

## Chapter 618

"That's right! He's a b\*stard, through and through!" Loomis proclaimed loudly.

"Willa, how could you possibly remember a b\*stard like that but not me? I treat you so well! So why?" He continued, purposely making his tone sad.

"I... I'm not sure why either. What I'm sure of is that that kiss has been imprinted in mind..." Willa said.

It was such an unforgettable memory. However, no matter how much she tried, she could not remember what the person looked like.

She could only recall that he seemed to be tall, adorable, and incredibly innocent.

That seemed about right.

But how could he be a b\*stard if that was the case?

"Well, there's nothing I can do about that, I suppose. I'll give you some time alone then. Do I really mean nothing to you?" Loomis sighed.

"I... don't know. All I remember is that kiss," Willa shook her head as she answered him.

"Alright then, I'll visit you another time..." Loomis said dejectedly, turning to walk out of the room.

He had meant to look heartbroken so Willa would take pity on him and call him back. However, even after he had reached the door, she did not do such a thing.

Loomis was fuming inside. What the f\*ck?!

Once he got out, he looked at Willa through the glass, only to see her blankly staring out the window.

Loomis sneered and muttered his thoughts out loud to himself, "Interesting... seems like my tactics aren't working on her. Oh Willa, that makes me want you even more! No matter how much you guard yourself, I will find a way to slither my way into your memories..."

Loomis smirked a little as he continued to look at Willa through the glass. Tsk, she was truly the most beautiful woman he had ever seen. Her back looked stunning from here...

In the room, Willa was still trying to recover her past. She had a splitting headache from all the thinking she had been doing and bemoaned to herself quietly, "Who on earth was it? Who is this man who took my first kiss?"

Eventually, a memory flashed into her head.



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Chuck had woken up from his coma and was now processing everything his mother was telling him. Willa was still alive, but she had been rescued by someone else.

"Mom, who saved her?" Chuck asked, attempting to get out of bed.

He just had a dream that made him especially anxious. In the dream, Willa was sitting in a corner by herself looking vacant. Whenever Chuck asked her a question, she would just stare blankly back at him. She looked helpless and confused...

It made him feel heartbroken.

What on earth happened to Willa?

"I'm still not sure about that yet. I already have Betty looking into this right now," Karen said, feeling a touch of relief. Chuck had woken up and regained some color on his face.

"Mom, I just had a dream. In it, Auntie Logan looked really helpless..." Chuck couldn't help but mention it. Willa had indeed looked pitiful. He wanted to protect her at all costs.

"Helpless?" Karen questioned, a bit taken aback.

"I don't know... She just sat in a corner and did nothing. I kept asking her what was wrong, but she never answers back..." Chuck explained anxiously.

"Don't worry, dreams aren't real anyway. Willa will be fine. Rest well, alright? I'll go find her right now," Karen consoled him.

"Mom, let me go with you," Chuck said as he went to put on his clothes.

He felt fine now, so he wanted to help.

Karen nodded, agreeing to it.

She knew she couldn't say anything to dissuade her son. After all, Chuck looked really worried. She knew that he wouldn't be able to rest easy before Willa was found anyway.

Soon, Karen and Chuck went outside and started to search for clues again. It was at that moment that Karen's phone suddenly rang.

She took a double-take at the caller I.D. when she saw who was calling.

"Chucky, hold on a moment," Karen said in a hurry.

"I can't wait any longer, Mom!" Chuck complained. He did not want to wait any longer.

"I know, but your father is coming over now. Don't you want to meet him?" Karen asked, still eyeing her ringing phone without picking it up.

Chuck had never met his father, Chadrick before. Why did he suddenly



appear out of nowhere at this time? Had he finally completed all his tasks?

"What?" Chuck questioned, astonished. His father?

"Your father is back, don't you want to see him?" Karen repeated herself calmly.

"Of course I do!" Chuck replied quickly. He had never met his father before.

Why was he suddenly back after all this time?

"Well then, let's go pay your father a visit before we go find Willa, okay?" Karen suggested.

Chuck nodded in agreement.

Karen breathed a sigh of relief at that and took Chuck home. She then proceeded to the kitchen so she could cook for the family.

Chuck, on the other hand, was pacing back and forth in the kitchen. He couldn't calm down as Willa's defenseless expression kept intruding on his thoughts. He had to find her as soon as he could.

