressed casually. She was very proper, and she didn't like to wear such skimpy clothes. But her loose sportswear could not cover her attractive figure, especially her perfect legs.

Smelling her fragrance, Chuck remembered the dream he had last night. He dreamed that she was taking a shower, but he couldn't dream what he hadn't seen. Therefore, steam had covered up his vision in the dream, and he could only smell the fragrance in the air.

Chuck shook his head. He couldn't let his imagination run wild!

"What's wrong, Chucky? Didn't you sleep well last night?" Willa smiled. The smile on her face was always so attractive.

"No, no." Chuck wasn't thinking about last night's dream anymore. Willa trusted him so much that she didn't lock the door when she slept at night. How could he think about her in that way?

If his mother knew about it, she will definitely beat him to death.

Chuck calmed down. But he didn't know that the impulsive seed buried in his heart had sprouted after the dream...

"Okay, let's go. I'm ready."

Chuck excused himself to the washroom. Willa smiled and nodded. As he went to the washroom, he thought to himself, "Does Willa go to the

washroom here, or the one in her room?"

D\*mn it, what was he thinking about?

Chuck slapped himself in the face. He really should stop thinking about all these!

After going to the washroom, Chuck and Willa went downstairs and he drove her to a farmhouse. However, unbeknownst to Chuck, Zelda Maine had heard the door open. She came out of the house and sighed softly...

Was Chuck just going to ignore her after that night in the private room?

She wanted to contact Chuck, but she didn't know what to say to him. She was disappointed so she absent-mindedly made her way to her company. However, there seemed to be something wrong with her restaurant. Zelda was nervous...

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"Charlotte, why are we here? This place is expensive and there's nothing to look at." Lara Jean curled her lips and complained. She scrutinized the farmhouse.

Charlotte Yates was not in a good mood. Lara had earned some money because the business at the milkshake shop had been very good recently. Hence, she took Charlotte out for a walk. Charlotte said that she wanted to go further, so they came here.

Charlotte sighed. Chuck didn't pay much attention to her after she drugged him. She was really disappointed.

"Charlotte, are you thinking about that liar?" Lara curled her lips. Charlotte kept looking above her. Wasn't Chuck's place upstairs?

"No." Charlotte sighed.

"No? Don't lie to me. I can read your mind," Lara curled her lips and said.

She was not being truthful.

Charlotte thought of something and looked at Lara seriously. "Do, do you really like Chuck?"

Lara blushed. How should she explain it? She did like him. Lara had begun to notice that Chuck was handsome and rich, hence she started to take a liking towards him.

However, she had recently sent him a Whatsapp message, but he had ignored her. She was also disappointed.

Lara was helpless. "Chuck, you liar. Now both my cousin and I like you.

"What should we do?" she thought to herself.

"I have a solution, but it depends on whether you want to do it or not," Charlotte said.

"Just say it." Lara was shy, but she couldn't stop herself from asking.

Charlotte whispered something in her ear, and she blushed. "Oh Charlotte, how could you do that? Chuck will be angry if he finds out."

"It doesn't matter. Do you want to do it?" Charlotte said seriously.

Lara bit her lips. What Charlotte said just now made her really embarrassed. As she was thinking about, she suddenly stopped.

"Charlotte, look, isn't that Chuck's car?"

## Chapter 226

"Auntie Logan, we're here. I found this place on the Internet. It's quite nice here. The reviews were all good. They have everything, hot springs and all."

Chuck Cannon explained to her. The air here was fresh. If they were tired of the city, they could come here more often.

Willa Logan smiled. Chucky had a good eye. She had been looking forward to this from the moment she woke up. She was wondering where Chuck would be taking her to.

This place was indeed beautiful, and it was very scenic. Willa liked it very much. She had a holiday resort in Central City, but the scenery here was better.

Chuck parked the car.

"Not bad," Willa said, and the two of them got off the car.

However, a Land Rover drove towards them just as they were about to go into the farmhouse. The driver was a lady. Maybe the car was too big, so it accidentally bumped into Chuck's car.

There was a loud bang.

Since he was bringing Auntie Logan out, he certainly could not drive a sports car. He could only drive a BMW. Chuck's heart ached.

"Whose car is this?" The beautiful woman shouted when she got off her car.

Chuck had no choice. "It's mine."

The beautiful woman glanced at him and doubted, "You? How could you afford such an expensive car? This is the best BMW 7 series on the market, it's worth more than two million dollars!"

She saw Willa, who was with Chuck. Apparently this guy had found himself a sugar mommy.

Chuck helplessly took out his car key and said, "This is mine, right?"

"Well, it would probably take around 30,000 dollars to fix this little bump. I'll give you 50,000 dollars as compensation. You could treat it as an apology too. Take it." The beautiful woman took 50,000 dollars out of her car and handed it to him.

Chuck was speechless. He wasn't short of money, but it was only right if the woman did so. Chuck took the money. The woman also gave her

phone number to him, saying that he could contact her if the money wasn't sufficient. Chuck saved the phone number. He thought of contacting Charlotte Yates to have the car repaired after sending Auntie Logan back.

The woman had a good attitude, so Chuck didn't care too much. Anyone would make mistakes at any point of their lives.

"Auntie Logan, it's okay. Let's go in." Chuck was a little impatient as he thought about the hot spring. He had never been to a hot spring before. If only he could see Willa in a swimsuit and take a dip with her...

Chuck wanted to slap himself in the face. He started having those kind of thoughts again.

"Okay." Willa smiled and followed him in. But the beautiful woman from earlier came back again. She asked curiously. "Are you Chuck Cannon?"

Chuck stopped. What was happening? How did she know his name?

Willa turned to look at the beautiful woman in front of her. She was about the same age as Chuck. Was she his classmate?

Chuck was surprised. The more he looked at her, the more familiar she looked. When she was in high school, she didn't know how to make up and dress up. Now she managed to make herself look so elegant. Her face was covered in make up and she dressed very sexily. Chuck really didn't recognize her.

Regine Johnson.

She was the most beautiful girl in his class in high school. She had changed so much. Last time, Regine looked very plain. How could she change so much? She even drove a Land Rover worth a few million dollars, and she was wearing luxury goods all over her body.

"Regine?" Chuck exclaimed.

"It's really you. Not bad. You've got a BMW 7 Series." Regine said, glancing at Willa.

"How did you change so much?" Chuck was surprised. She looked sexy and her big beautiful legs were really charming.

Her chest was also much larger than before. She looked incredible!

"Hehe, you caught me. I'll tell you then. I'm actually from a rich family. I was just faking it when I was in school," Regine said.

Chuck smiled. That was impressive. Chuck really didn't realize that when they were still in school. She was very ordinary, but she was very charismatic. A 10 dollar dress could look extremely expensive on her.

After all, Regine was from a rich family, just like himself. But Regine already knew about it.

"Well, I'll tell you. In fact, I'm also..." Chuck didn't have to hide it anymore. He drove a BMW 7 series worth more than two million dollars. He came from a rich family too.

"Er, you don't have to tell me." Regine felt embarrassed. She didn't expect the shy and nerdy Chuck had found himself a rich woman. Did he really need to say it out loud?

Regine was a little taken aback. Wasn't he embarrassed?

"What do you mean?" Chuck was shocked.

"I understand." Regine continued.

Chuck was helpless. "What do you know?"

He didn't want to talk to her anymore. He didn't know what she knew. Chuck planned to take Auntie Logan to the restaurant for a meal, and then to take a look at the scenery.

"By the way, are you here for the class reunion?" Regine asked curiously. Chuck did not attend the reunion last time. "Why did you come this time? Are you here to show off your BMW?"

Chuck shook his head. "No, we're here to relax."

"What a coincidence. Don't you want to go in and have some fun together? After all, we were schoolmates." Regine invited him. Chuck didn't talk much when they were in school, but he was still a decent person. At least she didn't hate him. Now he was relying on a rich woman. This was also his own choice. It was understandable. He could just relax and he wouldn't have to work hard for the next few decades.

Chuck had thought about joining the next reunion ever since he went to Yvette's class reunion.

He didn't mind meeting his old classmates, but unfortunately he couldn't today. After all, he came here with Auntie Logan. How could he take part in the school reunion?"

"I can't do it today." He shook his head.

"Well, why don't you go and say hello to your classmates? We haven't seen each other for a long time. At least go and say hi." Regine smiled.

"Chucky, you should go, it's okay." Willa smiled. It would be nice for Chuck to meet his old classmates. She often gathered with her old classmates too. It was a good memory to have.

Chuck shook his head. It was better to accompany Auntie Logan. Regine saw that Chuck didn't want to go, so she didn't force him. She smiled and said, "It's okay. Next time then." Chuck had no objection. He would attend the reunion next time. But this time, he could not.

Chuck and Willa went in. Regine arrived at the reunion place. Many of her high school classmates were there. She greeted them. The class monitor knew of her rich background and kept flattering her. "Regine, I saw you hit someone else's car. Are you okay?"

The other students were also concerned. After all, the rich and popular would always be the center of attention.

"It's okay. It was Chuck's car," Regine said.

"Chuck Cannon? That name sounds familiar."

"Is he the loser who sat in the corner all the time?"

"Yes, it's him. Regine, I didn't expect that he could also buy a car. What kind of car is he driving?" The classmate asked.

"A BMW 7 Series."

The classmates burst into an uproar. "What? Regine, are you kidding me? Chuck is driving a BMW 7 series?"

"Is he from a rich family, just like Regine is?"

"It's impossible. A loser will always be a loser. How is this possible? Those who come from rich families would have a certain charm. Do you think a loser like him has that sort of charm? He's better off as a driver. Was he alone?"

One of the classmates asked.

"No, he is with a very beautiful woman in her late twenties." Regine said. Willa's beauty amazed her. Chuck was so lucky to meet such a beautiful rich woman. Was Chuck that good in that department? She really couldn't tell!

Regine was very confused.

She didn't need to say anymore. Everyone knew what she meant. Chuck was a sugar baby to a rich woman. Nevertheless, everyone had their own ambitions. Who were they to say anything about it?

Regine felt sorry. How could a man do something like this?

"Where is he? Why didn't he come and say hi?"

"Do you think he has the guts to come here? He's afraid that we'll laugh at him."

The classmates all laughed together.



"Stop it. Let's order some food. I'm starving," Regine said. The other people stopped. Of course they would listen to the wealthy classmates!

Chuck and Willa were in the private room and had already ordered some food. Willa stood by the window, looking at the scenery in the distance. She decided that she would go out for a walk after the meal.

## Chapter 227

Willa Logan suddenly turned around, startling Chuck. If Willa knew that he was observing her perfect figure, what would she do?

"Auntie Logan, where did you buy this dress? Do they have this design for men?" Chuck Cannon smiled nervously.

"Good? Do you want it? I will call my company and send you a hundred sets later." Willa smiled widely. Chuck's words made her very happy.

"That's too many!" Chuck breathed a sigh of relief. Fortunately, he could stay calm. Otherwise, it would all be over.

However, he felt a little guilty.

Since Auntie Logan had trusted him so much, how could he look at her in that way? Was he making a fool of himself?

Chuck sighed, but Auntie Logan's figure from the back was so beautiful that he just couldn't look away.

