

Chapter 397

Karen maintained eye contact with Duncan as she lifted him up with one hand, her face was still impassive. Exerting a bit of force, the sound of bones crunching was heard.

"Ah! Dad! She's going to kill me!" Duncan wailed. He was scared out of his wits. For the first time, he felt death was knocking on his front door.

He tried to struggle out of Karen's grip but to no avail. He was terrified.

"Please don't kill me, Auntie. I'm sorry, alright? I'll admit to my wrong-doings. Please don't kill me," Duncan continued to plead, his heart filled with panic and horror.

Karen merely glared at him and patronized, "Oh, so now I'm your 'Auntie'? I thought you forgot that we were related! How dare you even think about killing your own cousin!"

"I know, I'm sorry. I really am. Please forgive me," Duncan begged desperately.

At this moment, he knew Karen had bested him.

"Karen, don't make me repeat myself! Let go of Duncan this instant!" Brayden's deep voice echoed through the phone loudly.

His heart ached as he heard Duncan's painful struggle over the phone. "How could her useless son compare to Duncan? She will pay for this!" he swore in his mind.

"Dad, she's going to kill me!" Duncan repeated. He was genuinely scared out of his mind.

Watching the scene unfold, Yvette had been frightened by it as well. An enraged Karen was simply terrifying.

When she had tried to poison Karen last time, she remembered that Karen had not been this angry. But watching her threaten Duncan now, Yvette witnessed exactly how merciless Karen could be if she was truly angered.

"Karen, do you hear me? If you kill my son, I swear I'll kill everyone you love. I'll have your man killed today, your son killed tomorrow, and then I'll kill you myself the day after! Don't you dare test me! I'm giving you a chance right now. Take it or suffer the consequences!" Brayden burst out in a fit of anger.

"Save your breath. I don't care, I'm going to end him today, once and for all!" Karen declared. She started to squeeze hard on Duncan's neck. A loud crack could be heard as she did.

"Dad," Duncan moaned in pain. He was helpless.

"Karen, you've forced my hand," Brayden uttered menacingly in fury.

"It's you who forced mine! I've told you countless times! Don't mess with my son. Don't mess with me. I've given you the opportunity to avoid all this, but you didn't take it! It's your own bloody fault!" Karen's eyes were blood-red as she yelled.

"I'll kill your man. I'll have him tortured to death. The same goes for Chuck! I'll break his bones one by one and watch him slowly wither away..." Brayden roared out.

"Ah!" Duncan suddenly let out a painful scream.

"Duncan!" Brayden yelled in both anger and distress.

Karen had gotten her feelings under control. She was surprised to realize that she had not yet killed Duncan. However, just as that thought crossed her mind, Yvette ran towards them with a dagger in hand and pierced Duncan's heart.

Chuck was stunned by that. Willa looked on in astonishment.

"Yvette Jordan, Yvette..." Duncan recited her name as he slowly passed out. He was on the verge of death now. He did not expect himself to die at the hands of a woman he fancied.

"Who is that?! Duncan?" Brayden asked helplessly.

"Chuck is my husband. If you want to kill him, it'll be over my dead body!" Yvette spoke with red-rimmed eyes.

Having heard Brayden's threat to torture Chuck to death, she couldn't help herself from attacking Duncan.

She had taken her dagger out just like that and stabbed Duncan fiercely.

"Yvette, you killed my son?!" Brayden screeched through the phone.

"Yes, I did. I killed him. So if you want to torture anyone, torture me. Don't hurt Chuck," Yvette said calmly as she pulled the dagger out of Duncan's body. With a loud cry, Duncan let out his final breath. He could no longer prop his head up.

Yvette had stabbed him to death.

Karen took another look at Yvette and loosened her grip. Duncan fell to the floor as an expression of undisguised surprise took over Karen's features.

"You better watch out, Yvette Jordan! I swear I'll find you, torture you and then kill you! And Karen, I'm disowning you from the family! You are no longer my sister! I'll have you and your whole family killed, you hear me?!" Brayden howled through the phone in anger and devastation.

"Crack!" The phone was destroyed with a crunch.

"Then, come find me!" Yvette said as she stomped on the phone, breaking it. The call was disconnected.

Chuck was shocked and thought helplessly, "What did Yvette just do? Why did she drag herself into the mess?"

It was quiet for a while. Chuck, Karen, and Willa were all just staring at Yvette.

None of them had expected her to kill Duncan.

Karen was the most surprised. Yvette had killed without fear. What was more, the cruelty she saw in Yvette's eyes was so much more vicious than herself could ever muster. If given enough time, Yvette could potentially surpass her.