Chuck didn't want to waste any more time. If they were delayed by too much, they wouldn't be able to find Willa in time. If something happened to her, he would regret it for the rest of his life.

Chuck didn't want that to happen. Willa's vacant look from his dreams was haunting him...

"Mom, I..." Chuck started to speak up, clearly impatient.

Karen, who had been cooking, turned back and looked at Chuck. With some hesitation, she started to speak, "Go ahead if you want. Your father's return isn't anything too special anyway..."

"Won't he get angry?"

"No, he won't," Karen replied, even though she wasn't so sure.

"Alright then, I'll be leaving now."

"Get to the rooftop, there's a plane upstairs ready to take you to Betty. Take care of yourself on the way," Karen advised.

Chuck nodded hurriedly and proceeded to run out of the kitchen as fast as his legs could take him.

Karen let out a small sigh after that and continued to cut the vegetables. As she was slicing them, she accidentally cut her finger.

With a huff, she went to bandage her injury.

Chuck had been tracked twice before by someone. Was Chadrick the one who sent this person?

Karen had honestly let Chuck leave deliberately just now. Before she cleared up that matter, she would not let Chuck get in touch with his



father.

After she cleaned up her wound, she called Betty, "Betty, Chucky's on his way to you. Let Black Rose pick him up..."

After she hung up, she continued to cook. When she heard the front door creak open, she turned to look and watched as a man came in. This man who had once been so familiar felt like a stranger to her now.

"Karen, I'm back. Where's Chucky?" This man was Chuck's father, Chadrick.

"He just went out."

"Out?" Chadrick echoed, stunned.

"Yes. I-I have something to ask you..." Karen started to say hesitantly.

"Alright, let's get to it then. What do you want to know?" Chadrick asked as he walked up to her with a small smile.

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Once the plane took off, Chuck saw a helicopter flying towards the house. Just as he noticed it, his phone rang.

"It's me," Black Rose said through the phone.

Chuck heaved a sigh of relief at that.

Chuck, who was now being protected by Black Rose, had met up with Betty. Yvette was already there before her. She could not bring herself to rest for a long while now because of her guilt.

When Black Rose got off the plane, she walked over to Chuck and started to say, "You can rest here if you'd like. We'll go find her in the meantime."

"No way! I'm joining you for sure," Chuck said, already making his way to Betty to tag along.

Black Rose frowned at that and shrugged, "Forget it. It's none of my business anyway. There's nothing I can do if you want to tire yourself out..."

Even so, she still followed after Chuck from behind to offer him protection.

"Young Master," Betty greeted when Chuck was close enough to hear her.

"Hubby! I'm here to help," Yvette said as soon as she saw Chuck.

When Yvette saw that Chuck had recovered and was in good health now, she was relieved.

Betty felt the same. She was glad to see that Chuck was moving about once more.



Chuck's heart ached for Yvette. When he saw her, he called to her softly, "Honey..."

Yvette's heart broke at the softness in his voice. No matter how taxing everything was, she thought that it was all worth it for this moment.

"How's everything going?" Chuck asked, concerned. It had been a few days since they heard anything from Willa. They must've made some progress here, right?

"Young Master, look over here..." Betty directed Chuck. Indeed, she had found some clues to locate Willa.

When the Yeager family rescued Willa, they had done so as inconspicuously as they could. However, Betty had managed to find a clue about thirty kilometers away from Willa's fall.

There was a butt of a cigarette with some saliva on it discarded there. She had passed it along to the lab to run some tests and see if they could get any results from it. They would be able to find the culprit if they could identify them from the test.

When Betty told Chuck about this, he whooped with joy. At least, this was a good start!

"Great! How long will it take?" Chuck asked.

"The result will come out in two days. This is just one of the many clues we'll inevitably find. We'll continue to look for more now. You can be rest assured, Young Master," Betty said. There were more than a thousand people in this deep forest looking for clues.

Betty was confident that they would be able to find Willa in no time.

Chuck was relieved by the information. Betty was right, they were getting closer and closer to finding her.

At this time, Betty's walkie-talkie rang out, "We found something in area three. Please come over immediately."

She was pleasantly surprised by the news as she went to inform Chuck, "Young Master, another clue has been found. Let's go there right away!"