"It's not really that many. You could send some to your friends too. As long as you're happy." She replied gently.

Chuck felt even more guilty. How could he have had that dream last night!

"Well, Auntie Logan, how much is the dress?" The fabric and design made the dress look very expensive. It must be at least seven to eight thousand dollars, am I right? Did it cost... ten thousand dollars?"

"It's not cheap nor expensive. The most important thing is that you liked it." Willa smiled.

Chuck didn't know that her dress was custom-made. It cost at least thirty to forty thousand dollars.

Chuck knew it was worth a fortune. The dress was probably worth tens of thousands of dollars. He lied to get out from the awkward situation, but Auntie Logan ended up giving him more than a million dollars worth of clothes. Chuck felt extremely guilty.

"I have to control myself. She's my Auntie Logan!" he chided himself.

"Auntie Logan, I'll pay you for the clothes." He said guiltily. He really didn't know what to feel at this moment.

"What are you doing? Are you talking about money with me?" Willa smiled and stretched her delicate hand out. Her fragrance wafted towards him. She stroked Chuck's hair, a hint of love in her beautiful

eyes.

"But..."

"But what? Chucky, the most important thing is that you're happy. Just tell me if you found something that you fancy. Since you'd called me your Auntie, it's only right if I gave you whatever you wanted, am I right?" Willa's beautiful eyes were full of love. She smiled, her charming demeanor making Chuck's heart beat quickly.

"Give me whatever I want?" This sentence was imprinted in Chuck's mind. Anything?

Chuck obviously knew that she was talking about material things. With her money, she could do anything she wanted. She could get him anything he wanted.

Willa had regarded herself as his relative. There wasn't any other meaning in her words. It was all in Chuck's imagination.

"Thank you, Auntie Logan... let's sit down." Chuck dispelled the bad idea in his heart.

"Okay."

The two of them sat down. He enjoyed spending time with Willa. She had a smile on her face all the time, and there was a faint dimple at the corner of her mouth. She looked exceptionally gentle and charming when she smiled.

"What a gentle and beautiful woman. I wonder what kind of man could qualify to be her boyfriend." Chuck thought to himself and sighed in his heart.

Soon the dishes were served and they began eating. Willa put more food onto his plate, which seemed to make the dishes even more delicious. Chuck ate a lot. After the meal, they left the restaurant and went for a walk. Willa was in a high spirit.

However, when the two of them came out, Lara and Charlotte saw them. They were surprised. Willa was so beautiful, even they were very envious of her.

"Such a big liar. How could he change his girlfriend again? Aren't Yolanda and Teacher Jordan enough?" Lara Jean was angry. What was so good about this guy? Why were there so many beautiful women around him?

Lara was impatient. Charlotte Yates gave her a solution just now. She had to use drugs.

Lara was embarrassed when Charlotte proposed the idea to her. How

could she do this? And they would both do it with him at the same time!

Thinking of this, Lara was nervous.

She couldn't overcome the obstacle in her heart. She thought that she liked Chuck, but using drugs was too much. However, when she saw Chuck with another woman, she became very jealous.

Thinking of how Chuck had ignored her, she was even angrier. She decided to go on with the plan. Her figure was good, and she would be giving it to him along with her cousin. Chuck would definitely enjoy it. "Hum, since you have my naked photos, I will also take photos of you, of when I hold you in my arms, and also when we..."

Lara almost lost her mind. She wanted to have him immediately.

In fact, she was in dilemma when Charlotte proposed this idea to her earlier. Love was always selfish. She became greedy when she was alone with Chuck the last time, However, she did not succeed, and she thought that perhaps Chuck was not interested in her body. Furthermore, Quinn Miller had interfered with her plan.

She looked at her chest and smirked. Any men would die for her body. Lara believed that she would be successful today.

She might have used too little of the drug last time. If she used a little more this time, he would probably lose his mind and succumb to the temptation. Everything would then go smoothly from thereon.

"I don't think that woman is his girlfriend. That woman is indeed very beautiful, but I don't think she looks at Chuck romantically. She's probably Chuck's aunt or maybe his aunt-in-law. I think it's fine." Charlotte was in car sales, so she could judge people's words and expressions easily.

She could easily spot this detail with her discerning eyes.

"I'm glad that she's not his girlfriend." Lara pursed her lips. "But, what should we do? He is with an elder. How are we going to drug him?"

"Hmm..." Charlotte paused as she tried to figure out a way. Suddenly, she had an idea. She pulled Lara close to her and whispered to her ear, "We can do it like this..."

The more Lara listened, the more she blushed. She nodded shyly and said, "Okay."

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When Chuck and Willa were about to go out for a walk, they happened to see Regine Johnson and her classmates coming out together. When

they saw him, their eyes were full of disdain. After all, he had become a sugar baby to a rich woman. What was there to be proud of?

He really embarrassed the entire male population.

However, when they saw Willa, their eyes lit up. She was so beautiful!

Her figure was perfect, her appearance was flawless, and she looked so gentle. She really was the ideal woman.

Did Chuck actually find such a beautiful rich woman to be his sugar mommy? They were so jealous and filled with hatred.

When Regine told them about Chuck, they thought the beautiful woman was just an ordinary lady. For all they knew, she might be a fat woman. After all, Chuck was already lucky enough to find himself a sugar mommy. They couldn't believe that he actually bagged such a pretty one!

They saw it with their own eyes.

Their hearts were green with envy. "We're all from the same class. How could he have such good luck? I would pay to be with her, let alone becoming her sugar baby!"

"Hey, isn't that Chuck?" Some of his classmates shouted sarcastically. They were really jealous. Why? Why didn't such a rich woman look for them instead?

"Yeah, I heard from Regine that you are driving a BMW 7 Series. That's amazing! These guys are lucky to have been classmates with you. Chuck, you should share some tips with us." The monitor smiled and said in a sour tone.

"I know a little about this. You must be good with your tongue," a classmate said with a smile.

His voice was not loud, but some classmates heard it and laughed with ridicule and jealousy.

Regine was embarrassed. She had no choice. Everyone had their own ambitions. It didn't matter. Chuck was just hooking up with a rich woman, and he didn't do anything bad. He could do whatever he wanted. After all, he must have some outstanding abilities to have a rich woman taking a fancy on him.

Regine thought so in her heart, but she still preferred to distance Chuck from her circle. After all, she didn't need a man who lived off women, so she didn't need to stay in contact with him!

Chuck frowned. What did they mean? Did they think that he was a sugar baby? He didn't care about it nor did he want to argue with his

classmates. But Willa was by his side. How could Chuck tolerate their insults? He became very angry.

"What are you talking about? She is my..." Chuck was angry.

"Are you angry? Who is she? Forget it, we don't want to argue with you anymore, and we don't need you to share your experience. Just do whatever you want!" The class monitor shook his head.

"Yes, yes, Chuck is driving a BMW 7 Series now. This is also a display of his outstanding abilities. Let's not talk about it anymore," Other classmates also commented.

"Chuck, just stop it." Regine also spoke. Since everyone already knew about this matter, there was no need for Chuck to speak about it openly!

## Chapter 228

The classmates continued spouting nonsense. Chuck was even more infuriated. Auntie Logan was just beside him!

"Regine, Class Monitor, let me clarify myself. I'm actually..." Chuck Cannon didn't need to hide anything. He did come from a rich family. Even Regine Johnson was not as rich as him.

"Stop it, Chuck. You really don't have to say anymore."

Regine Johnson sighed helplessly. "Chuck, don't you see that I'm trying to help you? How could you talk about being a sugar baby so openly? Everyone knows the truth now, so you don't need to lie anymore. Lying would only make you look even more shameless."

The other classmates were even more sarcastic. What else were there to clarify about? What was he proud of? Was he really planning to declare to everyone that he had become a sugar baby? Was he really looking for a rich woman?

"Why are you so shameless? You weren't like this back in school."

"Regine, I think you have misunderstood me," Chuck frowned.

He used to have a good relationship with Regine in high school. He would occasionally say a few words to her.

Although Regine hid her rich background from everyone, she was very easy to get along with, so she had a good relationship with the other classmates as well, including Chuck.

However, Regine felt that she was different from Chuck. She had pretended to be poor, but she had a lot of money at home. She lived her life thriftily, but her life at home was very good. She knew that Chuck was really poor, so he was different from her.

"There's no misunderstanding between us. Let's stop talking about this. We're going to the golf course now. Why don't you come along?"

Regine sighed. She then prayed in her heart, "Chuck, please stop talking. I've helped you out so many times. Don't you get what I'm trying to do?"

"I don't know how to play golf." Chuck shook his head. He had never dabbled in the sport before, but he knew that only the rich would play it. After all, it was not too long ago when he got to know that his mother was an extremely rich and powerful woman. He didn't have time to familiarize himself with the habits and interests of the rich.

Chuck thought that he would only have a go at it after he became the richest man in the country.

All his classmates laughed. He was a sugar baby, and yet he didn't know how to play golf. It seemed that Chuck had only gotten lucky recently!

"Then let's go to the hot springs. It's my treat. Your... She could come along too," Regine said. She was helping Chuck out again by changing the topic.

Regine felt that Chuck should learn to play golf now that he had become a sugar baby. It had always been a sport where the upper classes would gather and socialize with each other. If his current sugar mommy eventually got rid of him, Chuck could at least snag another one with his skills in golf!

"It's okay. You guys should go ahead!"

Chuck still shook his head. Willa's figure was so good, but Chuck didn't want to go. He also didn't want these people to see Willa in a swimsuit. How could he allow these perverted men to ogle at his Auntie Logan?

Willa was his Auntie Logan. How could he let these people see her like that?

Chuck did not know that Willa had never worn a swimsuit. She did not like other people seeing her body, except for the people she liked. Usually, she would not dress in revealing clothes.

"Are you really not going to go? You haven't been to a hot spring, have you?" The class monitor smiled. This rich woman was so mean to him! He couldn't believe that she had never brought Chuck to a hot spring.

Chuck glanced at him and said, "Well, I really have not been to one before."

Regine's head was throbbing. She knew she couldn't help Chuck out anymore. If he had never been to a hot spring before, he probably had not done many of the things that they were going to do after.

"Did you just say that you had never taken a bath in a hot spring before? It's not that expensive. It's only around a hundred dollars per person here," the class monitor said with a smile.

"Yeah, it's not expensive. Chuck, you've got a BMW 7 Series now. You should learn to enjoy your life." The other classmates said, ridiculing him.

"Just come. It'll be my treat," Regine sighed. She hoped that Chuck could finally get the hint. She was really trying her best to help him out!



"It's really not necessary. I'm going to have a walk with my Auntie Logan." Chuck shook his head. Regine was the only one in the entire group who had treated him quite well. Hence, he decided that he would just forget about what had happened earlier.

His classmates were surprised and started sneering again.

"Auntie Logan? Is she your aunt?"

"I really couldn't tell."

"Of course we wouldn't be able to tell. She's his distant relative. They don't look alike at all."

Regine sighed. There was no need to cover up his lie. Everyone already knew all about it. What was the point of saying that?

Although he said that she was his aunt, but she didn't look like one at all. She can't be his aunt!

"Chuck, just stop." Regine said helplessly. She pitied him. He was trying to cover up the fact that the woman was her sugar mommy. But he should have used a better reason!

