

## Chapter 201

The Hill Bar was one of the most famous bars in the area. It was very expensive and there were many beautiful women there, which helped to boost their business.

The reason why Matthew Yalopp chose this bar was because he knew the owner of the bar, and he wanted to defeat Chuck today.

The only way he could win over Yvette was to prove that Chuck was trash.

He glanced at Chuck, who was driving into the driveway, and

smiled secretly.

As he was about to get out of his car, someone got in and closed the door. It was the classmate whose husband was a lawyer.

Matthew glanced at her and said, "Everyone else, get out first."

The class monitor and the others got out of the car.

Only Matthew and the female classmate were left in the car.

"Does it not belong to him?"

Matthew looked out and happened to see Chuck and Yvette getting out of the car.

"The driving permit is his, and it's real. That I can tell," Matthew continued. He looked carefully just now and couldn't have made

a mistake.

He would've told Chuck off if it was fake.

"I don't know whether it's fake or not, but do you know that Yvette took a loan from the usury, and that she is being blackmailed now?"

"What?" Matthew was initially surprised. Soon, he sneered.

"It's true. She asked me for my husband's help just now when we went to the bathroom. If her husband was truly rich, how could he allow his wife to borrow a loan from the usury? That's why I don't think the car belongs to him. Yvette must've borrowed the loan to buy the car for him. If



they can't pay off the debt, then the car won't be his anymore. He's just showing off," The female classmate scoffed at the thought of that.

"I see. Then her husband is indeed a good for nothing." Matthew sneered and felt contented. That was how Chuck got his car, eh?

"How shameless is he? How could he buy a car like this and still act so arrogantly? His car could be towed away at any time!"

"Her husband is a good-for-nothing, but I think Yvette is even more despicable. How could she borrow money just to buy a car



for him? That's so cheap!" She sneered.

"Don't talk about her like that. Yvette is not despicable," Matthew said as he scanned her figure from inside the car.

"No." Matthew smiled.

"Oh stop it..."

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Two minutes later, Matthew came out of the car. He frowned and glanced at the female classmate. Was he crazy?

Matthew walked up to Chuck and sneered. Secretly, he scoffed at Chuck's inability to properly buy a car. How could he be so shameless? Matthew would

definitely expose him later!

Since it wasn't the time yet, he put on a fake smile and said, "Let's go in! This is a high class bar."

Of course, Chuck knew about this bar. His mother purchased another bar nearby and it had been under renovation for quite some time. It would probably open in a few days' time as he had noticed people working inside when he passed by last time.

Once the bar opened, he would definitely support his mother.

Hence, he knew a lot about the bars nearby. Hill Bar was a decent bar. It was expensive, and

had a good atmosphere. However, Chuck believed that once his mother's bar opened, this bar would definitely lose business.

"Sure," Chuck agreed.

Lincoln beckoned, "Come on guys, let's head inside."

Everyone went inside. If it wasn't for Matthew, they would never get the chance to visit this bar. It was too expensive.

Yvette followed Chuck into the bar. There were a lot of people inside, especially beautiful women in hot pants and short skirts. All of them were showing off their long slender legs to the men.



Yvette looked at them and sighed. She rarely visited bars like this because she knew that men would approach her once she was inside. She didn't really like that.

"Hubby.." Yvette grabbed Chuck's hand and felt more relaxed.

Chuck smiled slightly. He enjoyed the feeling of Yvette relying on him.

Matthew proceeded to the counter to place his orders. Since there was a monthly event going on at the bar right now, the environment was very lively. Matthew was planning to defeat Chuck through this event.

Matthew snickered.

The classmates sat down. Matthew had ordered a lot of alcohol for everyone to enjoy. However, since Chuck had to drive, he wasn't planning to drink. Everyone sat and enjoyed the music.

"Chuck, there's an event here today. They hired a singer to sing, and the person who spends the most today may take a picture with the celebrity and sing a song with her. Are you interested?" Matthew smiled.

At this moment, someone started to jeer.

"Zabrina! Zabrina!"

Many people started cheering. Every time the bar held an event,

they would invite a celebrity. This time, they invited the famous singer, Zabrina Yalden.

In fact, the bar owner had originally invited someone else, but when he found out that Zabrina was filming in the area, he decided to speak to her manager. He spent 800 thousand dollars just to have her make a one hour appearance.

Zabrina did not reject them as it wouldn't affect her schedule the next day.

That was why the bar was so lively.

Chuck was surprised that Zabrina had agreed to show up at a bar.



The other students were excited. Zabrina was the most famous singer as of then.

"Matthew, you knew Zabrina was coming here, right? You're awesome!" A classmate cheered.

Matthew smiled and said, "So? Would you like to sing with Zabrina? If you do, you have to win tonight's competition."

He was pleased. If he spent the most that night, he could probably even sleep with Zabrina!

"I'm not interested." Chuck shook his head. He wouldn't do such things when Yvette was with him. Moreover, he didn't need to

spend so much money just to sing with Zabrina.

"Not interested? You drive a five million dollar sports car! Why? Have you used up all your money?" Mathew sneered. He must've spent everything!

Now that he knew that his wife had borrowed money from the usury, he was sure that they were not rich.

"It has nothing to do with money." Chuck shook his head.

"What is it then?"

"I don't need to pay to sing with Zabrina," Chuck said.

"Haha! You don't need to spend money? Are you joking? Don't tell

me you know Zabrina personally." Matthew and all the other classmates laughed.

They thought that he was full of himself. Just because he drove a sports car, did he think that he was acquaintances with a singer? That was ridiculous. Zabrina wouldn't speak to anyone who was worth less than a billion.

Yvette was surprised. She knew that Zabrina had looked for Chuck before when she was in school. She thought it was fake, but then she saw Zabrina filming at the plaza a few days ago. That was when she confirmed that Chuck knew Zabrina.



But how did they know each other?

"You're right. I know her, so I don't need to pay to sing with her," Chuck affirmed.

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Yvette was taken aback at what Chuck said. How did her husband know Zabrina?

She was really curious.

Matthew wasn't going to believe Chuck anymore. He trusted him when he said that the car was his, but since the female classmate told him that they bought the car with a loan, he became skeptical again. How could a person who borrowed money from a loan shark know a famous singer?

"Since you know each other, you can sing a song with her later,"

Matthew sneered.

"I don't like singing, so it's better if you compete for the highest consumption and sing with her," Chuck said. He was tone deaf, so he wasn't going to embarrass himself in front of everyone.

Excuses!

Matthew concluded that Chuck did not know Zabrina, and that he had no money.

He was definitely just bragging.

He must've used up all his money to pay for the meal earlier.

Suddenly, there was an uproar at the bar. The bar manager said a few words on stage, and Zabrina walked out from inside.



She was wearing a beautiful dress, and she looked like an angel. Her heels brought out the best of her slender and fair legs. She exuded a charming aura that attracted many men.

Her legs were too beautiful to ignore.

Matthew's eyes lit up. Even if he couldn't sleep with Yvette that night, he would be content with Zabrina.

He made up his mind that he would win the highest consumption for the night.

"You mentioned that you know Zabrina, but she didn't even look your way," Matthew joked.

Chuck glanced at him and then

said to Yvette, "Honey, I need to use the bathroom."

"Okay." Yvette nodded.

Chuck went to the bathroom.

Matthew's laughter became louder after seeing Chuck run away.

"Yvette, how much did your husband spend on his car?" Matthew asked.

"I don't know," Yvette replied. She never paid attention to sports cars, but she knew that they were very expensive.

"You don't know? Didn't you borrow a loan to buy it for him?" Matthew sneered.

Yvette was stunned. She looked

at the girl who now had a cold smile on her face. After a moment of silence, she sighed. She trusted her classmates too much.

However, she was not angry. Rather, she was annoyed that Matthew had gotten it all wrong. She tried to explain, "I did borrow from the usury, but my husband bought that car by himself."

The smile on Matthew's face deepened.

"What? Yvette, how could you borrow from the usury? Oh my god, what's wrong with you?"

"Did you use the loan to buy your husband's car for him? Why do you treat him so well?"



"Yeah, he looks like a poor guy. It's impossible that he bought such an expensive car. No wonder, you've been paying for his expenses!"

"What a useless man. How could he depend on a woman to buy him a car? That's so annoying. He didn't even allow me to sit in the car just now..."

"That's right. Useless trash! Just another man who relies on his woman's money!"

