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When Chuck saw the unknown number, he shrugged nonchalantly and answered the call. A clear and crisp voice sounded, "Hello, is this Chuck Cannon, Mr. Cannon?"

"Yes, speaking," Chuck replied. He was surprised. The voice was cold, but the tone was quite soft and soothing. Chuck guessed it should be a tough lady's voice.

The lady said, "Well, the things is, I'd like to meet you."

"Do I know you?" asked Chuck.

The lady replied, "No, but we'll get to know each other later. Sorry, I haven't introduced myself yet. My name is Patricia Dawson, Aaron's sister."

Chuck chuckled, he didn't expect his family member to contact him so quickly. He hadn't even done anything yet. If Chuck were to give Aaron tens millions or even a hundred million dollars, Aaron would have kept it. But normally, an ordinary person would not be able to get 2.5 billion dollars transferred in a few minutes. Thus, even if Aaron dared to accept his money, the Dawson family would never.

However, Chuck didn't have much time. He was still thinking of going to buy a G-Class Mercedes-Benz.

"Are you free now? I'm at your plaza. I'd love to meet you," Patricia continued.

Chuck thought for a moment, since she was already at his plaza, how anxious must she be? Thinking of this,

Chuck decided not to buy a car on this day. Besides, he had already bought one for Yolanda.

He answered, "Okay, just a moment. I'll be there shortly."

Patricia said, "Okay, I'll be waiting."

After hanging up, Chuck informed Yolanda that he was leaving and she was a little surprised to hear that. Was Chuck not going to buy a car?

"Somebody is waiting to meet me at the plaza," explained Chuck.

"Alright," Yolanda nodded. After all, she did not think that Chuck would've compensated Aaron so easily.

After a while, Heather came over and said that the car was ready. She asked Yolanda to examine the car to see if everything was suitable and in good condition. Chuck and Yolanda went together. It was a brand new car, hence, there were no problems with it.

After that, the car was ready to be collected. Yolanda sat in the driver's seat. Just as Chuck was opening the door of the backseat and about to get in, Heather spoke, "Mr. Cannon, why don't we keep in touch on WhatsApp? You can contact me in the future if you want to buy a car."

Heather felt that Chuck was rich and powerful, and he could definitely bring her more customers if they kept in contact.

Yolanda blinked his beautiful eyes upon hearing her.

"Is that necessary?" Chuck shrugged in response. He thought that Heather's body figure was pretty good, but she wasn't as pretty as Yvette or Yolanda. She had a tiny waist, the professional attire she was wearing

showed her curves. She was attractive, but the downside was that she worked as a salesgirl.

Chuck was not interested.

"Yes, Mr. Cannon. I can introduce a lot of cars of every model to you in the future," Heather persuaded as she was anxious. She regretted not treating Chuck well in the beginning.

If she had a better attitude, would he have accepted her request?

"No, thanks. I'm not planning to buy any car here in the future," Chuck refused right away.

Heather was disappointed. She had no choice but to send them off, "Mr. Cannon, take care."

Then, Yolanda drove the car back to the plaza with Chuck.

"Hey, Heather, didn't you add him on WhatsApp? He's such a powerful boss!" A colleague came over at this time and said. Something serious had happened in the store that day where a test-drive car was involved in an accident. Not only did the person pay full compensation, but he even bought a Lincoln Navigator with cash. How rich he must have been!

"Sigh, perhaps it was because of my bad attitude just now. I feel that he doesn't want to talk to me," Heather sighed.

Her colleague said, "He was generous. If he didn't like your attitude, he wouldn't have let you continue serving him."

"Is that so?" There was suddenly hope in Heather's eyes.

After all, she had gotten to know such a powerful boss, it might be easier for her to boost the company's sale in future.

"I think so," her colleague nodded.

Immediately, Heather's eyes lit up with hope. When Yolanda came later to settle the car plate number, Heather would try to get Chuck's WhatsApp again by then.

Then, her colleague asked, "Hey, Heather, tell us about what happened just now. How many transfers did that person make?"

"Three in total. The first time was five hundred million dollars, the second time one billion dollars, it was another billion dollars in the end," Heather replied and felt that it was incredible once again.