Ah!

"Don't you believe me?" Chuck was surprised and looked curiously at Willa Logan. Indeed, they didn't look like each other at all.

Willa had been smiling the whole time. How could she get herself involved in matters between these young people? She didn't want to bully the weak.

"Well, she really is my Auntie Logan. If you don't believe me, then just forget about it. Also, I think all of you have misunderstood. My Auntie Logan is very rich. But I am rich too. I also came from a rich family. I bought the BMW 7 Series myself," Chuck said.

"Chuck, you!" Regine was angry. Was he trying to make a fool out of her?

She had been helping Chuck from the beginning. How could he make her look like a fool? He was obviously mocking her for concealing the fact that she was from a rich family when they were in school.

The students covered their mouth and snickered. He didn't even bother to come out with a convincing lie. He just said that this beautiful woman was his Auntie Logan, and now he actually said that he came from a rich family. Who would believe that?

Last time, Regine pretended to be poor, but she was still charming and gentle because of her rich background. But what about him? He looked like a loser. How could he insist that he came from a rich family?

He should just admit that he had become a sugar baby! He was definitely not from a rich family.

The classmates laughed at him mockingly, and Regine was angry. "Chuck, you've gone too far. You're laughing at me!"

Chuck was really stunned. "Regine, what am I laughing at you for? I really came from a rich family."

What just happened? He said that he came from a rich family, just like Regine did, but they refused to believe him. Chuck felt helpless.

Regine got even angrier. She even felt that she was stabbed in the back by Chuck. She wanted to help him, but he turned around and embarrassed her instead. "I told you to stop talking! Do you know what you said? Is she really your aunt? Haha, do you really think that all of us are blind? Aren't you just..."

Humph. After all, they were once classmates. They decided to let Chuck protect what was left of his dignity.

"What?" Chuck was also frustrated by Regine's sudden anger.

"Do you really want me to say it out loud? Chuck, I never knew that you were such a person. Are you still a man? How could you be so arrogant about being a sugar baby?" Regine was angry. He had pushed her to her limits. She had tried to help him just now so that he could maintain his dignity. However, Chuck was not grateful at all!

Chuck was also infuriated. "Do you all think this way too?"

Willa, who was standing at the side, also glanced at them and shook her head. She didn't know whether to laugh or cry. What were all these children thinking all day long?

"You can talk about me, but you can't talk about Auntie Logan like that. First of all, she is not a sugar mommy, and she will never be one. Secondly, I really come from a rich family. I don't need other people to support me," Chuck said coldly.

"Chuck! You really know how to tell a lie! Well, if you say that you are from a rich family like me, then prove it!" Regine snorted coldly. Chuck was the one who brought this upon himself. He wouldn't dare to blame her!

"How should I prove it?" Chuck asked.

"Haha, Chuck, are you trying to make me laugh? Didn't you say that you came from a rich family? Do you really need us to tell you how to prove your wealth? Do you not have any experience at all? Is this your first day of being a young master from a rich family?" They laughed.

They all thought that Chuck was really good at lying!

No wonder he could find such a beautiful and rich woman. They were really envious. However, now that things had turned out this way, perhaps this beautiful, rich woman would get rid of Chuck after realizing that he was nothing but an idiot. Would they have a chance then?

"Chuck, are you really rich?" Regine thought it was really funny. She laughed at herself in her heart. She couldn't believe that she had tried to help this person out. Why should she be so angry? Chuck had said so much just to cover up the fact that he was a sugar baby.

"Yes! I am rich. But how do you want me to prove it? I have to accompany Auntie Logan now, so I don't have time to take you to my plaza. My sports car, and my..." Chuck said. He wouldn't mind bringing them to the plaza if he was alone, but how could he leave Auntie Logan here?

He was here to accompany Auntie Logan, not these snobbish classmates.

"Stop it! Chuck, you're getting more and more outrageous. You have a plaza? What plaza? You're boasting but you're not giving us any evidence. How much does a plaza cost? Do you know that? Please show us the evidence first!" Regine was angry.

This guy must be sick. Why should she argue with a person like him? He was just a gigolo who couldn't stop lying!

## Chapter 229

"I'm not bragging. Of course, I know how much the plaza costs. I bought the plaza for 500 million dollars. It's..." Chuck was also angry.

Regine's sudden anger was utterly baffling! Chuck thought that Regine was using him as a punching bag to release her anger. Did she break up with her boyfriend?

"Stop! Let's play golf!" Regine shook her head angrily. She was really not in the mood at all.

The classmates who were present had long wanted to leave. What was the point of watching someone bragging about nonsense?

If it weren't for the beautiful Willa Logan, they would have left a long time ago. They wanted to see more of Willa since she was such a beauty. But the moment Chuck told them that he was actually from a rich family, they didn't want to continue to listen to him. How could that be possible?

"Let's go, stop talking about it already."

"Yes, I couldn't be bothered to listen to others boasting. How could he buy a plaza worth 500 million dollars? He might as well just say that the plaza costs 50 billion dollars."

"Did he think that we're fools? If he could buy a plaza worth 500 million dollars, his net worth must be at least one billion dollars. Has he forgotten that he only had two sets of clothes worth over 10 dollars for the whole semester when he was in high school?"

"It seems that he has forgotten about it. Otherwise, he wouldn't have said things like this."

Chuck's classmates despised him and followed Regine out.

Regine looked at Chuck and shook her head in disappointment. "Chuck, you have really let me down. No matter what you do, it doesn't matter as long as you don't hurt others. Everyone has their own ambition! But why would you lie? It just seemed like you are mocking us!"

"Regine, do you really not believe me? Well, the BMW 7 Series outside belongs to me and is registered under my name. Do you believe me now?" Chuck said. The BMW 7 Series was more than two million dollars, which proved that he was wealthy.

"Believe you? The beautiful rich woman beside you bought it for you, so

it's registered under your name. Nevertheless, there is no need to show off, because it's not worth showing off. Don't be so self-righteous if you are spending a woman's money." Regine was even more disappointed.

"Regine, don't talk to him. Let's play some golf! It's a waste of time listening to him bragging."

"Yes, just ignore him." The other classmates were impatient.

Regine nodded. She didn't want to see a person like Chuck anymore. She was so disappointed. She had helped him just now, but he was still acting like this.

Regine sighed and walked out with her classmates. This farmhouse was actually a holiday resort. It had everything and the price was reasonable, so the business was good.

If they went to play golf too late, there wouldn't be any spots left for them.

Chuck was irritated by Regine's words. He asked Willa to wait for him. Willa nodded with a smile. "Chucky, you can go and do your thing. I'll wait for you here."

Chuck nodded. The contract for the plaza was still in his car. He didn't take it to the plaza. If he showed it to her, she would then believe him, right?

"Wait!" Chuck chased after her.

"What are you doing?" Regine was impatient. "You're not planning to stop, are you? I have already exposed you. What's the point to continue pretending?"

"Come with me!" Chuck only wanted to show Regine the contract, because he understood now the reason for Regine's sudden anger. He said that he had come from a rich family. Regine must have thought that he was laughing at her because she had pretended to be poor when she was in high school.

Moreover, Chuck knew that Regine was helping him earlier.

Therefore, he wanted to let Regine know that he was not lying. If he showed her the contract, she would definitely believe him.

"Could you stop it already? I'm going to play golf." Regine was angry. Chuck didn't care about anything else and pulled Regine to his car.

"What on earth is Chuck doing?"

"What could he do? He's probably going to kneel down and apologize to Regine. He'll then beg her to believe him, and then make us believe him through Regine!"

"Come on! He's so shameless. Chuck Cannon, If you are rich, I will do whatever you want!"

The classmates said sarcastically.

"Let go, do you hear me?" Regine struggled in anger!

She was so strong that Chuck couldn't hold her.

"Come with me. There's a contract in my car..." Chuck said.

"Stop! Chuck Cannon!" Regine's face turned cold and she interrupted Chuck's words. "Let me tell you, it doesn't matter if you're poor or that you have a sugar mommy. I won't laugh at you at all. Everyone has their own ambition. But you're lying right to my face. What do you regard me as?"

"Listen to me. I'm not lying. There's something in my car..." Chuck was helpless. He had never realized that Regine was so eloquent back when they were still in school.

"That's it! Chuck, do you know why I had invited you to the reunion? Because when you were in high school, although you didn't talk much, you behaved well. You should have a good future. I thought you were just missing an opportunity and the reunion is an opportunity. Our class monitor dropped out of university but he is earning more than 100,000 dollars a month. You can ask him for advice and I'm sure he will share it with you since we are all classmates. Otherwise, if you want to work part-time, I can arrange for you to go to my father's company. But you refused to cherish these opportunities. Instead, you kept telling lies. Why must you pretend? There is no need for that. You have already taken the wrong path and decided to become a sugar baby. You should be ashamed of yourself. Chuck, you are a man, please don't rely on women. As your classmate, I can only say these. Please take care. I hope you can come back to the right path." Regine sighed. She then turned around and left. Her classmates were all waiting for her to go to play golf.

Chuck was confused. Why did Regine say so much to him? By the time Chuck came to his senses, Regine was already gone. Chuck smiled bitterly. How wouldn't she believe him?

Fortunately, they went to play golf. It seemed that they would spend the night here today. Chuck decided that he would let her see the contract after she finished playing.

"Chuck." A voice came. Chuck turned his head and saw Charlotte Yates and Lara Jean. Why were they here?

"Why are you here?" Chuck was surprised.

"We came here to relax," Charlotte said. "Did you just quarrel with someone?"

When they saw the scene just now, they felt that they still had a chance. After all, the beautiful woman who was with Chuck was not around.

"Well, it's fine. I'm here with Auntie Logan. I'm going to accompany her. You two should have a good time," Chuck said. He didn't want Auntie Logan to wait for too long.

"Well, Chuck, this is the milkshake that we had brought over. Please have a drink." Lara said nervously.

"No, I just drank some juice." Chuck shook his head.

"Don't be like this, okay? I brought it all the way here. You should at least take a sip of it. Don't make me sad, okay?" Lara sighed.

Charlotte was also nervous in her heart. They would have to pull Chuck to the room to do that the moment he drank the milkshake.

"Chuck, you know I like you. I brought it with me. Won't you drink it?" Lara whispered.

"I don't like you." Chuck shook his head.

"You..." Lara was angry, "Do you really not like me? In that case, I won't bother you anymore if you drink the milkshake, hey...!"

Chuck heard the last sentence and took a sip of the milkshake in Lara's hand. Lara was angry and she thought to herself, "You are a big liar. You got my naked photo. I don't know how many times you have gone to the toilet with the photos. How could you be so ruthless?"

"I've drunk it. Leave me alone now." Chuck said and left.

Lara and Charlotte were stunned. They did not expect Chuck to drink it so quickly. They were dumbfounded!

"Ah, hold him back. What if the drug takes effect?" Charlotte suddenly thought of this matter. She was anxious. Chuck was already a distance away when she came back to her senses.

Lara was also anxious. The two of them immediately chased after Chuck.

The drug's dosage was high this time. Chuck would soon be delirious. If others knew this, they would be in trouble! Not only could they not sleep with Chuck, but they would also be discovered by Chuck too.