Yvette's classmates started to despise him. They scorned him for using his wife's money to purchase the sports car.

Yvette roared back, "Don't talk nonsense. He bought the car

himself!"

"Yvette, I think you'd better break up with your husband. Didn't you borrow a loan to buy his car? Take back the car then!"

"Yeah take it back! Who knows if he'd drive the car to flirt with girls some day?"

Several classmates expressed their opinions, and they didn't believe Yvette anymore. They had already planned to belittle him the moment he returned from the bathroom.

"Yvette, is that how your husband's car came about?" The class monitor, Lincoln snickered. He could easily depend on a woman if he wanted to.

Matthew was even more pleased with himself. It was about time Yvette realized how useless her husband was. Matthew was the only man for her!

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As Chuck came out of the bathroom, he heard Zabrina's voice. He figured that Matthew would probably start competing for the highest consumption soon. However, Chuck wasn't in the mood to complete. Nevertheless, that didn't mean that he wasn't going to let him off that easily!

However, as Chuck passed by a private room, he saw Zelda Maine. What was she doing



here?

Chuck pondered, and after thinking for a while, he pushed the door open and walked in. He saw Zelda drinking alone.

She had gone to a restaurant on her own, but since it was her birthday, she wanted to drink as well.

The receptionist even asked her if she wanted a man to accompany her since she had showed up at the bar alone. However, Zelda would never agree to that.

She didn't want anyone except Chuck.

He noticed that she was almost drunk, and he felt extremely

guilty for not being able to accompany her. No wonder Zelda wanted him to be with her today. It turned out that it was her birthday!

Chuck sat down.

"I told you to leave. Leave... Why are you here?" Zelda grumbled, but when she turned around, she saw a familiar figure. She froze, and then felt moved.

"Sister Zelda, happy birthday," Chuck said.

She should have just told him that it was her birthday. If she did, he would have... Chuck sighed.

Zelda was moved to tears. She hugged Chuck and said, "Well,

you know it's my birthday, don't you? You deliberately called me and said that you didn't have time because you wanted to surprise me, right?"

Chuck was rendered speechless. He couldn't tell her that he was just passing by after using the bathroom. Zelda would be even more disappointed.

Zelda came to her senses and let go of Chuck. That's when she figured that that wasn't the case. Chuck didn't know that it was her birthday until just a moment ago.

"Sorry, I know you're busy. I'm fine." Zelda lowered her head.

Chuck smiled, poured himself a glass of wine, and said, "Sister



Zelda, I'll have a drink with you."

"Yes."

When they clinked their glasses, Zelda suddenly felt sad. The disappointment that she had been feeling for the whole day surged out.

"Sister Zelda, I'll buy you a birthday gift tomorrow. What do you want?" Chuck thought that he could make it up to her by buying her a gift.

To be honest, Chuck felt uncomfortable when he saw Zelda drinking alone. It was impossible to say that he had no feelings for Zelda. After all, Chuck had given her his first time.

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Meanwhile, Yvette had been looking in the direction of the bathroom, wondering what was taking her husband so long.

"Did your husband run away?" Matthew teased. What was Chuck doing for him to leave for such a long time? Maybe he realized that they all found out his secret, so he hid himself away out of shame.

The other students laughed. They couldn't believe that someone could be so arrogant as to borrow from loan sharks just to show off.

"I'm still waiting for him to greet Zabrina. Didn't he say that he

knows her?" Matthew sneered. It was really a shame that Chuck ran away, otherwise Matthew would've exposed him right there and then!

Yvette became worried. She was concerned that Chuck had found out about her borrowing from the usury. Would he look down on her? Would he break up with her? She panicked and figured that she had to take Chuck out of that place. She wouldn't be able to bear it if Chuck found out about what she did. She wanted to solve the problem herself, then confess to Chuck and ask him for his forgiveness.

Yvette stood up anxiously to look



for Chuck. She was determined to find him and leave the bar!

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In the private room of the bar, Chuck and Zelda were alone.

They kissed for a minute, but then Chuck became more and more sober. If they were at home, he would definitely have indulged himself with Zelda.

However, they were at a bar, and his wife was still waiting for him outside.

Chuck came to his senses and stepped back, "Sister Zelda, I'm

sorry..."

Zelda stopped as well. She felt bitter. In fact, when she took the initiative to kiss Chuck, he didn't touch her at all. So she knew that he probably didn't want to do anything with her that moment.

But she took the initiative nevertheless.

She felt wronged and upset. Then, tears ran down her cheeks.

She was drunk and wanted to have some fun, but he didn't want to.

Chuck's heart ached. He reached



out and wiped the tears off her face. She tilted her head, her cries getting slightly louder, "Chuck, I really won't bother you. You are the first man I've liked in a long time. I'm not asking for anything but just for you to accompany me whenever I feel lonely. Only that."

"Sister Zelda, I came with Yvette. She's still outside." Chuck sighed.

She looked elegant even when she was crying.

Zelda sobbed, "Would you accompany me if she wasn't here

today?"

She felt so ashamed for crying in front of the person she liked.

Would he think that she was ugly?

"I..."

Chuck had been thinking about the same question too. He couldn't deny that he had feelings for Zelda. Initially, he only wanted to be friends with benefits with Zelda. They'd get together at night and part ways once the sun rises the next morning.

However, after hesitating, he

realised that what Zelda wanted wasn't just physical comfort, but a lasting companion.

Unfortunately, Chuck couldn't promise her that because he was already married to his childhood friend, Yvette Jordan.

If he did that, he would have let both of them down.

"Okay, I understand. Chuck, you may leave now. Yvette must be getting anxious." Zelda felt sad. She tried to hold back her tears, but she couldn't bear it. She hated



herself for crying in front of the person she liked.

"Sister Zelda."

"I'm okay, don't make Yvette worry about you."

"Okay, I'll leave now." Chuck realised that Yvette must've been worried sick about him. If she found out where he was, she would be really upset.

"Chuck, do I look ugly today?" Zelda stood up and asked.

"No. Sister Zelda, you look beautiful today," Chuck admitted.

She had a pair of denim shorts on that showed off her slender and fair legs. They could arouse any man's desire.

Chuck said, "Happy birthday."

Zelda wiped her tears and walked over. Chuck's heart was in a knot. He gritted his teeth and took the initiative to hug Zelda as he said, "Sister Zelda, you are really beautiful today..."

Chuck was struggling in his heart, but it wasn't because he didn't touch Zelda today. It was because

he felt guilty over her and over Yvette who was waiting for him outside.

Zelda buried herself in Chuck's arms and she felt a sense of security. She liked that feeling.

"I'm only beautiful for you." Zelda's voice was soft but bitter. She felt even more saddened that he had taken the initiative to hug her.

She fell in love with a man.

But he was already married.

Chuck remained calm. After Zelda had cooled down, he was ready to



let go of her and leave. However, he was taken aback. He noticed Yvette through the glass panel of the private room. Was she looking for him?

Chuck became extremely nervous. It was as though he had returned to that night when he and Queenie Carson were in Yvette's room. Queenie had helped him jerk off after Yvette fell asleep.

Realising that Chuck was at a loss, Zelda took the initiative to let go of him and said, "Okay, you may leave now. Don't make Yvette

worry about you. Also, you can forget about what happened today. I drank too much and I kissed you, so you don't have to feel guilty at all."

Chuck didn't say anything and he didn't dare to make a sound.

After a while, he whispered, "Sister Zelda, don't say that."

"It's fine, go ahead now. It will be bad if Yvette finds out."

Chuck nodded. He was also worried about this now. Did Yvette see anything when she passed by

just now?

Alas!

Chuck let out a long sigh. To be honest, compared to the time when Queenie helped him while they were in Yvette's presence, he felt even more guilty. This time, Yvette was awake and probably noticed them.

Chuck walked closer to the door and stood there until he was sure that Yvette was gone. Then, he breathed a sigh of relief and carefully opened the door and



went out.

Zelda returned to the sofa. She grabbed her wine and downed it in one shot. She felt bitter, wronged, and lost. Her tears started to flow again...

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"Hubby, let's go back," Yvette told Chuck when she finally saw him.

"What's wrong?" Chuck asked. She had agreed to come to the bar for a good time, so why was she trying to leave now? Did she see Zelda and him hugging just now?

Chuck was nervous.

