

## Chapter 309

In the end, Willa held Chuck in her arms and let him fall asleep on her thighs, just like last time.

Willa felt her heart ache and she kept staring at him the whole while. She was thinking of how things might develop.

Now that Chuck had broken up with Yvette, what would Yvette do? What would Chuck do?

After all, they must have done something of that sort that night. What if Yvette was pregnant?

Willa thought about this and closed her eyes. She didn't sleep for the entire night, and now she felt sleepy.

But, how could she possibly fall asleep? At this moment, Willa was sitting on the sofa. Chuck was lying on her and leaning against her thighs. Should she sleep on Chuck's body, or should she just lean against the sofa?

Willa shifted her eyes and fell asleep on the sofa after thinking about it.

At the same time, in a luxurious room, Prince shook his head and was disappointed. "It seems like I have underestimated the relationship between Yvette and Chuck. Why didn't she do anything to Chuck? But it doesn't matter. Chuck, I will continue to play with you..."

Willa slept soundly, but she blushed when she woke up in the morning. Chuck might have dreamed of eating some delicious food because he was drooling.

"This child is extremely cute," she thought.

Willa smiled and moved her body away, shifting Chuck and gently putting him on the sofa. She then went to the room to take a bath. When she came out, Chuck was still sleeping, so she went to make breakfast.

When Chuck woke up, he heard a noise. He sat up straight and sighed when he thought of Yvette.

"Chucky, go brush your teeth and come have breakfast," Willa said as she presented a lovely breakfast spread.

Chuck went to wash up. After breakfast, Chuck received a phone call from Betty. She told him

about Yvette's situation and said that she had left overnight.

Chuck was relieved to hear that. Luckily, he had instructed someone to follow Yvette. Otherwise, he might not be able to see her anymore. Chuck queried as to where Yvette had gone.

Betty said that it could be Floriland. Chuck was surprised. What was Yvette doing there?

The people that Betty had instructed had followed her and was set to give status updates about her all the time. This was something Chuck was assured of. If something happened, Chuck would go over to Yvette immediately.

"Chucky, what are you going to do today? I'll accompany you. Do you want to stay home or go out for a walk?" Willa smiled and asked.

Chuck hesitated. He was ready to go back to his city. He also had things to deal with on his side. He might leave at any time since his place was also closer to Floriland.

"Auntie Logan, I want to go back today," Chuck said softly.

"Okay, I'll take you to the airport." Willa smiled and

felt a little disappointed. She had planned to take Chuck out and have some fun that day.

Chuck felt at ease upon hearing her offer, "Thank you, Auntie Logan."

"What for?" Willa smiled, but she was sad. "Go and pack your things. I'll book the earliest flight for you."

After that, Chuck went to pack his things. Willa had already prepared a car and she drove Chuck to the airport. When they arrived at the airport, Willa wanted to send him off. However, Chuck didn't want to disturb her anymore, so he said, "Auntie Logan, you should head back."

"Chucky, when will you come back to Central City?" Willa asked gently.

Chuck felt that he won't be free anytime soon. His priority was Yvette. He had to improve his relationship with Yvette before he had the mood to come back to Central City.

Chuck told Willa his thoughts and she was gentle, as usual. She said, "Well, you can come anytime you want. Anytime. Just call me and I will come and pick you up."

"Okay," Chuck took his luggage and went into the airport.

"Chucky, have a safe flight," Willa bid him farewell.

"Okay," he replied.

Chuck then entered the airport.

Willa felt uneasy while sitting in the car. She wanted to go back with Chuck. She was staring at him when her phone suddenly rang. Willa answered the phone, it was a call from her assistant.

"I'm not free. I don't have time now. Let's talk about it in the afternoon. Okay, 3 p.m. in the afternoon." Willa hung up the phone after she made an appointment. She stayed for a long time before she finally drove away. She had to deal with her work.

Chuck got on the plane, but he was speechless when he saw a beautiful woman enter. It was Regine. She was also flying first-class. When she saw Chuck, she pursed her lips and said, "What a coincidence. Why didn't you tell me that you're going back?"

"Why should I? Would you book me a flight if I told

you?" Chuck retorted rudely. He was in a bad mood.