She couldn't understand the world of a baller!

Her colleague gasped, "Wow, he's too well off. How nice would it be if he were my boyfriend!"

She added, "Alas, people like him wouldn't even have a look at us even if we took the initiative."

Hearing this, Heather lowered her head and thought, she was in a good shape, would he not want her if she took the initiative? She did not think so.

She had such a tiny waist and was attractive after all.

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"Sister, is he trying to make fun of us? Why hasn't he come yet?" Aaron was impatient. It had been more than an hour since Patricia had made the call.

"You should be more patient," Patricia said. She had her

eyes and had been waiting in a cafe at the plaza.

Aaron was even more unhappy now and he said, "I think he's doing it on purpose. A lowly person like him, how dare he do this? If I..."

"What do you want to do? I just called that Chuck guy, and he spoke politely. Was it you who provoked him in the first place?" Patricia asked as she stared at her brother. She knew Aaron's personality very well.

"Why would I do that? I'm not that free," Aaron huffed in a murmur as he didn't have the confidence to lie to his sister.

"Yes, I think you were just too free. Do you think I don't know your character? Why did you want to buy a sports car? Who were you planning to chase after? Why can't you commit to a relationship one at a time?" Patricia questioned. She really couldn't get her brother. What was going on in his mind? Was it that fun to play around with women? Aaron had been rushing into and out of a relationship so frequently that it confused her.

"Sister, if the girl I was chasing after was as beautiful as you, I would definitely commit to her," Aaron tried to flatter her, but what he said was true. He was popular for his looks and Patricia, being his sister, was no less good-looking and was extremely stunning.

Aaron felt that Frieda could not compare to Patricia and perhaps Yolanda, who was with Chuck, could. So did Quinn, who he had just spotted. However, Patricia said that Quinn would never fall for someone as young as him, so he gave up.

But he was in a dilemma. Patricia was so beautiful, and

she has a perfect body. He thought that whoever she ended up with was just too lucky.

"Shut up. You're such a playboy, don't involve me." Patricia frowned.

Aaron had no choice but to remain silent.

Ding-dong, ding-dong!

Patricia's phone rang. After looking at it, she let out a sigh of relief and answered, "Yes, Mr. Cannon, I'm at a cafe on the first floor. Okay, I'll wait for you."

After hanging up, Patricia looked stern as she said, "Listen carefully. Don't talk nonsense later. Apologize and return the money to him, or I'll punish you!"

Aaron nodded dejectedly, "I got it."

Patricia looked outside of the cafe. She couldn't wait to see how Chuck, who could 'compensate' 2.5 billion dollars, looked like. He must have been born with a silver spoon and have the appearance of a rich second-generation.

In the parking lot.

Yolanda drove in. As soon as they got out of the car, Chuck heard a honk. He looked around and saw that it came from Quinn's car. Yolanda saw her too and she said, "I'll go up first."

"Okay," Chuck nodded. He felt strange. Why did Quinn come? Then, Yolanda took the elevator by herself. Chuck walked towards Quinn's car and saw that she was particularly beautiful that day. Her long legs were so charming as she sat in a poised position inside.

"President Miller, what are you doing here?" Chuck thought that Quinn would've stayed longer in Floriland. He didn't expect her to come back so soon.

"What have you been doing every day?" Quinn asked indifferently. She didn't see Chuck when she had come to the plaza earlier that day. In fact, she had been back from Floriland for a long time. The next day after Chuck left Floriland, she had gotten bored so she returned. She just didn't come over until now. She was almost going to finish the discussion on the project they were involved in.

"I went to class. As for today, I went to buy a car since it's a holiday." Chuck shrugged.

"You want to buy a car? Don't you have enough of them already? There are so many cars in your mom's hotel," Quinn's voice softened as she spoke. By the way, she had forgotten that Chuck was still a college student.

He was so young.

"But those belong to my mom," said Chuck.

Quinn then said, "Alright. Didn't you plan to work together with me? The discussion on the project over there is going to end soon. Come and have a look with me when you have time."

