



**My  
Billionair  
Mom**

## Chapter 1

"Get up!"

A cold voice rang in Chuck Cannon's ears. The next second, the quilt on him was completely lifted.

Chuck rubbed his eyes and looked at the woman. He sighed and felt a little uncomfortable.

The beautiful woman in front of him was Yvette Jordan, who was four or five years older than Chuck was. She was adopted by Chuck's grandfather and was groomed to be his bride since young.

But since his grandfather's death, her attitude towards Chuck had become more and more terrible.

"You useless piece of trash, your face even pisses me off!" Yvette's beautiful face was full of disgust.

"..." Chuck frowned and tried not to take Yvette's words to heart.

"Let me tell you, I have done my best to support you. If you don't behave yourself, I will chase you out of this house."

Chuck put on his clothes and clenched his fists. "But you are my wifey!"

"No, I'm not. It was your grandfather who forced me to marry you. Did he ever ask me if I agreed? If I

had a choice, how could I marry a good-for-nothing like you!"

Chuck put on his clothes and stood in front of Yvette. "Wifey..."

"Don't call me wifey. I'll warn you for the last time. The money that you use to eat and drink now is all mine. If you dare to call me wifey again, I'll let you die on the streets." Yvette snorted coldly and looked at Chuck with disdain. "But I'm sure that a trash like you won't be able to survive on the streets for long."

Since grandpa left, such humiliation was no longer strange to Chuck. His fragile self-esteem had been almost crushed by Yvette. Sometimes Chuck even doubted whether he was really a piece of trash.

"Um... Wife... Yvette, I don't have any money."

Chuck took a deep breath. He was just a freshman this year, and Yvette was not only a university lecturer, but also owned a company. She was a rich person.

"Look at yourself, you look like a beggar. It's disgusting!" Yvette looked at Chuck disgustedly. Then she took out 200 dollars from her bag and threw it on the ground. She turned around and left.

Looking at the money on the ground, Chuck clenched his fists.

In the end, he didn't pick up the money on the ground. He walked out of the house with his

remaining self-esteem.

Yvette's BMW drove out of the garage as Chuck stood by the roadside and watched. He was in the same university as Yvette, so they were heading in the same direction.

However, Yvette's car didn't stop and drove past Chuck.

"Get out of here and take the bus. A piece of trash doesn't deserve to ride my car." After saying that, Yvette stepped on the accelerator and left.

Chuck gritted his teeth and looked at the BMW that had disappeared at the end of the road. His eyes were slightly red. "Yvette, you've gone too far."

He was penniless now. His lunch money these days was borrowed from his classmates, and today was the day for him to return the money. Unfortunately, the two hundred dollars were too "burdensome", and he couldn't pick it up...

When he arrived at school, his worst fears came true.

As soon as he walked to the school gate, Chuck happened to meet a student who lent money to him.

Lara Jean was buying milk tea outside the school gate. When she saw Chuck, who was in a state of loss, she reached out and said, "Chuck, it's time to pay back the money, isn't it?"

Chuck wanted to bury himself out of shame. He scratched his hair and said with embarrassment, "Well... give me one more day, I'll do part-time work. I'll pay you back the money latest by tomorrow!"

"No, how long have you been delaying? You have to return the money to me today!" Lara said coldly, and there was no room for negotiation in her tone.

Chuck sighed. "But I really don't have any money now..."

"You don't have money to ask your parents for it? Are you an orphan?"

"You!" Chuck clenched his fists tightly. For as long as he could remember, he had been living with his grandfather. He had never seen his parents before. However, being called an orphan by Lara made him feel even more uncomfortable.

"You're really an orphan? Well, I'll give you an extension until this afternoon, but you have to pay me four hundred. If you don't pay me back, I'll ask my boyfriend to bring someone to deal with you!" Lara warned and left.

Chuck stood still in his tracks. He was extremely sad. He had enough of such humiliation.

Just as Chuck was thinking about what part-time job he was going to do, his phone rang.

Chuck looked at the caller ID and saw that it turned out to be a foreign number. He was afraid that it

was probably a swindler.

However, when he thought of the online recruitment of mercenaries in Syria which was quite popular recently, offering 8000 dollars a day, he became interested again. Although he knew it could be a scam, if it was true, he would definitely go to Syria without hesitation.

"Hello." Chuck greeted.

Unexpectedly, a flurry of words in Mandarin from on the other end of the phone, "Chucky, I am your mother!"

"..." Chuck was stunned.

He first felt that he had been made fun of others, but then he felt extremely sad. How could he have a mother?

"Chucky, don't blame me. I had no choice but to go abroad these years, but now I can finally return home. I will try my best to make up for the lost time with you. I will transfer five million dollars and you can use it first. If it is all spent, call me."

The strange conversation ended in a weird atmosphere. As soon as the call ended, a message arrived.

"Your account with the ending number 0123 has been credited with 5,000,000 dollars, and the current balance is 5,000,000.83 dollars."

Chuck was dumbfounded. His mother, whom he

had never seen before, actually gave him five million dollars?

He looked at the text message and counted the zeros, again and again, repeatedly confirming it more than a dozen times, and then went to the ATM machine to check if it was correct. He was ecstatic!

That was five million!

What more, it was his mysterious mother who casually gave him pocket money. Even Yvette who was busy with her business had less than one million dollars including her car and her savings!

Chuck giggled and walked to the campus.

At this time, Yvette, who was going to the public building for class, said with disgust after seeing Chuck, "Why aren't you in class but instead laughing here stupidly?"

"I'm not going to class anymore." Chuck stood where he was and watched Yvette quietly.

Yvette felt a little strange. She seemed to see a confident look in Chuck's eyes. Isn't he still the useless piece of trash? How dare he argue with her? Yvette was angry. "How dare you talk back to me? If you have the guts, don't come to my house today!"

Chuck was also tired of being treated coldly by Yvette. He said disdainfully, "I'm not going back, I'll sleep elsewhere."

"Is this a joke? Now that I have five million dollars, I don't need to look at Yvette's unhappy face anymore." Chuck thought to himself.

"You! Great! I'd like to see how brave you are. From now on, if you dare to enter my house again, I'll break your legs!"

Chuck ignored Yvette and directly turned his back and left the school.

Yvette stomped her feet angrily, but she couldn't do anything about it, so she turned around and went to class.

Chuck, who had left school, took a taxi to the real estate agency in the city center.

With this sum of money, the first thing Chuck wanted to do was to have his own house.

After pushing the door open and entering, the real-estate agency employees did not pay attention to Chuck who was dressed ordinarily. This kind of person was either looking for a part-time job, begging for food, or the type who wasn't interested in buying anything but just trying to enjoy the air-conditioned room.

Later, when the manager of the store came out of the office, those lazy employees hurried up and asked, "Sir, what do you need?"

"To buy a house."

"To buy a house?" Natalie Xavier's big eyes



narrowed. She stared at Chuck carefully for a long time. She had been a real estate agent for so long, but she had rarely misjudged someone.

There may be one in a thousand customers who would buy a house at less than 20 years old like Chuck, but all of them wore branded suits and drove high-end sports cars.

"Sir, for your information, the cheapest house in the city is around 12,000 per square meter. Are you sure you want to buy it?" Natalie didn't want to waste time on this kind of person, so her tone became impatient.

## Chapter 2

"Yes, I..."

"The cheapest one is twelve thousand dollars, which means that a house of one hundred square meters costs about one million dollars. Even the smallest apartment house costs fifty or sixty thousand dollars! You must listen carefully, sir!" Natalie Xavier was very dismissive of this kind of person who was over-confident and maliciously delayed time.

"Well, I..."

Chuck Cannon didn't finish his words. At this time, a potbellied man walked into the real estate agency. The gold necklace on his neck was thicker than his fingers, and he looked like a rich man at first glance. Natalie immediately chose to leave Chuck aside and greeted the man with a smile.

It was totally different from the way she treated Chuck. When Natalie saw the fat man, she immediately put on a happy smile. "Sir, do you want to buy a house?"

"Yes, I want to buy a house. Introduce some high-quality housing sources to me!"

Natalie smiled even more happily. "Yes, yes. We have plenty of high-quality rooms here for you with our high-end service... Unlike some people who come to us even when they can't afford it. It's a

waste of time."

Natalie gave Chuck a disdainful look as she spoke, implying and cursing him.

Chuck looked at Natalie's attitude and felt disheartened. He was used to being looked down upon. At that time, he didn't dare to say anything without money. But this time, he had five million dollars. How could he swallow such humiliation?

"Where's your manager? Call your manager over!"

Hearing Chuck's words, Natalie sneered and said, "Do people like you still have the right to meet our manager? Don't make a fool of yourself here. Get out of here! Do you know that wasting one minute of our time will affect how much money we make?"

The manager walked over slowly at this time. As a service industry, it was a big taboo to be rude to guests.

"What's going on, Natalie?"

Natalie hurriedly explained, "Manager, this broke idiot isn't trying to buy a house, but instead he's enjoying the air-conditioning here. I'll get him out of here immediately."

The manager eyeballed Chuck's clothes from top to bottom and saw that he was dressed in ordinary clothes. Indeed, as Natalie said, he didn't look like someone who could afford to buy a house.

More importantly, he was too young to buy a house

as he looked just 18 or 19 years old. No one would believe he had the ability to.

Chuck did not say anything. He stood up and walked to the agency next-door.

"Can't afford a house? It seems that you are not the only real estate agency here."

Natalie looked down on him, "How is a poor person like you able to buy a house? I think you can't even afford a toilet."

Some employees also laughed at him, "He's afraid of making a fool of himself, so he found an excuse to run away quickly."

He said he wanted to go next door, but he could possibly just be trying to take advantage of the air-conditioning there too.

"Still pretending even when you're gone." Natalie sneered. They were familiar with the next-door real-estate agency, and they also knew whether they could sell it or not.

After watching Chuck leave, Natalie hurriedly ran to the Fatty and smiled apologetically. "I'm sorry, boss. Sorry to keep you waiting."

The Fatty shook his head and said, "It's okay, it's okay."

However, no matter how Natalie greeted him with a smile, the Fatty never talked about money. In the end, Natalie's patience was exhausted and she

even began to plead.

At this moment, all the employees of the real-estate agency looked outside.

Under the respectful guidance of the staff next door, Chuck got into the Mercedes Benz, which was specially used to look at the room.

What was going on? Generally speaking, only people who bought a house could enter this car. Didn't the next-door real-estate agency see that this little rascal didn't have the ability to buy a house at all?

The Fatty saw that these people in the real-estate agency were distracted, so he quickly sneaked out. Natalie turned around and looked at the customer who had disappeared. She was so angry that she stomped her feet. She didn't expect that the Fatty, who was putting on airs and graces, was actually here just to enjoy the air conditioner.

Natalie Xavier looked at Chuck and disliked him even more. She sneered and said, "Such a pretentious person, and even imitating others to inspect a house!"

At this time, an employee next door came quickly. He pushed the door open and said with a smile, "Thank you. You sent such an important customer to our company. We haven't run into any big business in the past two years. Today is a big day."

"Important customer?" The manager's face

18:00 ■

darkened and he hurriedly asked, "What did he buy?"

"Hehe, he bought a house worth more than three million dollars with a deposit of one million dollars. This business should be successful! Thank you! I'll treat you to a cup of milk tea later."

After that, the employee got on the Mercedes Benz and took Chuck to take a look at the house.

"Really... bought it?" Natalie's face was full of disbelief. Looking at Chuck, who was sitting in the Mercedes Benz with a smile on his face, Natalie felt very uncomfortable.

"How could it be possible! He is so poor, how could he possibly afford to buy a house..."

"Smack!"

Before she could blame herself, the manager raised his hand and slapped her in the face. His eyes were almost bursting out flames. "Look at what you have done!"

If the transaction is successful, the employees who have dealt with him will be given a five percent commission, which would be around one hundred and fifty thousand dollars. As for the manager, he would've gotten a ten percent commission amounting to three hundred thousand dollars...

But now.

The manager trembled with anger when he thought

of the commission of 300,000 dollars gone with the wind. He kicked Natalie again and said, "Get out! You're fired! Get out!"

Natalie was also losing her mind. Ignoring the pain on her body, she quickly got up from the ground and ran outside, then throwing herself whole at the BMW. She knocked on the window repeatedly and looked at Chuck, sobbing, "Sir, sir, I'm sorry, I'm really sorry. I failed to recognize your wealth before and I'm a snob. Please give me another chance. We have better houses here!"

Chuck shook his head and said, "It's alright, you can save it for the other customers."

After that, the Mercedes Benz started up in a hurry. Natalie chased after him all the way and finally sat down on the ground. She looked weakly at the Mercedes Benz getting farther and farther away.

Thud!

