

Chapter 421

"How much more capable?" Yvette asked Patricia as she was equally curious.

She felt that Chuck had a pretty solid background as well. After all, it was impossible for him to not be when he had someone like Karen backing him up.

"Haven't you heard? The owner of this hotel, Mr. Cannon, asked the head of the Allen family to break his own grandson's leg..." Patricia explained.

It was still so surreal to her, but it was the truth.

Yvette choked back a noise of surprise.

Was this man really that powerful?

"It's true! Once you lay eyes on him, you'll no doubt be surprised. He's really good at keeping a low profile. You almost can't tell him that he's capable," Patricia continued.

"Is he? My husband's the same too," Yvette replied, an image of Chuck looking rough emerged in her mind.

Other than his new hairstyle and new clothes, he still appeared very much ordinary. He was good-looking but he wasn't good at dressing himself up.

However, no matter how uncouth Chuck looked, he was still charming and adorable to her.

Patricia, on the other hand, wanted to scoff at the comparison Blood Leopard had made. How could her husband compare to Chuck?

Chuck was someone that even the Allen family feared!

Ordinary people can't possibly compare to him.

Her husband may have laid low, it was a bit far-fetched to compare him to Chuck.

However, she certainly didn't utter these hurtful words. Patricia wasn't raised without being taught simple courtesy.

"He'll be coming out soon. Have a look at him! It'll definitely surprise you," Patricia said.

"No, thanks. No matter how capable he is, I'm not very interested. My husband's the best," Yvette said as she shook her head and looked away. Initially, she had been a little curious. But now, she was over it.

Yvette was not crazy over men. So what if Mr. Cannon was handsome? She wouldn't be interested either way.

Patricia looked at Yvette again and wondered, "This woman is really in

love with her husband, isn't she? Beauty must really be in the eyes of the beholder."

"Well, if that's the case, let's just leave then. I'm pretty tired, so just take me home. You'll have to be with me at all times from now on," Patricia said.

Yvette nodded in agreement and began her work seriously. She had gone through this before so she knew what had to be done.

Eventually, Patricia drove away with Yvette.

As soon as they had left, Chuck stepped out of the hotel. He saw Patricia's car driving into the distance and he shrugged. She was bright and he didn't particularly dislike her. But for no proper reason, he wouldn't help her.

He had missed Yvette a little. He hadn't seen Yvette for a few days since the last time and so, he sent a message to her asking about her whereabouts.

Not long later, Yvette replied and told him that she wasn't up to anything.

Chuck then invited her to train together. He had been training by himself these past few days after having taken an absence of leave from the university. After all, he had to train harder in preparation for Brayden's retaliation.

There was no news from Karen either. She was still monitoring everything that was happening in the U.S. though. Chuck would know in advance and prepare himself if Brayden planned to do anything rash.

Upon reading the invitation, Yvette hurriedly rejected it and told him something urgent had come up. It was impossible for them to get together now. After all, she was now in Patricia's service. If he found out about her dangerous job, how would he take it?

"Alright, I love you," Chuck eventually texted. He thought that Yvette might not be around anyway.

Yvette sent her love back in reply and kept her phone away with a smile. She felt all warm and fuzzy from the brief texts.

Patricia sneaked curious looks at her at that. She had thought this assassin was unfeeling but the smile she let out spoke otherwise. Was she chatting with her so-called husband?

She didn't ask either way. When they reached her home, they got out of the car together.

Patricia usually lived alone and wasn't comfortable with men coming over to her place. Therefore, the bodyguard she hired had to be a woman.

Yvette followed her in. She didn't mind the aesthetics of the house much but was looking at its surroundings instead. She had to be vigilant, both as an assassin and a bodyguard.

This was Yvette's second job. She had to do it well so that she could gain a reputation.

She wanted to outrank Black Rose and become the world's best.

It was Yvette's current goal.

Patricia went to take a shower while Yvette continued to watch over her. After that, she began training.

After her shower, Patricia watched as Yvette trained. She was surprised to see that her arms were covered in bruises.

"Does your husband approve of your lifestyle?" Patricia couldn't help but ask. She rarely chatted with other women, but she thought Yvette wasn't half bad.

She knew men liked perfect and flawless women. But having seen the state of Yvette's arms, Patricia imagined that the rest of her body must look about the same, maybe even worse. What would a man feel if he looked at her? Would he feel disgusted?

"I suppose. But I usually never show him any of this," Yvette told her the truth. Combat training was tough, it was inevitable that her body would be painted in unsightly bruises. So when Yvette and Chuck were together, they were almost always fully-clothed.

Patricia had nothing to say to that.

At this moment, her phone rang as she was about to nod off. She took it out and looked at the caller I.D. Her face shifted.

"Is it that man from the Allen family?" Yvette asked as she walked over.

Patricia didn't want to pick up the phone. It was indeed Landon who was calling her. Wasn't he in the hospital? Why was he calling her?

Did he want her to visit him at the hospital?

Fearing the consequences of missing the call, Patricia steeled herself and answered her phone.

"I'm in the hospital, come find me," Landon ordered. He had spent too long in the hospital and was feeling bored. He wanted to find someone to accompany him, so he thought of Patricia.