"I just want to go home. Shall we go home together?" Yvette came over and took a wet tissue out of her bag. She reached out, wiped Chuck's lips, and balled the tissue in her hands. There was a faint lipstick stain on the tissue.

Chuck touched his lips, feeling even more flustered.

"It's okay, hubby. There was something on your lips but I wiped it away for you. Let's go home, okay?" Yvette said.

Chuck breathed a sigh of relief and said, "Alright, let's go."

They walked towards the direction of the entrance. Yvette held onto Chuck, trying to avoid Matthew and the crowd. She was really worried that Chuck would find out that she had borrowed a loan from the usury. If he did, he would definitely feel worried and disappointed.

She was older than him and his bride since young. How could she let him worry about her?



However, things didn't go as planned.

"Yo, why are you leaving so soon?"

The class monitor approached them when he saw them sneaking away.

Yvette bit her lips and stared at him. Chuck squinted his eyes, holding back his urge to punch him.

"Matthew won the highest consumption today. He is going to sing with Zabrina. Don't you two want to listen?" Lincoln, the class

monitor was delighted. He assumed that they knew the truth about Chuck's car and were thinking of running away. After all, loans were pretty easy to get!

Chuck looked over and saw that Matthew was standing beside Zabrina.

His eyes were glued on her. It was most likely that he was thinking of nabbing her as his woman.

Of course, Chuck could care less about this. Although Matthew was abominable, it was Zabrina's

freedom to do whatever she pleased.

"You go ahead," Chuck said. He knew that Yvette wanted to leave the bar.

"No, Matthew still wants to drink with you after he's done singing," Lincoln teased, "Don't leave in such a hurry. Or... are you afraid that your sports car would get driven away?"

Chuck frowned. Who was going to drive his car away? It belonged to him.



freedom to do whatever she pleased.

"You go ahead," Chuck said. He knew that Yvette wanted to leave the bar.

"No, Matthew still wants to drink with you after he's done singing," Lincoln teased, "Don't leave in such a hurry. Or... are you afraid that your sports car would get driven away?"

Chuck frowned. Who was going to drive his car away? It belonged to him.

"What do you mean?" Chuck stared at him, waiting for an answer.

"Hubby, let's go home..." Yvette uttered nervously. It was clear that the class monitor was going to talk about the usury.

Chuck nodded. What was wrong with Yvette? He felt like she got bullied when he was away with Zelda just now.

The class monitor smiled proudly, "It seems like you are really afraid about your car being taken away?"

You haven't paid the last installment, have you?" That must be it, or else why would they be in such a hurry to leave?

"What are you talking about?"

Chuck's voice was indifferent.

Lincoln guffawed, "Stop pretending, we already know that Yvette borrowed money in order to buy your car."

"Enough, I already told you that he bought the car himself," Yvette glared at him and said.

"Oh really? Why are you still

protecting him? Do you think that we believe you? Yvette, you are really kind to him."

"You're wrong. All of you are. Hubby, let's go home," Yvette suggested. His car was worth more than five million dollars. Where on earth would she be able to borrow that much money for Chuck? These people were just out of their minds.

Chuck glanced at the class monitor and said, "Okay, honey, let's go home."



Chuck took Yvette outside, but the class monitor continued to mock him, "Show off. Choosing to run away now that you can't fake it anymore? Yvette, you really have bad taste. Does your husband know that you are kind enough to borrow from the usury to buy a sports car for him?"

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"What usury?" Chuck heard the class monitor say that Yvette had borrowed from the usury to buy him the car.

Yvette borrowed from the usury? It was hard to believe. He knew that she sold her house in order to save her company, and invested a lot of money in managing the company in the plaza. She should've earned enough money from the house, and he even used his status as the Baller to give her five hundred

thousand dollars.

Although Yvette did tell him that she wanted to return the money, he didn't accept it, so the money should still be in her account. She shouldn't need to borrow money from anyone. How could she use up more than one million dollars so quickly?

Chuck found it hard to believe.

He knew Yvette too well. She wouldn't spend money casually and would usually save the money she had. She wasn't the kind of girl

who would spend on luxury items either, so where did the money go?

Why did she need to borrow from the usury?

Chuck looked at Yvette. However, she tried to avoid his gaze. She sighed and felt embarrassed. She didn't feel ashamed, but she just felt that she couldn't face Chuck anymore.

Chuck must have thought she was a gold digger since she borrowed money from the loan sharks. She just invested too much into



advertising the company, as well as the compensation for the necklace back in Central City.

Yvette really didn't have much money left. She even had to return the Baller money, so she had no other choice.

Chuck saw Yvette lower her head, and that was when he realised that Yvette did really borrow a loan.

Chuck sighed. He really wanted to tell Yvette that he had a super rich mother, so she didn't need to borrow a loan. He wanted her to

know that she didn't have to work so hard in the company, and that she could spend one million dollars a day if she wanted to.

Yet...

His mother had warned him to be cautious. She still wanted to observe Yvette before she could finally accept her. There was nothing he could say now.

Chuck struggled. His reasoning suppressed his impulse to spill the beans. Since his mother had requested that from him, he

decided to trust her and listen to her.

"Stop pretending. Don't you understand what I said? Yvette borrowed a loan to buy you a car. Who knows if someone is going to tow your car away tomorrow? Too bad you've gone too far. You're just a good-for-nothing!" The class monitor sneered.

"Listen clearly now, my husband didn't ask me to buy him a car. He didn't!" Yvette glared at him.

It was already difficult for her to

face Chuck. However, she couldn't restrain herself from defending Chuck from what Lincoln was saying.

Lincoln snickered, "Do you seriously believe what you just said?"

"Honey, it's okay. Let's go back." Yvette was obviously in a bad mood. Chuck wanted to figure out how much money Yvette had borrowed. He figured that it should be roughly 100,000 dollars based on the size of the company. Once they got home, Chuck would



immediately transfer the money to her so that she could pay the loan.

However, he couldn't figure out how the class monitor found out.

"Hubby, I'm sorry," Yvette whispered. For the first time in her life, she had lost her confidence and she couldn't look at Chuck. She felt that she had been exposed for something terrible that she did, and the guilt and shame was crushing her.

"It's fine." Chuck comforted her and grabbed Yvette's hand to

leave.

"Are you going to stop pretending now?" The class monitor laughed at him.

Chuck glanced at him and asked Yvette to wait for him as he walked over to the class monitor. Lincoln continued to snicker, "What are you doing? Do you want to hit me? Touch me, and I'll send someone..."

Bang!

Chuck clenched his fist and hit Lincoln in the stomach. With his

other hand, he covered Lincoln's mouth and stopped him from screaming out loud. The class monitor's eyes burst wide open as he felt an immense pain, so painful that he almost fainted. It was only then that Lincoln realized Chuck wasn't just playing around.

Chuck threw another punch at him, hitting his cheek this time. The class monitor grunted and fainted immediately.

Chuck threw him against the wall casually. He knew that it was common for fights to happen in a

bar, especially since there were so many drunkards. He hoped that someone would pick him up, preferably a man...

Then, he walked back to his wife. Yvette bit her lips and lowered her head.

"Honey, let's go back." Chuck tried to smile at her, but Yvette felt even less confident.

"It's okay. We'll talk about it when we get home." Chuck held Yvette's hand and they walked outside. However, Matthew had witnessed



what happened. He picked up the microphone and said, "Hello, everyone. I'm the winner with the highest spending today. I'll be honoured to have a friend up here with me. He claims to know Miss Zabrina Yalden ... Zabrina, I'm not sure if you know this guy?"

Matthew smirked and directed the question to Zabrina. She was shocked. Who would know her here?

"Sure." Zabrina nodded without hesitation. She also wanted to know who this person was.

"Chuck Cannon, don't go. Didn't you say that you know Zabrina? I'm giving you a chance to prove yourself now." Matthew laughed. Deep down, he looked down on Chuck for having Yvette borrow a loan just for him to buy a car. Did Chuck really think he could be acquainted with Zabrina with his meagre abilities?

Chuck was forcibly stopped in his tracks.

"Come on up! You aren't shy, are you?" Matthew chuckled.

Everyone looked around. Who was this Chuck?

"Zabrina, wait a minute. My friend is shy. I'll call him..." Matthew said. He couldn't wait to embarrass Chuck in front of everyone. How dare he lie about knowing Zabrina? Zabrina wouldn't befriend a loser like him.