The manager threw Natalie's personal belongings out of the door and yelled at her, "Get out of here! Don't let me see you again!"

.....

Chuck Cannon was quite satisfied with the house. It had three bedrooms, two living rooms, and two bathrooms. Located in the downtown area, the business district was more prosperous and there was a lot of room for renovation.

Three and a half million dollars was paid in a lump

sum graciously. The salesman had not seen such a rich man for a long time, and his face was full of admiration and envy.

He then took the initiative to send Chuck back to university. When he arrived at the gate, Chuck nodded and said, "You can drop me off here."

The salesman smiled respectfully and said, "Alright, take your time good sir. The process of transferring the house should be completed tomorrow, and you should be able to move in the day after tomorrow!"

"Okay." Chuck nodded and decided to stay at the nearest hotel for the time being for the next two days.

However, he wanted to know more was what Yvette Jordan would feel if she saw that his house was three or four times bigger than hers.

When they arrived at the gate, Chuck first took out 20,000 dollars before strolling into the university.

There were not many classes in the afternoon, but Chuck had already been absent for a whole class because he had been held up outside for a while.

Seeing Chuck walking into the classroom, Lara Jean sneered, "Oh, who is this? Isn't this Chuck, the beggar of our class? I'm telling you, don't lend your money to such a person. When you lend him money, he acts as though you're his savior and bows to you. However, when you try to get the



18:00 ■

money back from him, he acts shamelessly like a scam trying to cheat off your money. Speaking of which, he hasn't even paid me back until now."

"Oh? This guy doesn't have parents, who knows which b\*aastard he learnt these tactics from?"

The whole class burst into laughter...

## Chapter 3

They all knew that Chuck Cannon was a poor man as he only seemed to wear two different shirts all year round. Although there was no strange smell, the clothes were already so faded and torn that they were simply unsightly.

Someone asked, "Lara Jean, how much does he owe you?"

"400 dollars. It's only a day's expenses for me, but for him, maybe a month? Putting aside how much he owes me, this kind of person is really disgusting. He doesn't even deserve to lick my shoes."

Chuck's expression was indifferent. He looked at Lara and took out 400 dollars from his bag saying, "I'll return you the money now. I was really grateful when you were willing to lend me some money when I was starving, but you just slandered me. Let's call it even now."

Lara frowned and looked at the 400 dollars in his hand. She asked coldly, "Where did you get the money? Did you steal it or rob it?"

Someone said, "Let's look at our pockets to see if we're short of money."

"I earned it myself," Chuck said calmly.

"You?" Lara sneered and said, "Why don't you look in the mirror before saying something so

outrageous? How can you earn yourself 400 dollars in the morning? Did you sell your body or something?"

The whole class burst into laughter and said, "Hahahaha, I'm afraid that this guy is not worth so much money even if he goes to sell his body."

Seeing as so many students laughed at him in the classroom, Chuck sighed and sat back in his seat. "Lara, you should be easier on people."

Lara snorted and put the money away. "Then tell me what you have done? Answer some of our questions!"

Chuck frowned for a long time and made up an excuse. He said casually, "I picked up the money."

"Oh, lucky eh?" Lara smirked, her malicious tone showing some envy.

The other students also asked with jealousy, "Hey, how much did you pick up?"

Many people were interested and asked one after another, "Yes, tell me, how much did you pick up?"

Chuck was speechless. He stared back at his classmates and continued to lie, "Two thousand."

"What? You actually picked up two thousand? Damn it, that's my living expenses for more than a month!"

All the students were surprised and envied him very much. If they had his luck and picked up two

thousand dollars, their lives would be much more comfortable and easier.

"Hmph, you suck. Picking up other people's money and claiming them as your own."

"Such a embarrassment for our class!"

When these "classmates" ridiculed Chuck because of jealousy, Queenie Carson was the only one who stood up for him in the class.

But Chuck didn't care about such gossip and rumors, so he just let them talk about it.

After class, Chuck went to Yvette Jordan's staff room.

Because there was no class in the afternoon, Yvette was listening to music in the staff room. When she saw Chuck, her expression soured. "What are you doing here? Didn't I tell you that you are not allowed to look for me in between classes?"

Chuck said with a wry smile, "I just want to tell you that I'm going to move out today."

"You want to move out? Are you kidding?" Yvette sneered.

Since young, she had grown up with Chuck. Knowing him like the back of her hand, how could he move out? Does he want to sleep on the street?

But he had been timid since he was a child, even insisting to use her as his body pillow when sleeping. If it weren't for the death of his

grandfather, god knows how much longer she would've have to be hugged by him to sleep.

Such a person sleeping on the street? He wouldn't dare to do that even if he had ten times the courage.

"I am not joking with you. I'll move out today."

Chuck said seriously.

"Well, I'd like to see how long you can. Don't come back begging to me like a dog."

"I won't."

After Chuck finished speaking, he turned around and left the office.

Yvette stared at his leaving figure thoughtfully. In the past, no matter how much she scolded him, he would not dare to talk back. She didn't know what happened to him today.

All of a sudden, her phone rang. After picking up the phone, she quickly changed her tone and answered "Hello, Director Chester, what happened for you to suddenly call me up like this?"

A middle-aged man's voice could be heard from the other end of the phone, "Yvette, I heard that your training company's business is not good recently. Do you want me to introduce some business to you?"

Yvette's heart was filled with joy. Her recent business in the training company could be said to

be very poor. It was already very difficult for her to make any progress. If she did not show any improvement again, she was afraid that she would have to close the company in half a year. She had already lost more than 100,000 dollars in the past two months. It was also because of this that she was recently venting all her anger on Chuck.

After hearing Director Chester's business proposals, a smile appeared on her face. "Yes, thank you for taking care of me, Director Chester!"

"Well, room No. 1218 in the Triumph Hotel tonight. Come over."

"A hotel?" Yvette was a little scared. "Director Chester, why don't I treat you to a five-star hotel dinner in the urban area? A hotel..."

"What's wrong? You don't even give me face?"

"No, no... It's just a hotel..."

Instantly, a steeled cold voice was heard from the phone, "Hmph, forget it if you don't come. This business is given by my friend's company as his employees need to be trained. You should know how much money you can make from a big company with 50 to 60 people. If you don't come, I won't force you!"

Yvette was very conflicted. She didn't want to go, but she didn't want to waste this opportunity either. Just when she had wanted to negotiate, he hung up all of a sudden.

18:00 ■

"If I don't take the deal, I'm afraid that I'll be going bankrupt."

She decided to take the risk!

After leaving school, she drove home, planning to simply tidy up and change her clothes. However, when she just arrived at the door of the house, she saw Chuck coming out of the house with a suitcase.

The two of them looked at each other. Chuck said, "Wifey..."

As soon as he spoke, Yvette interrupted him with disgust, "Don't call me like that!"

"Yvette, no matter what, you've been taking care of me for almost a year after grandpa's death, if you..."

Yvette snorted and said, "What's wrong? Do you regret it? Do you want me to give you a chance?" Yvette sneered impatiently.

"No, I mean if you have any difficulties in the future, you can tell me." Chuck nodded before walking past Yvette.

After all, he and Yvette had been sleeping in the same bed for so long. He still had some feelings for her in his heart.

Yvette was also absent-minded for a moment. She didn't expect that this man, whom she looked down upon the most, would say such comforting words

today. It was as though in a trance, she had found someone to rely upon.

But then, she smiled coldly and said, "Tell you? What good would it bring me to tell you? Can you give me money or bring me some customers? You can't give me anything and you can't even afford a meal yet you want me to tell you?"

Chuck shrugged. He still had more than one million dollars in his hand. Even if it was not enough, he still had his mother. The money would be transferred to his account with just a phone call. "If you need money, I can give it to you."

Yvette feebly waved her hand and sneered, "You'd better keep the money for yourself to buy instant noodles."

Chuck did not defend himself. He left with his suitcase.

Chuck walked with his suitcase for a while. After inquiring about the hotels nearby, he got on a taxi and went to the Triumph Hotel.

The magnificent buildings, the glorious decorations, and the luxurious European interiors shocked him to his core.

This was the busiest hotel in the city, which cheapest standard hotel rooms cost at least 800 dollars.

In the past, Chuck did not dare to think that he could spend in such a place, but now it was



different.

When Chuck was about to go in, he saw Yvette's car swerving in and parking itself in the parking lot.

Chuck was so shocked that he hid aside in a hurry.

"This is a hotel! What is she doing here?" Chuck felt extremely bitter in his heart. Is his wifey going to sleep with another man? Although the two of them didn't get a marriage certificate and it was just grandpa's arrangement, he felt very uncomfortable when he thought that the woman he once held in his arms was going to sleep with others.

After Yvette went in, Chuck took his luggage and walked in.

As soon as he entered the door, he heard a strange voice saying, "Oh my god, who is this? Isn't this Chuck?"

Chuck turned his head and found Lara strolling in with her boyfriend, Conrad Lee in her arms. Lara's face was full of scorn as if Chuck was not qualified to come to such a high-end hotel.

"Who is this?" Conrad glanced at Chuck and asked casually.

"Chuck Cannon, my classmate, I'm telling you, this person picked up two thousand dollars, but he didn't return it and instead spent it himself. I really admire this kind of person."

Conrad glanced at Chuck, the corners of his mouth twitching in sarcasm. "Haha, maybe such a trash hasn't seen two thousand dollars before."

"Don't talk nonsense with this kind of rubbish. Let's go in quickly, my dear." Lara held Conrad's arm tightly in her arms as if she couldn't wait to enter the hotel.

Chuck frowned slightly and ignored them, dragging his luggage into the hotel.

"A standard room please." Conrad took out his identity card, and Lara followed suit shyly.

The pretty staff at the front desk checked on the hotel's database and said, "I'm sorry, today's standard room has been fully booked."

"Ah..." Lara's face was full of dissatisfaction and loss.

Conrad continued to ask, "How about a larger room?"

"I'm really sorry." The pretty staff at the front desk checked again, her tone extremely apologetic. "Only the presidential suite is currently available."

Conrad probed carefully, "The presidential suite? How much is that?"

He said so in an hesitant tone. For them, they would usually get a standard room that costs a few hundred dollars every time they got a room. As students, it was already pretty extravagant for

them to spend a few hundred dollars like this.

"Yes, it's 8888 dollars for the presidential suite."

Conrad shook his head hurriedly. "It's way too expensive."

"Forget it, let's go find another hotel." Lara muttered and pulled Conrad out.

But before they went out, they saw Chuck walking to the front desk.

"This rubbish really thinks that he is rich after picking up 2,000 dollars. Just look at his beggar-looking clothes? How dare he try to book a room in this kind of place?" Lara sneered.

Conrad also sneered. He was pretty sure that this guy had most two thousand dollars on him. He would definitely be shocked to death once he heard the price for a night in the presidential suite.

However...

"How's that even possible?" Conrad's mind was filled with doubt as he watched Chuck walking towards the elevator with the room card in his hand.

"What's going on? Wasn't there no standard room?"

"How did that trash Chuck Cannon manage to get a room?"

Lara Jean saw it too, and she became more and

more annoyed. She walked quickly to the front desk and patted it hard, asking defiantly, "Hey, didn't you just say that there was no standard room left? Why did you let that person book one then? Call your manager! I'm going to make a complaint that you are cheating your customers!"

Conrad's face was cold too. After all, he was a VIP member of this hotel. How could he be fooled by such a receptionist? He was full of anger. "Hurry up and call out your manager."

The girl at the front desk was stunned. After a long pause, she said helplessly, "You two misunderstood me. The standard rooms are indeed all fully booked. The room that the person has booked just now is the presidential suite."

"How is it possible?" Lara's face changed, before she retorted hurriedly, "It's impossible. How can that broke idiot afford to book a presidential suite?"

The girl at the front desk handed over the receipt which was issued just now. When the two of them saw the payment fee, their faces changed dramatically.

"Could it be that he picked up more than two thousand? Probably twenty thousand?" Conrad could only think of such a possibility.

"It's very likely!" Lara was even more jealous. That broke idiot actually picked up 20,000 dollars! This was almost her living expenses for one year! What a stroke of luck!

"He is really good at spending money! Picking up 20,000 dollars and spending half of it lavishly, such a spendthrift!" Lara was bitter, and her face was full of discontent.

"Idiots are still idiots. He probably thinks that he is rich with that little sum of money. 20,000 dollars is my dad's income for three or four days, but my dad will never waste it by booking a presidential suite. How dare a broke idiot like him even spent his slim stroke of luck like this! Hilarious!" Conrad laughed disdainfully.

Chuck placed his luggage in his room and went downstairs to eat. When Lara saw Chuck coming down from the elevator, she thought of something and whispered, "This loser likes to show off right? Why don't we play around with him for a while?"

Conrad was puzzled. "But how?"