"I'll just leave it to you. When the time comes, just tell me how much fund is needed, I'll transfer the money to you," Chuck said with a smile. He trusted her after all.

"Do you trust me so much?" Quinn glanced at him and asked.

"Of course, I do. How can I not believe in President

Miller?" Chuck shrugged and replied.

Quinn snorted, "Enough, stop flattering me. I'm hungry, buy me lunch. Let's go to the restaurant on the third floor, where we had our meal last time."

Chuck said, "Sure, no problem, but I'll have to meet someone first. I'll be right back, ten minutes. Wait for me in the car first."

"Wait in the car?" When she said this, she thought of the dream she had in Chuck's car and the traces she had left. It was truly a struggle to explain the incident.

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"Alright."

Quinn agreed. She wondered who Chuck was going to meet. She was particularly curious but she simply could not follow him.

"Thank you, President Miller. We'll have a few more dishes later," Chuck said with a smile.

"Sure, just remember to bring enough money," Quinn snorted.

Chuck shrugged. It did not matter. Even if they stuff themselves, it would cost around 300 dollars to dine in the plaza. Quinn was actually saving his money.

"By the way, is your wife not here?" Quinn took this into consideration.

"She has her own business," Chuck replied. Yvette was busy training lately and she was even learning mixed martial arts. He wanted to see if he could bump into her after her training later that night. After all, she would be drenched with sweat after her training session and that demeanor of hers was particularly tempting. Chuck was excited when he thought about it.

He could not help but stare at Quinn. He was having bad ideas after thinking about Yvette and Quinn's legs were too attractive as she sat there in the car.

Quinn immediately realized that Chuck was silent. She looked up to notice that Chuck's eyes were staring hungrily at her legs. She snorted softly, "What are you looking at?"

Chuck was embarrassed and turned away. He could not help but stare at her legs because they were indeed very beautiful and he was imagining things in his head.

The more he stared at them, the more ideas he had. Chuck wished he could go and look for Yvette right away.

It was really a torture to think about this all of a sudden.

Chuck and Quinn did not speak for a while and it was getting a little awkward.

Quinn felt tormented too. What was Chuck thinking about? Why was he looking at her legs? Quinn felt that she was going to have that kind of dream again later at night. Would she dream about doing something in the car with Chuck?

She probably would. After all, the day before yesterday, she had dreamed about Chuck pulling her to the toilet and forcing her to...

"Well, President Miller, please wait for a moment," Chuck said.

"Okay," her tone was a little softer and she was not angry.

Chuck got in the elevator with a smile while Quinn raised the car window. She closed her beautiful eyes and soon opened them again. She sighed and thought, "What the h*ll is going on in my mind?"

Had she been single for too long? Why was she thinking about those things recently?

Quinn did not want to think about it anymore, so she decided to check her mobile phone. He was going to buy

her a meal later and she should be in a better mood than this.

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"Sister, that's him," Aaron snorted as he pointed at Chuck, who was walking in from the door. Patricia was surprised upon laying her eyes on him. Was he dressed in such a low-key way?

His hair was long and he was in very casual attire. Patricia had imagined Chuck to be a person wearing branded clothes from head to toe with a million-dollar watch on his wrist. She did not expect him to look so ordinary.

"Sister, why aren't you saying anything?" Aaron noticed that Patricia was a little taken aback.

Patricia came back to her senses. Following that, she stood up and stretched out her beautiful hand to greet Chuck, "Nice to meet you."

Chuck saw her as soon as he came in and found that she was indeed a beauty. There was a slight resemblance between her and Aaron, especially the aloof aura around her. Her figure was as good as Quinn's, especially her legs, which were perfect beyond imagination.

Chuck did not expect Aaron to have such a beautiful sister. Chuck was not delighted when he spotted Aaron's grim face. After all, it was meaningless to compete with such a mindless and rich second-generation.

It seemed that it was this beautiful sister of Aaron who had forced Aaron to come. Otherwise, Aaron would

certainly be spending the money somewhere else and that was what Chuck was hoping for. Chuck wanted Aaron to do that so that he could start dealing with him. However, he did not expect this beautiful sister to be so smart. Was she going to return the money just like that before he could do anything?