"Wait, Chuck Cannon? Are you talking about Mr. Cannon?" Zabrina suddenly asked. She glanced around and saw Chuck in the crowd. But who was the

beautiful woman next to him?

"Mr. Cannon?" Matthew frowned.

"Yes, I do know Mr. Cannon."

Zabrina smiled as she walked off the stage and through the stunned crowd. She approached Chuck and said, "Mr. Cannon, what are you doing here? What a coincidence, let's sing together!"

What. The. Hell??!!

The people in the bar were surprised that Zabrina took the initiative to invite a man to sing. To make matters more complicated,



he didn't even spend a single penny in the bar!

Yvette's classmates were equally dumbfounded by what they saw.

A popular star who was such a gorgeous woman was inviting a loser on stage for a song?

Matthew's expression sank. He felt like he had been punched in his face. He was the highest spender at the bar, but Zabrina invited Chuck to sing with her instead of him?

He couldn't help it anymore. He

walked down the stage and whispered to Zabrina, "This is a mistake, right? Let me tell you. This man's belongings were all funded single-handedly by his wife. His wife borrowed..."

"Mr. Cannon, is this your wife?" Zabrina was surprised and ignored Matthew.

She thought that Chuck was still single. After all, he was rather young. She didn't expect that he already had a beautiful wife. Somehow, she felt slightly disappointed.

"Yes, you all go ahead. I'll take her home now," Chuck replied.

Yvette knew that Zabrina knew Chuck, but she didn't expect her to personally invite him to sing. She suddenly felt worthless. While her husband was climbing up the ranks, she was falling further and further down. The gap between them would just grow wider from now on. If things progressed like this, would Chuck abandon her one day?

Yvette was worried and nervous. She looked at Chuck in a daze and

felt defeated.

"Sure, Mr. Cannon, be careful along the way," Zabrina said with a smile.

Chuck nodded. He took one glance at Matthew then walked out with Yvette.

Silence engulfed the bar. Matthew's face was burning with shame as though Chuck had personally and physically slapped him. He muttered in disbelief, "Zabrina, how do you know him?"

Zabrina was in a bad mood for no



reason.

"I'm telling you, you'd better stay away from this man. He looks glamorous on the surface, but he's really just a piece of trash. Everything he had was bought with the money his wife borrowed. He's feeding off of his wife. Don't trust him!"

In Matthew's opinion, Chuck must have become the biggest spender in some other bar and met Zabrina there.

After all, all of Chuck's money was

given to him by Yvette's loan!

However, Zabrina glanced at him and said, "Mr. Yalopp, I don't know where you heard such gossip, but I assure you, Mr. Cannon is nothing like what you just described. He has a backing that's beyond your imagination..."



## Chapter 205

"Beyond my imagination? Haha, Zabrina, are you kidding?" Matthew Yalopp laughed at her and thought that she was joking. What kind of background could a person have if he had to depend on his wife to borrow a loan?

A sh\*tty background, maybe?

"No, I'm not joking with you, Mr. Yalopp." Zabrina Yalden shook her head and said, "Let me put it like this. Mr. Yalopp, when you go to Central City, would a five-star hotel pick you up with a Rolls-Royce and provide you with the highest standard of reception?"

Matthew frowned. His family's net worth was only around one billion dollars. It was nothing extraordinary in Central City, so how could he be given top-tier treatment by a five-star hotel?

Matthew stopped laughing when he realized that Zabrina was serious. He asked uneasily, "Are you kidding? Are you saying that Chuck was qualified for such service?"

"Yes, he was. Also, do you think you could beat up a billionaire in public in Central City and escape unscathed?" Zabrina asked again.

"What did you say?" Matthew was stunned. He wouldn't dare to touch a billionaire even if he was given an exorbitant amount of money to do so!



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What if the person decided to take revenge? It wasn't something he could handle.

Matthew made sure he wasn't just hallucinating and asked, "Zabrina, are you serious?"

"Do you think I am joking with you, Mr. Yalopp?" Zabrina looked calm, but deep inside she was inexplicably agitated.

"Gasp!"

Matthew found it hard to understand. How could it be? If Chuck Cannon was so powerful, why would he make Yvette Jordan borrow a loan for him?

Was there any misunderstandings here? What if.... Chuck was just bragging to Zabrina and she believed him completely?

That could be possible! Wait, that must be the case!

Matthew smirked, "Let's not talk about him anymore. Zabrina, are you free tonight? I want to treat you to supper."

It was just a simple invitation, but when it came from Matthew's lips, it could mean anything else. After all, he had spent 500,000 dollars here today!

Zabrina knew that he had a lot of money!

Zabrina declined, "Nope, I still have to work tomorrow."

Matthew chuckled, "It's alright, it's just filming! What are you scared of?"

"I'm afraid that Mr. Cannon will fire me. He's one of the major investors in this movie... Mr. Yalopp, please leave." Zabrina



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quickly walked up to the stage.

Matthew was stunned. Investing in movies? Chuck invested in her movie? This movie cost at least tens of millions of dollars, so how was that possible? Unless..... Zabrina wasn't joking when she told him about Chuck?

Thinking of how he had dismissed Zabrina's words just now, Matthew broke out in a cold sweat...

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Chuck drove Yvette home. She kept her head low and was silent throughout the whole journey. Once they got home, she went straight to her room. However, before she could do that, Chuck stopped her and asked, "Honey, how much money did you borrow? I'll pay them back for you, but you have to stop borrowing..."

He knew Yvette wanted to leave so suddenly because her classmates was ridiculing her for borrowing money from usurers.

Yvette tried her best to pretend that everything was okay and reassured him, "Hubby, I'm sorry. Let me solve it myself, okay?" Chuck was helpless.

She had always been like this. Whenever something happened, she would find a way to solve it by herself. But it was different this time, just how much did she actually borrow?

"Hubby." Yvette came over to him, and the two of them sat down on the sofa. Yvette laid her head on Chuck's chest and



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asked, "Hubby, am I really that useless?"

"Of course not! Who told you that?" Chuck sighed. Yvette was such an independent woman, so how could she ever be useless? With her ability, the company was bound to rise and achieve greater heights. Right now, Yvette was just going through a difficult period.

Yvette buried her head onto Chuck's chest for a long time before she returned to her room. Chuck was still pondering over how much Yvette had borrowed. After all, it wasn't a simple matter to borrow money from usurers.

He watched as Yvette returned to her room in low spirits and secretly took out his phone. He opened up his Whatsapp in resignation. Chuck had thoughts of leaving his 'baller' identity behind, but right now this was the only way he could ask Yvette about the money.

Yvette transferred money to him every day, but Chuck didn't accept it. He sent a Whatsapp message to her.

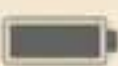
"How have you been?"

Chuck heard Yvette's phone ringing in her room. Sure enough, she replied quickly, "You finally replied. Why aren't you accepting the money that I had transferred to you? Hurry up and take it. I'll be more at ease once you accepted it."

"It's alright, you can keep the money. I don't need the money now anyway."

"Thank you for your kind thought, but please take the money!"



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Chuck was helpless since Yvette was just too stubborn. He could only reply: "I passed by your company and found that your company isn't doing well. Mind telling me a bit about it?"

The message had been sent for a few minutes but Yvette did not reply him. Just when Chuck thought she wouldn't reply, her message arrived: "It's doing fine, why don't you just accept the money?"

Suddenly, an idea popped into Chuck's mind. He quickly asked, "Why don't we meet tomorrow? If there is any trouble in the company, you can tell me."

"Meet? Sure, let's meet at the restaurant downstairs to my company."

"Can't we go somewhere else?"

"Well, I don't think I can. I don't want to cause any misunderstandings for my husband. He's working at the plaza too, so I think it'll be better if he sees us. Sorry for the inconvenience."

"It's alright, I'll look for you tomorrow."

"Well, I have to take this opportunity to thank you anyway."

Chuck switched off his phone and walked to the balcony. After thinking about it, he decided to give Wilbur Wendel a call. It would be better if he could have Wilbur stand in for him as the 'baller' and ask Yvette how the company was doing and how much money she had borrowed.

Wilbur was pleased to receive his call. He quickly asked if



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Chuck wanted to have some fun with him since he was at the night club. Chuck declined his invitation and told him about the whole situation and how he hoped Wilbur could help him out.

Wilbur was surprised and said, "No wonder Yvette asked me about this, so you're the 'baller'! No problem. I will go to her company tomorrow and help you find out about this."