Lara smiled and shouted at Chuck, "Hey, Chuck!"

## Chapter 4

Hearing the sound from the front desk, he was stunned to find that the two people had not left yet.

"Where are you going?" Lara asked.

Chuck replied, "To get something to eat."

"Eat?" Lara was contemplating silently. For a trash like Chuck, he would probably prefer fast food on the the streets even after living luxuriously. After all, he was still part of the low-class commoners who would never be able to climb up the ladders of wealth. She coughed and said seriously, "Chuck, I lent you money and you haven't thanked me, have you?"

Although Chuck was disgusted by Lara's words, he still nodded calmly. Although he had borrowed 200 dollars from her and was eventually forced to pay back 400 dollars instead, it was evident that without the 200 dollars he would've starved long ago.

"Thanking you is what I should do."

Lara sneered and continued, "My boyfriend and I haven't eaten yet. Would you like to invite us to have a meal in this hotel?"

Chuck nodded. "Okay."

He took the bait!

Lara and Conrad looked at each other. They had eaten here before. Although they ordered the most ordinary dishes, it cost at least a thousand dollars for just a few dishes! Three people would cost at least two thousand dollars.

Chuck no doubt loves to show off, he even straight up agreed to it!

"Thanks. Let's go then, I'm so hungry." Lara smiled while holding Conrad's arm and walked to the restaurant.

Chuck followed them. The three of them found a place in the restaurant and sat down.

Soon the waiter came over with the menu and said, "Good evening. We have a Friday special offer of set dishes here. Three meat dishes, one vegetarian dish, and one soup at only 888 dollars. Would you like to think about it?"

The waiter knew that the three of them were all students, so he recommended a cheaper option for them.

Lara shook her head hurriedly and pouted, "I don't want to have set dishes."

"I don't want it either," Conrad agreed.

Lara looked at Chuck and asked cunningly, "Chuck, to thank me. You won't just treat me to set dishes, will you?"

Chuck said casually, "Well, you can order whatever

you like."

Seriously? Whatever I like? Lara snorted and rolled her eyes. How much do you actually have to ask me to simply order whatever I like?

So pretentious!

Lara, of course was more than happy to hear so. She took the menu and pointed at whatever she liked.

She ordered a total of seven dishes, and at this point even the waiter's expression was a little strange. These dishes were all Triumph Hotel's expensive recommended dishes, costing them around four to five thousand dollars in total. Judging that they were students, how could they afford such expensive dishes? He confirmed once more, "Are you sure you want to order so much? Each dish in Triumph Hotel is not only of high quality, but also of great quantity. Generally speaking, four or five dishes should be enough for three people."

Lara looked at Chuck, attempting to sense panic from his expression. She smiled and asked, "I'll confirm if you don't have anything else to add on?"

Chuck nodded casually. "Yep, that's all."

The waiter took a look at Chuck with full of sympathy. At first glance, he knew that Chuck had been ruthlessly conned. Yet, he had no choice but to take the menu and leave.



Soon the dishes were served. There were a lot of dishes, and the three of them definitely could not finish them all. Lara ate only two pieces of beef before getting a more evil idea. "Chuck, it seems I ordered too many dishes. Since there are such lot of dishes here, would you mind if I ask a few friends to come over and eat together? It will be livelier!"

Chuck said indifferently, "Well, it's up to you."

Lara looked at Chuck's calm face and sneered in her heart. At this time, he still pretended to be generous. "Since there's going to be more people later, it'll be alright if we add on a few more dishes, right?"

Chuck nodded.

Lara and Conrad looked at each other and chuckled. Then, they buried their heads in their meals and continued to eat.

Not long after, two beautiful women came with their boyfriends.

Chuck knew these two beauties. One was called Moon Cherise and the other was called Tia Thomas. However, he didn't know the two men.

The two of them rushed over after hearing Lara claiming that there was an idiot treating them to food at Triumph Hotel. When they came and realized that the idiot was Chuck Cannon, their faces were full of surprise.

Tia sat down and whispered in Lara's ear, "Isn't this Chuck? Does he even have money?"

Lara said in a low voice, "This idiot has a stroke of luck since he picked up a lot of money."

Saying this, Lara called over the waiter. The newly came four people ordered dishes, which costed around four or five thousand.

All the dishes cost more than ten thousand, and Chuck was pretty sure already dying inside. Lara gloated at Chuck's misery.

The dishes were soon served. The three couples were eating happily. However, no one spoke to Chuck as they isolated him completely.

Chuck had nothing to say either and ate his own food quietly. After a while, since he was almost done with the meal, he called the waiter over.

The waiter rushed over with the bill and said respectfully, "Sir, the total is 9,302 dollars."

She looked at Chuck who was dressed cheaply and wondered how he was going to pay.

Lara, Conrad, and the four who came afterward looked at Chuck maliciously. They were so happy since they wanted to see him make a fool of himself.

However, Chuck took out ten thousand in cash from his bag and Lara's eyes shot open. Sure enough, he had picked up twenty thousand dollars!

18:00 ■

Conrad and the others were full of bitterness, but even if he was lucky, what could he do? Today, they would force him to spend everything!

Chuck took out 3,000 dollars calmly and handed it over to the waiter. After that, he stopped taking out any money anymore.

Everyone was stunned and puzzled!

The waiter said, "Sir, this is 3,000 dollars. It's not enough."

Lara said, "Ya, it's nine thousand and three hundred dollars."

"What's wrong with that? You lent me some money. It's very reasonable for me to treat you." Chuck said calmly, "But who are these people? I don't know them. What does their meal have to do with me?"

## Chapter 5

"What the f\*ck are you saying? Didn't you say it was your treat? I even asked you before ordering didn't I? When I invited people over you also agreed to it, and now you're trying to pretend nothing happened?" Lara Jean was furious and pointed angrily at Chuck Cannon.

Conrad Lee's face darkened. Moon Cherise, Tia Thomas, and their boyfriends didn't look well either. They just came here for a free meal and didn't want to pay a penny. Unexpectedly, they encountered such a thing, Lara cried out suddenly and everyone in the restaurant stared at them. They felt so embarrassed.

"You've lent me some money, so it's reasonable for me to treat you. Now that I've treated you, you should settle the rest by yourself. I don't know these people, and I don't have the interests of treating strangers." Chuck stood up.

Lara was so angry that she was going crazy!

"F\*\*k you, are you trying to play tricks on us?" Conrad glared at Chuck. Was he being forced to pay the remaining 6000 dollars himself?

"I'm sorry, but I don't know you!" Chuck looked at Conrad. He wouldn't have dared to do that previously, but now that he had money, he wasn't afraid of anyone!

Conrad stared at Chuck, clenching his fists, but he frowned. Chuck, who used to be timid, was not afraid of him? This kind of calmness...

"F\*ck, loser, putting on airs? You don't have money to pay for this meal?" Lara burst out in fury.

"This person is just reluctant to pay. He did it on purpose. This sort of person even exists, if you don't have money don't put on airs then, huh? This is such a disgusting attitude." Moon shook her head angrily. Being looked at by people around her made her feel so ashamed.

"That's right! What kind of person are you? You refuse to pay for a treat! How could there be such a shameless person like you? It sickens me!" Tia was not polite at all.

Lara continued chastising Chuck in a blast of rage, "F\*ck, you have the guts to dupe me? No matter what, you have to pay, whether you want to or not!"

"In that case, that means you'll treat everyone here to a meal?" Chuck chuckled. His calmness surprised the people around him!

"Damn it, are you deaf? When did I say that I'll treat them? Do I know them? Why should I treat them? I asked YOU to pay for us!" Lara was so angry that her face turned scarlet.

"You say you don't want to treat everyone here because you don't know them. Then, why should I

treat your friends to a meal? Do I know them?" Chuck retorted sharply.

"You! Hey!" Lara's face was as red as blood. She was going crazy!

Moon and Tia's expressions twitched, they were angry as well but they were rendered speechless.

"Poor f\*ck! You're just a poor f\*ck!" Lara cursed incoherently.

However, she was immediately shocked by her own words!

Chuck glanced at her. A poor f\*ck? If she knew that his mother had given him five million dollars casually, would she still think that he was a poor f\*ck?

The corner of Chuck's mouth curled up and he "accidentally" broke a bowl. With a bang, the bowl was smashed to pieces on the ground.

"Ah? Sir, are you okay?" The waiter asked in a hurry.

It was normal for restaurants to break their bowls, but it was a taboo for customers to be hurt by it.

"I'm fine. I'm sorry for breaking a bowl. As compensation, keep this." Chuck placed all the remaining money into the hands of the dumbfounded waiter.

"Sir, this..." The waiter was stunned. It was just a bowl and this guest compensated over seven

thousand dollars?

The customers around them were shocked. A 7,000 dollar bowl? And this was still considered poor? He was totally a baller!

Conrad's eyes widened in disbelief. How could he spend 7,000 dollars on a bowl that probably cost only three to four dollars? Did he really pick up just 20,000 dollars?

Moon and Tia were even more dumbfounded. 8000 dollars was their living expenses for two months. How could he just give it away like that?

## Chapter 6

While everyone was stunned, Chuck Cannon had already started walking out.

"Ah!! Chuck dammit, go to hell! You rather give it to others than me!" Lara Jean screamed!

"Lara, what should we do now? We don't have money." Tia Thomas immediately said.

"Yes, my boyfriend and I didn't bring money neither." Moon Cherise added immediately.

Lara was so angry that she gnashed her teeth in annoyance. She glared at them, took out a credit card while gritting her teeth, and squeezed out three words from her mouth, "pay by card!"

Moon and Tia heaved a sigh of relief.

The waiter came to his senses and went to the front desk with a stack of money and a credit card in his hand.

"He had used almost eighteen thousand dollars. I'd like to see how long will this bastard take to spend the twenty thousand dollars he picked up!" Lara was so frustrated her nails sunk deeply in the flesh of her palm.

"He's so pretentious. It's likely that he'll spend all his money today! He won't be able to show off for a long time. He'll surely ask you to borrow money to him like a dog when he runs out of money. At that



time, don't lend him a cent even if he kneels to you!" Conrad Lee said coldly.

"Kneel? I won't lend him any money even if he calls me mom!" Lara was furious.

"He's just a pathetic dog once he has no money. He'll definitely come to ask you, Lara for your help. Then, you can embarrass him!" Tia said added.

"Yes, Lara, don't be angry. Why should you be angry with such a person? He didn't even want to settle a single bill easily and rather spent 8,000 dollars to buy a broken bowl than to pay the bill. I really hate such a person!" Moon asserted.

"Don't be angry? It's six thousand dollars! My dad is going to curse me to death. No, I must ask him for the money!" Lara's eyes were glued firmly in the direction which Chuck had left.

"What are you going to do then?" Conrad asked.

"Hmph, he dares toy with me? I'll teach him a lesson!" Lara remarked coldly...

Chuck took the elevator back to his room. In fact, he didn't feel good deep down because Yvette Jordan was also in this hotel now. Although she had been scolding him all the time, Chuck had been sleeping with her for more than ten years. Moreover, after grandpa died, she had spent money to raise him, and Chuck still had feelings for her. He wanted to find out which room Yvette was in, but unfortunately, he couldn't find her.

When he was about to go back to the room, he suddenly saw Yvette running out drowsily from around the corner. Her face was red as if she was drunk. Two large men were smiling at each other evilly while taking Yvette back to her room.

"No, I'm going back, I already drunk." Yvette covered her chest with her hands and was about to puke. She was very unwell.

After seeing this, Chuck hurriedly hid aside. These two wretched men pulled Yvette into a room while saying, "If you are drunk, let us take care of you. Don't worry and just enjoy yourself!"

"Haha, I can't wait any longer. This bitch was still pretending just now. Continue pretending while you still can, I'll give you the time of your life in just a moment." The other man smirked lecherously as he also pulled Yvette into the room.

"I'm going back. You said that you'll introduce me to a business if I drink. You... help me!" Yvette still managed to remain sober despite drinking a lot, but the alcohol had zapped her dry of her remaining strength to break free from their grasps.

"I'm giving you some business now, am I not? Hehe, how can I introduce the business to you if you don't let our two brothers have some fun with you?"

"Say no more, just drag her in!"

Chuck clenched his fists. No matter what

happened, Yvette was still his wife.

He was very angry. He immediately rushed over and shouted, "Stop!"

The two men were not doing anything glorious anyway, thus they were startled by Chuck's sudden roar. However when they saw his young appearance, they immediately calmed down and said, "What does it have to do with you? Be careful and scram or else I will find someone to mess with you now!"

"Get out of here, do you hear me?" Another man threatened him viciously!

Chuck took out his mobile phone. "I called the police!"

"F\*ck you!" The two men looked at each other panicked. They gritted their teeth and said, "Hey, I'll remember you! Let's go!"