"It's cheap anyway. Do you think I can't afford it?" Regine sat down angrily. She wanted to book a flight for Chuck, but he never went back to her hotel, so how was she supposed to book anything for him?

Regine was pissed off over this. She offered him to stay at her hotel for free but he didn't show up.

However, Chuck did not respond. Regine could not help but ask, "What's wrong with you? Why do you look so depressed? Did something happen?"

It was rare seeing Chuck like this. Did he break up with his girlfriend? Chuck ignored her. If he told her about Yvette, Regine would definitely laugh. Hence, Chuck continued to ignore her. Regine pursed her lips and said angrily, "What is this? You're not even responding."

When they arrived at their destination, Chuck went to the airport parking lot where he had parked his car. Regine followed him out. Chuck looked at her and said, "Don't try to get into my car. You can take a taxi and go back by yourself."

Regine was angry and she said stubbornly, "I want to take your car."

Nevertheless, Chuck ignored her. He opened the door and went in. Regine was so angry that she stopped him from leaving. So, Chuck had no choice but to compromise, "Fine, get into the car."

"I have a car, but since you said that, I insist on riding in your car," Regine said as she sat inside the car. "Send me home."

Chuck asked for her address and he sent her home.

"What happened to you? Tell me. I'm your classmate after all," Regine thought that she was too aggressive when she took the initiative to approach him. She was at a loss of her feelings when she remembered her friends' words the other day. After all, she was fascinated by Chuck's body figure. Had she fallen in love with him?

Regine denied it. But since she had met Chuck on the plane, were they fated to be together?

Regine was confused. How could they meet so coincidentally if they were not fated? She felt disbelief. She recalled the night when Chuck had

groped her twice and it hurt so much. Regine pouted.

"I'm fine. Is your house there?" Of course, Chuck would not tell her.

"Yes, it is. Don't talk to me ever again," Regine was angry at his indifference and told him unhappily. Chuck sent her home. She lived in a villa area. Chuck drove in and when he arrived at the door, Regine got out of the car and said, "I hope we never meet again!"

Regine walked home angrily. However, Chuck was speechless. This woman had left her things in the car, so Chuck could only sound his horn. Regine was shocked. She looked back and saw Chuck coming out. He was carrying a bag in his hand, but the zipper was not pulled and the clothes inside fell out— they were all tight-fitting outfits.

"You are such a b\*stard!" Regine walked over with a red face and shyly picked the clothes off the ground. Chuck looked at them and said, "Not bad. They are all revealing."

"Go to h\*ll!" Regine was embarrassed. She excused him, "Haven't you seen enough already?"

You spanked me in your room that night..."

Speaking of this, Regine shut up.

"So, you were pretending to be drunk. I knew it. No wonder you didn't react when I hit you. You're a really good liar." Chuck felt that he had been cheated.

"I lied to you? You are the one who lied. When you were at the bar, you clearly knew that it was me, and yet you groped me. Weren't you laughing at me?" Regine was incredibly furious.

Chuck shrugged. Since she had seen through him, there was no need for him to hide anymore. He admitted, "Yes, I knew that it was you."

"What a b\*stard!" Regine yelled in a rage.

"Why don't you admit that you were horny, and you even tried to seduce me? Why, do you want to sleep with me?" Chuck looked at her. This was true. He had taken off his coat and she was attracted to his figure. Chuck was in a daze at that time.

Regine clenched her fists. She was angry, aggrieved, and tears swirled in her eyes.

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Willa was in the office for the whole afternoon. Her eyes had always been dull and she felt that she had no mood to do anything. The assistant knocked on the door and entered, "President Logan..."

"Go out. You can handle everything on your own," Willa said sullenly.

The assistant wondered, "What's wrong with my boss? Why is she so absent-minded?"

"Chucky, when will you come to Central City to look for me? I will bring you to have fun. I will promise you whatever it is you want. When will you come?" Willa rested her chin on her palm and looked down. It had only been less than half a day. Willa thought, "Did I fall in love with Chucky?"

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"No, I won't. How could I fall in love with Chucky? I just feel sorry for him. He's only 19 years old. That's too young of an age. How could I possibly fall for him?"

Willa denied her thoughts quickly, and she continued to hold her chin and thought, "But, why do I miss him so much? And he looked so cute when in his sleep last night..."