Chuck was relieved. After all, Yvette was too shy to say anything in front of him so this was the only plan he could use. He hung up the phone and was shocked to see Yvette standing behind him the moment he turned around. Why was she out here? Did she suspect him of being the 'baller'?

Yvette said softly, "Hubby, I want to hug you to sleep."

Chuck sighed in relief and walked into the room with Yvette in his arms. Yvette had grown accustomed to his touch for the past few days, so she couldn't sleep properly without him.

Yvette said, "Hubby, I need to tell you something. I'll be meeting a friend who's been helping me all this time at the restaurant downstairs to the company tomorrow..." She wanted to make this matter clear. She would never be able to explain things clearly if Chuck misunderstood.

Chuck was touched. He knew that he had to find a chance to confess that he was the 'baller'. However, it would be better to let Wilbur replace him this time. After all, it wasn't something that Yvette was comfortable on telling him.



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She was too embarrassed to tell her husband.

She was probably worried that he would look down on her.

Chuck nodded, "Alright."

Yvette looked up at Chuck and stared at his lips. She... didn't know how to say it, but she saw a hint of lipstick on Chuck's lips today. It definitely belonged to a woman, but who?

Yvette's heart was filled with sadness. She snuggled into Chuck's embrace and shut her eyes.

The next day, Yvette woke up early to make breakfast. After they had breakfast, Chuck took Yvette to the plaza and sent her to her office in his sports car. The minute she got down the car, his phone rang. It was Wilbur. The two of them met and Chuck quickly went through the details with him again. Wilbur listened to him attentively and patted his chest confidently, assuring him, "Don't worry, I'll handle this perfectly!"

Chuck wasn't worried but he was still nervous. What if Yvette didn't believe him? He could only hope that everything would go as planned. They arrived at a restaurant that had VIP rooms for esteemed customers. Chuck and Wilbur got into two adjacent rooms so that Chuck could listen to the conversation between Wilbur and Yvette in their room.

Chuck wanted to know what Yvette was going to say.

He sent a message to Yvette and asked her to come down, to which she replied and said that she was on the way.

Yvette looked at her mobile phone. For some unknown



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reason, she no longer felt the anticipation of meeting the 'baller' for the first time. Instead, she was as calm as a cucumber, as though she was just here to meet someone who did her a favor.

She calmed down and quickly went to the restaurant. She took a deep breath before entering the room, only to see Wilbur smiling at her inside. She was stunned and asked, "Are you the 'baller'?"

"Yes." Wilbur was calm. He was familiar with such scenarios so there wasn't a trace of anxiety on his face.

Yvette looked at him coldly, her eyes scanning him from head to toe. After a while, she shook her head and said, "No, you're not the 'baller'!"

She had asked him the last time when she found out he was the boss of the plaza. However, his expression had told her that he wasn't, so she was sure that Wilbur was just pretending.



## Chapter 206

Chuck Cannon, who was listening to the conversation in the room next to Yvette's was shocked to hear her firm declaration. However, the shock quickly turned into distress. How could he fail to expect this situation? After all, Yvette Jordan had managed to become a college professor. In addition, her grades were always top-notch, be it in elementary school or in university. In other words, she could easily decipher the situation and guess that Wilbur Wendel wasn't the baller!

Maybe she had already found out when she met Wilbur last time.

Chuck sighed. He had underestimated his wife's intelligence!

What should he do now?

He thought hard about how to resolve the situation. He knew that Yvette would definitely continue to find out who the 'baller' was.

However, he cleared his head and continued to listen to their conversation.

"Really? You haven't seen me before yet you're so sure to reject the possibility that I am the 'baller'. I have feelings too, you know." Wilbur sighed and pretended to stand up, as though he was going to leave.



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"But you're really not the 'baller'." Yvette shook her head. She was 100% sure that he was not him.

But... she was confused. There was no need for the 'baller' to lie to her. At the same time, he looked pretty sad and sincere. Could she really be mistaken?

Wilbur saw an opening and quickly pretended to be disappointed, "I knew it, you must've thought that I would look handsome and charming like those idols you see all the time right? Now that you've seen me in person, you realized that I'm not who you thought I was, so you're disappointed and therefore you refuse to acknowledge my existence."

Chuck flashed him a thumbs-up. Wilbur often flirted with girls so he could tell lies readily.

Yvette shook her head and tried to explain, "It's not like that." She wasn't a flirt and wouldn't be easily tricked by handsome men. It was just a gut feeling she had. She then said, "I remember asking you about it when I met you last time. However, the feeling you gave me told me that you aren't the 'baller' who has been helping me all this time."

Wilbur chuckled, "Are you trying to say that I concealed it too well?"

"No, it's..."

Wilbur continued to ask, "I wasn't planning on revealing myself at that time, so of course I masked my expressions. Just think about it carefully, if I weren't the 'baller', how would your company be able to open a business here? Or



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renew your contract successfully? Do you think anyone else could've helped you with all this?"

His words reminded Yvette of all these. It was true since he was the boss of the plaza, it probably just took one word for him to help her renew her company's contract. Was he.... really the 'baller'?

Yvette suppressed her thoughts and looked at him warily. She sat down cautiously and asked once again, "Are you really the 'baller'?"

Wilbur shrugged, "Do you still not believe me? The first time I saved you was when you got drunk with the two other bosses in that hotel....."

Yvette was embarrassed at the mention of this. He must be the 'baller' then since he was able to speak about these matters so casually. However, why didn't she feel a tinge of gratitude towards him? Maybe... it was because they were meeting for the first time, so it felt different from chatting with him on Wechat.

At this point, Yvette was convinced. After all, he did point out an important issue. Who else could it be apart from him?

It would be best if she stopped dilly-dallying. He must be the 'baller' who had helped her all this time!

Yvette said apologetically, "Sorry for all the nonsense I had said just now."

Wilbur smiled back warmly at her, "It's fine, don't worry."

Chuck was relieved. Wilbur was pretty capable to be able to



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convince Yvette with just a few words. However, Chuck felt slightly uncomfortable since he was the real 'baller', not Wilbur. Chuck sighed and was slightly annoyed at himself. Why did he ever think of making Wilbur stand in for him?

He wondered what Yvette's reaction would be once she realized that she was wrong and that Chuck was the real 'baller' and not Wilbur.

"Let's order something." Yvette called the waiter over. The two ordered some food and Wilbur started chatting to her casually. Yvette was able to talk to him freely since she trusted Wilbur and treated him as a friend. She was bound to start revealing some of her worries.

Yvette sighed, "The company's business has been slightly better recently."

It was true. The two big bosses whom she had picked up the other day at the airport had sent their employees over for training in her company.

Wilbur started to draw her into his trap, "In that case, your business should be doing great! How's the profit this month?"

"There is profit, but it can't be used. The thing is..." Yvette sighed. She remembered how she had to pay nearly 500,000 dollars for the necklace in Central City. She was forced to turn to loan sharks to borrow money.

"Why? Don't worry, just tell me. We're friends, aren't we?" Wilbur was also curious.



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Yvette was hesitant whether she should tell him. After all, there was no way she could tell Chuck about what happened in Central City.

Yvette stammered, "Well, I went to Central City and rented a necklace. But I broke it. That itself cost me nearly 500,000 dollars." She was pretty composed but she still felt a little remorseful. It would be great if Chuck was the one sitting opposite to her!

Chuck was especially surprised. She had never told him this before! He sighed, perhaps this was the reason she was forced to turn to usurers to borrow money.

If she had told him about this in the first place, Chuck would've helped her then and there.

Wilbur was confused and asked, "Why didn't you tell your husband about this?"

"I'm five years older than my husband. He's young, handsome, and... very kind to me. How could I tell him about this? I'm afraid that I'll be inconveniencing him and he'll hate me for it..." Yvette shook her head with a bitter smile. It was best if Chuck was kept in the dark about this.

She had already told him yesterday that she had borrowed a loan. There was no way she could let him know about all this.

Otherwise, Chuck would definitely think that she was materialistic and grew to hate her. It would definitely end with them separating, and Yvette didn't want that to happen.



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She was already used to Chuck by her side. If one day he wasn't there, how would she get used to the emptiness beside her? How would she ever be able to move on with life?

Wilbur was secretly envious. Who could ever bring themselves to hate such a beautiful and loving wife?