"Nice to meet you," Chuck greeted as he reached out to shake her hand. Following that, the two of them sat down.

"Mr. Cannon, would you like something to drink?" Patricia offered politely. Chuck's character made her vigilant. She was 40% sure that if she did not return the money, Chuck would surely have the ability to take five billion dollars or even more from the Dawson family.

That was because Chuck had overturned her impression of the super rich second-generation. The future of a person like him was absolutely limitless!

"There's no need. Why did you ask me to come over?" Chuck asked. In fact, he was already thinking about his meal with Quinn later.

"Well, my brother has done something today. I think it might have hurt the relationship between you and him, so I think Aaron should do something to compensate for it," Patricia replied and turned to stare at Aaron, whose expression was blue.

"Sister," Aaron whispered with a hint of coquetry in his voice.

Patricia's eyes narrowed immediately and Aaron shivered. He dared not delay any longer and hurriedly took out the card.

"This is Mr. Cannon's 2.5 billion dollars. Please keep it, Mr. Cannon. As for this, this is my little gift as Aaron's sister," Patricia spoke and took out another card. It was not much, just five million dollars in it.

Chuck was surprised. Aaron was a foolish person, but how could he have such a mindful sister? Her tone and attitude were so kind that Chuck did not know how to respond.

"Sister, what are you doing? Why are you giving him money? I was beaten up by him. Sister, you..." Aaron was furious. Why did Patricia do this? What was so great about Chuck?

Was it worth it? Aaron recalled how he was badly beaten up earlier that day and the more he thought about it, the angrier he became. If his stern sister was not around, Aaron would definitely have exploded.

"Shut up!" Patricia ordered fiercely.

Aaron quickly shut his mouth. He had been beaten up by Patricia since he was a child and he dared not talk back to her.

Seeing this, Chuck smiled faintly. He did not take Patricia's compensation seriously. He took the card before standing up and said, "Okay, the matter's settled."

"Mr. Cannon, please wait." Patricia also stood up and called after him, "Wait, there's also this!"

Following that, Patricia took out another card. This time, it was ten million dollars.

Chuck glanced at her and shrugged as he said, "Since you've already said that you're my sister, why would I

want your money?"

"How dare you call her your sister?" Aaron snapped as he was livid.

No one could call her that except for himself!

"Aaron, shut up!" Patricia's voice became cold instantly.

"Okay," Aaron muttered as he lowered his head dejectedly like a deflated balloon.

"Mr. Cannon, please don't mind my brother. He is still young," Patricia then said to Chuck.

"It's okay. Let's put it in the past," Chuck said. He did not take the card this time around. He turned around to leave and went to the parking lot to take Quinn for a meal.

Patricia's expression turned icy and she warned curtly, "Aaron, from today on, if you dare to provoke him, I will end you. Do you understand?"

Chuck's reaction was too calm. Patricia had been the president of her company for so long and in the short period of time that she had been in contact with Chuck, she felt like he was a business magnate.

"Yes," replied Aaron. However, how could Aaron simply agree? He already had an idea. The money was returned but he was beaten up in vain!

He could not bear it!

"Sister, are you going back now? Aren't you busy with the company?" He questioned as he wanted her to leave quickly.

"I'm not busy. It's not easy for me to come out like this. Let's have a meal upstairs," Patricia said. She paid the

bill and they left the cafe.

"Sister, why are we eating here? What good food can there be in this plaza? I'll take you somewhere else to eat. I heard that there's a hotel named Hotel Luna, which is famous for its delicious meal. Let's eat there," Aaron fawned on her. He wanted to ask for money from his sister.

After all, he had spent half of his mother's money before he could buy a sports car.

"Let's just eat here," Patricia did not waver and she strode with her long legs, heading upstairs. Aaron had no choice but to follow after her, calling, "Sister, Sister..."

Patricia snorted, "Stop calling me that or I might lose my appetite. Tell me, which restaurant do you want to eat at?"

Aaron knew that he had no choice but to eat here. Therefore, he looked around and saw a newly opened restaurant. Yes, it was Zelda's restaurant. It started its operation on this day but she hadn't told Chuck yet.