Chuck walked towards Willa, who was waiting for him. He felt a little dizzy, and he suddenly felt that Willa was so charming. Her tall and hot

body was really flawless. It was the best...

Chuck shook his head. What was wrong with him? Why did he think of those thoughts?

He suppressed his thoughts and walked over. "Auntie Logan, let's go out for a walk."

"Okay." Willa smiled. It seemed that the matter had been solved. Did the girl believe it just now? She should believe it.

When Willa was walking, her hand was suddenly caught by Chuck. She was stunned and looked back. "Chucky, what are you doing?"

"You are so beautiful, I feel like..." Chuck was in a daze and felt that his brain was going to explode.



## Chapter 230

Chuck Cannon took Willa Logan's hand. It was so tender and wonderful. It was really hard to imagine that Willa, a master of martial arts, had such a soft hand. Shouldn't it be full of calluses?

Chuck had held Zelda Maine's and Yvette Jordan's hands before, but they were all different. At this moment, Chuck was holding this hand cautiously because it was so soft.

"You're so beautiful," Chuck said as he approached her, and he could smell a wonderful fragrance.

Chuck wanted to kiss her.

The smile on Willa's face disappeared. She frowned because she saw two anxious looking girls waiting at the corner. They were Lara Jean and Charlotte Yates.

After Willa saw them, Lara and Charlotte hid in a panic.

"Chucky, what did you drink just now?" Willa was worried. Of course, she could see that Chuck's eyes were very confused and his face was red. He had been drugged.

How could Willa not see through this?

"I drank some milkshake. I only took a sip. It's so stuffy, I feel dizzy. I... I want to kiss you."

Chuck pulled Willa's hand and puckered his lips.

Willa reached out and stopped Chuck from speaking. She shook her head and said, "Chucky, stay awake. I'll take you to a room."

Chuck couldn't control himself. He wanted to kiss her. Willa's palm was gently pressed onto Chuck's lips. "His eyes are red. The dosage is too high. No, I have to help him deal with it as soon as possible. Otherwise, it would harm his body. Chucky, you must stay awake!"

Willa held Chuck's hand with one of her hand and pressed Chuck's mouth with the other But Chuck put his other hand on Willa's waist.

"Chucky, wake up."

Willa was worried and went to get a room with Chuck. A beautiful receptionist attend to them. However, when she saw Chuck and Willa, she was also surprised. How could this man find such a stunner?

Willa took the room card and went in with Chuck.

"What should I do?" Seeing this scene, Lara was very anxious. When

they chased after him just now, they saw Chuck holding Willa's hand. And from a distance, they saw Chuck's eyes were full of desire.

Charlotte was also in a panic. She did not expect things to turn out like this at all. She thought that after Chuck finished the milkshake, she and Lara would take him to get a room. Then, they would be able to achieve what they had wanted to do.

However, Chuck was taken to a room by a woman who came with him. This...

"Isn't that woman an older relative of Chuck?"

"Don't worry, that woman already took Chuck in. I could see that Chuck wanted to kiss her. But she has stopped him and she looked very worried. Since she had brought Chuck in, she might help Chuck settle it." Charlotte analyzed and calmed down. Fortunately, this was not known by others. Willa's expression just now scared her.

"Settle? Do you mean that this woman is going to help Chuck settle it? Isn't she an older relative of Chuck? What are we doing?" Lara broke down.

"No, that woman will not do that. Didn't you notice that the woman was very calm? I think she is a doctor." Charlotte analyzed. Indeed, she saw Willa's calmness.

She must have brought Chuck in to take a cold bath.

Lara listened to this, and she was relieved. If Chuck had done something with an older relative, wouldn't Chuck break down when he woke up? They were lucky.

"Then, what should we do?" Lara asked anxiously.

"We should wait for a while. However, if she can't help Chuck, then we... should call the police. Ah, I think the drug dosage is too high and there may be an accident. We'll wait for ten minutes and call the police after." Charlotte sighed.

"Well, Chuck is a big liar, but this is our fault. We can't let anything happen to Chuck." Lara bit her lip.

The two of them were waiting anxiously outside...

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Willa led Chuck into the room. She heard Chuck's rapid breathing and he had completely lost his mind. No matter how Willa tried to stop him, Chuck tried his best to kiss her. "Don't run away. I wanna kiss you..."

"Be good. You can't kiss me. Lie down." Willa shook her head and put Chuck on the bed. She took out a dagger from her bag, but as soon as

she turned around, Chuck held her from behind.

Willa turned around worriedly. "Be good, don't move. I'll take out some blood from your body and you will have a good sleep. You'll be fine when you wake up."

"I want to kiss you, I want to..." Chuck was not rational anymore. His mind was filled with perverted thoughts.

"Be good, lie down." Willa shook her head. In fact, Chuck would not be able to hold her if she used a little force, but she was not willing to do so. That would hurt Chuck.

She pushed Chuck's arms away with her hands and he lay down on the bed. Willa went to the bedside and held Chuck with one hand. She was ready to poke Chuck with a dagger to remove some of the drug in his body. However, Chuck was out of control. Willa was reluctant to use force, so Chuck moved closer to her.

"I want it." Chuck was confused.

"Okay, hold my hand. Be a good boy and don't move." Willa stretched her hand out to pull Chuck. Chuck was satisfied that he was able to hold her. She stared at Chuck's wrist. She wanted to take his blood, but she had to be careful so that she would not harm Chuck. However, Chuck keep fidgeting around and Willa could only hold Chuck's hand.

"You can't touch here. Be good... Just hold my hand. You can't touch there too. Just give me your hand, yes." Willa said gently. Her eyes and hands were quick, and the dagger cut Chuck's wrist. Puff, a stream of blood spurted out. Willa breathed a sigh of relief. She pressed her fingers on Chuck's wrist to prevent too much blood from spraying out, otherwise it would hurt his body.

Bo.....

Willa was shocked when Chuck kissed her on the cheek. She smiled and she reached out to block Chuck's lips. "Be a good boy and be obedient. You will be fine soon."

Willa pressed Chuck's bleeding wrist, and some blood came out. Chuck was exhausted after half of the drug flowed out from his body. He lay down on the bed and closed his eyes. Willa breathed a sigh of relief. She released Chuck's wound and was ready to bandage it.

However, Chuck held onto Willa's hand and refused to let her go. Willa tried to pull her hand out slightly, but Chuck was like a child holding a toy tightly. He did not let go, and he instinctively kissed Willa's arm and fell asleep with his head against her arm.

Willa smiled, "This child."

She didn't pull her arm away. After Chuck fell asleep, she wanted to pull it out, but Chuck still didn't let her go. Willa stretched her hand out and scratched Chuck's arm playfully. Chuck then let go of her hand.

Chuck was afraid of the itch.

"You will be fine after a night's sleep. Good night."

Willa took her hand away and began to treat Chuck's wound. After wrapping it up, Willa wiped the sweat on her forehead and covered Chuck with the quilt. She went to the side. She answered her phone that was ringing. There was something that she needed to deal with in her company. Willa said, "You deal with it first... I have some matters to attend to."

After Willa said this, she turned around and looked at Chuck, who was sleeping on the bed.

"Must I make the decision now? Well, keep your voice down, it will disturb others... No, I still have some matters to attend to over here, so I can't go back for the time being. You can handle it yourself, that's it." Willa hung up the phone. She didn't want to talk much, and she was worried that she would wake Chuck up.

She walked over and covered Chuck with a quilt before she went out.

Lara and Charlotte, who were outside the door, panicked. When they saw Willa suddenly opened the door and came out, they turned and ran. But after Willa closed the door, she said, "Are you running away?"

Lara and Charlotte felt that these words were meant for them, so they shivered in fear.

"Fortunately, Chuck is fine. Otherwise, both of your families would be in trouble," Willa said.

Lara was afraid, and Charlotte trembled too. When Willa did not smile, her aura was incomparable. Lara was a freshman and Charlotte had just graduated. How could they fight Willa's aura?

"Sorry, we were wrong. We won't do it again." Charlotte said in a hurry. Lara also said in a trembling voice, "Please forgive us, we won't do it again."

"If there is another time, you two better prepare for a funeral," Willa said, opened the door and went in again.

Lara and Charlotte collapsed to the ground, feeling that they had done something which might have gotten them killed...

Willa closed the door and saw Chuck, who was lying on the bed, with the quilt open. She smiled and said, "Why is this child so naughty while

sleeping?"

She went towards Chuck and covered Chuck with the quilt again. But as soon as she stretched her hand out, Chuck held her arm and fell asleep with his head against her arm.

## Chapter 231

Chuck Cannon had a sweet dream. He dreamed that he was with Willa Logan but they didn't do anything. It seemed that he couldn't move, so Willa just took care of him gently.

Chuck felt that this dream was too sweet so he didn't want to wake up.

When he finally opened his eyes, he saw Willa sitting on the sofa, reading a French book. He was surprised. What happened? Why was he here?

Chuck was too embarrassed to face Willa because of his dream.

"Auntie Logan." Chuck whispered. His head was throbbing. What was going on? And there was even a wound on his hand. Was he beaten?

"Chucky, are you awake?" Willa raised her head and walked over from the sofa with concern.

"Auntie Logan, what's going on? Why was I sleeping? Weren't we going for a walk?" Chuck really couldn't remember anything. He only remembered that after he met Lara Jean and Charlotte Yates, he came to find Willa and was ready to take her to have a look around. But why did he fall asleep?

"Yes, you fell down and passed out, so I brought you here." Willa smiled. She saw that Chuck's eyes were haggard but not red, which meant that all the effects of the drugs were gone.

Willa was relieved, hoping that the drug would not have much effect on Chuck's body this time.

Chuck was embarrassed. Did he really trip? It was a common occurrence to fall down in scenic spots like this place. But Chuck couldn't believe that he fainted. What bad luck!

"I'm sorry, Auntie Logan. I was going to show you around, but I didn't expect that..." Chuck felt guilty in his heart. It was already seven or eight o'clock in the evening. How could he still take Willa out for a walk?

"It's okay. Is your head still hurting?" Willa reached out and pressed Chuck's forehead. Her hand was really soft.

Chuck's heart was beating so fast that it almost jumped out of his chest. Willa was too gentle. He shook his head and said, "Auntie Logan, it doesn't hurt anymore."

"That's good, Chucky, are you hungry?" Willa withdrew her hand.

Chuck's forehead was not hot, so he had almost recovered.

Chuck touched his stomach and felt very hungry, as if he had been training for the whole afternoon. He still felt exhausted.

"A little bit."

"Then let's go for dinner."

"Okay." Chuck got up from the bed, but his body was still weak. He stood up and sat down on the bed again. Willa hurriedly came over to hold Chuck. "Chucky, wait in the room. I'll go out and pack some food for you."

"Thank you, Auntie Logan." Chuck was embarrassed.

"Good boy, lie down and wait for me. I will come back soon." Willa shook her head with a smile, stood up and went out. Chuck was lying on the bed, feeling faint. Did Willa take care of him this whole time? Chuck felt happy.

Soon, Willa was back with some takeouts. Chuck ate it, but he still felt weak. Willa said, "Don't worry. You can sleep here today. Take a good rest. I'm staying next door, call me if you need anything."