The two men left quickly!

Chuck breathed a sigh of relief and looked at Yvette, who was struggling in a daze on the ground. Without a choice, he carried her into the room and blocked the door with a chair to prevent them from coming back.

"Don't touch me, you bastards!" Yvette struggled strongly. Chuck attempted to carry her to the bed, but amongst all the struggling he fell on top of her instead, his hands accidentally feeling up her chest. Instantly, his face turned beet red, and he

hurriedly got up from her.

Soon after, Yvette fell asleep while struggling. Chuck covered her with the quilt and stared at this familiar face, Yvette was indeed gorgeous.

In the olden days, Yvette would deliberately hug Chuck so tightly against her chest. Sadly, that happened seven or eight years ago when he didn't know anything. But now that he knew, Yvette wouldn't let him touch her again. Chuck continued staring at Yvette who was sound asleep and sighed. As he stood up and prepared to leave, she suddenly screamed out, "Chuck!"

Chuck was startled. "Didn't she fall asleep?"

## Chapter 7

However, Chuck Cannon took out Yvette Jordan's mobile phone, opened her WeChat, and added himself with it. Chuck's current WeChat account was a blank slate with no friends added ever since he opened this account. Yvette would never know it was Chuck's WeChat account.

There must've been something wrong with Yvette's training company, otherwise, she would not have come here to drink. If she needed money, Chuck would not mind transferring it to her.

After helping her accepting his WeChat friend request, Chuck left.

Chuck took a shower and wanted to sleep after returning to his room. When dawn broke, he had already checked out early. He had to go to the real-estate agency to settle the house procedures today.

"My head hurts!"

She tried hard and recalled someone shouting loudly. Yes, that's it, someone must've saved her, right?

It must be so!

Yvette gave a sigh of relief. She put on her clothes and sat on the bed. Sighing again, she decided it was probably time to transfer the ownership of her

18:01 ■

company to someone else. She didn't want to go through last night's incident again.

Ding!

Yvette turned on her phone as she received a WeChat message. It was actually a stranger's WeChat account, whose name was "Baller".

Is it really a baller?

"Are you awake?"

After seeing this message, Yvette was surprised. This person must have saved her last night and then added her on WeChat!

She immediately replied, "Hey, did you save me last night?"

"Well, sort of."

"Thank you, do I know you?" Yvette asked.

"No."

"Then how can I thank you? If it weren't for you last night, I would have been... (three crying face emojis)"

"You don't have to thank me, but I have to remind you not to stay over with others in a hotel. It's too dangerous!"

"Thank you, there was something wrong with my company. That's why..." Yvette replied.

The man didn't reply for twenty seconds and

18:01 ■

Yvette sighed. He probably thought that she was an easy woman, so he ignored her. However, she still thanked him in her heart and wanted to see this man. Yvette put down her mobile phone, but!

Ding!

The baller transferred one hundred thousand dollars!

Yvette was dumbfounded. "This guy actually transferred 100,000 dollars to me?"

She was stunned and replied in a hurry, "What are you doing, Baller?"

"Isn't your company facing difficulties? Then I will transfer the money to you so you don't have to drink with others anymore."

Yvette double confirmed that she did not mistakenly read the message. She took a deep breath and replied, "Thank you, Baller, but you saved me last night and I haven't even thanked you, how can I take your money?"

The other party did not respond! But! Ten seconds! Ding!

The baller transferred one hundred thousand dollars! Again!

Yvette was completely shocked. Is this guy really a baller? If so, when did she ever know a guy like this?

Yvette felt puzzled and clicked on the his profile.

She wanted to see his album, but she didn't find anything. Who was this guy?

"Thank you, but really it's fine. I will solve my own problems." Yvette finally replied after some thinking. This man gave her 200,000 dollars out of sudden. She couldn't accept it, and she didn't dare to accept it.

"Well, if you're in trouble, you can contact me."

Seeing the message, Yvette put down the phone in bewilderment after replying a "Thanks". Who is this guy? Why is he helping her?

She was full of doubts.

She thought about it for a while and decided to sell out her own house. She could buy a smaller house and use the remaining money to see if she could revive her training company.

After all, she only managed to buy her current house and car thanks to the money earned by this training company! She would not be contented to give up just like this!

She made up her mind to pack up her things and check out. Then, she would contact the real-estate agency to sell her house...

Chuck looked at his mobile phone and gave a wry smile. Yvette didn't accept the money transferred to her? At least, he finally managed to 'become friends' with Yvette, and even managed to chat with her so casually. Unfortunately, it was not a



face-to-face conversation.

Chuck thought to himself, if Yvette was really facing problems, she would definitely ask him for help. Then, he could help her.

Soon, he got to the real estate agency. When the employee saw Chuck coming over, he immediately served him tea and gave him a seat. He had made a lot of money this month, Chuck was definitely his God of Prosperity!

"Mr. Cannon, please wait for a moment. The owner will come soon," the employee said politely.

Chuck nodded. There was nothing to worry about. After all, it was almost the holidays and there was no class this morning. However after playing with his mobile phone for a while, he suddenly saw Yvette's car at the door. He was shocked. No way, was WeChat already so high-tech for her to be able to track him down?

Don't panic, it's impossible. But why is Yvette here? Is she selling her house?

Chuck took a deep breath and hurriedly said that he needed to go to the washroom before dashing inside. He carefully looked out and saw Yvette coming in with a bag. The other employees immediately served her politely. Her clothes were not cheap so everyone could see that Yvette had purchasing power.

With only a few words, the employee had Yvette

sign some documents before driving off in her car.

Chuck walked out and asked, "What was the pretty lady doing?"

"She wanted to sell her house!"

He was speechless. Was Yvette really selling her house? Is her company facing that much hardship? They didn't talk much before, so Chuck naturally didn't know her situation. He didn't expect it to be like this.

Soon, the owner of the house that Chuck wanted to buy dropped by. He went out with the real estate middleman to complete some paperwork documents until late afternoon. Finally, Chuck had his own house! Mind him, a few days ago he was still fretting over what to eat, but now it felt so good having a baller as a mom!

Back at the agency, Chuck asked the staff who had just returned from Yvette's house. The staff said, "The pretty lady just now was selling her house, three rooms, 130 square meters. According to market price, it would cost about 1.2 million dollars. She said that if she could be paid all the money at once, there could be a discount up to fifty thousand dollars!"

"That means it can be taken care of with 1.2 million dollars!" Chuck's eyes flashed!

"Are you interested, Mr. Cannon?" The employee's eyes lit up. It was not a big deal for a person who

could pay up three million dollars at once to buy another house.

"Wait, I'll make a phone call and ask." Chuck took out his mobile phone to call his mother and it was quickly connected, "Chucky!"

"Mom, I still want some money..." He said.

"Okay, Mom will transfer you ten million dollars now!" His mother chuckled.

"Mom, I'm using it to buy a house. I didn't have enough money, so that why..." Chuck explained hesitantly.

"No need to give any reasons. If my son wants to spend money, just spend it. Remember I'm your mom, I'll give you as much as you want."

Chuck's eyes reddened. He never felt the warmth of parents since young, but now that he had, Chuck felt warm inside. Although it was normal for moms to be like this, he still felt like he was dreaming.

"Thank you, mom."

"Silly child, I'll transfer it to you now."

The call ended in less than ten minutes, Chuck received a message on his mobile phone, indicating that he had just received 10 million dollars! Together with with the remaining money in his account, he now had about 11.3 million dollars. Chuck took a deep breath and walked up to the

18:01 ■

employee before announcing, "Call her now and say that someone wants to buy her house!"

## Chapter 8

"What? Someone wants to buy my house so soon? And it's gonna be paid in full?" Yvette Jordan was stunned after receiving the phone call from the real estate agency. "Isn't it too fast? The news was just released in the morning!"

"Yes, a gentleman has taken a fancy to your house. If it's convenient for you, please drop by so we can finish up the transfer procedure tomorrow," the agent said.

Yvette felt like she received a gift from heaven. Despite repeated confirmation, she was surprised. Her house was really sold in one morning. When she bought this house, she only bought it for six thousand dollars. In just one morning, she had already made hundreds of thousands of dollars! She thought that it would take at least a month to sell the house, but she didn't expect it to be sold so fast.

"Okay, please take the buyer to the Real Estate Bureau tomorrow. I'll meet you there," Yvette said.

"No problem. See you tomorrow morning."

Seeing the real estate agency hanging up the phone, Chuck Cannon breathed a sigh of relief. "What did she say?"

"Very pleased!" The agent smiled and said. He was even more polite to Chuck. Chuck, who looked

extremely normal and low-profiled, had bought two houses in his agency in two days. He would be a big customer in the future, so he couldn't afford to offend him.

"That's great. Please help me complete the transfer procedure tomorrow," Chuck replied. He couldn't let Yvette know that he was the one who bought her house, or she might not want to sell it.

"Me? Mr. Cannon, this transfer has to be done by yourself." The agent was surprised because he had never encountered such a request before!

"Please replace me, I will give you the money tomorrow. You can transfer the house under your name first and then transfer it to me," Chuck said.

The agent was stunned. Was there such a way? However, he would receive a lot of commission after selling this house, so it was worth going through the troublesome matters.

"No problem, I'll call you tomorrow morning," the agent said.

"Okay." Chuck gave him a deposit of 100,000 dollars and went out.

"Mr. Cannon is really rich." After Chuck left, several agents expressed their envy.

"Yes, although Mr. Cannon wears cheap clothes and looks like a loser, he is generous. He spent more than five million dollars to buy houses at once. His assets should be more than 50 million!"

18:01 ■

"That many? He's still a student at this age, isn't he?"

"Student? He's obviously a rich kid, isn't he?"

"I really can't see that, are rich kids so low-key now?"

"Who knows?"

.....

Chuck was waiting for a taxi while his mind was wandering. How would Yvette react if she knew he was the one who bought her house? Maybe she would be surprised?

Maybe!

Chuck shook his head. Now he was ready to go to the furniture store to buy some furniture. After all, the house had been transferred today, but the original owners had moved out with their furniture. Fortunately, no renovation was needed as the house was still relatively new, so he could just buy some furniture and move in.

However, Chuck felt that it was troublesome to go back and forth and thus thought of buying a car. It felt so different when he had money, he could change his mind whenever he wanted.

He took a taxi to the 4S Automobile Store.

After attaining his driving license for a few months, he had already thought of buying a BMW. Now, of course, he was heading straight to the BMW 4S

## Automobile Store.

However, Chuck was not dressed attractive enough to get the attention of the staff in the store. They glanced at him a few times and their eyes were full of disdain. Nobody bothered to greet him at all. They were guessing that this person came in just to have a look around the cars for fun.

Chuck took a fancy to a big BMW, but he didn't know what it was called. Thinking that it belonged to a certain series, he walked over and saw a saleswoman. Chuck asked, "Hello, what car is this? How much is it?"

The saleswoman looked at Chuck with distaste. She didn't want to talk to him at all and just walked away with no intention of responding to him. This poor loser was asking her the price of the car although he didn't even know what its name was?

Chuck was a little distraught, and could only try to open the car door and take a look inside himself. However, he felt awkward as that door was locked so he could only have a look outside.

The manager of this store glanced at Chuck and asked the intern, Charlotte Yates, to come over.

"Manager, you called me?" Charlotte greeted him cautiously.

The manager pointed to Chuck, who was examining the car. "Go serve the man who just walked in. This sort of person is just taking a look at



cars, they will never have the ability to buy the cars. You can practice serving him so that your communication skills can improve. After all, we can't let you, an intern, to greet guests with the ability to purchase cars. It's best to practice on such a person with no money as it won't cause any loss to the store. Go!"

"Yes, manager." Charlotte calmed herself down and walked over. The manager reminded her, "Remember, be careful and don't let him touch anything. He can't afford to compensate if he leaves some scratches on the cars."

"Yes manager, I know." Charlotte nodded and walked over to Chuck with a smile.

The manager and the other salesmen were too lazy to bother. They didn't even pay attention at Chuck, who looked like the shameless type of person who would enter the store to check out the cars but not buy anything.

"Hello, are you interested this car?" Charlotte smiled and asked in a sweet voice.

"Yes, which series is this car from?" Chuck breathed a sigh of relief. Finally someone paid attention to him.

"Yes, this is the luxurious version of the BMW seven series. Wheelbase..." Charlotte was about to introduce the details of the car as practiced, but before she could finish her sentence, Chuck interrupted her and asked directly, "How much is

it?"

Charlotte was stunned momentarily. "Well, this is the top car of the BMW seven series. It costs 2,480,000 dollars!"

"Okay, I'll take it. Do you have any available cars in stock?" Chuck asked.

"What? What did you say?" Charlotte Yates was stunned.