"Sorry, I'm not around," Patricia admitted.

"Not around? I told you last time to get a room ready for me in three days! You haven't done that?" Landon spat.

His leg had been broken by his grandfather, so he couldn't do much. He was really annoyed!

"I..." Patricia hesitated. How could she sell herself out like that? She wouldn't. To be frank, she had wanted to confess to her family about the whole situation but in the end, she knew how her parents would react. They would surely force her to yield for Landon.

That was because at this point, the interests of the family were prioritized above all else.

It was a necessary sacrifice.

However, no matter how hard she tried, she couldn't convince herself to do it. Her body was for her future husband, not for people like Landon!

"You have an hour. Get to the hospital by then or you'll be finished," Landon threatened.

He hung up then. Patricia was on her sofa, looking dejected when Yvette spoke up, "What did he say?"

"He wants me to visit him at the hospital," Patricia said, feeling her soul leave her body. She really needed Chuck's help right now, but she had no leverage over him. There was no reason for him to help her at all.

"If you decide to go, I'll be with you the entire time. But if you want to stay here, I'll protect you either way," Yvette said. She was disgusted by Landon. How could anyone force a woman to give herself up like this?

When she had dealt with the loan sharks before, she had been threatened like this too so she knew the feeling. She hated this kind of person.

Patricia thought that Landon wouldn't dare do anything to her in the hospital. It was a hospital, after all, he wouldn't have the guts.

Moreover, Yvette would be by her side.

"Let's go to the hospital then," Patricia said, feeling that she had to clear the air this time.

Yvette had no objections to that.

"When we arrive at the hospital, don't tell anyone that you're my bodyguard. Just say that you're my cousin," Patricia reminded. If Landon knew that she had found a bodyguard deliberately for her own protection, the consequences would be dire.

"Alright," Yvette said.

The two then got ready and drove to the hospital quickly. On the way, Patricia really wanted to call Chuck for help, her mind still churning to look for a suitable reason.

The entire ride was silent. When they finally arrived at the hospital, the two walked inside together. "Just listen to my orders. Don't do

anything I don't tell you to, got it?" Patricia warned.

This was important to note. If they acted rashly, Landon would probably exact his revenge on the Dawson family. So they had to watch themselves.

"What if he does something to you?" Yvette asked.

"Just... wait for my orders. You might not understand but I have an entire family to take care of. My family can't bear the consequences of offending Landon, alright?" Patricia explained, feeling a little helpless. But Yvette had indeed raised a good question. What would she do if Landon asked her for something she wasn't willing to give?

"Fine," Yvette agreed. After all, Patricia was her employer now.

Chapter 422

Meanwhile, in Landon's ward.

Landon stared at his broken leg. It was no longer painful but his heart still filled with resentment whenever he looked at it.

This was all Chuck's fault.

"Landon, you have to understand. I did what I had to do," Leonardo explained when he had come over to visit him.

"Grandpa, who was that guy?" Landon asked as his eyes gradually filled with hatred.

In the past few days, he had been plotting to find ways to have someone to kill Chuck. He wanted him torn into pieces.

"I'm not sure, but his family is high-ranked in the whole world! They are so much more powerful than our family," Leonardo sighed. He had looked further into that specific tech company in the United States in these few days and was shocked by his own findings.

The market value of the company had exceeded 50 billion dollars.

It was difficult to fathom.

Indeed, it was a terrifying concept!

Moreover, it was still growing at this moment. Once they start mass-producing the experimental alloy, it was just a matter of time before they would garner millions upon billions of dollars in the future.

It should be known that the company studied not only a novel type of alloy but also developed some other medication as well. If it could develop drugs to cure cancer and terminal illnesses, its value was incomprehensible!

The amount of income it got would shock the whole world.

"Even more powerful than us?" Landon asked bitterly.

He contemplated a bit on it and thought that made sense. If it weren't for Chuck's powerful background, how could his grandfather yield and beat him up? However, he still couldn't accept the fact that Chuck's family had more money than him. He really just couldn't!

"That's right. Just don't mess with Chuck anymore. If anyone could take us out, it would be him," Leonardo said with a sigh.

He didn't expect that the Allen family would put their head down for someone else in the country.

"Grandpa, I..." Landon started to speak. He hated this.

"Forget about it. Have a good rest, alright? If you need anything, just tell me right away. We'll do our best to satisfy you," Leonardo said and

then walked out.

Landon raged and destroyed everything he could get his hands on at the moment.

In his anger, he got up from his bed and started limp towards the door. At this exact moment, there was a knock on the door.

"Come in," Landon said with narrowed eyes.

The door opened and Patricia walked in. A perverted smile appeared on Landon's face. "You came just in time. Now, come here!"

He had been planning to cause a rampage outside to quell his anger. However, now that Patricia was here, he could take it out on her.

However, he caught a glance at someone else that was accompanying Patricia. He was enraptured. The woman was wearing a baseball cap but she was so beautiful...

Landon was instantly attracted to her.

Yvette's beauty was definitely indescribable. In front of her, Patricia, an attractive woman as well, was outmatched.

Both her appearance and figure were extremely immaculate.

She was very curvaceous too.