Willa smiled, "Chucky, you are my first kiss as well... But you still don't know that it was me, the one you kissed."

Willa felt a slight disappointment in her heart. This matter could not be said to Chuck. If he found out, how would she face him after?

Willa felt that she shouldn't think about it anymore. She muttered, "Chucky is still young, he is still young..."

The more Willa thought about it, the more her beautiful eyes became dim. She kept reminding herself, "Yes, you're still young, but I'm already in

my thirties..."

She then continued wondering aloud, "When will Chucky come over? Hmm, why don't I go to him? But, for what reason? It has only been half a day."

"This is so annoying!" Willa felt a headache. "But he's my Chucky... Isn't it normal for me to go to him? Then, he'll take me around. Wouldn't that be great?" She wondered and chuckled to herself.

Willa smiled, "Well, I'll wait for two more days before I go to see him. Chucky may be a little busy these few days, I shouldn't disturb him for now. But, it's so boring here..."

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Chuck felt that he was at fault too. "Forget it, Regine is already crying. As a man, I should at least comfort her," he thought to himself. "I'm sorry, okay?" He said to her.

"Sorry? Who needs your apology?" Regine wiped her tears and felt aggrieved, "If you didn't have such a nice bod, I wouldn't have hit on you."

"Then, what do you want me to do?" Chuck felt irritated.

"You made me cry. Don't you know that? Last time

you scolded me, now you admonish me again," Regine said. She felt wronged. No one had ever berated her like that.

"What exactly do you want?" Chuck asked directly.

She answered, "Promise me one thing, then I'll accept your apology." Regine had thought about it over and over again. She felt that she had embarrassed herself a lot that day and she didn't care to embarrass herself a little more.

It was not an easy task to make Chuck compromise, therefore she must seize this opportunity.

Besides, Regine hadn't come up with an idea at the moment.

"What is it?" He asked.

"I don't have any ideas yet. Hey, did you know you made me cry twice?" Regine said in anger.

Chuck had no choice but to turn around and get into the car, saying, "Okay, but I'm telling you in advance that I'm not going to say yes to any request. If it's to treat you to a meal or bring you somewhere, that would be fine."

She scoffed, "When did I ask for you to treat me? My family owns a restaurant. Same goes to travelling, my family is not as rich as yours, but I am not that poor." Regine was very confident at this point.

"Alright, just let me know when you have an idea." Chuck said this and was ready to drive away, but Regine ran over to his car and said with her mouth curled, "Chuck, I'm warning you, don't go and tell others that I was hitting on you, especially our classmates. Don't tell anyone."

How embarrassing would it be if people were to find out?

Chuck just stared at Regine as she arched her body and seemed to be leaning against the window. The sports car was quite low in height so he caught a glance of her body.

"Hey, why don't you say something? I'm asking you to promise me. Promise me! Ah! You're such a hooligan!" Regine was speaking and suddenly realized where he was looking. She quickly covered herself furiously, then raised her hand and slapped Chuck on impulse.

But she was scared after she hit him, and she immediately rubbed Chuck's face, which had turned red. "I'm sorry, I'm sorry, Chuck, I didn't mean it. Don't be angry, I'm sorry, okay?" She cried.

Fortunately, the slap was not that hard. Otherwise, Chuck would have stepped out and hit her. "Let go," he said.

"I'm sorry. Who told you to stare? Didn't you have enough of them the other day? It hurts so much," Regine curled her lips and murmured.

"Hey, I'm telling you, don't tell anyone about this!" Regine added as Chuck stepped on the pedal and left.

Regine stamped her foot and scolded, "Pervert, such a pervert!"

Regine curled her lips and picked up the clothes that were on the ground, placing them back into her bag. She then turned around and headed home, thinking about what she could ask Chuck to do.

As soon as she turned around, her mother showed up. She was a charming woman. She had heard it when Chuck honked his car horn. She asked,

"Regine, was that your boyfriend?"

"No, it was a classmate. Just a classmate," Regine blushed.

"Really? You never had a classmate fetch you home before. What's more, you have your own car. Why did you come home in his car instead?" Her mother asked doubtfully.

"Mom, don't talk nonsense. He is my classmate." Regine looked back at Chuck, who was driving away, and muttered, "Pervert..."