Chuck was hesitant. Why was he so tired? Did he just sleep earlier? He was helpless. Could it be that he had exercised too much recently? That shouldn't be the case though...

Chuck didn't think too much. He didn't expect that he was drugged. Even though he was a man, he didn't think about this possibility at all.

"Okay." Chuck nodded with hesitation. After all, he was too weak to do anything and he felt like he was going to collapse at anytime.

"Then I'll be next door. Call me if you need anything. Just sleep. It's okay." Willa smiled and went out.

Chuck had no choice but to call Yvette Jordan and tell her that he would not go back today.

It was true that he couldn't go back to such a situation. He hung up the phone, lay down on the bed, and fell asleep in a daze. He was too tired.

Willa's ears were close to the door as she listened to Chuck's movements. His breathing was even. He had fallen asleep. Everything was fine now.

Willa breathed a sigh of relief and went back to her room.

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Yvette was disappointed. Was Chuck angry because she brought Susan Sun back, therefore he didn't want to come home today?

However, Susan was of great help to her. How could she stand aside and do nothing when Susan was facing a dilemma?

Yvette could not do that.

"Is your husband not coming back today?" Susan asked. She muttered in her heart, "How dare you come back? Last night, you pinched me in the toilet a few times and it hurt so much! Are your hands made of metal claws?"

"Well, Susan, you don't need to worry." Yvette was afraid that Susan might overthink, and she didn't want Susan to feel burdened.

"I can't stay here forever. I'll go and find a job for the next few days and then move out." Susan was thinking about this but she didn't know how to share it with Yvette.

Chuck's performance in Central City made her think that Chuck was a capable person. So she envied Yvette for being able to find someone like Chuck. She had also thought of what she would do if Chuck was her boyfriend.

Susan was ashamed and angry when Chuck had pinched her last night. She herself didn't understand why she didn't slap him at that time.

She might have forgotten because of the pain.

"It's okay. My husband wouldn't mind. You can live here. Rest assured." Yvette was worried. As expected, Susan had thought too much.

She was really worried about letting Susan stay outside. Susan's company was gone and she owed millions of dollars! She was worried that Susan would give up. She didn't want to lose such a friend.

"Why don't you join me? The company is very busy, and my husband has opened a restaurant for me. It's undergoing renovation now," Yvette said hesitantly.

"A restaurant? How much did he invest?" Susan asked. In fact, she was also curious. Chuck was so capable, but why was he still living in such a community?

Maybe he knew some people when he was in Central City. He might not have that much money but maybe he had good connections.

So she thought he might have invested about a million dollars.

Speaking of this, Yvette was worried, because she had asked about the shop's transfer fee, deposit and rental fee and they cost more than one million dollars not inclusive of the decoration. She was also worried, because she was afraid that it would cost too much money. Even if she



had decorated it herself, it would still cost at least two million and eight hundred thousand dollars.

Susan was surprised when she heard this from Yvette. "Where did your husband get that kind of money from?"

A random restaurant cost more than three million dollars?

"Well, I don't know where my husband gets so much money. He also has a sports car and a BMW. He has just bought a Mercedes for me too," Yvette said.

Susan was shocked. That totaled up to more than 10 million!

"Your husband is definitely from a rich family!" Susan affirmed.

"No, he isn't." Yvette held her chin in her hand, wondering why was her husband so rich all of a sudden.

She was really curious.

However, Yvette sighed. Did Chuck go to Zelda' place?

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When Chuck woke up the next morning, he had recovered his strength. After taking a bath, he felt that he had to take Auntie Logan to have a look around today. After all, they had wasted the whole afternoon yesterday. Chuck knocked on the door. Willa opened it and smiled with dimples. "How do you feel?"

"Very well, Auntie Logan. I will show you around today," Chuck suggested.

"Okay, I'll listen to you." Willa was relieved. Chuck looked much more energetic, which surprised Willa. She thought that Chuck would still be weak for a few days. It seemed that since Chuck was Karen's son, his genes were also very good. He had a chance to become a master of fighting!

After Chuck and Willa had breakfast, they began to stroll around.

Regine Johnson and the other classmates whom he met yesterday were still here. This time all the expenses were paid by Regine, so they could stay for three days. Anyway, it was a small sum of money for Regine. But when she saw Chuck again, she was disappointed. It was better not to meet such a man in the future.

Of course, the other classmates also saw him! They sneered at him. How shameless he was to walk around so openly. He was still showing off that he had a sugar mommy!

Regine shook her head in disappointment. She didn't want to talk to

Chuck anymore. She had talked too much yesterday. She remembered what Chuck had said yesterday, "I'm also from a rich family, and there's a plaza..."

She laughed out loud. Really? How could he utter such words?

Regine stopped looking at Chuck and continued to play golf with her classmates.

Chuck thought that this place was not too bad. If he could build a resort here in the future, it should be very profitable.

At night, when Chuck was about to send Willa back, he saw Regine walking over. Regine glanced at Chuck and shook her head in disappointment. Chuck had no choice but to take out the plaza contract in the car and walk to Regine's car. Regine was annoyed. "What are you doing? Are you still going to say that you are from a rich family?"

## Chapter 232

"Regine, if you don't believe me, then take a look at this." Chuck handed over the contract.

Regine Johnson was frustrated. "Enough! I didn't think that you were capable of doing this. What's the point? Where was the young innocent guy in high school whom I used to know? Now that you've become a sugar baby, you've become so arrogant! You've let me down!"

She slammed on the accelerator and left. She had to deal with some matters. There was a street owned by her family. She had just received a phone call. There was an accident in a restaurant on that street. She had to deal with it. If she remembered correctly, the owner of this restaurant was called Zelda Maine...

After Regine left, Chuck was speechless. He could only put the contract away.

"Are you trying to court Regine? She is very rich. There are so many people who want to be with her. What's more, she doesn't entertain the idea of having a sugar baby." These classmates had come to see Regine off. After all, Regine had already paid all the expenses, and they could enjoy themselves at the farmhouse for one more day.

"That's right. Are you trying to mooch off Regine? You should look at yourself in the mirror!" The other classmates were very resentful.

Chuck was still here, which meant that he and the beautiful woman had spent the night together. Did they do anything last night? At the thought of this, they were envious and jealous. Why was Chuck so lucky?

Chuck glanced at them and said, "F\*\*k off!"

Chuck was in a hurry to send Willa Logan back home. If he didn't go home today, Yvette Jordan would overthink, so he didn't want to waste time on these people.

Chuck opened the door and got in. Then he drove away with Willa.

The classmates were angry!

"Hey! How dare he curse at me? He's really rude!"

"Do you still want to talk about personality with the gigolo boy?"

"That's right. People like him are so shameless. I feel sick when I talk to him. Let's not waste anymore time. Let's go to the hot spring! Hee hee!"

"It's good to have a rich friend like Regine. We have three days to spend here. Hey guys, is anyone else rich here? Don't forget to bring us to have fun!"

"No... How could anyone else be rich here?"

"Didn't Chuck say that he came from a rich family too?"

"Haha, that's funny! You got to be joking!"

The classmates laughed and mocked him endlessly. They then made their way to the hot springs. Was he kidding? Was Chuck rich?

They wouldn't believe it unless they saw it for themselves!

Chuck drove back with Willa. He was still very happy today. Willa had been smiling the whole time. To be honest, his life would become a much brighter place if he got to see that beautiful smile for the rest of his life.

"Auntie Logan, please rest well," Chuck said. After all, he was a little reluctant to part with her.

"Okay. Drive carefully." Willa smiled and opened the door. Chuck said that he would take Willa to visit another place tomorrow because he didn't know how long she would be staying.

"Alright, I'll just follow you." Willa nodded.

Chuck breathed a sigh of relief. Willa closed the door and Chuck was about to head back down. However, when he arrived at the elevator, the elevator doors opened and revealed a tired and haggard-looking Zelda. She didn't see Chuck and walked out of the elevator in a daze.

Chuck was surprised. "What's wrong with Zelda? What happened to her?" He thought.

"Zelda, are you alright?" Chuck asked with concern. Zelda looked exhausted, and Chuck's heart ached a little.

"Ah? Chuck." When Zelda came to her senses and found that it was Chuck, she had hope in her heart.

When she arrived at the restaurant, she found that the landlady had tried to take back her shop. The lease had expired, but Zelda's restaurant had just been renovated the year before. At that time, the landlady had promised to extend the lease, that was why Zelda had decided to renovate the shop in the first place. But now, the landlady went back on her promise and decided to take the shop back instead.

Zelda had already discussed it with the landlord, but there was no other way. She was very worried, and there was also another incident in her other restaurant. When an employee was serving the food, he

accidentally bumped into a patron and accidentally spilled the food on him. The problem was this patron happened to be an influential person. She had already lost three million dollars from that incident. It was not serious, but she still forks out a fortune to compensate the patron. She did not even know if there would be consequences after the incident.

"Zelda, what happened?" Chuck asked with concern.

"Everything." Zelda felt exhausted after those unfortunate events. They were her best restaurants. But now, two separate incidents had happened at those two restaurants. Zelda sighed. She recited the story in full, and Chuck was worried about her after she told him.

"Don't worry about it. I'll go with you to see the landlord tomorrow," Chuck said. "We'll go first thing in the morning. I'll let Auntie Logan wait for a while."

He couldn't just stand by and watch Zelda get into trouble.

"Thank you. I have an appointment with her at eight o'clock in the morning." Zelda was moved.

"Okay, give the address of your restaurant. I'll head there first thing tomorrow morning." Chuck asked. Zelda gave him the address verbally and Chuck noted it down in his head and finally said, "Have a good rest, Zelda."

"Alright."

Chuck took the elevator down. Zelda was touched by his actions and went back to her home.

Chuck drove back. It was already past nine o'clock in the evening. He opened the door and went in. He saw that Yvette waiting for him. The door to the room was closed, and Susan Sun should be inside. Chuck was nervous. She probably did not spill that matter to Yvette, did she?

"Honey."

Chuck walked over. Yvette hugged him and said, "Chuck, I'm sorry. I've neglected you. Tonight, I'll spend the night with you."

Chuck was powerless. He really didn't know what was going on. He was exhausted. He didn't have much strength left in him. He just wanted to sleep. Of course, Chuck didn't know that Charlotte Yates had drugged him, which was why he was feeling weak.

"Chuck, Susan is asleep. We got to be quiet, let me help you." Yvette said in a low voice, blushing.

Chuck really had no energy. "Honey, I'm exhausted."

Yvette was disappointed. Was it because he and Zelda were doing it last night? Was that why he was so tired? She felt wronged. She didn't mean it. How could she ignore Susan?

"It's okay. I'll just hug you to sleep tonight." Yvette closed her eyes. She didn't sleep well the night before. She was relieved to sleep with Chuck in her arms.

Chuck was sleepy, so he immediately fell into a deep slumber when his head hit the pillow. In the morning, it was Yvette who woke Chuck up. Chuck woke up tiredly. Yvette kissed him and said, "Get up, I am going to make breakfast."

Chuck looked at the time and found that it was nearly time to meet up with Zelda. He shook his head and said that he still had some matters to attend to. Yvette nodded disappointedly. "Well, Chuck, be careful on the road."