"Who is this?" Landon asked, pointing at Yvette. What was a beauty like her doing here?

When Patricia saw Landon's expression, she secretly rejoiced at his redirected attention.

After all, Landon's eyes were now fixated on Yvette. Maybe her bodyguard could take her place instead.

It was a selfish thought but Patricia couldn't help thinking about it being a possibility.

"Whack!"

Landon gave Patricia's face a tight slap, confounding her. Her cheek burned red.

"I asked you a question. Answer me!" Landon sneered.

"M- my cousin," Patricia stammered out. The fiery pain on her face made her feel ashamed. She had been hit by Landon last time when they were alone. But now, it felt different with Yvette, an outsider, around. She really wanted to fight for her dignity.

However, she merely kept quiet. She didn't have Chuck's capabilities so if she fought back, she knew her family would suffer for it.

"Cousin?" Landon smiled gently and looked kind for a moment. He beckoned Yvette to him and said, "You. Come here."

There was ice in Yvette's stare. When she saw Landon slap her employer like that, she almost couldn't control herself from fighting back.

It was her responsibility to protect Patricia after all.

Despite this, Patricia merely touched her slapped cheek and didn't say anything. Yvette couldn't do anything about it either without her orders.

"Thwack!"

Landon slapped Patricia again and said, "Go. Ask her to come over."

The humiliation Patricia felt brought tears to her eyes. She looked at Yvette, beckoning her over with her eyes.

After a moment of silence, Yvette walked over and asked, "What's the matter?"

"Hello, Cutie, what's your name?" Landon asked as his eyes roved all over her.

Yvette didn't answer.

"You're so much more beautiful than your cousin. You're simply stunning," Landon chuckled. It was true. Her cold persona in particular made people want to dominate her.

Yvette frowned at that and replied, "What are you trying to say?"

"What do you think?" Landon snickered and grabbed at Patricia's hair. "On your knees!" he barked.

The strong sense of shame Patricia felt had only intensified. She was struggling to get out of his grip when Landon suddenly threw her to the ground, giving her another slap. "You asked for it!"

At that moment, Patricia had really wanted to die. She couldn't take this humiliation anymore.

Yvette helped Patricia up, proceeded to glare at him, and asked, "What are you trying to do here?"

If Yvette were alone, she would have killed Landon much earlier.

However, her employer had not spoken up yet so she had no choice but to resist.

"Me? Your cousin didn't tell you who I am, did she?" Landon asked as he limped over.

"She did," Yvette replied.

"Well, then you should know better to defy me. Come on, get down on your knees," he ordered.

Yvette's glared at him, her voice going dangerously low, "Say that again, I dare you."

"Oh, you have some guts!" Landon chuckled, "Your cousin was just beaten up by me right here. She's nothing but a slave in my eyes. You, however, are much more prettier than she is so I'll give you a chance to redeem yourself. So, come on. On your knees."

Patricia noticed Yvette's demeanor had turned even colder so she hurriedly crawled up to her. If Yvette decided to make a move now, they would be finished. She had to stop her.

"Don't," Patricia restrained Yvette's hands as she warned.

Yvette scowled at that. "Snap!"

Landon had landed a slap on Yvette's face, and her gaze sharpened menacingly. Her hands had been held by Patricia so she had no way of defending herself from him. Her face burned with agony.

"It really does feel great to slap such a beautiful woman," Landon smirked triumphantly. Chuck had pissed him off so he was going to unleash his rage onto these women.

"Don't." Patricia's pleading continued, "Please. My family's going to suffer if you resist him."

Yvette's eyes burned with hatred as she uttered, "Let go."

"Thwack!"

Landon slapped Yvette's face again. Yvette didn't even flinch but her face had turned redder. Her cheek now bearing an eye-catching palm print.

"How dare you even think of fighting back! I can have your whole family killed at a moment's notice, you hear me?!" Landon yelled his threats.

Yvette clenched her fists tightly. She looked at Patricia, feeling utterly disappointed. Why would she take this abuse from such a man?

In that instant, she played back the time when she had been hit by a car dealer from when she had gone to buy a car. At the time, she hadn't resisted as well because she was unable to. Now, it seemed like Patricia was in the same situation as she once was.

Yvette let out a pitiful sigh at the thought. She felt sympathetic towards Patricia.

"Young Master Allen, please stop hitting her," Patricia begged Landon. She realized that if Landon kept going, her bodyguard was going to lash out. All she could do now was beg for him to stop.

"Do you think I'll stop just because you asked?" Landon slapped Patricia in the face again with his other hand, yelling, "Do you know why I asked you to come here? You've made me even angrier!"

Patricia covered her burning cheek with her hands. She really didn't have the courage to resist his abuse. She didn't know what to do.

"I know. Of course, I do! But I just... I want to talk to you," Patricia said, having gathered up her courage.

"Talk? You want to speak to me? Do you think you have the right to do that while standing? Why aren't you kneeling?!" Landon grinned maniacally as he said.

Patricia was too mortified to even get down on her knees at this point. She really wanted to run out now, but what would happen to the Dawson family if she did?

"Then, I'll make you!" Landon threatened and kicked Patricia. She fell to the ground with her hands covering her stomach. Her face had gone pale.