"Sister, let's eat there," Aaron suggested.

"Alright," Patricia agreed.

"Sister, it's your treat!" Aaron said quickly.

"Okay, let's go," Patricia simply replied.

The two of them walked in and the waiter immediately welcomed them. Patricia came in and felt that the restaurant was not bad. The decoration of the restaurant was very well-planned and special. There would be increasingly more special things in this plaza. Why would anyone worry about the plaza not doing well?

"Aaron, you have to learn from Mr. Cannon. He is very good at management," Patricia said.

"Who wants to learn from him? He's a nobody," Aaron mumbled to himself. He was thinking about asking someone to beat Chuck up later. Chuck wouldn't know who was beating him if they stuff his head into a bag.

Patricia was helpless. She could not do anything about this brother of hers.

Meanwhile, Chuck and Quinn had already gone upstairs to the plaza. Quinn realized that Zelda's restaurant had opened and she came up with an idea, saying, "Let's eat at your girlfriend's restaurant."

"Girlfriend?" Chuck repeated in confusion. He turned to the direction where Quinn was looking and he realized that Zelda's restaurant had just opened. Why did Zelda not tell him?

"Let's go. Are you afraid of your girlfriend?" Quinn sneered. She did not get along with Zelda. Initially, she wanted to have a light meal and was thinking about going to the previous restaurant because the food there was to her liking.

However, when Quinn noticed that Zelda's restaurant was launched, she wanted to know what kind of expression Zelda would have if she and Chuck dined in there. After all, Quinn could see that something must have happened between Zelda and Chuck. She'd liked to see Zelda's angry look and that would be very interesting to watch.

"What am I afraid of?" Chuck shrugged. Nevertheless, he had not met Zelda for the past few days. She must be

very busy, so it would be great to check on her. After that, the waiter immediately welcomed them when the two of them entered.

"Do you have a reservation?" the waiter asked politely.

"No," Chuck replied.

"Then, there's only a couple's seat left," the waiter said.

Chuck muttered, "Sure, it's just a meal."

"Please, follow me." The waiter began to lead the way.

Chuck turned to ask Quinn, "President Miller, do you mind sitting at the couple seat with me?"

After all, Quinn was still disgusted with him and Chuck knew it very well.

Quinn only snorted. Then, Chuck sat down with her indifferently. The two of them ordered some dishes and steak. Chuck asked the waiter where the owner was and the waiter said that she was inside. Chuck wanted to go in and talk to Zelda.

"I'll go to the bathroom," Chuck said and he stood up to leave.

Quinn was angry and thought to herself, "Bathroom, my *ss. You're going to see Zelda, aren't you?"

"Oh? What a coincidence! Do they really know each other? And they are a couple?" Patricia suddenly said. She was a little startled. She had previously sat down with Aaron and she did not see Quinn a while ago, so she had thought Quinn had left. Yet, Patricia did not expect to see her having a a couple meal here with Chuck.

"Who?" Aaron asked. When Aaron spotted them, he was

immediately annoyed and even a little envious. He thought, "How can this guy be so lucky? Not only does he have such a beautiful employee like Yolanda, but he is also enjoying a meal with a beauty like Quinn?"

"Sister, didn't you say that Quinn doesn't like someone younger than her?" Aaron questioned as he felt regretful. If Patricia did not tell him that, he would have gone to ask Quinn for her number. With his handsome appearance, how many women could resist him?

She scoffed, "How would I know? That's what I heard, but I didn't expect it to be..." Patricia was a little curious. How did Chuck manage to get a woman like Quinn?

It was really surprising that Quinn was willing to change her preference.

"Sister, I'm telling you, you can't find a boyfriend younger than you!" Aaron reminded her. He knew his sister's standards.

"Yes, I won't," Patricia nodded and began to eat her steak.

Chuck had asked the waiter about Zelda's whereabouts and soon went into the office. Zelda was inside. Chuck did not knock on the door and immediately opened it to enter. However, he hit someone when he flung the door open and it was Zelda. She was taken aback and stumbled backwards. Chuck immediately reached out to hold her and she landed in his arms, against his chest.