Chuck finally heard Yvette's deepest insecurities. He barely managed to hold himself back from barging into the room and assuring her. How could he ever hate her because of such a trivial issue?

But if he rushed in now, Yvette would definitely feel guilty and wouldn't be able to face him properly!

"What happened then? How did you manage to put together the 500,000 dollars?" Wilbur asked. Chuck had told him all the details.

Yvette mumbled, feeling slightly relaxed after revealing what had been weighing on her mind all this time, "I... I got a loan and borrowed 700,000 dollars."

Only seven hundred thousand dollars? It was just as Chuck had expected. Yvette didn't really spend a lot, so 700,000 dollars was quite sufficient.

Wilbur continued asking her, "700,000 dollars? Why didn't you ask me for it?"

Yvette didn't know what to say. She couldn't tell him that she went to borrow a loan because she wanted to return him the money, could she? If she did, he definitely would not be



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willing to accept the 500,000 dollars she had transferred to him.

"I can handle it myself." She refused to say anything else. She couldn't possibly tell him that she had been duped by the loansharks as well, could she? She insisted, "Please accept the 500,000 dollars first!"

Wilbur told her the exact same thing Chuck had asked him to say just now, "Just take it. You need it more than me now."

Yvette said earnestly, "No, the money is yours, so please just accept it. I'm really thankful to you for helping me so much!"

Yvette was truly grateful to the 'baller'. If it weren't for him, she would have been raped by those two men that day in the hotel... If that was the case, she would not be able to face Chuck at all.

She had been Chuck's wife ever since she was a child. However, what would Chuck think if she lost her virginity? Yvette was still afraid now that she thought about it.

They ate silently for the rest of the meeting. Yvette did not say much and left for work after she finished eating. Chuck took this chance to come over. Wilbur smiled at him and said, "You are very lucky to find such a wife."

Chuck also felt that he was very lucky to have grown up with Yvette and to have the chance to make her his wife.

"What are you going to do now?" Wilbur asked curiously.

What could he do? He could only transfer seven hundred



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thousand dollars to Yvette and ask her to return the money to the loansharks first..

Only then would she be able to continue with her business peacefully.

Chuck decided to transfer 700 thousand dollars to Yvette later that day. Since Yolanda Lane had enough money, he didn't have to ask his mother for it.

Wilbur said, "Alright. Anyway, since she believes that I'm the 'baller', just give me a call if you want me to continue pretending..."

Chuck nodded. After all, he most probably needed his help to stand in for him for a few more times. Wilbur chuckled, "Chuck, since I'm free this afternoon, I'll take you to a good place. I'm sure you'll like it..."

Chuck, of course, understood the meaning behind his smirk. He was about to refuse him when the door to the room was suddenly opened, followed by a surprised voice that said, "Hubby, why are you here?"

What? Wasn't Yvette going back her company? Why did she come back?



## Chapter 207

Yvette Jordan was taken aback. When she went upstairs just now, she realized that she had carelessly left her bag in the restaurant and came down to retrieve it. She never expected to see her husband Chuck inside.

Chuck Cannon was in despair. If Yvette knew that he was the 'baller', she would definitely be angry, right?

He sighed and was about to confess.

After all, he was using the identity of the 'baller' to help her. She would not be too angry, would she?

He was about to say something when he was interrupted by Wilbur.

Wilbur Wendel had put on his stern businessman look and pretended to scold Chuck, "Chuck, what's wrong with you? You couldn't even handle such a minor issue and you have to disturb me during my meal. Are you going to disturb me in the middle of my business too?"

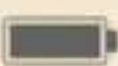
Chuck was speechless, but he was pretty fond of Wilbur now. He was a pretty good friend.

At least he was smart.

Hearing this, Yvette's heart ached. Was her husband here to apologize to Wilbur because of some business issues?

Yvette quickly came to Chuck's defense, "I'm sorry, my



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husband won't do it again." She didn't want to see her husband being wronged.

"Fine, since you've apologized for your husband, I'll let it go this time. Pay more attention to your work next time, do you understand?" Wilbur berated and pretended to storm out of the room.

He left to find Zabrina Yalden. After all, they were going to wrap up their shooting at the plaza in a few days. He had to take that opportunity to confess to her.

Chuck and Yvette heaved a sigh of relief. She quickly comforted him, "Hubby, don't worry. This happens quite often when you're working. Why don't you take a few days off and rest up?"

Chuck shook his head and refused, "No need."

Chuck knew that despite being under a lot of pressure, Yvette was still very concerned about him. He sighed helplessly. Yvette should have told him about her problems.

"Well, hubby, do you want to go to my office?" Yvette was worried that Chuck would be targeted by those people again.

Chuck was thinking of sending Yvette the money as soon as possible, so he couldn't go to her office at the moment. He came up with an excuse and said, "Honey, I'm going to learn boxing in the afternoon."

Yvette was still worried, "Okay. Hubby, be careful,"

"I will."



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"I'll be going then." Yvette grabbed her bag and left for her company. The minute she disappeared from his sight, Chuck immediately called Yolanda and asked her to transfer 700,000 dollars to him. In less than a minute, the money was transferred into his account. Chuck transferred it to Yvette and said, "Loan sharks are pretty vicious. You need to pay off your loans first. What if something goes wrong and your husband becomes aware of it?"

He was relieved after sending the message.

Chuck saw that the message was still unseen, so he thought that Yvette was probably too busy to check her phone.

He was ready to go to the boxing house, Just as he was about to leave the restaurant, he met Queenie Carson, whom he hadn't seen for a few days. She was wearing a waitress' uniform. Was she working here?

Queenie was surprised. It was summer vacation so she was doing three part-time jobs at once to ensure she could pay for her tuition fees and continue studying. After all, she had a gigantic quarrel with her aunt.

Chuck greeted her politely, "How's it going? Are you used to the new place yet?"

Queenie asked softly, "I'm very well. Thank you. How... how are things going with Teacher Jordan?" They were most likely already living together. However, she couldn't help thinking of what she did that night with Chuck.

She really couldn't forget it. For the past few nights, she had



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been constantly dreaming of that night and how she woke up weak in her knees and feeling slightly uncomfortable.

"Um, I live in her house." Chuck didn't think it was necessary to hide anything from Queenie since she knew about his relationship with Yvette. However, he was still slightly awkward. A slight glance of her hand would remind him of that night.

It was.... exciting but guilt-tripping. Nevertheless, it was pretty addictive.

The two of them were embarrassed.

"I won't bother you then."

"Yeah, I'll leave first then."

"Okay."

Chuck walked out while Queenie was feeling downcast.

She knew that it was just a misunderstanding that night. Chuck was going to touch Yvette but accidentally touched her instead. The rest of the night happened because he had aroused her and she took the initiative to help him... To put it short, the both of them had a whale of a time that day.

She should have forgotten that night, but how could she? It was her first time helping a boy...

She wondered if she would have the chance to help him again...

Queenie shook the thoughts out of her head and focused on earning money.



13:40 

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In the office, Yvette didn't have time to look at her mobile phone. The moment she left the restaurant and headed upstairs, the malicious loan sharks followed behind her closely with lewd eyes.

"Hey, you've disappointed me. I gave you my Whatsapp number but I can't believe you didn't add me." Dread snickered. He was annoyed at how Yvette refused to add his contact although he dropped her so many hints.

"What do you want?" Yvette stared at them. She had a bad feeling that something was about to happen.

Dread sat down and said, "Have you forgotten what day it is today? Time to return the money!"

Yvette said coldly, "100,000 dollars, right? I'll transfer it to you right now."

Dread sneered, "Are you playing dumb? It's 700,000 dollars! Isn't your little husband driving a sports car? Let him help you!" His men had reported to him that Chuck drove a sports car. To hell with being poor! A sports car would cost at least a million dollars!

If he could afford it, why would he even bother getting a loan?

He didn't believe it until his men showed him the photos as evidence.

"I'll warn you, you'd better not think of using my husband!" Yvette snapped. That was her bottom line.



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"If you don't pay me back right now, I'll send someone to drag him here. Do you hear me?" Dread was delighted. He continued threatening, "If you don't pay me back 700,000 dollars, I'll just have to take your hubby's car as mortgage. I'll give it back to you only if you pay me!"

"I'll call the police!" Yvette glared at him.