"Do you really think I like you? The Dawson family is rubbish to me. If I want to step on you, I will. If I want you to get on your knees for me, you shall. If you don't, I'll make sure you regret it with your life!" Landon bellowed as he limped in front of Patricia. He had been humiliated by Chuck before so now, he had to regain his dignity by inflicting it on someone else.

"On your knees! Do you hear me?"

Patricia sat up from the floor in shame and with tears welled up in her eyes. "What should I do?" she wondered helplessly.

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Chapter 423

Kneel before him?

Patricia couldn't bear to do it but she knew that if she didn't, her family would suffer. Landon was mad!

Landon's behavior was putting a lot of pressure on her. She felt like her heart was about to give out. Tears brimmed around her eyes as she felt a deep sense of shame pierce her gut.

The Allen family was too powerful. She could do nothing but yield now.

"Smack!"

Landon slapped Patricia hard in the face again.

This slap was very heavy. With a pained yelp, she was instantly rendered unconscious.

"How weak! She can't even take a few slaps!" Landon said and spat on Patricia's body.

"Hey, Gorgeous, are you going to kneel or not? Come on," he prompted her unconscious body, kicking her a few times but did not receive any responses. Letting out a filthy smile, he stepped on Patricia's belly while looking up at Yvette with a smile.

It was quite literally a smile from the Devil. It could chill hearts.

Yvette merely gazed coldly at him.

To be honest, she really wanted to retaliate. She had been slapped after all but she couldn't because Patricia had told her not to. She was her employer, so Yvette had to heed to her demands.

"Cutie, you have to understand who you're standing in front of. As a young master of the Allen family, I order you to kneel before me. Do it! I'm giving you a chance to redeem yourself," Landon said as he stepped away from Patricia's belly and limped towards Yvette.

"So, you've decided not to? Well, aren't you bold! You really are the most beautiful woman I've ever seen. Come with me and we'll trample the other families across the country together. It'll be fun," he tried to bribe.

Yvette stared at him mutely. Instead of replying, she crouched down to help Patricia up, carrying her unconscious body.

"Hey! I haven't finished with you! How dare you leave?" Landon cackled and got in Yvette's way.

"Move!" she demanded indifferently.

"My, my. You're really bold for a woman, aren't you? Did it hurt when I

slapped you just now?" He burst out in laughter. Then, he raised his hand again, ready to give her another slap.

Unlike before, Patricia did not hold onto Yvette's hands this time. She could defend herself and so, she grabbed Landon's hand just before it landed on her.

Having improved in combat, her strength had grown as well. A man like Landon who didn't do much exercise wasn't strong enough to fight Yvette.

Landon was pushed backwards and fell to the ground, chuckling as he said, "How very interesting."

It was the first time Landon had met a woman like Yvette. Just now, he had managed to slap her twice which made him really happy. But how dare she resist him this time?

After that, Yvette simply walked out with Patricia in her arms.

"You'll regret this. Let me tell you, I'll make you kneel in front of me eventually!" Landon chuckled as he shouted after her. Then, he took out his phone and made a call.

Eventually, someone picked up.

"Follow Patricia and the woman she came here with. Capture them and bring them to me!" he ordered.

After hanging up the phone, Landon lay on the bed with a twisted smile. Chuck had humiliated him, so he had to find another way to make himself feel better. Yvette would be that for him.

Yvette held Patricia in her arms and walked out of the hospital. Right as they were both settled in the car, Yvette decided to wake her up.

Patricia started to struggle in panic upon waking.

"It's me," Yvette reassured her.

Patricia was taken aback by that and hurriedly checked herself over. She was in one piece but there were footprints on her belly and even saliva.

She burst into tears not a moment later.

What kind of torture had she suffered just now?

"Did you do anything to Landon?" Patricia cried as she asked.

Yvette shook her head and answered, "Nothing."

"Then how did you manage to bring me out?" Patricia wondered out loud.

"I just pushed him out of the way and opened the door myself. Then I carried you out," Yvette pointed out.

Patricia was panicked by the thought of Yvette pushing Landon over. Had he gotten seriously hurt?

"It wasn't that serious. I wouldn't have been able to carry you out of there if it were," Yvette said as if reading her mind.

Patricia panicked and said, "No, that doesn't sound good. I have to go and find Mr. Cannon now."

Thus, she drove hastily to Nine Days Hotel along with Yvette. She didn't know if Chuck was still there. So after she had arrived, she turned to Yvette and said, "You wait here. I'll go see Mr. Cannon myself."

"No problem," Yvette replied. She felt that this place was relatively safe.

Patricia got out of her car and started to walk towards the front desk. However, the front desk told her that Chuck was no longer at the hotel.

A chill ran down her spine at that news. She called Chuck in a hurry.

The phone rang for a long time before it got through. "What's the matter?" the voice on the other end muttered.

It was in the middle of the night, so Chuck must have been asleep.

"Mr. Cannon, please help me. I've just offended Landon." It was the first time for Patricia to feel so panicked. She couldn't imagine what Landon was going to do to her next.

"What's your reason? Let me hear it," Chuck said indifferently.

"I, I..." Patricia stuttered out.

