

## Chapter 242

Chuck understood what was going on, but why would Queenie spill wine on him for no reason?

As a part-timer, Queenie must be very cautious. This was definitely not as simple as it seemed.

Chuck's heart ached when he saw Queenie shedding tears. After all, Chuck had taken Queenie's virginity.

"Queenie, you didn't mean it, did you?" Chuck asked her gently.

"I...I was carrying the wine when he suddenly bumped into me," Queenie said as she wiped her tears and shook her head. It was no doubt that she would be very cautious during her part-time job, especially in this kind of place. She knew that they were all wealthy people whom she couldn't afford to offend, and she had been on high alert with her every movement.

"Well, it's going to be okay now," Chuck consoled her.

Queenie cried silently, Chuck's console was very warm and comforting for her.

"It's going to be okay? Didn't you hear what I just said? My suit is..." Sylvester sneered incredulously. It was okay?

How could that be possible?!

Anyone who damaged his belongings, no matter who he or she was, they'll need to pay up. There was never an exemption, let alone a mere waitress.

"It is a million or so and customized, right?" Chuck

stared at him.

"You still remember. Pay up, then!" Sylvester came over.

"Don't try to make excuses, because no matter who you are, there is no use playing tricks with me!"

"No matter who you are, tricks don't work on me either."

Chuck said blandly, "You're the one who ran into her, yet you still want her to compensate?"

"Are you blind? Who the h\*ll said that I was the one who ran into her? My suit costs more than a million dollars, pay up!" Sylvester narrowed his eyes.

Chuck glanced at him and said, "Okay, we'll settle this privately."

Sylvester laughed and said, "Why? Do you feel shameful? If it wasn't my father's birthday today, I would have turned this place upside down!"

Chuck took Queenie to a corner, away from the people who were eating.

Sylvester followed them. He didn't want to disturb his father's celebration.

"Your card number," Chuck said to Sylvester calmly.

Queenie panicked and thought, "That's a fortune! More than a million dollars!" Queenie shook her head and said, "Chuck, that's too much money."

"It's fine," Chuck said with a smile.

Queenie bit her lip and felt guilty in her heart. She noticed that the distance in their relationship, between her and Chuck, was getting wider and wider.

"You know what's good for you," Sylvester sneered. He thought, "Try not paying and I would make you suffer!"

He told Chuck the card number, and Chuck transferred it to him accordingly.

After receiving the money, Sylvester smiled with satisfaction. "Next time, ask your waitress friend to watch out. Consider yourself lucky this time. It might not be as simple as just paying up next time," he said.

After that, he was about to return to the banquet, but Chuck stopped him as he said calmly, "I've paid for your loss. It is not over yet."

"Not over yet?" Sylvester turned his head with a disdainful look on his face. "Then tell me, how is it not over yet?"

"I've paid you the compensation. So first, take off the clothes on you now! I've bought your clothes for 1.3 million dollars, and it's now mine. Why are you wearing my clothes?" Chuck asked.

"Hahaha! So, you want to do it this way?" Sylvester said in a playful tone. He had seen far many tricks like this, but no one had ever successfully made him take off his clothes.

"You aren't qualified to make me take off my clothes. Just take care of your waitress girlfriend," Sylvester smiled and said.

"You've bumped into her and spilled the wine. You have to pay for it!" Chuck continued, ignoring his words.

"Haha!" Sylvester burst out laughing as if he'd heard a joke.

Nonetheless, Chuck added, "The wine was spilled everywhere and dirtied the floor. You have to pay for that

as well!"

"Haha!"

Sylvester ridiculed, "You said that you want me to take off my clothes, it's a forced reason. You asked me to pay for the wine, it's a forced reason as well. However, as for staining the floor, what does that have to do with you? Is the floor yours?"

This joke was too interesting. He suddenly felt that Willa's nephew might be a little crazy in the head.

"The floor isn't mine," Chuck replied as he shook his head.

"If it's not yours, why do I need to pay for it? Boy, are you trying to brag in front of your waitress girlfriend?" Sylvester sneered. It had been a long time since someone had shown off like this before him.

"You've said so much, but do you think I'd give a d\*mn? Even if you were to call Willa over, I still wouldn't care," Sylvester shook his head and was ready to return to the banquet.

"The floor is indeed not mine, but..." Chuck said.

"But what?" Sylvester laughed. "But the floor was mopped by your waitress girlfriend, therefore, I've stained the floor that she mopped and need to compensate? Haha!"