Chuck nodded, brushed his teeth, and left in a hurry. He drove to Zelda's restaurant.

The location of the restaurant was very good. Of course, Chuck knew that the rental here would cost hundreds of thousands of dollars a month. How could it not be good?

He got out of the car and went in. Zelda had been waiting for Chuck for a long time. When she saw Chuck, she breathed a sigh of relief.

Chuck went over. The meeting was in the private room. Zelda brought him in.

Outside the restaurant, a luxury car drove in. A beautiful woman got off the car. Regine had properties along the entire street. Her father had asked her to terminate the contract of this particular restaurant.

She walked in and pushed the door of the private room. Then she frowned. Chuck, she didn't expect to see Chuck!

She was disappointed and felt disgusted. Wasn't it enough for him to live off that rich woman? How could he still find Zelda?

Chuck was also surprised. "Regine was the landlady?" He was surprised, but he had heard from Yolanda Lane that this street was owned by some wealthy man, so was that man her father?

Zelda was nervous.

"Miss Maine, what is the meaning of this? Why did you bring him here? What does he have to do with today's discussion?" Regine sat down.

"Let me introduce him. He is..." Zelda felt that Regine was rather impolite, but she could only introduce him.

"There's no need. I know him." Regine glanced at Chuck, shook her head, and continued, "I don't understand. Why did you ask him to come here? To offer you some support?"

Zelda was surprised, but she was relieved in her heart. Chuck was also rich, so he must know people like Regine. However, when she heard Regine's last sentence, Zelda was shocked. Did she and Chuck have a fallout?

"Regine, list down your terms and conditions. What must she do in order for her contract to be renewed?" Chuck didn't want to waste time. He still had to accompany Willa.

"Conditions? What gives you the right to ask for those?" Regine shook her head. "I'm really disappointed to see you today. How could I have classmates like you?"

Chuck was speechless. "Regine, you really misunderstood me."

"Misunderstanding? Do you think it's a misunderstanding? It's funny how you could lie without blinking your eyes!" Regine sneered.

"I'm not lying. I am from a wealthy family, and..."

"The plaza, you have a plaza, don't you?" Regine said in disgust.

"Miss Johnson, Chuck does have a plaza," Zelda said.

"Really? Are you defending him now?" Regine stood up and didn't want to talk anymore. "The contract is terminated. You can leave now! Also, one thing I hate the most is being lied to."

"What if I take you to my plaza?" Chuck said calmly.

## Chapter 233

Regine Johnson stared at Chuck Cannon. "You want to take me to your plaza?"

She was full of doubts.

She was already annoyed when he said that the beautiful and rich woman was his Auntie Logan the last time. How could he tell that kind of lie? He even offered to take her to his plaza. What was he trying to do? Was he trying to waste her time?

"Yes, you don't believe me, do you? I'll take you there right now." Chuck said. Regine's attitude gave Chuck no other choice.

He came here to help Zelda Maine, but Zelda's landlady, Regine, was so angry. If Chuck did not make it clear, he would not be able to help Zelda. Instead, he would cause more harm than good to her, which would make it even more impossible for her to renew the contract.

"No need, you're wasting my time." Regine shook her head. If it weren't for Zelda, she wouldn't have come back here today.

"Regine, there is a lot of misunderstanding between us." Chuck sighed. When they met at the farmhouse, she had already misunderstood him before he could say anything.

Chuck seemed to be the victim here.

Somehow, she had misunderstood that Auntie Logan was his sugar mommy. However, Auntie Logan was so kind to him that she was willing to agree to anything. In this aspect, Chuck was pretty lucky.

"There isn't any misunderstanding between us. I have seen with my own eyes that my decent classmate had turned out to be a liar and a shameless man!" Regine was disappointed.

She didn't want to talk about it anymore. What else could she say to such a person?

Zelda was shocked. It turned out that the two of them were classmates, and there were too much misunderstanding between them.

"Regine..." Zelda wanted to speak for Chuck.

"There's no need to say anything." Regine walked outside. Zelda sighed. It seemed that there was no way she could extend her contract, so she had no choice but to leave.



"Zelda, please wait for a while," Chuck said.

"Chuck, it's alright. Don't shortchange yourself just so you could help me." Zelda was distressed. Seeing Chuck being humiliated by Regine just now, Zelda felt her heart ache. She felt that Chuck had been wronged. Regine didn't want even want to hear Chuck's explanation. Zelda felt that she couldn't allow Chuck to be wronged no matter how her restaurant would wind up to be."

"Alright."

Chuck walked out. This time, he had to help Zelda.

He chased after Regine and walked towards her car. "Regine, why must you look at me like that? Do I really look like someone who lives off some other women?"

Chuck was particularly helpless.

"Yes, you do. Firstly, you are not rich. Secondly, you're not even 20 years old. How could you afford a BMW 7 series? Where did you get the money to buy the plaza?" Regine was annoyed.

"I've already said that I'm from a rich family." Chuck was really speechless. He had already made it clear at that time.

"That's enough!" Regine said in disgust. "Are you still making fun of me for pretending to be poor when we were in high school? You're really too petty."

Chuck knew that if he continued explaining, Regine would have a deeper prejudice against him.

Oh!

Chuck was irritated. This has gone too far. He said, "Just because you're from a rich family, doesn't mean I can't be from one too."

"It's not that you're not allowed to come from a rich family, but prove it to me. Who are your parents?" Regine asked impatiently.

"If I tell you, your father's company will be bought over by my mother." Chuck said calmly.

Regine's family's properties were only worth more than two billion dollars. If he told his mother, she would buy them all up immediately, wouldn't she?

Regine hated him even more. "Chuck Cannon, are you out of your mind? You are such a ridiculous liar!"

Her father's company was worth hundreds of millions of dollars. Could he afford to buy over that company? Did he think that they were at a market, that things were dirt cheap? Besides, would her father be

willing to sell his company?

This man just couldn't stop bragging.

"Get out of my sight, I never want to see you again!" Regine said disgustedly and started the car engine.

At this time, two cars drove in from outside. Regine was shocked, because one of them belonged to her father.

What was her father doing here?

She opened the car door and walked down, warning Chuck, "My father is coming. Don't say what you just said, otherwise you would have to face the consequences."

After that, Regine walked over to her father.

Chuck touched his nose and thought, Was he going to teach me a lesson?

He was also shocked because he had recognized the person that came with Regine's father. The car door was opened, and a tall beauty stepped out. Her curves were perfect, especially that of her plump butt. Unexpectedly, it was Quinn Miller!

What was she doing here?

Regine's father, Wesley Johnson, smiled and said, "President Miller, are you interested in this street?"

"Well, it's not bad." Quinn nodded, and the assistant behind her took out the document.

"This is the acquisition contract, and its quotation price. You can have a look." Quinn said.

Wesley took the contract into his hands and immediately looked at the contract. He was very satisfied with the price. After all, the contract of the shops on this street were all about to expire. He was about to sell the street away when Quinn proposed to buy it. Moreover, the price she had offered was reasonable.

"President Miller, please come to my office and we will discuss more in details!" Wesley was delighted. This price hat Quinn had offered was 10 percent higher than the market price. It seemed that Quinn wanted to develop this place.

"Okay." Quinn had no objection, but when she saw a restaurant in the distance with her beautiful eyes, she smiled.

"Dad." Regine came over. She was too curious. What did her father discuss with this woman? What contract? Was her father going to sell this place? Was that why he asked her not to renew the contract of the

shops here?

"Regine, let me introduce this person to you. This is President Miller... Mr. Miller, this is my daughter, Regine Johnson." Wesley introduced.

Quinn nodded to Regine.

Regine was also very polite. Of course, she could see Quinn's temperament. Quinn must be much richer than her family, so she could not offend her. She had to be humble.

"Nice to meet you, President Miller." Regine said politely.

"Pleasure's mine." Quinn's beautiful eyes turned. When she suddenly saw Chuck, she was shocked.

"President Miller..." Regine wanted to continue, but Quinn shook her head and said, "Sorry, please give me a minute."

She walked to Chuck and stood in front of him. Regine was stunned, but she immediately felt disgusted. Did Chuck live off this woman too?

Regine could not understand what was so good about Chuck that he could have so many rich woman supporting him.

"Dad, what's going on?" Regine curled her lips.

"Hush, President Miller wants to buy over this street!" Wesley said. He was surprised when he saw Quinn walking to Chuck. "President Miller's net worth is at least ten billion dollars. Hmm... it seems that President Miller knows that young man. Regine, let's go and meet him too."

"What? That guy is my classmate. He lives off rich women." Regine was not happy.

"Don't talk nonsense." Wesley said seriously.

"Dad, I'm not talking nonsense. He's just someone's sugar baby. I've seen it. President Miller must have supported him before. Otherwise, how would she know him? I having nothing to talk to him about." Regine shook her head.

"Regine, don't talk nonsense! I think this young man has a very rare temperament. You misunderstood him." Wesley was experienced. How could he not see the indifference in Chuck's eyes? This was not something that ordinary people would have.

"No!" Regine didn't take it seriously. How could she misunderstand him? Chuck was obviously lying.

"Stop saying that. Come here." Wesley was serious. Regine curled her lips and went over unwillingly.

But when she went over, she heard Quinn say, "Did you come here to buy over this place as well? Do you want to steal this deal from me?"

What? He wanted to buy this street? How could that be possible? And he wanted to steal this deal? What did that mean?

Regine was stunned.

"No." Chuck came into a realization. Quinn, who was acquiring other places, seemed to have taken a fancy to this place. It seemed that the negotiation was going pretty well. Quinn would probably end up owning this street.

However, considering Quinn's relationship with Zelda, could Zelda still continue to operate her restaurant here?

"Did you buy this street?" Chuck asked. He had to fight for it for Zelda.

"Yes I did, do you want it?" Quinn's voice was light, as if she was asking a trivial question.

Chuck shook his head. How could he be in the mood to buy it? Although he was just one call away from acquiring it, but Chuck did not want to buy this place.

"If you want it, I'll give it to you," Quinn continued.

"What?" Regine was shocked. This street was worth at least hundreds of millions of dollars. How could she give it to Chuck so nonchalantly? Regine was completely stunned. What was going on?

## Chapter 234

Regine Johnson thought about it over and over again. There were only two possibilities. First was that Chuck Canon was so charming that President Miller did not hesitate to spend hundreds of millions of dollars to please him.

But was it possible? After Regine thought of this idea, she quickly brushed it off. How many men could one find with hundreds of millions of dollars?

And how was Chuck charming?

Then there was another possibility that Regine thought was unbelievable.

Could it be that... Chuck was indeed from a rich family? Therefore, for the sake of her company, President Miller gave hundreds of millions of dollars to him so that her company could develop better. This seemed to make sense.

But could that really be possible?

Regine's mind was all over the place. If Chuck really was from a rich family, then did that BMW 7 Series really belong to him? Also, did he really own a plaza?

Regine shook her head. No! There was no way!

She was Chuck's classmate for three years in high school. He couldn't be more than a loser. He didn't look like he came from a rich family either. How could his family be rich?"

Wesley Johnson looked at Chuck again. He was right!

"No, thanks." Chuck was speechless. What on earth was Quinn Miller trying to do?