"If you don't have one, stop bothering me!" Chuck yelled furiously. It was in the middle of the night! How could she disrupt his sleep like this?

"Wait! Mr. Cannon, other than sleeping with you, you can make me do whatever you want," Patricia pleaded with tears streaming down her face.

"What? Sleeping with me?"

"Mr. Cannon, you kept asking for a reason but I really don't have one! Did you really want to..." Patricia's heart stopped as she trailed off. Men were all the same! They only had one thing on their minds!

They only wanted her body. They were all perverts!

"I think you've misunderstood. I've never mentioned anything of the sort. You think too highly of yourself," Chuck spoke truthfully. Patricia was alluring and had a good body, but he did not see her that way.

Chuck didn't know much about her, but he was sure that he did not harbor any romantic feelings or desire towards her.

"I..." Patricia was rendered speechless. Her face burning with embarrassment.

"You're not giving me much to work with here, so I'm just going to..."

Chuck was ready to hang up the phone now.

"Wait! I'm sorry, Mr. Cannon. I misunderstood you just now. Just please, why don't you tell me what I can help you with in return? I promise I'll do it!" Patricia bit her lip nervously as she proposed.

However, she had felt at ease anyway. At least, her chastity had been protected.

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Meanwhile, Yvette waited in the car. She felt a bit bored so she decided to roll down the window to get some fresh air.

She rubbed at her face and felt a little pain on her cheeks where she had been slapped. This job was getting complicated. She sighed, deciding to endure it for now. Otherwise, if she failed this job, she would be taking a step back from her initial goal. She couldn't let that happen.

"Teacher Jordan, why are you here?" a surprised voice asked out of nowhere.

Yvette looked up and found an attractive woman in professional wear walking over. It was Yolanda, the former campus belle.

When Yolanda had gone out earlier to buy herself a midnight snack and had seen Yvette, she thought she was mistaken. The woman in the car was wearing a baseball cap but her side profile was a dead giveaway. She decided to take a closer look anyway and came over. She didn't expect to meet her former teacher here.

"Yolanda," Yvette greeted her in surprise as she got out of the car.

"Oh, it really is you! Teacher Jordan, I haven't seen you in a long time," Yolanda gushed, delighted. She had come over to run this hotel without knowing anyone here. No one was available to talk to her, and it was getting boring.

"Long time no see. Though. I'm not a teacher anymore," Yvette shook her head as she informed her. She was now an assassin, but she did not divulge that information. If she did, Yolanda would definitely be frightened.

Was Yolanda here with her boyfriend?

Yvette knew that it was uncouth to ask about such matters so she didn't bring it up.

"Oh. Well, what are you doing here? Are you waiting for Chuck? He's already gone back," Yolanda said while smiling faintly. She didn't know the news of Chuck having bought the hotel had spread so fast.

"My husband? What? Did he just come here?" Yvette was astounded by that information. What was he doing at a hotel anyway?

Was he with Yolanda? No, that was impossible. She shouldn't be

thinking like that.

Yolanda was the manager of Chuck's plaza. She knew he wouldn't mess around with his employee.

"Yeah, he was here," Yolanda replied, still smiling.

"What was he doing here?" Yvette asked nervously.

"Teacher Jordan, don't you know?"

"Know what?" Yvette asked back.

"Oh, it seems that you really don't know. Teacher Jordan, please don't misunderstand. Chuck only came by here for work," Yolanda clarified. She thought this was strange. If Yvette didn't know that Chuck had bought the hotel, why did she show up here?

Then, she noticed the car beside them looked very familiar.

It was Patricia's! When Patricia had come to find Chuck just now, Yolanda clearly saw her driving the same car. It was definitely hers.


However, since when did Yvette and Patricia become friends? Yolanda couldn't figure it out, it made no sense!

Yvette's current get-up was a baseball cap and some makeup. What on earth was she up to?

"Work? What work?" Yvette asked.

"I guess Chuck hasn't told you that he bought this hotel. He's the boss now, you know. So, of course, he has to come here to have a look," Yolanda explained with a grin.

"What? He owns this hotel?" Yvette gasped out in shock.

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Chapter 424

Yvette was astounded. What was going on?

Did this hotel really belong to Chuck?

When did he buy it? Yvette did not know about this at all!

She should have realized it long before. When Patricia had mentioned the name Mr. Cannon, she should have known that she was referring to Chuck.

After all, there weren't many people with the surname Cannon in the world.

However, when had Chuck become Landon's enemy?

Did Chuck's mother, Karen, have more power than the Allen family?

Yvette was taken aback by this surprising piece of knowledge. Karen was too amazing.

This meant that the person Patricia was looking for was Chuck. But how did they know each other?

What kind of relationship did they have?

Would Chuck end up helping Patricia?

Other than this, what else did Chuck buy without telling her?

Yvette's mind was a mess. This was beyond her expectations!

"Teacher Jordan..." Yolanda started to wave her hand in front of Yvette to catch her attention. She wondered why her ex-teacher looked so caught by surprise.

Frankly speaking, while Yolanda knew of Chuck's capabilities, she was still shocked to find that he had bought this hotel. After all, Yolanda knew that Chuck had a strong background but she didn't expect him to be so powerful. Even the Four Greatest Households had to put their heads down and give in to him.