He truly wanted to laugh out loud.

"No, the floor is not mine, but it belongs to my mother," Chuck said plainly.

"Your mother?" Sylvester was stunned for a moment and frowned immediately.

Queenie was dumbfounded upon hearing that. "What did he mean? The floor belonged to Chuck's mother?" Queenie thought.

"What do you mean? Is this restaurant your mother's?" Sylvester asked doubtfully.

"Yes, and so is this hotel," Chuck answered.

Queenie was completely shocked. She exclaimed in her heart, "What? This hotel belonged to Chuck's mother? How is this possible?"

Sylvester shook his head and said in a more suspicious tone, "I've heard about this hotel. It was bought over by a woman named Karen Lee with over three billion. Is this woman your mother? Are you kidding?"

Of course, he knew about it. It was just that he was not invited when the hotel set up the banquet.

"I'm not kidding, Karen Lee is my mother," Chuck said calmly.

"Do you think I will believe in your words?" Sylvester was no longer surprised and he sneered again. "To own a five-star hotel like this, your assets must be at least ten billion dollars. Do you think I will believe that you have such a rich mother? Are you used to being so pretentious? If you say that it is Willa's, I would have believed it without a doubt, but to belong to your mother? Do you think..."

"Young Master," the manager of the restaurant came over and called out to Chuck respectfully.

"Hm," Chuck nodded at the manager in acknowledgement.

"Young master, what's going on? Do you need anything?" The manager asked. "If the dishes today are not to your liking, I'll ask the kitchen to make something else for you."

Majority of the dishes today were lightly seasoned. She thought that Chuck was not used to it.

"I don't need anything, carry on with your work," Chuck shook his head and dismissed her.

"Okay, let me know if you need anything," the manager said with a smile. Then, she said to Sylvester, "Mr. Xinos, what do you think of tonight's banquet?"

Sylvester was bewildered. This manager was the one who discussed the planning of the banquet with him. If she was addressing Chuck as Young Master, was this hotel really owned by his mother? Could Karen Lee be his mother?

The person who was in the most shock was Queenie. Recently, Chuck had suddenly become rich. She thought that it was because Chuck had met someone of high status, but it turned out that Chuck was a rich second generation. An extremely wealthy second generation.

This huge gap between their statuses made Queenie feel ashamed.

"It's fine now, the banquet is organized very well," said Sylvester.

"Then, I shall leave you to your affairs," the manager left with a smile.

Sylvester stared at Chuck again. "I can't believe it. This hotel really does belong to your mother."

"Pay up then!" Chuck said.

"But, so what if that's the case?" Sylvester sneered.

"What about it? Your mother is worth ten billion in assets, I'm of the same class. What's the big deal?" Sylvester thought.

"If it belonged to Willa, I would probably show her some respect. But I don't know who Karen Lee is and you want me to pay up? Haha, what's so great about owning a five-star hotel?" Sylvester laughed at him. Just because he wasn't involved in the hotel industry, if he wanted to, even a five-star hotel would just be a matter of time.

"Since you have done something wrong, you should compensate for it. It has nothing to do with being great," Chuck shook his head.

"Well, guess what, I'm not paying! What are you going to do about this? You want me to take off my clothes, ask me to pay for the wine, and even pay for the floor. Who do you think you are? I don't give a d\*mn! Let me tell you, if you provoke me any further, I won't even pay for tonight's banquet!" Sylvester scoffed.

"You can try doing that," Chuck said indifferently.

"You want to threaten me?" Sylvester said disdainfully. He turned around and was about to return to the banquet, but how could Chuck allow him to act as he wished? Chuck came over and stopped him. Sylvester laughed loudly and lifted his leg to kick him.

Queenie was so scared that she covered her mouth.

"You dare to block my way, I'll stomp you to death!" Sylvester kicked towards him. Chuck's gaze turned icy and he was ready to deliver him a punch.

It was not a problem for Chuck to fight against two or three guys like Sylvester.

"Sylvester Xinos, you dare to kick him?!" A voice suddenly came from behind. Sylvester frowned and turned his head to see that it was Willa coming over.

Chuck stopped. After all, Sylvester was still Willa's relative.

"Willa, go ahead and tell my dad if you want to. I will kick him now, what would you dare to do against me?" Sylvester sneered and continued his kick.

Who was she kidding? His father was Willa's elder. How would she dare to do anything to him just for a br\*t?



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