"I said I've made up my mind. Is there any of it available currently?" Chuck repeated weakly. Didn't he seem like he was going to buy a car?

"Are you sure?" Charlotte subconsciously rose her voice, which immediately attracted the other salespeople in the store. What happened? Could it be, this guy damaged the car?

Their salesmen all looked at them. The manager frowned and could only walk over, muttering unhappily under his breath, "I told her to be careful. Why did she let this kid touch the car? Can he even afford to pay for the damages? Sigh!"

"What's wrong?" The manager tried his best to remain calm. If Chuck had no money, he would immediately call the police!

"Manager, this gentleman here said he wanted to order this car!" Charlotte said in a daze. She couldn't come back to her senses.

The manager was stunned, his eyebrows knotting

themselves further. Not a bit glad, he examined Chuck from head to toe for a few times. Unsatisfied although he had let this person come in to take a look, and even trying to make a joke? He was unhappy as he thought that this had gotten too far.

"What? Did I hear it right? This guy, dressed in drags, has the money to buy a BMW? What's more, a BMW of the very highest caliber?"

"I think he'd better to buy a bicycle."

"That's right. Doesn't he feel embarrassed when he hears this price?"

The other salesmen all sneered. They had seen too many people like Chuck, just simply claiming to buy it. They wouldn't be surprised if he tried to find an excuse to leave later.

"Sir, are you kidding?" The manager was impatient. He wanted to throw Chuck out.

Chuck looked at him, took out his card, and gave it directly to Charlotte. "Do you have ready available stock?"

"Yes." Charlotte nodded in reflex.

"Then I'll buy it, swipe my card!" Chuck replied calmly.

Charlotte was really confused. This was her first day at work and she didn't know how to deal with it, so she could only ask the manager, "What should I do?"

"Since he wants to buy it, then swipe his card. Currently, this car has a discount of 30,000 dollars. Since he has money, then he can pay 2,450,000 dollars!" the manager sneered. He couldn't understand why Chuck had the courage to present his credit card after asking about the price of the BMW. Will he feel embarrassed of himself only when the machine states that there is insufficient amount in his bank account?

Well, since you're so pretentious, let reality give you a big slap in the face then!

He had been in the car business for so many years, and he had never seen anyone enter a BMW store to buy a car in clothes that cost less than a hundred dollars. Chuck was definitely the first one. The manager sneered and said, "Go and swipe it!"

Charlotte brought Chuck's card over to the counter in a daze. She didn't want to issue an invoice first and directly swiped the card.

"Haha, it's the first time that I've seen such a person. This kid must be playing truth or dare!"

"Me neither. Will he feel embarrassed if the card can't be used later?"

"I don't think so. He's so thick-skinned. Why would he feel embarrassed?"

The salesmen at the scene laughed mockingly while the manager glared at Chuck. He waited for Charlotte to inform him that the balance of this

card was insufficient. In less than 30 seconds, Charlotte trotted over. The manager glanced at her and said, "Return him the card and ask him to get out!"

"No, manager!" Charlotte replied breathlessly, "Manager, his bill was paid! That 2,450,000 dollars has been paid!"

## Chapter 9

"What?"

The manager was shocked, and the other salesmen gathered around them in surprise. How could it be possible? This poor boy actually took out 2,400,000 dollars?

"Are you sure?" The manager asked in a serious tone. He knew that Charlotte Yates would not dare to joke with him at this moment, but he still asked because he couldn't believe that he had misjudged Chuck Cannon.

"Yes I'm sure!" Charlotte was also flabbergasted just now, but the credit card machine wouldn't lie. There was no insufficient of balance as expected, and the payment was successfully made in one swipe. She had thought that it was an illusion, but it turned out real!

"Oh gosh!"

The manager was shocked!

"He really bought it? I really can't believe that he is actually so rich when he is dressed like this. Are the rich people so low-key now?"

"Who knows? It's probably just these rich kids and their weird antics. This must be one of the ways for them to have fun."

"Sigh, if I had known that this person was so rich, I

should have answered him properly when he asked me the price of the car just now. Then the commission of this car will be mine, sigh..."

The saleswoman's heart from just now was full of regret, but it was no use regretting it anymore. He had already bought the car.

The manager's attitude took a 360 degree turn and he and smiled politely at Chuck. "May I know your surname, sir?"

"My surname is Cannon. Please help me settle the insurance and the temporary car number plate as well. I'll take the car out later." Chuck said to Charlotte after answering the manager.

Charlotte nodded robotically. So this meant that she had sold a car on her first day of her internship? She felt as if she was dreaming, but this dream was real.

Seeing as Chuck ignored the manager, the manager immediately felt awkward. He winked at Charlotte as a sign of asking her to deal with Chuck properly since he was now an important customer of theirs.

Charlotte nodded and brought Chuck to finish up the necessary procedures. Since the money had been paid, the rest would be quick. An hour later, Chuck drove out of the 4S Automobile Store slowly. He planned to go to the car management office the day after tomorrow to install the car plate. Before he left, he also added Charlotte's

WeChat account. Chuck didn't think too much since it was the first time he had bought a car. He could get her help on WeChat if he had run into any problems while maneuvering the car.

To be honest, it was the first time Chuck had driven such an extravagant car, so he was extremely tense. However, he definitely knew he paid well for the car, as even though his speed on the road was slow, the other cars didn't dare to honk at him. Well, not everyone can afford to drive such a car after all!

Chuck deliberately drove to a road with no cars to practice driving around, parking and reversing a few times. He was ready to drive to the furniture store to buy some furniture when he became more comfortable with his car.

Just as he was about to leave, Yvette Jordan called. Chuck's phone was connected to the car and it took him some time to find the button to pick up the call on the steering wheel. As soon as he answered it, Yvette's impatient voice blasted, "What are you doing? Why did you pick up the phone so slowly?"

Chuck sighed. He could only say that he didn't hear it just now.

"Come home and pack up all your things before tonight."

"Huh?"



"Are you deaf?"

"No, why do you ask me to pack my stuff?"

"I sold my house. Do you expect me to clean up the rubbish that you left behind?" Yvette replied coldly.

"All right."

After hanging up the phone, Chuck drove home silently. Since Yvette's house would be his starting tomorrow, it didn't make any difference if he cleaned up his things or not. However, since Yvette called him, it was better for him to go back.

As soon as he started driving, he received a WeChat notification. Chuck took a look and instantly felt faint as the message was from Yvette.

"What are you doing, baller? I'd like to treat you to a meal to thank you."

"Are you free?" Chuck replied.

"I'm waiting for an annoying person to come over and pack up his things. After that, I'll be free so let's have dinner together."

Chuck smiled bitterly. He knew that the annoying person she was talking about was himself.

"I'm not free." Chuck could only reply like this, he didn't want Yvette to know that it was him who saved her yesterday.

"Ah? It doesn't matter. When do you have time then?"

"Sorry, I would not be free recently."

"Well, okay, let's talk when you may available."

"Yep."

At this moment, Yvette sat on the sofa and kept clicking on the profile of this "Baller". She was a little disappointed. Why didn't he post any photos?

She felt that he didn't really want to talk to her. Did he think of her as a flirtatious and easy girl?

Yvette sighed helplessly.

She really wanted to know how the man who saved her last night and even transferred 200,000 dollars to her looked. Would he be a very handsome person?

Yvette was curious, but when she remembered that Chuck would come back soon, she went downstairs to buy a big bag so that he could take away all the garbage in the house.

The road to Yvette's residential area was not easy to drive through, especially with such a big car. Chuck took a long time to park into the garage cautiously as he was a newbie when it came to driving. However, just as he got out of the car and was ready to head upstairs, he heard Yvette 's voice. He was immediately shocked.

"How many times do I have to tell you? You should be observant and knowledgeable, why are you leaning so close to other people's car? This kind of

car pretty sure costs at least a million dollars onwards, if you scratch it you'll never be able to pay for the compensation!" Yvette scolded sharply. He had only picked up two thousand dollars and he probably only had a few hundred dollars left. How could he be able to pay back the owner of this car if he damaged it?

Chuck smiled dryly and didn't say anything.

Yvette was too lazy to say anything more. She stuffed the big bag into Chuck's hand and said, "Take all your garbage away."

Chuck nodded and went upstairs with the bag. Previously when he left, he had already took back whatever he could with him, so the things left here were literally trash. After packing for an hour, the big bag was fully loaded and he dragged it downstairs.

Seeing him panting out of exhaustion, Yvette frowned. She took her car key and followed him out. "You have too many things with you, it'll be difficult if you drive alone. Where do you live? I'll send you back."

"There's no need for that. I have..." Chuck stopped in a hurry.

"What do you have? Money for a taxi?" Yvette frowned even deeper.

"Sort of." Chuck didn't say much.

"Sort of? I think you can only live luxuriously for a

few more days with the money you picked up." Yvette didn't want to talk too much, so she followed him downstairs.

She planned to go out for some food and see if there were any houses for rent. She wanted to buy a smaller house, but it was not something that she could get in such a short time. She could only rent a house first.

However, as soon as they went downstairs, he heard someone cursing, "Whose car is this? Being so arrogant just because rich? You can't just park in other people's parking space even if you are rich!"

Chuck thought, "Oh crap. We need to buy parking spaces in this residential area, and most of them were already bought by someone." He wasn't paying attention when he was parking his car and probably parked his car in someone else's parking space.

As expected, when he went out, he saw a man with a pair of glasses shouting loudly. The man was looking into the window angrily while holding his mobile phone.

Chuck was startled when he saw that the man was looking for a number to call. However, he remembered that fortunately, there was no mobile phone number displayed on the car. He didn't have the time to do that.

The annoyed man walked around the car a few

times and didn't see a number, almost resorting to kicking the door. Chuck's heart skipped a beat and his fists slowly tightened. Anyone would feel distressed if their newly bought car was kicked.

However, the man knew that this car was very expensive and was certainly a car that no ordinary people could afford. He didn't dare to touch it, so he could only mutter, "Hey, what kind of person is this? Not only do they simply park their car, they don't even leave their number! I'll head out to buy something. If the car hasn't been moved when I'm back, I'll smash it!"

Chuck heaved a sigh of relief when he heard the last sentence being yelled out. It was likely that the man wanted the owner of the car to hear it.

The man got into his car and drove off. Yvette glanced at Chuck's car and asked him, "Didn't you see whose car it belonged to when you came over?"

"I didn't see it." He shook his head.

"The car is a good car, but it's not right to park it wherever he wants." Yvette went to her car, opened the door and got in. She asked, "You really don't need a ride?"

"There's no need for that. I'll just take a taxi," Chuck said.

"Whatever. But let me give you one last word of advice, you'll never have a good future if you

continue acting like this." Yvette was too lazy to say anything else to him and drove away. Chuck scratched his nose and thought to himself, future? Now that he was a rich guy, he already had a wonderful future right ahead of him.

After confirming that she had left the residential area, Chuck pressed the car key and opened the trunk to put the bag in. Then he drove out slowly. However, as soon as he came out, he broke out in a cold sweat as he saw Yvette's car turning back. She had probably forgotten something. They would definitely meet up if this continued. Oh no, he would be seen by Yvette!

## Chapter 10

Chuck Cannon was very worried. If Yvette Jordan knew that he had bought this car, what would she do? He didn't want her to know now.

However, Chuck's worry was obviously unnecessary. Yvette drove very fast. They passed by in a flash of light and she did not even look at him at all. It seemed that she never thought that he would be able to afford this car. He breathed a sigh of relief and stepped on the gas pedal to speed up.

Yvette glanced at the rearview mirror with a cold look. She was a little confused. "This car is one of the top luxury cars in its series, isn't it? It costs more than two million dollars. Whose car is it?"

She had been living in this area for a long time, and she knew almost all the cars. Someone must've bought a new car. However, such an extravagant car cost a lot, so who could afford it?

As she pondered about it, Yvette had already returned to her residential area. She had come back to retrieve her cell phone as she realized she forgot to bring it out when she came out just now. Yet, she didn't see Chuck who was supposedly heaving a large bag downstairs. She frowned to herself and muttered, "Did he take a taxi and leave so soon?"

"Still taking a taxi in such a money-lacking

situation? Hopeless of him." Yvette shook her head coldly...

Chuck drove his BMW to the furniture store. He didn't want to buy any over-the-top furniture since practicality is more important.

However, others didn't think so. Driving such an amazing car, the saleswoman had recommended the most expensive furniture for Chuck. A bed which cost hundreds of thousands of dollars, and a sofa that cost around seventy or eighty thousand dollars. Chuck sighed. Yes, he had money now, but he couldn't spend it recklessly.

In the end, Chuck spent 200,000 dollars for two beds, a sofa, cabinet, etc. They were almost done. They could be delivered by tomorrow. Chuck took the receipt and walked out of the furniture store, but...