"Call the police? Well then, I'll have to ask my men to hack him to death. Do you believe I'll do that?" Dread sneered. He had already ordered two of his underlings to follow Chuck. With just a phone call, they could easily block him and give him a few good slashes. Who would be able to stop them?

"No, don't touch him." Yvette was desperate as she shook her head.

"If you don't want me to, then you'd better cough up the money! Or else, I'm afraid you'll have to go to the hospital to see him." Dread sneered, "Of course, you could also choose to spend some time entertaining me and I'll consider giving you an extension. It's your choice."

Yvette sat down. Chuck was her only family now so she could not let anything happen to him. She struggled to think up a plan and finally said, her face as pale as death, "I don't have that much money for you now. If you insist, you can have my company. Take it..."

Dread frowned and asked, "How much is your low-grade company worth?" Yvette glared at him and was determined. She said, "It's not much, but I can give you another 500,000 dollars! I can sign the contract with you now, but from now



13:40 

on we're done! Don't ever think of laying a finger on my husband, or I'll come after you and then kill myself! I mean it, and I'll do it!"

This woman was serious. She wasn't going to hesitate if they actually went against their terms.

Yvette was willing to give up everything just to protect Chuck.

Dread looked at her warily. For some reason, her desolate glare made his skin crawl. How could a mere woman give him such a feeling?

His underlings reminded him, "Boss, why don't we just let it go? We can get around 300,000 dollars if we sell the company, so it's not a loss for us." They were also equally scared by Yvette's eyes.

Dread snorted, "We'll be even if you add on 600,000 dollars and your Mercedes-Benz!"

"In your dreams! I won't give you the car!" Yvette was firm. This was the car that Chuck had bought for her. She cherished it a lot and would never give it to anyone else.

She negotiated, "600,000 dollars, plus the company! Otherwise, you won't get a cent!"

Dread's expression was sour as he was forced to agree, "Okay! Transfer the money now, and then sign the contract!"

Ultimately, he was still slightly worried about it. It was probably enough now that he got the money back and even managed to secure the ownership of a company. It was time



13:40 

to stop.

Yvette immediately transferred 600,000 dollars to him. After receiving the money, he had his men draw up a ownership transfer contract. It took 10 minutes to complete the whole process. Yvette felt empty inside. The company that she had spent 5 whole years on was gone in just a matter of minutes. She had invested too much into the company, having lost her house and even going into debt because of it. Despite feeling bitter, at least Chuck wouldn't have to suffer because of her mistakes.

This was the only thing that could comfort Yvette at this moment.

Dread was delighted and handed Yvette her contract, taunting, "Nice cooperating with you, come find me if you... stop glaring at me now. At least I feel pretty happy about this exchange. Now you can finally take a good rest and relax. You can pack up your things here now and scam, because the company is now mine!"



## Chapter 208

"There are still some things I haven't dealt with. The payroll and training lists have yet to be completed." Yvette Jordan couldn't leave like this. She had given her life's efforts to the company, so how could she just leave like that?

Dread frowned and asked, "How many days do you need?"

He was going to find someone to take over the company. It would probably get him 300,000 to 500,000 dollars.

"Four days." Yvette sighed. She didn't know how to tell this to Chuck Cannon.

"Four days? Is that enough?"

Dread suddenly sneered. He planned to let Yvette deal with these and at least pay the salaries of the employees. He wouldn't want anything unexpected to happen.

He snickered, "Do you want me to give you a few more days? You just have to accompany me once and I'll give you all the time you need. What do you say?"

Yvette said nothing but just stared at him sharply. Dread felt uncomfortable and quickly snorted, "Four days it is then! I'll come back in four days and you'd better transfer the company's ownership to me properly. If you still mope around here after it's done, don't blame me for throwing you out by force! Come on!"



16:12 

Dread left with his men.

Yvette sat down and stared blankly at her office. She had sat here for ages, but now everything seemed different since the company was no longer hers. She struggled to hold back her tears. She thought to herself, "It's alright if the company is gone, I could still make money and open another one. It's fine, it's not a big deal ..."

However, no amount of comforting was enough to stop her tears from flowing. She was extremely upset. The company's business has just gotten better recently but none of it mattered anymore since it was no longer hers.

She wiped away her tears and really wanted to call Chuck, but she just couldn't bring herself to call him. She was about to tuck her phone away when she noticed a message from the 'baller' transferring another 700,000 dollars to her.

Yvette sighed. She needed money to process the employee's payroll, so she had no choice to accept the money. She hesitated but soon accepted the money. However, she made sure to return 600,000 dollars back to him. Now that she had lost her company, so she didn't need so much money.

She sent a message to the 'baller' telling him that she would pay him the money back in a month.

100,000 dollars plus 500,000 dollars was a total of 600,000 dollars of debt. Yvette felt bitter for owing so much money. She definitely had to plan properly in a month or she would



16:12 

never be able to return the money.

She also had another problem. How was she supposed to tell Chuck?

Yvette was sullen. In fact, she really wanted Chuck to come over and ask him to help her solve this issue. However, she already told him last night that she would solve it herself. If Chuck came over, he would definitely be disappointed by her. Yvette did not dare to take that risk.

She took a deep breath and called in all the staff.

Then, she started telling them the inevitable truth, "I'm really sorry, there's been some problems in the company. Everyone, please finish up your work in four days and I'll pay your salaries accordingly."

As soon as she said that, all the staff were surprised! It was too hard to understand!

"What? Director Jordan, wasn't the company doing well recently? How could there be a problem?"

"Yes, Director Jordan, what's wrong with the company?"

"A personal problem," Yvette admitted, feeling even more resentful. Just yesterday, she was doing things in the company confidently, but in just 24 hours the company's ownership had changed. It was as though she was going on a terrible roller coaster that left her depressed and anxious for the future.

"Alas! I didn't expect that working here will soon become a memory. It's been three years..." An employee sighed.



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"Yeah, it's too sudden. Director Jordan, since the company is gone, what are you planning to do next? Are you gonna start another business elsewhere?"

"We'll follow you wherever you go, Director Jordan."

"That's right, I'll follow you."

The staffs expressed their opinions one after another. Yvette was moved, but how would she have the money to start another company now? Once she paid their salaries, she would only be left with around 10 to 20 thousand dollars. What could she even do with it?

Yvette shook her head and said, "Sorry, unfortunately I have no such plans yet."

The staff sighed, "That's a pity!" Although Yvette didn't have a good temper, she always made sure to separate personal feelings from work. They were also treated extremely well in the company and trusted Yvette's decision.

However, since Yvette did not have a plan in mind, they had no choice but to look for another job.

Everyone walked out dejectedly. Yvette sat down and spaced out. She tried to calm herself down and told herself it was fine to start all over again. Everything would be fine.

It was only then that she started calculating the employees' salaries and planned her budget for the month. She was determined to make some money.

.....



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Chuck was initially very happy after Yvette accepted the money, but the happiness soon turned to confusion after she transferred 600,000 dollars back to him. What was going on?

He guessed that Yvette still refused to let him help. Chuck knew that she was very independent, so he did not reply her. Since she was so stubborn, he would just respect her decision. After all, she would definitely tell him on Whatsapp if she was in a predicament.

He had just arrived at the boxing ring. He remembered how he thought the place was pretty remote the first time he came. However, when he parked his car and came down, he saw an acquaintance whom he wasn't very fond of. It seemed that this place was not that remote after all.

It was Quinn's assistant, whom Chuck had slapped a few days ago. Chuck saw him sneaking around in an alley and meeting up with a weird person. After exchanging a few words, they shook hands as though he had come to a consensus. The assistant's had a lewd smile on his face and a red bottle in his hand. What on earth were they doing?

Chuck was curious. All of a sudden, he recalled seeing Quinn Miller and her assistant walking out from the elevator last time. The assistant's gaze was fixated on Quinn's buttocks. It made Chuck's skin crawl.

Could the small bottle contain that sort of medicine? Chuck was not a fool and he immediately knew what it was. He



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snickered. Quinn had tried to force him to kneel and apologize to her. Now, the tables had turned and she was about to get drugged and violated by her assistant. How interesting!

Despite seeing this, Chuck did not bother to butt in. He pretended that he didn't see anything and headed to the boxing ring instead. He had thought of following the assistant just to see what would happen but felt it was inappropriate of him to do so. Oh well, time to learn boxing!

.....

"Boss, I've looked into Chuck as per your orders but found nothing. I can't find out the relationship between him and Karen Lee at all." The assistant said while secretly taking glances at Quinn's supple thighs.