Karen looked at Chuck at that moment and contemplated. "Now, the biggest obstacle between Chuck and Yvette is me," she thought.

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Meanwhile, there was a middle-aged man in a mansion somewhere in the United States. The man was dressed in a suit and looked about fifty years old. He had his hand raised and smacked it hard against the table in anger. The table was broken into pieces instantly.

"I will avenge my son's death!" the middle-aged man, Brayden, swore loudly.

"Guards!" he demanded.

"Master!" A beautiful woman came over and answered him with a bow, asking, "Master, what can I do for you?"

"Return to our home country this instant. Have Duncan's body brought back to me!" Brayden demanded with red eyes. He was both upset and angry. His son was killed.

"What? Young Master..." The woman was shocked at the news. "Young Master died? Who killed him?" she wondered, feeling terrified.

"Bring his body back now! Go!" He yelled.

"Yes, Master. Do you need me to avenge Young Master?" the woman asked solemnly.

"I'll do it myself! Go get me all the information you can on a man named Chuck Cannon. Have everyone associated with him found!" Brayden further ordered.

"Yes, Master. I'll get right to it!" the woman said and promptly left. As she walked out of the room, she wondered in horror. This was terrible news. She couldn't believe that someone out there had the guts to kill the Young Master. What was going on?

If Master hadn't told her this in person, she absolutely would not have believed it!

After she left the room, she started her journey to collect Duncan's body instantly.

Brayden was filled with grief. "Duncan, rest in peace. Don't worry, I swear I'll avenge your death!" he swore in indignation.

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Meanwhile, Karen came out of the villa with Chuck, followed by Willa and Yvette.

Everyone got on the helicopter with Willa as their pilot. She had instructed someone to clean up the mess on the scene before taking off.

"Mom, are you okay?" Chuck asked. He felt that Karen must have been under a lot of pressure just now. After all, Duncan was her nephew.

"I'm alright," Karen said with a sigh. She was feeling a little upset for Chuck having been disgraced like that just now.

"When I was in college with your father, he was a gentleman and very handsome. When I was with him, he never mentioned anything about his family. But I believed in him, and I still do. He is not like what your uncle said just now. Your father is powerful, just in other aspects," Karen started to explain.

She had to get this out. She was worried that Chuck would overthink and think his father was useless just as Brayden had said.

That would not be good.

Chuck understood that his father was poor. He was lucky to have caught himself a beautiful, rich woman like Karen. However, he didn't expect his father to possess any other good qualities. But his mother implied otherwise.

"You can't say such things about your father, they aren't true. He's not poor," Karen said solemnly.

Chuck felt at ease at that. However, the thought of Brayden's threat of revenge crossed his mind at that moment. "How will such a person retaliate against me?" he wondered. The endless possibilities made him shiver in fear.

"Don't worry, Chuck. You are my son. No one would even think to kill you," Karen reassured him. She was ready to return to the United States soon.

Chuck was worried that he would not have much time left.

If he couldn't strengthen up in time, he would definitely die if he was faced with Brayden. His chance of survival

was slim unless Karen was by his side.

However, how was that possible?

The helicopter eventually landed on the rooftop of Hotel Luna. Chuck proceeded to walk downstairs with Yvette as they got out of the helicopter. He really wanted to hold her in his arms. Yvette's actions just now had touched him.

Chuck held Yvette in an embrace. She did not resist it. She also did not regret what she did. She would do it again and a million times over if anyone dared threaten Chuck like that again.

When Willa saw them together, she felt a little disappointed.

Karen was experienced in such matters and caught onto Willa's expression. She thought, "Has Willa fallen in love with Chucky?"

At this thought, Karen was delighted. "When did this happen?" she wondered. She remembered that Willa did not have feelings for him previously.

But did Chucky know? Probably not.

"Willa, I have to get back tonight. As for Chucky's safety, I'll leave that to you," Karen said as she had to get back to the States. She had to find Brayden and face him head-on.

She also had to face her family in court. They were all part of the Lee family after all, killing her own family members was not acceptable.

Karen had to settle it all.

"I'll keep him safe, I promise," Willa said. She would definitely protect him. That was the whole reason why she was here in the first place. Black Rose was still at large.

"Sister Karen..." Willa started to say but stopped herself mid-thought.

"Just call me Auntie," Karen said meaningfully.


Willa bit her lip at that and continued asking, "Auntie Karen, you'll have to face all members of the Lee family

when you go back this time, won't you?"

This was what Willa was worried about. No matter how powerful Karen was, they were her elders and had more experience than she did.

That was a fact.

"Yes, but there's nothing to be afraid of. I haven't done anything wrong," Karen reassured.

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