Yolanda felt that she knew less and less about Chuck with each passing day but she knew for certain that the best decision she had made in her life was to follow his lead.

"Teacher Jordan..." Yolanda prompted again.

"Huh?" Yvette finally replied, having come to her senses. She looked back at the hotel and asked, "Is Chuck here?"

"No. He left a long while ago," Yolanda replied.

That made sense. It was already very late.

Chuck was bound to be in bed right now.

"Teacher Jordan, why don't you call Chuck and ask him?" Yolanda

asked as she felt somewhat puzzled. Why was Yvette here in the dead of night?

"There's no need for that," Yvette said while shaking her head. Patricia still hadn't come out yet, so she must be calling Chuck over the phone at this moment.

There was no point for her to call him if that was the case. She wouldn't be able to get through.

"Yolanda, could you help me out with something?" Yvette asked solemnly.

"Teacher Jordan, don't say that. Whatever you need, just let me know. After all, you are my lady boss," Yolanda smiled as she replied.

Yvette's face turned red at that. Lady boss?

Yes, she was Chuck's wife. So naturally, she would be declared as such, but...

"It's nothing serious, but could you not tell Chuck that you've seen me here?" Yvette said. She could not let Chuck know that she had become an assassin. It would make him worry.

"Teacher Jordan, may I ask why?" Yolanda asked, taken aback. Why would Yvette make such a request?

"I don't want Chuck to know what I'm doing," Yvette admitted.

"I don't understand... But it's alright, don't worry. I won't tell if you don't want me to," Yolanda reassured.

"Thank you," Yvette said and felt relieved.

"It's nothing. Here, have something to eat." Yolanda offered Yvette some food that she had bought just now.

Yvette opened her mouth to refuse but Yolanda had stuffed the food into her hand before she could speak. "Enjoy. I'll buy another one," said Yolanda before leaving.

With a beaming smile, she went back to buy more food.

Yvette was indeed very hungry. After eating Yolanda's midnight snack, she felt content and continued to wait in the car. She pondered on how Patricia was going to pitch her problem to Chuck.

Soon, she watched Patricia exit the hotel and got in the car.

"So... What did Mr. Cannon say? Did he agree?" Yvette asked, looking at Patricia. She looked conflicted. What did this mean?

Could it be that Chuck...

Yvette kept those nasty thoughts to herself. Did he want Patricia to keep him company?

Otherwise, why would Patricia look so conflicted?

Yvette's face had turned sour at this thought. She was jealous.

"He agreed to help me, but..." Patricia trailed off. She was in a dilemma. Chuck didn't ask her to accompany him, instead, he had asked her to take refuge in his place.

Yes, Chuck wasn't interested in Patricia. But why was he helping her?

Was it out of his own goodwill? But Chuck was neither a good Samaritan nor a saint.

Unless Patricia was one of his people...

And so, in return for his protection, Chuck had asked Patricia to work for him for five years!

After all, Chuck had the idea of establishing his own business empire. He was still in the early stages so he was lacking manpower. Patricia's skills in business were not bad. It would be good if she could work for him for five years.

Since she was now one of his people, Chuck would definitely help her without hesitation.

On the other hand, Patricia was the president of various companies that the Dawson family had owned. Under such circumstances, how could she help Chuck?

Was it possible for her to leave her family behind and seek refuge with Chuck?

Chuck's answer to that inquiry was that it was all ultimately up to her.

Those were Chuck's demands.

"Well, Mr. Cannon asked me..." Patricia couldn't say it. She hadn't made up her mind yet. How could she bring this up to her family?

"It's alright. I understand," Yvette interrupted her, sounding dejected. How could Chuck be cruel enough to threaten another woman like this?

"You do?" Patricia asked as she was surprised. How did Yvette know?

Yvette nodded and didn't say more. She thought about the days when she wasn't around. Did Chuck ever spend time with other women...?

Patricia kept to herself as well. She was really upset.

She started the car, ready to go back home to rest.

She was exhausted as the day had done her in. She had been beaten up by Landon and she had to contemplate over Chuck's request. She didn't know what to do.

Patricia let out a long sigh.

When they started to drive out of the parking lot, alert, Yvette saw something odd from the rear view mirror. "Why don't you let me drive?" she suggested.

"Sure," Patricia agreed wordlessly. She was really tired anyway.

The two traded places then. Once they were both settled, Yvette stepped hard on the gas pedal. The engine roared to life and the car started to speed up. When they reached the main road, four cars had caught up with them.

As soon as Yolanda had bought the food, she started to walk back to meet up with Yvette again. However, she was met with Patricia's car driving away from her. Yvette had left. Yolanda was curious as to why she left so soon.

However, just as she was about to shrug it off, she saw other cars tailing behind Patricia's car. She was startled by that. What was happening?

Hurriedly, she took out her phone.

.....

"Hey, why are you driving so fast?" Patricia exclaimed once she saw that the meter read 140. They were still in the city! This was horrifying. It was very likely that they would cause a car accident!

"We've been followed," Yvette answered frankly. She found that there appeared to be a lot of people sitting in the cars behind them.

She knew who they were.

Those were Landon's hired men.