Chuck nodded eagerly and started to follow Betty's lead.

Betty ran ahead with Chuck, Yvette and Black Rose following her. Chuck's eyes flickered in excitement at the prospect of finally locating Willa. As he ran, he thought, "Auntie Logan, please wait for me. I promise I'll get to you no matter what!"



## Chapter 619

Chuck followed Betty's lead to the clues that other people had found. They looked to the footprints left by the person who had rescued Willa.

Chuck was a little disappointed by the slow development of things. Traces like these were not much help, but at least it was better than nothing.

Betty immediately went ahead to take a closer look with Chuck, Yvette and Black Rose. Half an hour later, they moved on to the next place.

Just like that, three days had passed.

They managed to find traces of clues here and there, but none helped to determine who it was that took Willa away. When the DNA results came back from the cigarette butt, they were inconclusive.

This could only mean that this person's data was not in the public database. Hence, they could not precisely determine who it was.

Chuck was getting more and more anxious with each passing day. He kept having nightmares about Willa's vacant, helpless stare that looked right through him.

Just who on earth took her?

She seemed to have disappeared from the face of the earth just like that. There was no trace of her anywhere.

Chuck was spiraling into the same sort of despair like he did last time when Yvette had been captured.

He was blaming himself for not being able to save Willa. He hadn't slept for a few days now and was exhausted beyond all comprehension. Dragging his tired body through the forest, he still persisted in searching for clues, hoping to find something that would help them locate Willa.

However, their attempts had been unfruitful to say the least. They could not find anything that could help. The disappointment Chuck felt each time when the clues they've found led to a dead-end frustrated him. The situation looked bleak.

Yvette was worried about him as well. She managed to convince Chuck to take a short break a little later and proceeded to guide him back to their base. Meanwhile, Betty went out to continue their search.

These few days, Chuck had lost some weight and looked like he was on the verge of collapse. Therefore, Yvette had forced him to rest



before he actually did. If he went on with no sleep any longer, he would not be able to help Willa in such a worn-out condition.

Once Chuck fell asleep, Yvette slinked away to allow him some private rest. However, she met Karen a few moments later. She immediately ducked her head in submission.

"How is Chucky?" Karen asked her.

"He's exhausted. He just fell asleep."

Karen sighed once more in frustration. She was in a dilemma. A few days ago, she had asked Chadrick about Chuck's situation but he provided no concrete answer for her to continue asking. His answer did not reveal anything to her.

It made Karen doubt her own judgment. However, Karen's intuition told her that Chadrick must've known much more than he had let on.

He just hadn't revealed it to her yet.

Karen did not know what to do.

"You should go rest as well," Karen said.

"Alright, Auntie... By the way, what happened to Uncle?" Yvette asked with little hesitance. She knew that Chuck's father had returned.

However, they had been interrupted by such a large accident for the past few days, so Chuck had missed his chance to see him.

"He had something else to attend to..." Karen sighed.

"Auntie, are you alright? You seem really troubled," Yvette felt that Karen was worried about something.

Karen had been sighing a lot recently and looked as if something troubling was constantly on her mind. Something must've happened that made her like this. It could even be related to Chuck as well.

"It's nothing. By the way, you and Chucky will have to go somewhere else tomorrow," Karen said.

For Chuck's head wound to completely heal, he would need to undergo a short treatment which the doctor had already worked out. The doctor had decided to treat him with acupuncture and some traditional herbs.

Of course, Karen couldn't wait. However, this traditional method was really rare, especially the special herbs that it required. Coincidentally, there was an auction in the United States that would be auctioning those particular herbs. Therefore, she wanted Chuck to go buy them from there.

This was also to give Chuck some time to relax.

She could not let Chuck wander around here in such despair any longer. It wasn't good for him, and so she decided to do this.



After listening to Karen's plan, Yvette agreed rather enthusiastically, "Alright, I'll take him there tomorrow."

"These herbs are really precious. Remember that no matter how much they cost, we have to get them. It'll be able to heal Chuck's brain injury more completely," Karen continued. She didn't want Chuck's memory to be compromised in any way.

"Okay, I got it."

"Right then, you should go to sleep."

Yvette nodded and promptly went into a room.