When he went out, he saw his classmate Queenie Carson, who had a good relationship with Chuck. He still remembered how she defended him the last time when he said he had 'picked up some money.' However, he was slightly frustrated as she had somehow accidentally scratched his new car with her bicycle.

Queenie was visibly scared that her face turned pale. She had been wiping the scratched area with wet tissue while tears welled up in her eyes. But how could the scratch be covered up with tissue?

Queenie realized this and couldn't help crying. Her



family was very ordinary, but she definitely recognized such a popular brand like BMW. She cried because she couldn't afford to pay for it!

Chuck couldn't stand it any longer and hurried over. "Queenie, what are you crying for?"

When Queenie saw that there was someone she knew, she stood up and cried even more anxiously. She couldn't stop her tears from flowing. "Ah? Chuck, I hit someone's car. I didn't notice that I accidentally hit it when I was riding my bicycle. I've been trying to remove it with tissue, but I can't. What should I do? What should I do?"

Seeing Queenie crying so sadly, Chuck couldn't bear it. He really wanted to say, "It's okay, this is my car."

However, there would be some trouble if he said so. Queenie would certainly ask him where he got the money from. It was not easy to answer. His mother was still abroad and had not come back yet.

"This is a BMW, which is definitely very expensive. It may cost over three hundred thousand dollars. What should I do?" She was so anxious that she burst into tears.

Chuck felt helpless. If he told her that the car was worth 2,400,000 dollars, she would probably cry for a whole day.

"It's just a small matter, people won't notice it. It's

okay. Let's go," Chuck said.

"I... no, I have to admit that I have done something wrong. I will pay for it, but I have to pay in installments. I will beg the owner of the car to let me do so. Just don't look for my family..." She bit her lip and sobbed with tears in her eyes.

Chuck stood powerless. Queenie was a good person with principles and virtues. She would definitely admit what she had done wrong. But who would she admit to in this situation?

"Chuck, can you accompany me to wait for the owner to come over? I'm afraid to be alone." Queenie whispered in a pleading tone.

"Okay, let's wait." Chuck smiled and pulled her to sit down on the ground next to him.

"Thank you."

"It's okay."

"By the way, what are you doing here?"

"I, I was looking if there's any part-time job here."

"Oh..."

After a moment of silence, Queenie's thoughts started to drift away. "Will this owner be very fierce? What if he wants to beat me up? Will he..."

"It's okay." Seeing that Queenie was about to cry again, Chuck hurried to comfort her.

"How I wish the owner of this car was someone I

knew! I would be able to ask him to let me pay in installments. But now, this is a stranger, I'm afraid he won't agree..."

"Yes, he will. Don't think too much. If you are sincere, others will definitely agree."

"I hope so..."

Chuck waited with Queenie until ten o'clock in the evening and the shops nearby were all closed. As it was already dark, she was even more afraid. Chuck could only say, "The owner has not come after a long time. I don't think he will come. Let's go back."

"But..." Queenie thought for a moment and took out a pen and paper from her small backpack. She wrote "sorry" on the paper, and notified that she was willing to take responsibility and so on. Finally, she left her phone number and carefully stuffed the paper underneath the wiper. Only then did she let out a sigh of relief.

"I hope the owner of the car will call me, I'll compensate for it," She said.

"Yes." Chuck nodded, but he certainly would not call her. He would ask the saleswoman Charlotte Yates later and see how much it cost. He would solve it by himself.

"Thank you for waiting with me for so long, let me treat you to supper. But I don't have much money, is 50 dollars enough for the both of us?" Queenie looked at Chuck seriously and said in a small but

sincere voice.

"I'll treat you," Chuck said with a smile.

"No, you've been with me for so long, so I have to treat you. What do you want to eat?"

"Well, it's up to you."

"Then, how about noodles?" Queenie asked.

Chuck was okay with it, so they went to the nearby noodle restaurant. Chuck was hungry and felt much more comfortable after eating a bowl of noodles. Queenie was in a better mood, but she was still worried. She probably was still thinking about the compensation. Halfway through the meal, Chuck received a phone call from Lara Jean, which was unexpected.

Chuck was not surprised. After all, Lara paid more than 6,000 dollars yesterday.

"Hey, is this Chuck? I'm sorry about what happened yesterday. I'll treat you to dinner and apologize. Are you free now?" Lara asked in a sweet voice.

Of course, Chuck would not be fooled. "I don't have time. I have to work part-time tomorrow."

"Ran out of money so soon?" Lara was full of disdain, but she was even angrier. If he really had no money, then what would happen to the six thousand dollars she was forced to pay yesterday? She definitely couldn't fill the financial gap in her

pocket money, and she absolutely had to find Chuck to get it back!

"Of course."

"It's all right. I'll treat you to dinner. Only the two of us," Lara said.

Chuck was surprised. Just him and Lara? Indeed, Lara was still very beautiful, with a curvy body size and sexy fashion sense as well. They were all in the same class, and it was inevitable that he would see something when she bowed her head or bent down. Chuck did not deny that he had seen it before. However, he had no interest in such a woman.

"How about your boyfriend?" Chuck asked.

"We broke up just yesterday. I'm really sad, can you accompany me? Please." Lara sneered. Conrad Lee, her boyfriend, held Lara by his side and kept touching her, with a sinister smile on his face.

"Break up? But I really don't have the time. You can find someone else."

"It's alright. It doesn't matter if you don't have time tonight. We can meet the day after tomorrow or tomorrow. Just let me know the time and I'll be there."

"We will see."

"Okay, I'm hanging up. But don't tell others that I broke up with my boyfriend. I'm afraid that they will

18:02 ■

mock me."

"Okay."

As she hung up the phone, Lara exclaimed defeatedly. "I can't believe he didn't take the bait!"

"Why don't you go and flirt with him tomorrow? Give him a taste of forbidden lust first, and he'll ask you out himself," Conrad thought for a moment and said.

"Are you crazy? Asking me to flirt with him. How disgusting will it be? I don't even want to see him, and you want me to flirt with him?" Lara was angry.

"What else can we do? If you don't flirt with him, he'll never take the bait! If he doesn't take the bait, who can we ask for the 6,000 dollars?"

"But! Ah, damn Chuck, it's an advantage for him!" Lara stamped her feet!

"Well, for 6,000 dollars, we can only sacrifice a little." Conrad said and started to play tricks with Lara.

.....

Chuck and Queenie came out from the noodle shop. All of a sudden Queenie cried out, and Chuck asked what happened.

"It's 11 o'clock, the hostel's gate is closed. What should we do?" Queenie was anxious.

Chuck used to live with Yvette. He didn't stay in the

dormitory, but he knew that the gates of the school's dormitory was closed at eleven o'clock sharp. It was true that she couldn't access it now.

Chuck didn't think of this just now. He could only say inadvertently, "Why don't we get a room to sleep tonight?"

It was estimated that the furniture could only be moved to the house tomorrow. Chuck had already planned to book a room for today, so he said so on impulse, but... it probably wasn't something decent to be said to girls.

Would Queenie agree?

## Chapter 11

"Ah?" Queenie Carson's face turned red, and she whispered, "My mother said that we can't share a room with boys."

In fact, Chuck Cannon didn't think much about it either and just said so on impulse. But to be frank, Queenie is actually very young and beautiful.

Because she was poor, she usually wore cheap clothes and didn't wear any makeup when she went out. How could she look good? But with a little make up and some short denim pants that revealed her long, slender legs, she would definitely look prettier than Lara Jean and the other girls.

"Err... But the school's dormitory has been closed. Where are you going to sleep if you don't get a room?" Chuck said helplessly.

"I..." Queenie's heart beat faster.

In fact, she didn't have many feelings for Chuck. She had good impressions of him and were at the most just good friends. It was true that she was really touched that Chuck accompanied her and waited for the car owner just now. But, even though she was touched, she couldn't share a room with him!

"But if we don't get a room, does it mean that we'll sleep on the street?"



Queenie was in a dilemma. She bit her lip and looked at Chuck. She was worried that he would do something to her if they shared a room.

As soon as she started to speak, Chuck said, "Ok, let's not get a room then. I'll take you to a place and you can have a rest there."

"Really? Where?" Queenie was surprised.

Chuck could only tell her the address of the house he had just bought today. The previous owner had already moved away from all his furniture and items and since it was rather hot, they could just buy a mattress and sleep on the floor. Anyway, it had three bedrooms and two living rooms, so Queenie would feel more at ease.

"Highstreet district? It's a very lively place in the city." Queenie was surprised that Chuck knew such a place. After all, she knew that Chuck was as poor as her.

"Yes, it's there. I'm doing a part-time job as an agent recently. There's a house to sell and the owner is in a hurry, so he gave me the key to make it easier to take a look at the house. We can stay a night there since no one else knows." Chuck said.

Queenie hesitated. "Isn't it inappropriate to do this?"

"It's up to you. If not, our only option is to get a room. Don't worry, no one else will know, the owner is not in the city anyway." Chuck persuaded.

"Okay." Queenie bit her lip. She had not done such a thing like living in someone else's houses yet, what if the owner came back at night?

But if she didn't do so, she could only get a room with Chuck, and everyone knew the meaning behind getting a room together. She knew that it was better to be friends with Chuck rather than cross the boundary of friendship.

"Well, then wait a minute. I'll..." Chuck almost spilled the beans and said that he was going to drive.

"What are you going to do?" Queenie was confused.

"Nothing. We can go there by taking taxi," Chuck said.

"Yep."

The two of them went to the roadside to get a taxi. Chuck had no choice but to park his car here for the night.

Soon, they got a taxi and went to Chuck's house. When they got out of the car, the driver was surprised and asked enviously. "Young man, you bought a house here? The houses here cost almost 2 million dollars, you must be a rich guy!."

Chuck coughed. It was indeed the house he bought, but...

Queenie just felt embarrassed and thought, "This is

the house of the owner. We just came here secretly for a night..."

The driver drove away and the two of them stood in silence. Queenie felt that she was doing something bad, so she was nervous. What if the owner came back?

But now, she could only follow Chuck inside. Queenie had never been here before, and the interior was amazing. She wanted to live here in the future, but the price was too expensive. She would never be able to afford it even if she worked for the rest of her life, so she had no choice but to dispel the thought.

They took the elevator and arrived at the designated floor. Chuck opened the door and went in, while Queenie followed and immediately heaved a sigh of relief. It was indeed empty inside. Chuck really didn't lie to her, the house was currently vacant.

The roof, the wall, and the cabinet that couldn't be removed were in top condition. One could already imagine how extravagant it was before.

"This house is so big and beautiful. How much does the owner intend to sell it for?" Queenie asked curiously.

"3,560,000."

"Ah, it's so expensive. Is there anyone who can afford it?" Queenie asked in surprise.

"Yes," Chuck said with a smile.

"True, there are still a lot of rich people, I don't know who will buy them in the end." Queenie nodded, eyes darting around the house. "Then, which room should I stay in?"

"It's up to you. There's a bathroom in every room," Chuck said.

"Well, then I'll stay here." Queenie pointed at a room and walked over. Then she turned back and waved at him, saying, "Thank you Chuck, good night."

"Well, good night," Chuck said with a smile.

Seeing that Queenie had closed the door, Chuck began to study how to place the furniture the next day. After he had a rough plan, Chuck entered a room randomly.

Queenie, who was leaning against the door, let out a sigh of relief when she heard Chuck entering the room, but soon she felt a little depressed.

She sat on the floor, her thoughts swirling. She was actually in a house with a boy. Although they were not in the same room, it still felt strange. She was very nervous when she leaned against the door just now, afraid that Chuck would come over. If he barged into the room, she, as a girl, would certainly not be able to defend herself. What should she do? Refuse him fiercely, or...

She had thought of countless countermeasures

and waited anxiously. However, Chuck didn't come over, which also made her feel a little uncomfortable.

It was difficult to describe. It was strange, just like the story of the Monkey King in the Peach Garden, who stopped the gorgeous Seven Angels from moving just to go pick some peaches and totally ignored the beautiful fairies.....

Queenie also didn't understand why she would think so. Soon she was depressed. How much would the car owner ask from her if he called her tomorrow?

Would the owner agree to let her to pay in installments?

Queenie was upset. She leaned against the wall and closed her eyes slowly.

.....

When Chuck was still sleeping in the morning, he was awoken by a phone call from the real estate agent saying that Yvette Jordan was ready to leave as well. Everyone was going to gather at the Ministry of Housing to prepare for the transfer of ownership of the house.

Chuck immediately got up. His back was sore and painful because he slept on the floor last night. Fortunately, he could sleep on a big bed tonight.

After going out of the room, Chuck found that Queenie had been waiting for a long time. Seeing

that she was tired, Chuck asked curiously, "Didn't sleep well last night?"