Patricia was shocked and turned around hurriedly. As expected, she saw that the driver of the car behind them was smirking evilly back at her.

Patricia hurriedly took out her phone, ready to call Chuck.

Under such circumstances, she had to call him. Otherwise, she would end up getting caught which would certainly lead to a miserable end.

"Are you going to call Mr. Cannon?" Yvette asked when she saw Patricia whip out her phone. Wouldn't that mean Chuck would find out that she was an assassin?

"Yes. I have to." Patricia began her call.

Yvette was quiet. It wasn't like she could stop her. How could she? However, if she could somehow deal with the men tailing them, surely the problem would be solved. Then, Chuck wouldn't have to come over.

Yvette started to size up the men tailing her from behind. The Allen family was one of the Four Greatest Households. The people they sent out were surely professionals.

How should she face them if that was the case?

She stepped harder on the gas.

Seeing that the coast was clear, the cars right behind her geared up and reared them in from behind. Yvette's eyes sharpened at the assault, while Patricia was terrified.

"Hurry up, answer the phone!" Patricia thought in panic.

"Boom!"

The cars behind them had already caught up on both sides, sandwiching Yvette and Patricia. Now, Yvette was bold enough to drive even faster.

Finally, the call got through.

"What's your decision?" Chuck answered, his voice rough with sleep.

"Mr. Cannon, I-I'm being chased by Landon's car right now. Can you please help me?" Patricia asked anxiously.

"I'm asking you now. What's your final decision? Just answer my question," Chuck asked again, unbothered.

Since she was still not one of his people, why should he help her?

"Mr. Cannon, I-I'm from the Dawson family. It's not that easy to just..." Patricia sighed.


"I'll get straight to the point. The only thing I want from you is your mind. You're good at doing business, I want you for that. Call me when you've made your decision," Chuck said and was prepared to hang up the phone.

"No, wait. Mr. Cannon, please. I-I accept," Patricia agreed eventually.

There was no other way. If she didn't agree to it, she would be done for. Her family wouldn't even bother to send someone over to help her, it was impossible.

"Alright. Let me know your address and I'll come right over," Chuck replied calmly.

Patricia hung up the phone then and sent her location to him with a text that read, "Mr. Cannon, please hurry up. They're going to catch us..."

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Chapter 425

The car engine roared loudly.

Yvette drove the car at a frightful speed but she was hit from behind again. In an instant, she decided to make a huge swerve.

It was amazing.

Patricia was dazzled by Yvette's driving skills.

However, it didn't quite work in their favor. The others caught up to them in no time.

"Hold on. Mr. Cannon promised to help us already," Patricia said hastily.

Deep down, she was panicking. She couldn't believe Landon had taken the effort to order people to capture her. This meant that he was furious. If he were to be successful, she couldn't imagine what he would do to her. She might even be tortured...

Patricia didn't even dare think about it too much. It was too horrifying.

"Ah!"

Patricia screamed as a car rammed into her side. The window next to her shattered and the car stopped. The four cars had closed in on them from all sides. They were trapped.

Patricia's face turned pale whereas Yvette's face remained emotionless.

She had just started her career as an assassin but her psyche was already outstanding for her level. Under such circumstances, it was useless to beg or pray for mercy. She could give her all into the fight.

"I'll get out of this car and deal with them. Once you get the chance, drive away!" Yvette said. She had to fulfill her duty in protecting her client.

At this time, the people inside the four cars started to get out of their cars, one after another. They all looked sinister.

"D*mn it! Still wanna run away? Brothers, let's smash up their ride! Get 'em out without hurting them! That's a personal order from the young master!" one of them said.

His accomplice echoed, "Oh, I know. We can't bear to hurt such beautiful women, especially the one driving. She's too pretty to hurt..."

The men started to gather around the women.

"What are you going to do?" Patricia bit her lip as she asked Yvette.

"You're the boss. I've already told you, I'd protect you. Once I fend them off, look for an opening. Step on the gas hard and leave right away!"

Yvette responded as she took out a dagger.

She exited the car right after that. Patricia struggled a little but she successfully moved herself to the driver's seat. She had to leave this place. Otherwise, she would be in trouble.

Moreover, she had hired Blood Leopard to protect her after all. She ought to do her job this way.

There was no use worrying about her.

This was part of her job. It was what she was paid to do.

Patricia tried convincing herself to feel more at ease.

As Yvette got out, she stared at the twenty or so men around her with a face devoid of any expression.

"Hey, Gorgeous, you wanna fight back? Just be a good girl and listen to us, yeah? You won't be able to fight all of us. Our young master wants you back in one piece," someone spoke up with a smile. It was the leader among the men, who had a scar on his face.

Yvette didn't waste any time speaking to them, initiating combat in an instant.

She had a great knack for fighting. After constant training, she was already much more powerful than before. She would find a way to survive this, even if it meant that she had to murder other people in her way. She would not let herself be beaten by others. It was insulting.

"This b*tch sure knows how to fight! Everyone, get her!" one of the men yelled, clutching his bleeding belly.

She was too fast! He couldn't have evaded her attacks even if he had tried.

Everyone rushed forward, charging towards her. At that moment, Yvette turned around to look at Patricia and yelled, "Get outta here!"