Did she really want to give him this street? He only saved her twice. Was she doing this because of that? Quinn really did stay true to her promises!

"Suit yourself then." Quinn's expression did not change. She knew that Chuck would definitely refuse it. He was not short of money. Of course, it would be best if he wanted it, then she would no longer owe him anything.

"Do you have any plans, since you've just acquired this street?" Of course, Chuck only asked the question because of Zelda Maine. If Quinn had other ideas, then Zelda would not be able to continue

operating one of her top restaurants here.

"What do you want to ask?" Quinn asked.

"The lease of Zelda's restaurant has expired. I want to ask..." There was no need for Chuck to hide it. He could just say it directly.

"No." Quinn shook her head.

Chuck was speechless. She was so straightforward.

She was even more difficult to deal with than Regine.

"However, if you sell your plaza to me, then I will renew the lease for her." Quinn continued.

Chuck shook his head. The plaza was starting to make good returns, and it would only continue to make more money. Hence, he would not sell it!

Regine, who was next to him, was so shocked that her jaw almost dropped. "What? Did President Miller just asked Chuck to sell his plaza to her?

In other words, Chuck really had a plaza?

Which meant that he really was from a rich family?

Didn't he have a sugar mommy? Was that beautiful woman really his Auntie Logan?

Did she really misunderstand him?

"The plaza? It seems that this young man is really rich..." Wesley sighed with emotion. He knew how much a plaza cost.

This young man was still so young and yet he owned a plaza. His parents must be filthy rich.

"Dad, do you know his parents?" Regine was at a loss.

"I don't know, but he has a plaza, and President Miller, whose family's net worth is about ten billion dollars, treats him like a king. Do you think that his family's net worth is lesser than President Miller's?" Wesley said.

"What? Dad, do you mean that his family has ten billion dollars?" Regine was completely confused.

Wesley shook his head and continued, "They probably have more than that. Let me tell you, President Miller had offered us ten percent higher than the market price for our street. If she were to buy over his plaza, it will definitely be also higher than the going rate. One plaza cost at least five to six hundred million dollars. Even if we add only ten percent, it is close to seven hundred million dollars and he has no interest in it at all.

What does it mean? It means seven hundred million dollars to him was nothing.."

"Is he really from a rich family like I am?" Regine muttered to herself.

"Nope, Regine, he is much richer than our family. In his eyes, you are just rich. It's not a big deal." Wesley shook his head. There was a huge gap between them.

Regine muttered, "Dad, he just said that his mother is capable of buying over our company."

"What?" Wesley was shocked. He had spent so much effort on his company. If someone took a fancy to it, it would be over.

"Regine, what did you do? Why does his mother want to buy our company?" Wesley was sweating profusely.

"I..." Regine felt bitter. She regretted not believing Chuck when he said that he also came from a rich family.

She even humiliated him so many times!

"What do we need to do for you to renew Zelda's contract?" Chuck could only compromise.

Quinn did not speak, "Let me think about it."

"Don't forget that you still owe two nights," Chuck said in a low voice. He had no choice but to use this tactic.

"I didn't forget." Quinn looked at Chuck with her beautiful eyes.

"If you renew Zelda's contract, then you no longer owe me anything," Chuck said.

"Should I thank you then?" Quinn shook her head and frowned. She turned around and walked into the car. Chuck was anxious and followed her to her car.

Regine was dumbfounded. How could Chuck and President Miller be so close?

"What are you doing?" Quinn was angry.

"Nothing. Don't forget that you stained my car the last time you were in there. I didn't even ask you to compensate me. I was so generous to you. Why can't you just renew Zelda's contract now? ... Hey, why are you blushing all of a sudden?" Chuck said in surprise. Quinn's face was unnatural when she heard the first sentence. Besides, she was so cold to him a while ago, and now her face had turned red all of a sudden. Was she angry with him?

"Shut up!" Quinn was ashamed and angry. How dare he utter such

words! She got wet last time because she had dreamed about that. Chuck was asking for someone's help. Of course, he had to be obedient.

"Get out!" Quinn's voice cooled down.

"Does that mean that you agree?" Chuck really did not want to stay here. After all, he hated Quinn. But for Zelda, he had no choice.

"Didn't you understand when I said that I am not going to renew her contract?" Quinn stared at Chuck with her beautiful eyes.

The reason she wanted to buy this place wasn't only because the business here was good, but also because she wanted to take revenge on Zelda.

Chuck was quiet. He was trying to find a way. But Quinn was too firm. Maybe it had something to do with Zelda. After all, Zelda had a grudge against Quinn, so it was normal for her to retaliate. Women were very unpredictable.

"Get out!" Quinn continued. Chuck glanced at her, opened the door, and went out without saying a word. Quinn frowned. He did not even dare to retaliate. Maybe she would have agreed out of annoyance if he was persistent enough.

"Drive!" Quinn closed her beautiful eyes and felt upset for no reason.

The car drove away slowly.

Quinn left.

Chuck was lost in thought.

"Young man."

Wesley came over and smiled. Chuck glanced at him. He must be Regine's father. "Hello, Mr. Johnson."

He had to be polite to this man.

"Please don't take my daughter's words to heart. She didn't mean it." Wesley said. He was worried that Chuck's mother would actually buy over his company just because she was unhappy. All his efforts would then go to waste.

Regine lowered her head without saying a word. She was confused because she had never thought that Chuck would have more money than her. Was this a dream? Why was she still dreaming?

"Don't worry about it." Chuck shook his head. He didn't actually remember what she had said.

"That's good. You guys should continue talking. Regine, I'm heading



back to the office. I have things to discuss with President Miller." Wesley was relieved. Chuck's expression told him that he could rest assured.

Regine became more cautious once her father left.

Chuck was thinking of a way to break the news to Zelda. He didn't intend to take Regine to his plaza, because this street no longer belonged to her family. Why should he waste his time on her then?

Chuck walked inside.

"Chuck!" Regine shouted.

Chuck turned around and asked, "Can I help you?"

"Didn't you say that you were going to take me to your plaza?" Regine said, with a glimmer of hope in her heart.

"I don't have time." Chuck shook his head. Since Quinn was so determined, he had to find a way.

"Where is your plaza? I'll go and have a look by myself." Regine bit her lip.

"I thought you didn't believe me? Why do you want to see it now?" Chuck was confused. What was the point of going to his plaza if she didn't believe that he owned it?

"I... still don't believe it." Regine said in a low voice. How could he be way richer than she was? She didn't even realize it when they were in school.

"Whatever," Chuck said as he walked inside. He had no intention of convincing her again.

Regine was embarrassed, "You said you were going to take me there. Are you going against your words now? What do you mean by that? Just because you're richer than me does not mean you can look down on me."

## Chapter 235

Regine followed him in anger. "Hey, just because you're richer than me, you're looking down on me now?"

Chuck Cannon was confused. He frowned and said, "When did I look down on you? It seems that you are the one who always looked down on me, remember?"

"I..." Regine was speechless. She did say that, but it just seemed too impossible. When he was studying, he was so poor. Who would have thought that someone from a rich family only had two sets of uniforms for the entire school semester?

"I've told you a long time ago that I'm from a rich family. It's fine if you don't believe me, but you kept calling me someone's sugar baby. Isn't that how you have always seen me?" Chuck asked.

"I, I..."

"You were the one who looked down on me, and now you're saying that I'm looking down on you. You're being ridiculous. How should I respect you after all you have done and said? Moreover, your family's net worth is only one billion dollars. What do you want me to think of you? Do you have the right to ask me to respect you?" Chuck asked.

His mother was so rich and she had more than one billion dollars. What was Regine in his mother's eyes?

Rage was flowing through Regine. "What right do you have to say that?"

"Because my family is richer than yours, and I will never look down on anyone."

"I didn't look down on you. It's you..."

"What's wrong with me? Just because I'm surrounded by beautiful rich women, so you can automatically call me a sugar baby? What kind of mentality do you have? Are you thinking that you are the only one who comes from a rich family?" Chuck stared at her, feeling really annoyed.

"No, I did not start this. It was the class monitor who started it." After listening to what Chuck said, Regine's tears finally flowed down from her eyes. She felt wronged.

"Oh, did the class monitor say that? Do you dare to tell me that you didn't say it as well? You were the one who kept saying it to my face," Chuck said.

"I..." Regine covered her mouth and cried. She had never been

humiliated like this before.

"If you want me to respect you, will you do the same for me? If you looked down on me, then why should I respect you? What are you crying for? Go home and cry, there's no place for your tears here." Chuck turned around and left.

He really didn't want to waste his time with Regine.

Seeing Chuck leave after lecturing her, she cried even more loudly.

At this time, Zelda Maine, who had been waiting for a long time, came out of the private room. When she saw Regine crying, she was surprised. "Chuck, what's wrong?"

"Nothing." Chuck shook his head and continued to say to Regine, "Are you still crying? I had been dissed for so long, yet I did not shed a tear. Why do you have to cry? Aren't you embarrassed?"

Regine kept on crying. She covered her mouth and ran out. Chuck could not be bothered to pay any more attention to her. "Zelda, don't worry. I will solve your problem for you."

"Alright, thank you." Zelda felt at ease when she heard that.

Because she knew Chuck would keep his promise.

"Let's grab some food. I'll put in an order for us," Zelda said. She wanted to eat alone with Chuck.

Chuck shook his head. He did not have the time. He still had to bring Auntie Logan around town, and look for Quinn Miller after that. He didn't have time to eat.

"I don't want you to be hungry." Zelda was touched. She thought that Chuck was still trying to find a solution for her.

"Alright." Chuck went out and saw Regine still crying in the car. Chuck glanced at her.

"Chuck, I swear I did not look down on you." Regine cried.

"Fine, you didn't." Chuck nodded. He got into the car, took out his mobile phone, and called Quinn. He had to talk to her.

Regine felt even more wronged. "I really didn't."

Chuck didn't bother to listen. He rolled up his window just as Quinn answered his call.

"Speak!" It was Quinn's voice.

"You're not coming, are you?" Chuck said.

"I'm not coming! There's nothing to talk about!"

After hanging up the phone, Chuck thought about it for a long time. His last resort was to look for Quinn. She must have gone to Regine's father's office. He could catch up with her if he drove faster.

Chuck stepped hard on the gas pedal and drove away with a rumble.

In the car.

Regine wiped her tears. "I didn't look down on you. I was just disappointed in you. I don't think men should be supported by women. I really didn't look down on you. Who knew you were richer than me?"

.....

Chuck was waiting in the parking lot of Regine's father's office. Quinn's car was parked beside his. It was already past ten o'clock. Chuck gave Auntie Logan a call.

"Hello, Chucky." Willa Logan's voice was gentle.

"Auntie Logan, I have some errands to run in the morning. I'll come to see you at noon."

"You don't have to come over if you're busy. I'll just stay at home and read."

"No, Auntie Logan, it's rare for you to visit. How could I let you spend the day at home?" Chuck thought that this was definitely not possible.

"It doesn't really matter."

"Auntie Logan, I'll be at your place by noon," Chuck said seriously.

"Okay then, I'll wait for you."

After hanging up the phone, Willa sat on the sofa and smiled faintly. "This child is really... Well, it's noon. Where are we going to go after lunch? Don't think about it. Just follow Chucky. Wherever he goes, just follow him."