"Well, I'm worried that the house owner will come back, so..." Queenie said softly, "Let's leave quickly, or else the house owner will be here. It will be difficult and awkward for us to explain why we are here."

Chuck smiled and agreed. Queenie was curious. How could he be so calm after doing such a bad thing?

She did not think much about it. The two of them exited the house and took the elevator down. By the side of the road, Queenie asked Chuck if he wanted to go to class together. Chuck had to deal with the transfer of house ownership, so of course, he couldn't go to the university. He could only say that he wanted to leave for his part-time work.

"Alright, I'll go back first." Queenie took out some small change and went to take the bus.

"Okay."

As Queenie got on the bus, Chuck hailed a taxi to the parking spot yesterday. Queenie looked through the window and saw the BMW from yesterday still parked there.

Queenie was perturbed. When would the owner call her? As the bus pulled further and further away from the BMW, she sighed. How nice would it be if the owner of the BMW was her friend? If so, they

could discuss about the compensation of the car's damages in installments.

It was a pity that she did not have such a friend. Queenie's gaze dimmed.

Chuck drove to the Ministry of Housing. When he arrived at the car park, he called the agent. The agent said that he saw him and would come over soon, but when he arrived he was overwhelmed with admiration and envy. He thought he was wrong when he saw Chuck driving a BMW 7 series. But from another perspective, what was wrong for someone who could buy two houses consecutively to buy a luxury BMW? It was a good match!

"Mr. Cannon, changed car?" The agent was envious. He thought that Chuck had several cars and this was just a new car to his collection.

Chuck shook his head and said that it was his first car. The agent was surprised and looked again at Chuck, this time with approval. He was obviously a rich kid, but this was only his first car. If he knew how to control his desires, this Mr. Cannon would have a great future!

He was definitely rich for a reason.

Chuck had already told the agent yesterday that he would first transfer it to the real estate agency, and then the agency would transfer it to Chuck. He didn't have to contact Yvette during the whole process. For Yvette, it was impossible for her to know that the person who bought her house was

18:03 ■

Chuck.

However, while they were discussing, Chuck suddenly heard a confused voice. "Chuck, why are you here?"

Chuck looked back automatically and realized that it was Yvette, a puzzled look hanging on her face. He suddenly panicked. "Oh no, I can't let her know."



## Chapter 12

"What are you doing here?" Yvette Jordan's brows furrowed. This was the Ministry of Housing. It was surprising to see Chuck Cannon in such a place.

"I'm doing a part-time job, learning how to transfer customers' ownership." Chuck came up randomly with an excuse. Otherwise, what could he tell Yvette?

"A part-time job?" The surprise on Yvette's face was swept away. It was logical for him to be doing a part-time job here. Or else, what other business would he have here?

"Since you have chosen to do this, then do it well. If you do it well, I've heard that the salary for an agent can be as much as over 10 thousand dollars," Yvette informed him with a look of resignation.

Chuck nodded, it was meaningless to him to have more than ten thousand per month now. If Yvette knew that he had bought over her house, what would she think?

The agent was momentarily stunned but soon understood Chuck's words. So, he smiled and said, "I see you two are acquainted. Yes, Chuck is a part-time agent. Today, I brought him here to let him get familiar with the process. Miss Jordan, would you prefer for him to follow you or..."

"Whatever," Yvette said coldly.

Chuck heaved a sigh of relief.

Yvette looked around and was a little confused. "Where is the person who bought my house?"

"The boss is very busy. He won't be able to come over today." The agent apologized.

Chuck was a little nervous, because Yvette's brows knitted themselves deeply once again in a slight annoyance. "The agreement has already made. How can we transfer the ownership if he doesn't come?"

"Miss Jordan, don't worry. The boss has already told me to have Miss Jordan transfer the ownership to me first, and then I will transfer it to the boss," the agent said.

"Isn't it troublesome? When will that boss be free then? I am not in a hurry since the deposit has been paid anyways. I can wait for one or two days." Yvette's expression eased.

Chuck hurriedly winked at the real-estate agent.

"The boss has been busy recently, so he has asked me to do so. It is a little troublesome, but there is no other way. Don't worry, Miss Jordan. After the transfer today, the money will be immediately transferred to your account," the agent said.

Yvette thought for a few seconds and nodded. "Well, that's fine, but who is the boss? He trusts you too much!"

"Haha, it's all because I'm trustworthy, isn't it?" The real-estate agent laughed.

"Trust is only one aspect. This person must be rich to not care about this amount of money, so he let you deal with it. There are many rich people in the city, and I know some of them. Who is this boss of yours? Maybe I know him." Yvette asked coldly.

Chuck glanced at the agent and laughed silently. Indeed, they knew each other.....

The real-estate agent smiled and then laughed. "Haha, I guess so. Anyway, this boss is young and promising, so Miss Jordan should know him."

"Should?" Yvette's gaze glistened. This reminded her of a certain someone. She had always wondered why someone would choose to buy her house despite it being on sale for just half a day. In addition, they insisted on not showing up during the transfer process. Could it be him?

Chuck was curious. Who did she think of?

"Then what's the name of this boss?" Yvette asked, and her tone... became a little expectant.

Chuck suddenly became nervous. This real-estate agent was smart, he wouldn't say it out directly, would he?

"This person... Anyway, he is young and promising. Miss Jordan, you can think about it by yourself," the agent said with a smile.

Yvette's face was full of disappointment, but she didn't give up and asked, "Baller! Is he called Baller?"

Chuck was stunned. Turns out that after some analyzing, Yvette had guessed it was "him"!

"Baller? He must be a baller. How could he not be a baller since he had bought Miss Jordan's house in full payment?" The real estate agent said with a smile.

Yvette was speechless. They were talking about two completely different things.

"Miss Jordan, please follow me!" The agent said.

Yvette strolled forward, her long slender legs making her way across. However, when she saw Chuck not moving from his spot, she frowned. "Chuck, don't you want to learn the process of the transfer? Why aren't you following? If you're trying to slack off, how will you be able to do your job properly?"

"What are you looking at? Hurry up!" The real-estate agent was clever enough to wave to Chuck.

Chuck walked over embarrassingly.

"If you want to do it, just do it well!" Yvette said coldly.

"Yes." Chuck could only nod.

The three of them entered the Ministry of Housing. When the real-estate agent went to line up to

process some documents, Chuck's mobile phone suddenly vibrated. He doubtfully took it out and looked at it. It turned out to be Yvette's WeChat message: Baller, are you nearby me?

Seeing these words, Chuck was quite stunned. He looked at Yvette secretly and found that she was sitting and glancing around, but she didn't look at him at all.

Chuck sighed in relief, but at the same time, he smiled bitterly. Seems that Yvette never expected him to be the "baller"!

If she knew that "Baller" was indeed Chuck Cannon, who she had never thought of, what would be her expression.

Chuck was afraid that Yvette would find out, so he hurriedly switched his phone to silent mode and put it in his pocket.

It vibrated several times in a row, which meant that Yvette had sent messages in succession. However, Chuck did not reply or check the messages at all. After a few minutes, the vibrations stopped.

Chuck looked over and saw the disappointed look on Yvette's face. It was probably because Baller was ignoring her.

As expected, during the transfer process, Yvette's expression was stoic all the time, but thankfully the process was quick. Two hours later, the transfer process was completed, and they headed to the

bank

Chuck followed the whole process. When they came out of the bank, Yvette looked at Chuck in disapproval and said coldly with disappointment, "You are really not suitable for this job."

After that, Yvette drove away.

Chuck was stunned. What's wrong? Did Yvette mean he was incapable? He was helpless and could only follow the agent to the ministry once again. It was not until afternoon that he had transferred the ownership of the house. He heaved in relief.

Just as he was about to rest for a while, the furniture he ordered had reached his doorstep. Chuck could only drive back as they had called him up. It was not until seven or eight o'clock in the evening that the furniture was placed according to his request.

Sitting on the soft sofa, Chuck felt like the past few days were just a flurrying dream. In just a few days, he actually owned something that most ordinary people could only dream but never actually have, two houses and a BMW.

After lying down for a while, Chuck finally had time to check his phone. When he opened the WeChat, he was stunned.

Yvette had sent seven or eight messages:

"Baller, why aren't you saying anything? Are you in the Ministry of Housing? Are you afraid that I will

18:10 ■

see you?"

"Baller, you saved me and even transferred 200,000 dollars to me. You must've helped me because I know you, that's why I think my house was bought by you."

"Are you busy?"

"I'm sorry to disturb you. You go ahead with your work first..."

"Baller, the transfer is completed. I'll treat you to dinner, don't reject me. I'll be at Modern Restaurant today."

"I've arrived at Modern Restaurant. Where are you?"

"Is it too sudden? If so, I'll apologize to you, but I've arrived at the restaurant. Can you come out to meet me? I just want to thank you."

"I will wait for you today. Whether you come or not, I will wait for you..."

.....

Chuck read these messages, the last one being sent just a few minutes ago. Her last message was filled with disappointment. Does that mean that Yvette has been waiting for him in the Modern Restaurant for more than an hour? Chuck was surprised. It was already 8 something in the event, so Yvette should have left, right? Chuck hesitated for a while, then he got up and drove to the

restaurant.

Halfway, Queenie Carson called, saying that she was very anxious. Why wasn't the car owner calling her? Chuck could only reply that the car owner probably didn't mind, and asked her not to think too much.

"But I've done something wrong. I should bear the responsibility," Queenie said.

"Since you have a good attitude, they probably knew and chose to let it go. Don't think too much." Chuck comforted her.

"Well, I'll still wait for his call. I've found a new part-time job today. It's in a western restaurant, 15 dollars an hour. I need to make some money. Otherwise, if the owner calls me, I won't have the money to pay them back."

"Yep."

After hanging up the phone, Chuck was tongue-tied. Such a serious and hardworking girl was hard to come by. He didn't know where the restaurant that Queenie was working part-time as was, but at this time, he had already arrived at Modern Restaurant. Hence, he didn't continue to think about it.

He drove into the car park. As the security guard noticed such a luxurious car swerving in, he immediately gave way and helped Chuck arrange for a parking space. There were too many luxury



cars nearby, so Chuck had to be careful when parking. When he finally parked his car, he came out and saw that Yvette's car was still there. She was still waiting.

Chuck hesitated for a moment, then his cell phone rang as a WeChat message arrived. He opened the app and noticed that the message was from Yvette. There was inconceivable disappointment in her words. "Baller, are you coming?"

## Chapter 13

Chuck Cannon didn't answer after reading Yvette Jordan's Wechat. In fact, he also didn't know what he was doing here, he wouldn't be able to meet Yvette anyways. If she saw that Baller was actually Chuck who had been sleeping with her since childhood, she would probably be furious!

After a moment of silence, Chuck decided against replying to her WeChat nor going in. However, her WeChat message arrived once more.

"Whether you come today or not, I will wait for you today. I just want to see you."

"I can't do anything! The point is that you would be pissed if you saw me." Chuck thought.

Chuck didn't reply. Conflicted, he decided to go in and have a look. After all, he was already here. Yvette couldn't be just sitting near the door right? But...

Chuck was just about to enter when he saw a beautiful woman driving a luxury car passing by him. It seemed that she was ready to park the car, and there was only one parking space left. It happened to be next to his car.

However, Chuck's parking skill was really not very good. With the width of the car, the parking space was too narrow, so that the beautiful woman's car could not get in at all.

If they hit each other, Chuck would feel distressed.

Chuck hurried over and was about to ask the beauty to stop first. He would park the car again, but when he got closer, he was amazed.

The woman had already left for the security booth of the parking lot, her long legs etching themselves into Chuck's mind. He came to his senses and was puzzled. Why did the woman leave before she parked her car?

While Chuck was confused, he saw the woman coming with the security guard. She pointed at his car with her slender fingers and said coldly, "What's the matter? I have told you many times that everyone has different upbringings. Every time they come in, they have to park the car properly. The parking space is already so small and yet he double parks? Whose car is this? Not even leaving a phone number, is this person used to acting so rudely? Go in and call this person to come out!"

"Yes!" After being reprimanded, the security guard immediately nodded and was ready to go in.

"Hello, I..." Chuck was stunned by the woman's strong demeanor. She looked like the perfect example of strong, independent women. Could she be the boss of this restaurant?

"What's wrong with you?" The woman looked at Chuck coldly, and she was very angry. "If you came to apply for a part-time job, sorry, you are unqualified!"

Chuck was stunned. He looked down at his own clothes and realized his mistake. In such a high-end place, his clothes and shoes cost less than a hundred. No wonder she thought he was looking for a part-time job.

It seemed that he had to change his clothes.

"Go, go away. Director Maine ask you to leave, do you hear her?" The security guard came over again and scolded him!