She would find a way out of this by herself once her client, Patricia, was safe.

When Patricia saw blood, she panicked. Heeding Yvette's order, she stepped on the gas pedal with a pale face. The engine rumbled to life despite the damage done to its exterior. Eventually, she managed to drive away. She could care less about Yvette at this moment. She paid for her services anyway.

The car sped off into the distance.

"F*ck! Quick, go get her!" the leader, Abel, ordered some of his men.

It was not difficult to catch up to her because Patricia's driving skills weren't great. She was usually a decent driver but the panicked state she was in had thrown that out the window.

While two cars had departed to chase after Patricia, there were still

more than a dozen people surrounding Yvette.

When she saw that Patricia had managed to get away, she felt reassured and began to think of a way to get herself out of there.

"She's still fighting back! Everyone, charge!" Abel instructed.

Yvette knew that the situation was getting dangerous. She knew the only way out of this was to kill the leader off.

"Swoosh!"

She planned to aim her dagger straight at Abel's heart!

Abel laughed at her. As if he would be killed by a woman!

"Whack!"

Everyone was attacking her with fists and kicks. However, Yvette was just one person against so many. She couldn't avoid getting hit. All at once, she was kicked and her back was hit several times. However, she could tolerate the pain. She kept trying to find an opportunity to get to Abel.

Abel laughed and raised his leg to kick her. Yvette took this opportunity to plunge the dagger into his leg.

"Ah!"

Abel shrieked as he felt a sharp pain in his leg. The dagger had pierced through his bones.

Yvette was ready to deal him a finishing blow when three or so knives were pressed against her neck.

They were beginning to hurt her skin.

"You're still fighting? There are so many of us here. Do you think you can run from us? Go ahead!" someone mocked her.

She was seriously outnumbered!

How could she think to even fight against them?

Abel glared at her in anger. She had made a fool out of him!

"How dare you stab me? I'll show you!" Abel yelled as he gave her a slap.

"Smack!"

He struck Yvette's face in anger.

Yvette merely looked at him without moving. The palm print on her beautiful face was particularly eye-catching.

"I'll kill you!" Yvette lashed out in a rage.

"Kill me? You still don't understand who you're dealing with, do you? The young master will have you tortured to death!" Abel laughed savagely. Landon had done this countless times before.

He knew just how freaky Landon was. If Yvette were obedient, she

might be able to survive his wrath. If she wasn't, he knew she would be tortured by Landon like a slave.

"Take her to the car!" Abel barked. He didn't dare go too far with hitting her. After all, this was a woman Young Master Allen had taken a liking to. He wondered if Landon would be upset to see the slap on her face. Abel was slightly nervous.

Still, it wasn't a big deal. He had been serving Landon for a while now. It was nothing to be worried about.

Eventually, his men managed to drag Yvette into the car. At this time, a car pulled over. Yvette turned to look and felt a chill settle in her heart as she saw several people drag Patricia out of the car, her face filled with fear. She did not manage to get away.

"Please don't, please don't..." Patricia pleaded repeatedly.

"Thwack!"

Someone slapped Patricia's face, silencing her.

"Take them to the car. Young Master's itching to see get his hands on them! If we waste more time, we'll be in big trouble!" Abel said as he bandaged his wound, getting into the car first.

The others got in their respective cars, dragging Yvette and Patricia with them. "It's over, it's over..." Patricia kept crying.

Yvette sighed at that. What was there to be afraid of? Worst comes to worst, they would just end up dead. Abel on the other hand started to step on the gas, speeding back to Landon.

.....

Chuck got out of his bed. Betty and Willa were still stationed outside, guarding him.

However, Chuck had not intended to disturb Willa at all. He had told Betty right away to send some people here.

Betty didn't question why. She merely nodded and did as she was asked. Soon, everyone was here. Landon should still be in the hospital right now. He decided to head there straight away.

Once he managed to save Patricia, she would work for him for five years in earnest. Of course, Chuck wouldn't let her do such labor for free. He wouldn't skimp on paying her. Patricia was a prized employee after all.

"Young Master, if we're short on time, we can fly there if you'd like," Betty proposed her idea. It would be much faster to fly the distance.

Chuck shook his head at that and answered, "No need. I can drive."

"Alright. Everyone's ready to go," Betty said.

Chuck thought it would be alright to let Patricia suffer a little bit. At the

very least, it would make her pledge to work for him more genuinely.


Chuck went downstairs after that. Ten all-terrain vehicles were waiting to follow his lead there, accompanied by quite a number of people. It was enough.

This time around, he had to teach Landon a proper lesson.

Chuck got in a car with Betty. When he ordered her to start driving, Chuck's phone suddenly rang. He took it out and looked at it. It was Yolanda. Why wasn't she asleep at this hour?

What did she want to tell him? Chuck didn't think too much about it and answered the phone. Ten seconds later, Yolanda started to talk a mile to him, shocking Chuck. "What did you say?! ...Alright, got it. Get some rest!" Chuck listened intently, face slowly morphing into one of panic.

Chuck hung up the phone and said to Betty, "Stop driving, get the plane. Let's fly there instead! Quickly!"

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