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Pa!

A slap came onto Yvette's face, and she fell to the ground with a hint of indifference in her eyes. She had arrived in Floriland, a place where her grandfather was most of the time. Yvette was in a company that she was about to take over, and the man in front was her cousin.

After hearing Yvette's words, Damon was so angry that he couldn't help being violent. Besides, he was a master of martial arts, so Yvette couldn't fight him.

Yvette got up from the ground and said, "Damon,

Grandpa said..."

Pa!

Yvette's cousin slapped her face again. Yvette couldn't avoid it at all, but she retreated and didn't fall to the ground this time.

"Who are you calling your cousin? Get out of here. Do you hear me?" Damon snorted in disdain.

"What's going on? I've heard about her but I've never seen her before. Now, she wants to take over the company. What is she trying to do?" He thought to himself.

Yvette stared at him coldly, "Grandpa said that from now on, I'll be in charge of the company."

"F\*ck you!" Her cousin kicked her.

Yvette wanted to dodge the kick, but she didn't have enough basic skills to do so. She clutched her stomach and fell to the ground. She was in so much pain that she almost fainted. When she got up again, her cousin came over and grasped her neck, "Get out, do you hear me? Ahhhh!"

He roared suddenly because Yvette had tried to stab him with something in her hand. Fortunately, he was quick-witted and grabbed the dagger with

his bare hand.

Pa!

His palm was bleeding. He hit Yvette in fury and she was beaten to the ground. Damon stared at her and sneered, "You're a little cruel, but not cruel enough. I'll give you another chance. Get out now!"

Yvette shook her head and rose to her feet. She had nothing to lose. She had to take over the company that day, so she could go to the United States.

Her cousin threw away her dagger and dragged her on the floor, towards outside. Yvette struggled in his grip, and Damon laughed ferociously, "Your dead father was a good-for-nothing. How could he die in the hands of a woman? Doesn't he feel ashamed? He even gave birth to such a sc\*m like you. You should go to h\*ll, do you know that? Go to h\*ll!"

Yvette's cousin dragged her across the floor and threw her out. Yvette did not make a sound, but her eyes had become extra vicious. She yelled, "You are not allowed to say that about my father!"

It was the last shred of her patience. She had

never met her father, but if it wasn't for him, she wouldn't be alive that day.

Upon hearing Damon's words, Yvette felt a chill running down her spine.

"I'm not allowed to say it? Who do you think you are to tell me what to do?" He walked over and kicked her again. Yvette couldn't avoid the heavy blow and she fell to the ground.

"Look at you, what a f\*cking loser! How dare you come to my company?" Damon sneered at her.

"Grandpa only asked you to manage it," Yvette corrected him. She finally understood why during her grandfather's last moment, he had told her not to let the others in the family know about his death.

The people in this family were not united. Once the head of the family died, the family members would all scatter apart from each other. Yvette swore that she would never allow such a thing to happen, so she had to control everything in the family.

Otherwise, her mother in the United States would not live a good life.

"Grandpa gave it to me. You said that Grandpa is passing it over to you, right? If that's the case, tell Grandpa to give me a call," Damon snorted coldly. He felt that something was wrong. Why did his grandfather suddenly ask him to hand over the company?

Then, he thought of something.

"D\*mn it! Did you kill Grandpa? Did you kill him just to get the property? You b\*stard!" He cursed as he kicked her out of the room. Yvette didn't scream, but she lay on the ground filled with pain and no energy.

He didn't show her any mercy at all.

When her cousin saw that Yvette was silent, he was surprised and thought in his heart, "Is Grandpa really dead? Then, aren't I the next successor of the family? After all, I am the only one left who is worthy to be an heir in my family. The others are either elderlies or teenagers. How can they compete with me? Except for her, who is still somehow qualified."

At the thought of this, Damon wanted to kill her. He dragged Yvette back to the room and said, "It

seems that grandpa was really killed by you. You are so ungrateful! And now, you still have the nerve to come here and take over the company? Who do you think you are to ask for the company? You are a f\*cking dog. Do you know that? A dog that was placed with Karen Lee's son now wants to take over the company, are you kidding me?"

He slapped Yvette's face again, this time even more ferociously.



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