Chuck put away his phone and saw Quinn coming out. Chuck opened the car door and got out quickly. Quinn frowned. "What else do you want?"

Chuck was not angry. He just asked her what she was planning to do with the street.

"If you want that street, I'll give it to you. But if you want me to renew Zelda's contract, that's impossible!" Quinn frowned even deeper.

"I don't want your street, I just want you to renew her contract." Chuck shook his head. "What do I need your street for?"

"No way! I can give it to you if you want! But I won't agree to your other requests!" Quinn opened the car door. Chuck was helpless. He pulled

her towards his car and pushed her inside. After all, there was an employee in her car and it was not suitable to talk about anything else there.

"What are you trying to do?" Quinn was angry!

"Nothing. Let's have a good talk. You see, I don't want your street, I just want..." Chuck said. Quinn felt uncomfortable because the seat that she was sitting on now was where she got wet last time.

"Why are you blushing again?" Chuck was really speechless. He was sure he did not do anything to her.

"It's none of your business." Quinn scolded him, trying to cover up her embarrassment.

"Tell me, what drink did you have when you sat there the last time? I smelled my hand after wiping the seat with a tissue. It smelled a little..." Chuck felt a little strange.

He remembered that his hands were a little wet when he was driving. He took a sniff. He felt that it was a little... So, how should he put it? It seemed to be a little fragrant, but it was not, it was like kelp, but it was not. What kind of drink did Quinn drink in his car at that time?

"Okay, fine, I'll renew Zelda's contract! Now, let me go!" Quinn couldn't listen anymore. This b\*stard! She opened the car door in shame and anger, but it was locked. "Let me go! What else do you want to do? You've already got what you wished for!"

"Thanks. By the way, you haven't answered me yet. What did you drink last time?" Chuck breathed a sigh of relief. It seemed that this method worked well. She finally agreed after he pushed her to the edge.

"You..." Quinn blushed. "I just had water, okay? Please, let me out!"

When Quinn pictured him smelling it, she was about to freak out. Fortunately, she was not ill and was especially clean. Otherwise, if he smelled anything unpleasant, Quinn would definitely collapse. She had never done such a shameful thing like this before. She did not know why she had such a dream in Chuck's car at that time, and...

"Okay, okay." Chuck could not be bothered to probe further. He had to accompany Auntie Logan. It was already noon, and he had to take Auntie Logan to lunch.

Quinn came out and took out a card from the bag. "I'll compensate you, but you are not allowed to bring this up again!"

She threw the card in. Chuck was stunned. Of course, he would not take it. He took it and stuffed it into Quinn's hand. "It's fine. You don't

need to pay for it. It's just water. But it didn't seem like it either. It was a little slippery and sugary. It's probably a soda. It's not embarrassing to drink a soda, so you don't have to lie. But I have advised you not to drink too much soda, otherwise you might get diabetes."

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Quinn held back for a while, she was embarrassed and she wanted to tell the truth. But how could she say it out?

"Tell me, what could it be except water?" Chuck got more curious.

"It's...soda," Quinn blushed like a red apple, and muttered it in a low voice.

"Oh, that makes sense, it should be soda, I wondered what it is, so slimy..." Chuck laughed.

This woman was weird. What's wrong with the canned food? Did the rich people feel embarrassed to drink soda? Why did she need to hide it?

"Stop, okay?" Quinn collapsed, just felt so ashamed.

Why would she have such a dirty dream in his car that day? And she even...

Quinn struggled, what on earth was she thinking?

She sighed in her heart. In the past few days, although she did not have that kind of dream every night, she did it again yesterday, and on the bed...

"Shouldn't I feel sick to do something like that with a man younger than myself? Why do I keep dreaming about it?" She couldn't help but blame herself in her heart.

Quinn didn't understand what's going on in her mind, he just saved her twice!

"Alright, since you promised to renew Zelda's contract, I don't know how I should thank you. I'll just send you a few cartons of soda. Which brand of soda were u drinking at that time?" Chuck asked.

He planned to go online and order them.

And he would especially get the expensive ones.

"I don't want it! Also, can you stop bringing it up?" Quinn was annoyed.

"Alright then," Chuck shrugged, he was lazy to continue anyway. Since she had already agreed, there was no need for him to keep the conversation going. Plus, Auntie Logan was still waiting for him at home.

However, when Chuck approached closer to Quinn, he could smell the charming fragrance of her body. It was not perfume, but women's

natural fragrance. She was very hygienic, wasn't she?

Chuck looked behind her for a few while, and Quinn was annoyed, "What are you looking at?"

"Do you really spend money on your private part care in the beauty salon?" Chuck was really curious about it.

Did it have anything to do with him?

"None of your business?" Quinn stared.

How should he put it, this Quinn suddenly agreed inexplicably, which made Chuck change his expression about her a little bit. Maybe he still hated her, but not all the time.

"Didn't you say you want to sleep with me? Am I supposed to ask you about the detail?" Chuck joked, how could he touch Quinn? Chuck couldn't provoke such a temperamental woman!

"If you want to sleep with me, do it now, don't just gossip it all day long! It's better sooner than later!" Quinn was particularly annoyed, she thought of last night's dream, that's really...

Why did she become so disgusting? Quinn felt disappointed about herself.

Chuck looked away from her and got into the car without saying a word. Quinn's beautiful eyes cooled down as she spoke, "I'm warning you, do not ever bring up the water incident anymore."

"Fine," Chuck didn't talk back. She had already promised to renew the contract, why would he bring such a trivial matter up again?

Nonetheless, the smell was not bad. It was fragrant and even had a hint of the sea breeze's scent. Anyway, it was very special. It was a pity that he didn't know what kind of soda she drank at that time. Was it a new flavor? He would buy some for himself some other day.

But Chuck was worried that Quinn would go to Zelda's restaurant to gloat, so he added, "By the way, don't tell Zelda that you bought that street."

"Why not? I'm proud of my acquisition. Why can't I tell?" Quinn's tone was icy.

This time around, it was Chuck's turn to freak out. If Zelda knew about it, she would definitely refuse to continue with the contract. He quickly said, "President Miller, how about..."

"Who told you to call me President?" Quinn interrupted him indifferently.

"Sister Miller?" Chuck blurted out. He couldn't bring himself to call her



that, but he had no choice but to compromise.

"Quinn, call me Quinn."

"Okay," Chuck nodded. "What can I do for you so that you won't tell Zelda?"

"I want you to beg me," Quinn replied arrogantly.

"This woman is such a control freak, isn't she?" Chuck thought to himself. He then sighed, "Fine, I'm begging you."

Chuck thought that he would do whatever that makes her happy and there was no need to quarrel anymore since he was in a hurry to see Auntie Logan.

It was already noon. Auntie Logan must be hungry.

Quinn looked over with her captivating eyes. Chuck frowned, asking, "Do you want me to kneel?"

Previously, when Quinn was in his mother's hotel, she had forced him to kneel and apologize. This woman probably looked down on men.

"If you want to." Quinn said blandly, "It's up to you."

However, as she spoke, her lips curled into a sly smile. She liked to be treated like a queen.

Chuck was pissed off by her words. He scolded, "I have saved you twice, but why don't you kneel before me?"

"You didn't ask me to. You just asked me to accompany you once," Quinn's tone was still light.

Whatever. Chuck did not have the strength to retort. What's the point of getting on his knees? He might as well sleep with her as an exchange. "Remember what you've promised. Zelda must not know about this," Chuck reminded her.

"Do you really not want the street I'm offering to you?" Quinn responded flatly.

"I don't need it," he said. What did Chuck want her hundreds of million dollars for? Besides, he had only saved her, she needn't repay him such a large sum of money. Chuck was not so heartless. Not only that, but didn't he also touch her last time?

"Give it to someone else," Chuck added as he started the car engine.

"Why should I give it to others? If you beg me, I'll give it to you. Do it like how you begged me just now," Quinn told him.

"Is this woman out of her mind?" Chuck thought with slight irritation,

"I've already said that I don't want it."

Then, Chuck simply rolled his eyes at her and drove away. Quinn's beautiful eyes narrowed into slits. She opened the car door and got into the vehicle. The assistant in the driver seat asked in a whisper, "President, that man is so rude. Do you need me to send someone to bash him up?"

Slap!

Quinn slapped him, and the new assistant quickly kept his mouth shut, knowing that he had said something wrong.

"Drive," Quinn closed her eyes and said in a frosty tone.

"Yes, yes." The new assistant nodded and drove.

Quinn thought of what had happened just now. He actually begged her. Quinn did not even realize that she was smiling. This man was interesting...

When Chuck pulled the car out of the parking lot, he gave Zelda a call and told her that her contract was going to be renewed. Zelda was especially delighted when she received this call. She wanted to meet up with Chuck immediately, but she knew that he had something else to do.

"Thank you," Zelda was in a great mood.

If Chuck was in front of her, she would kiss him as she was extremely moved and unable to restrain her elated emotion.

"No problem. Zelda, you have to arrange it by yourself. I have something to do," Chuck said.

Zelda replied, "Okay."

After Chuck hung up the phone, Zelda was uneasy. Chuck had helped her a great deal. How should she thank him?

She sat down and her mind was filled with thoughts. After she calmed down, she began to deal with the things of her restaurant.

When she was off duty, it's almost night time, so she drove home herself. When Zelda took the elevator upstairs, she happened to run into Chuck. He had taken Auntie Logan out in the afternoon and they just came back. Auntie Logan smiled like a teenage girl when she spending time with Chuck in the afternoon. And Chuck had been not in the mood before by the drug things these days, but this afternoon, he felt something different, every time he touched her hand, Chuck's thoughts went wild.

But he suppressed it. That was Auntie Logan!

Coupled with being disturbed by Susan a few days ago, Chuck was

holding on his anger. At this time, seeing Zelda, Chuck got itchy feet, but he could not touch her as well.

"Who lives in your house?" Zelda was curious.

"Auntie Logan, my Auntie Logan."

Auntie? Zelda felt at ease. She thought it was Chuck's woman. When Zelda saw Chuck's eyes fixed on her, she smiled, "You want it?"

Chuck was embarrassed. He did think about it, his body didn't listen. He didn't know that Charlotte's drug was too fierce, which caused him to almost lose control.

"Yes," Chuck did not dare to lie. There was no need to do so. No matter what, Zelda had already helped him twice.

But Chuck didn't want Zelda to help him now. What if Auntie Logan found out about it?

"Come here," Zelda pulled Chuck towards her house. Chuck told her awkwardly that he didn't want Auntie Logan to see them and they should do it next time. Zelda nodded and said, "Okay."

Chuck took the elevator down and left as though he was fleeing. Zelda smiled slightly.

Chuck came back. The fire in his heart was just ignited by Zelda. He opened the door and walked in. He saw Susan sitting on the sofa in shorts. Her thighs were really... Susan glanced at Chuck and just backed to her room silently.

Chuck breathed a sigh of relief. He saw from the crack of the bathroom door that the bathroom light was on. Thinking that Yvette must be inside, Chuck was excited. He thought, "I won't get it wrong today!"

Chuck lowered his voice and slowly walked over. He put his hand on the lock of the door and twisted it gently.