Chuck was exhausted, so Yvette decided that she would let him rest in peace without disturbing him. Therefore, she picked another room to sleep in.

The next morning, Yvette went to wake Chuck up.

When she entered his room, she saw that Chuck had already woken up. He had dreamt of the helpless Willa again. When he was startled awake in the middle of the night from that, he found it difficult to fall back to sleep.

"Hubby, Auntie has arranged for us to go to someplace else to buy something today," Yvette said.

"But..."

"Betty and the others will still be looking for Willa anyway. She promised that she'll inform us if she manages to find any new information," Yvette persuaded him.

Chuck sighed. After some contemplation, he finally nodded and agreed to the idea.

"Alright then. I'll wait for you outside," Yvette let out a sigh of relief, pecking Chuck on the lips before leaving.

"Auntie Logan, where on earth are you?" He thought to himself in despair as he let out a long sigh.

Soon, he managed to change out of his clothes a little dejectedly. Once he was ready, he got into a car with Yvette driving. Black Rose was following them from a distance for Chuck's protection.

Karen watched Chuck leave silently and felt a touch of relief. At least they knew that Willa was still alive. She was sure that they would be able to find her very soon, so Chuck had to hang on!

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The auction was held in one of the largest hotels in the United States. Many luxurious cars could be seen parked outside. In the airport, there were also ten private planes parked alongside each other. The auction had enticed many rich people to gather here.



Yvette drove Chuck to the hotel accordingly. Karen had arranged everything for them from the start already, so there was already a private room booked in advance for them there.

Karen had to ensure that they were successful in obtaining the traditional herbs.

"Hubby, let's go in," Yvette said to Chuck as they got out of the car. Chuck still looked depressed. Even though they had confirmed that Willa was alive, they had no clue how to get her back.

With another dejected sigh, Chuck walked into the hotel with Yvette by his side.

Black Rose followed after them as well. Without anyone noticing, she entered Chuck's private room.

There were a lot of rich people here. They all came here to bid for interesting items, such as the world's biggest diamond, limited edition cars and things like that.

There were even relics from deceased famous people available for auction.

In the private room, Yvette did not know what to do to ease Chuck's distress. She could only offer him comfort and support. Black Rose on the other hand, merely sat next to him and did not utter a word. She had not participated in such auctions for a long time now.

She used to attend such auctions before, but they were mostly of the weaponry variety. She only cared for products that would be useful to her in combat, so she didn't think that the following auction would be interesting in the slightest.

If it hadn't been for Chuck, she wouldn't have set her foot in here.

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What the dejected Chuck didn't know was that just outside the very same hotel he was in, a luxurious sports car had parked itself. In it sat a man and a woman.

There were four men standing next to the car, and each of them had cold, indifferent expressions on their faces.

It was unexpected.

The man and woman in the sports car were Loomis and Willa.

To be honest, Loomis did not think that this auction was interesting. He only wanted to bring Willa out for some fresh air.

Willa had not fully recovered yet. However, she had agreed to come out with him in the hopes that something would jog her memories.

"Willa, let's go. The largest private room has already been booked for us," Loomis said with a smile.



The Yeager family was one of the Three Greatest Hidden Households. He had the power to do anything he so desired without even having to lift a finger.

With a quiet nod, Willa followed after him.

Smiling, Loomis began to reach out, planning to hold Willa by the arm. She looked gorgeous today, dressed in a light blue dress that showed off her spectacular figure.

Even Loomis, who had seen countless beauties in his time, was in awe of her beauty.

"Hey, don't touch me, alright?" Willa refused his extended hand with a shake of her head.

She was only here to regain her memories after all.

Loomis retracted his hands immediately and sighed, "Alright then. This way..."

Willa nodded and proceeded to walk ahead of him. Behind her, Loomis frowned after her, his expression turning cold. A man next to him whispered to him, "Young Master, she's a really unappreciative woman, isn't she?"

"What do you know? Women like her are feisty in nature. She's the epitome of a goddess! The more she refuses me, the more it gets me excited," Loomis smirked as he said his thoughts aloud. He thought that Willa was truly beautiful and had been obsessed with her these few days.

Sometimes, he would think about slipping something into her drink so he could take all of her for himself. However, he knew that it would be too easy. That would just ruin the fun of it all. It would be more entertaining if he were to successfully win her over slowly.

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