"Nothing?" Quinn's expression darkened. She hesitated after learning about Karen's powers. Karen was definitely richer than her. Quinn was still pondering on how to purchase Chuck's plaza.

This was why she had been frustrated for several days. Firstly, she couldn't stand the humiliation from that incident last time and secondly, she really liked the plaza.

The assistant replied, "Yes, I think Karen must've blocked any access to Chuck Cannon's information."

Quinn was angry. She had to get the plaza at all costs!

Quinn ordered, "Prepare the purchase plan immediately!"



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"Yes. However, there are still some other places which are available. Will you be interested in them, boss?"

"No, I'll think about them later. What I want to buy now is the plaza!"

"Yes, boss, please drink some water and don't be angry. I will prepare the plan immediately." The assistant said while bringing over a bottle of water.

Quinn was not the type to drink water from an opened bottle. Therefore, the assistant had prepared beforehand and placed the drug inside in advance. He deliberately twisted the bottle cap open as though it was a new bottle of water. Quinn glanced at him and then took a sip.

She then plopped herself down and ordered, "Get out and prepare the plan! I want to buy the plaza in a week. If you can't do it then scram!"

"Yes..." The assistant nodded but deliberately stayed in the room. When he saw Quinn blushing, he suddenly sneered.

Quinn shouted at him, "What are you still doing here? Get out!"

"Boss, it's not that I don't want to go out. I'm just worried that you'll have to call me back later, so I might as well just stay in the room!"

"What... what did you make me drink just now?" Quinn felt that something was wrong. She glowered at him angrily.



## Chapter 209

Quinn Miller was desperate. She hated being harassed by men younger than her. She closed her eyes and tried to pretend that everything was going to be alright, but tears of despair were already rolling down her eyes. She did not have the strength to resist physically, but she was determined to kill the man and herself once she regained consciousness!

She was dragged into the dark alley when her hand suddenly caught hold of something. It was the touch of another human being.

Quinn felt as though she had stumbled upon a glimmer of hope. She started thrashing and croaking, "Please, help me, help me..."

She pleaded bitterly. She hadn't begged anyone for so many years, but now she had no choice but to ask for help.

"Please, I beg you..." Quinn burst into tears.

All of a sudden, a pair of eyes could be seen in the darkness.

The assistant was shocked. How could there be anyone in this desolate alley?

He was so excited that he didn't notice that there was someone in the alley.

In the dark alley, this pair of eyes glanced at him and then at



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Quinn, who was begging for mercy. The person did not speak.

The alley was so quiet that they could hear the sounds of their hearts pounding in their chest.

The assistant was in a tight spot. He gritted his teeth and stepped back, warning the person, "Well, don't move. Do you see this exceptional woman here? She's been going for skincare treatment monthly. She's one of the best. Let's share her since you'll never see such a gorgeous woman like her in your life."

"Don't!" After listening to him, Quinn's newly-arising hope immediately turned into despair. She was confident that her body would drive any man insane. If this person wanted a piece of her, she would...

The owner of the pair of eyes still remained silent.

The assistant was annoyed. Why was he so unlucky today? He quickly added, "What do you want? I'll let you have her first, alright?"

The figure suddenly spoke emotionlessly, "Scram!"

The assistant couldn't stand it any longer. He had prepared and worked so hard for this day. He finally succeeded, but now he was forced to give his chance away?

He squatted down and grabbed a brick. Then, he threw it at the figure, only to have the figure suddenly move away.

With just one punch, the assistant was reduced to a pile in



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the ground. He squirmed on the ground like a worm and squealed in pain.

The assistant gritted his teeth in pain and struggled to get on his knees. However, the figure slowly walked out of the darkness and the assistant gawked at him, stammering, "It's you!"

Boom!

The figure sent another kick his way, and the assistant was sent flying. He clutched his stomach in pain and limped away. Since he wasn't a match for the man, his only option was to run away. However, he was remorseful - this was a once in a lifetime opportunity! Fortunately, he had just taken a video. Although he didn't manage to get his hands on Quinn, he had already managed to take a video of her seductive and embarrassing moments. If he managed to show the video to others, Quinn would definitely lose her reputation!

The assistant ran away. With this video, there was still a chance!

The man walked out of the darkness. In the alley, a beam of light from the street lamps illuminated his face to reveal ....  
Chuck Cannon! Indeed, it was Chuck!

He didn't expect himself to stand up for Quinn. He was walking out of the boxing ring and preparing to go home just moment ago. However, he heard rustling in the alley. After a moment's hesitation, he decided to to check it out. Then,



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Quinn inadvertently grabbed his hand and asked for his help. Upon looking at her clearly, he saw her muzzled look and scarlet cheeks.

Chuck then knew what condition she was in. Her assistant had succeeded.

He just wanted to turn around and leave. After all, he didn't like Quinn and even hated her. However, her desperate and hopeless pleas for help had made him take pity on her.

If he left just like that and allowed her assistant to have his way with her, would that just prove that he was ungentlemanly?

After thinking for a while, Chuck sighed. Forget it, he'll just pretend that he was helping out a stranger.

After the assistant left, Chuck was about to leave but was stopped in his tracks. A pair of arms appeared from behind him and embraced him, the touch of their skin as hot as the sun. The person mumbled, "I want it, give it to me..."

It was a woman's muffled voice, Quinn had completely lost her senses. Chuck frowned. How much medicine did this assistant use? Was he planning to ruin Quinn?

"Let me go!" Chuck didn't want plan to entertain her anymore.

"No, give it to me..." Quinn kissed Chuck sloppily and left him shocked. After struggling with her, he managed to break free of her, only to accidentally shove her against the wall. He heard the sound of her head hitting against the wall, then



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she slid to the ground and fell silent.

Chuck was wide-eyed. Did he accidentally kill her? He quickly squatted down and felt her pulse. He was relieved after realizing that it was still there. She had probably just fainted, but now he was faced with a larger predicament. If he left her like this, others would probably still pick her up anyways. What was the difference between that and saving her then?

Hence, he came to the conclusion that he had no other way but to just drop her off somewhere.

In a hotel, the woman at the reception saw Chuck hoisting such a beautiful woman in his arms. She was surprised and asked Chuck where he managed to get her, but was met with silence. Chuck rolled his eyes, of course he wouldn't be as stupid to tell her.

The woman looked like she knew what to do. She booked a room for Chuck and promoted it to him before she left. After entering the room, Chuck threw her on the moldy bed.

However, he remembered that Quinn was drugged and he probably couldn't leave just like that. After looking around, he saw a tub in the bathroom and filled it up with water. Then, he moved Quinn into the tub with her clothes fully intact. Quinn grunted. Probably she felt the water was too cold, but it wasn't Chuck's business.

Chuck's plan was to let her cool down in the tub. After finishing up, he quickly left the hotel. He had to go home and



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accompany his wife.



## 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 that 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. For the man to bring her here and not take advantage of her meant that he was truly a good person at heart.

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

The woman just replied 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 went 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



handphone 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 dared 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 he 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?



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.

"Sigh." 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 would conclude at the plaza before 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.

"Speak!"

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 was the one 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 thirty 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 show off!"

"Yeah! I'm sure they're just showing off!" 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



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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 at 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 his 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 neighbourhood 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 to 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 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,



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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 didn't have the acting skills, 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 minding her own business 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.



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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 expose her beauty 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.



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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



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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.



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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



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some time now. Besides, he wanted to train himself. He couldn't always rely on his mother for help.

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 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 have stuff to do?" 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 for her to 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 tailgate 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. They did not do anything, nor did they 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 Facebook?"

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 mouth 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 an 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. I 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 it 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 was 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."

It was 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 with they were 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. If he were to take the stairs, he would need to take more than twenty flights of stairs.

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.

"I'm sorry, 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 out, so the elevator is not working too. 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 aren't trained 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 should 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 day.

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 smithereens!

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, dissolve 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 to gall to flirt with 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 bring me for 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 anymore!"

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 off. 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 realized 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 at the scenic area till the evening. He could



tell that Willa did not come to these kind of places often. With Chuck accompanying her, she laughed cheerfully like a young girl through 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 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 erotic 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 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 kaput and she was still millions of dollars in debt. 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.

Bang!

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?"

Hehe!

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. Hopefully she won't tell Yvette.



If Yvette knew what had happened, he would be done for.

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.





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