Chuck said helplessly, "I am not applying for a part-time job."

"Why did you come in if you're not applying for a part-time job? Get out!" The security guard glared at Chuck. Now that the boss was angry, he had to act quickly according to the circumstances.

"Aren't you looking for the owner of this car?" Chuck asked.

The woman frowned and glanced at him, her tone sounding even frostier. "Do you know?"

She knew that this car was a brand new version of BMW's seven series, and it should cost more than two million dollars. This was the standard for successful people. Would the young man in front of her know? She observed this person sharply, gaze like a hawk circling its prey. This person looked timid, would he know such a successful person who owned a BMW seven series?

She didn't think so, because Chuck's gaze just now

made her hate him.

"Director Maine, don't listen to his nonsense. How could he know who the owner of the car is? Wait a minute, I'll go in and ask the owner of the car to come out. ... Leave, do you hear me?" The security guard said politely, and glared at Chuck with the last sentence.

Chuck ignored the security guard and said seriously to the woman, "Sorry, I just started driving not long ago..."

The woman looked at him differently now. What was this person saying?

"What does your driving experience have to do with Director Maine?" The security guard came over impatiently to shoo Chuck away.

But the security guard was stunned as he walked over. "You..."

The woman was also surprised. She stared at Chuck from top to bottom once again, the surprise in her voice visible. "This car is yours?"

This was because Chuck took out the car keys from his pocket that matched exactly the car keys to the BMW car.

"Sorry, I'll park again." Chuck opened the door and went in, trying his best to park the car as carefully as possible.

The woman's eyes glistened with surprise. The

owner of a BMW that cost more than two million dollars, but dressed in such low-key clothes? She knew too many young rich people. They were usually arrogant and domineering, but none of them was as modest as the one in front of her. This was really rare.

"Director Maine? This car seriously belongs to this guy?" The security guard couldn't react in time. He was too overwhelmed, such a luxurious car wasn't driven by a famous boss or someone of higher caliber?

"Watch your words, this is a guest!" The woman said coldly.

"Yes, yes!" The security guard agreed repeatedly.

After Chuck parked the car again, he came out of the car and said, "Sorry, you can park now."

"Alright." The woman nodded.

When Chuck was in the car, he received Yvette's message again. She looked very disappointed. He couldn't bear to see it, so he wanted to go in and have a look.

"Check the booking for this person!" The woman ordered calmly as she stared at Chuck, who was already walking into the restaurant.

"Yes, Director of Maine!"

The security guard immediately took out the walkie-talkie and asked, "Manager Cannon, where's

the reserved seat of the man who just entered...  
What? No reservation?"

This time, it was the security guard's turn to be surprised, because the Modern Restaurant's business was very good. In the evening, if there was no reservation in advance, there would be no empty table. That was to say, only those who reserve could have seats. Wouldn't a person who drove the BMW seven series know?

"No reservation?"

The woman's eyes flashed with amusement. Today, this person actually managed to surprise her twice, interesting.

"Give him a VIP room!" The woman commanded!

"Yes, Director of Maine!" The security guard was envious and hurriedly told Manager Cannon...

Chuck had no choice. He didn't know that Modern Restaurant needed a reservation. There was no vacant seat at the moment, and the receptionist gave him a nasty look. It was probably because he looked like he was dressed simply and they thought he was just coming in to ask around. Chuck could only ask, "Can I go in and have a look?"

"Let me ask, you're here for the toilet, aren't you?" The receptionist frowned. Coming into such a high-end place dressed like a beggar, he definitely wouldn't be able to pay if he broke a cup.

"No." Chuck shook his head. At this time, his cell phone rang. He took it out and looked at it. It was Lara Jean. Chuck ignored it, but she called again. He had no choice but to answer it. "Where are you, Chuck?"

When Chuck was about to speak, a few customers walked into the restaurant. The receptionist immediately said politely, "Welcome to Modern Restaurant. Do you have a reservation?"

"Yes." The man said.

The receptionist immediately came out and made arrangements, not forgetting to shoot Chuck a distasteful glance before leaving.

Lara, who was on the phone, heard this. "Chuck, are you in Modern Restaurant?"

Lara was very surprised. The Modern Restaurant was a high-end restaurant. A piece of steak cost more than three thousand dollars, while the red wine cost at least fifty or sixty thousand dollars. She had never been there. Why was Chuck there?

"Modern Restaurant?" Lara's boyfriend also heard it and sneered. "This guy is probably doing part-time work there."

Lara nodded. Of course!

Lara chuckled arrogantly. "Chuck, are you working as a part-time waiter in Modern Restaurant?"

"Uh, no."



"No? Don't worry, I won't discriminate against you. I just want to know why you didn't come to class today." Lara smirked coldly in her heart.

You have to do more part-time work. Otherwise, how can you pay me back the 6,000 dollars from last time?

Lara was prepared to invite Chuck out. However, before she could ask, she heard another voice. It was an unknown woman's voice that sounded very polite. "Ah, hello. The VIP room you booked has been prepared for you. Please follow me!"

On the other side, Chuck was stunned.

On the other end of the phone, Lara was stunned, and Conrad Lee also heard it. The two of them stared at each other, and Lara sneered. "He is really good at acting. Even though he is a waiter, he still doesn't admit it, even asking his colleagues to put on an act with him! Does he think I am a fool?"

Conrad winked at Lara, who continued in a delicate voice, "Chuck, you actually booked a VIP room in Modern Restaurant. I'll come over to see you, okay?"

Continue pretending!

"Whatever." Chuck was also confused. What was going on? He just replied without thinking.

## Chapter 14

The manager of Modern Restaurant brought Chuck Cannon to the VIP room. He felt puzzled. "What's going on?"

"Miss, I didn't book it." Chuck said.

"Hello, sir. It's Director Maine who arranged it for you." The manager smiled slightly. She was also surprised, why would the director arrange it so? After all, only a few people had the luck to be escorted to their rooms by Director Maine like this!

This confused Chuck. The woman outside just now? What did she arrange for him? However, since the arrangement was already made, Chuck just accepted it nonchalantly and followed the manager into the VIP room.

However, when Chuck passed by the hall, he suddenly saw Yvette Jordan sitting at a table. She was just staring blankly at her phone, her gaze already dim and upset.

She was very beautiful today and dressed up on purpose. She was wearing a knee-high dress, revealing her long legs, her skin as fair as snow. Chuck could say for sure that she had grown to be a beauty since he had grown up with her from young. Today, she looked stunning as her beauty reached its pinnacle.

Chuck still remembered that when he woke up in

the middle of the night a few years ago, he could see Yvette's figure, but she didn't know.

It was rare to see Yvette dressed up so meticulously but looking so down in the dumps. Chuck almost couldn't hold himself back to tell her that he was the "baller".

However in this situation, it would only ruin the beautiful fantasy in her head, earning Chuck a big furious slap from her.

This thought dispelled Chuck's previous idea. In order not to let Yvette see him, Chuck walked close to the manager. The manager was a woman, and she was also gorgeous. Seeing as this unknown man was walking so close to her, she blushed immediately. "Sir, please don't do this. I have a boyfriend."

"I'm sorry." Chuck's face turned red. After passing Yvette, Chuck apologized.

"It doesn't matter." The beautiful manager blushed like an apple.

"Sir, please come in." The beautiful manager opened the door of the VIP room.

There were countless luxurious things inside. Chuck had never been to such a high-class place before. He was really surprised. He sat down and didn't know what to do. Since he was hungry, Chuck casually ordered a steak. The manager was surprised that he ordered it first. Why did he come

18:10 ■

here alone?

"Sir, are you alone?"

The manager asked tentatively. After all, the VIP room's expense was not low. Isn't it a waste to come here alone to eat steak without a girlfriend?

"Yes, I am alone." Chuck nodded.

"Alright, please hold on!" The manager went out.

Soon, the steak was brought in. Chuck had never eaten this before, so he asked, "Miss, do you have chopsticks?"

"Ah?" The manager was surprised. The person who Director Maine arranged personally for the VIP room had never eaten steak before?

"I've never eaten before, so..." Chuck was embarrassed.

"Sir, please wait for a moment." The manager walked out with a smile.

At that moment, Conrad Lee brought Lara Jean over to the Modern Restaurant in his BMW. She had never been to this place before but heard that it was a high-class place. She said disdainfully, "That loser Chuck actually managed to find a part-time job as a waiter here. It seems that this place is not so good after all."

"Based on how Chuck is, he'll probably be around in one or two minutes. Let's enter in five minutes." Lara said with a look of disdain.

"Well, Chuck is here as a waiter. If I catch him in the act, he'll not dare to say anything or make a scene. After all, in such a high-end place, such a poor guy doesn't even have the confidence or the right to speak loudly. He will only beg for compensation like the lowlife he is. Doesn't he like to show off? This time, I will make him pay one or two thousand. I'm looking forward to it!" Conrad said expectedly with a evil glint in his eyes.

"He dare cheat my 6000 dollars, I'll make him pay with all the interest! Remember, come in in five minutes!" Lara said.

"Got it."

Lara opened the door and got out. Conrad said in a hurry, "The space is not wide enough. Be careful when you open the door. There is a BMW seven series next to you! You will need to pay tens of thousands of dollars with just a scratch!"

"Got it."

Lara opened the door and got out. Seeing the new car, it didn't even have a car plate so she wouldn't know which big boss it belonged to. She looked at the BMW seven series several times and then back her boyfriend Conrad's car, which cost around 100,000 dollars. She suddenly felt a pang of embarrassment.

She thought, "Why can't I find a boyfriend who drives this kind of car? How amazing would it feel if the owner of this car is my boyfriend? Driving this

to university would feel so satisfying."

Lara was looking forward to it. It was a pity that there was no phone number in the car. Otherwise, she would keep it in mind and take the initiative to invite the person out...

She took out her mobile phone to call Chuck and asked him his VIP room number, which Chuck actually revealed directly. Lara hung up the phone and sneered, let's see how long you can be arrogant for!

Lara walked in. Seeing Lara dressed well, the receptionist at the front desk smiled and served her. Lara asked, "Do you have a waiter named Chuck Cannon here?"

"Chuck Cannon? No." The receptionist shook her head.

Lara looked down on Chuck further. His acting skills weren't bad, and even his colleagues were cooperating with him. She knew that the service charge of a VIP room cost 1,000 dollars alone, with the lowest expenses being 9,000 dollars. Chuck could never afford it.

"Hmph, do you think I don't know that you only picked up 20,000 dollars?" Lara muttered before continuing to say that she was looking for someone, even giving the VIP room number to the receptionist.

The reception brought Lara in.

However, when she saw her teacher Yvette, Lara was surprised. How could Teacher Jordan be here?

It didn't matter anymore, Yvette would definitely not know as the meeting was in a private room. Lara followed the receptionist and left quickly.

In the VIP room.

Chuck's WeChat rang with a loud "Ding", indicating that he had received yet again another message. He clicked on it and found that it was still Yvette. "Baller, can you come here soon?"

Reading between the lines, he could still hear the disappointment in her voice.

Chuck was conflicted but still chose to ignore it. At that moment, someone knocked on the door of the VIP room, and Chuck answered. The door open and Lara walked in confidently, staring at Chuck's cheap attire. She was even more disgusted by him.

Come on, if you're pretending try to act the part too. Dressed in such trashy clothes here in a VIP room, do you think that you're a clown?

Chuck glanced at Lara and immediately regretted his actions. He just said it casually and didn't expect Lara to really show up. However, since he already agreed, Chuck couldn't reject it now.

Did she really break up with her boyfriend? Chuck didn't believe it.

"Chuck." Lara walked over with red eyes. She

pulled the chair and sat down beside him, Chuck's face turning red because of the sweet scent from her.

"Chuck, I broke up with my boyfriend. Can you comfort me?" Lara squeezed out tears, looking pitiful.

When she spoke, her soft, supple thigh leaned over intentionally. Chuck immediately backed up. Although Lara looked pretty and had a good figure, Chuck didn't hate her but he didn't want anything to happen with her.

Lara saw Chuck retreating and grabbed his thigh. "Are you a man? Why are you running away? Eh... What's in your pocket?"

Lara touched something square.

"It's car key." Chuck blurted out, but he felt uncomfortable after saying it.

Lara wanted to laugh out loud. Car key? Isn't it just a lighter? Try to act the part properly! She sneered coldly. "Ah, car keys. Shall I take it out and have a look? I want to see what kind of car you bought."

Chuck could only say, "It's not a car key, it's a lighter..."

Lara's heart was full of scorn. He couldn't continue to act when she asked him to take it out. Since he had admitted it, he was definitely still a loser. Lara felt thrilled to catch him in the act of lying.



18:10 ■

"Chuck, this private room was reserved by you. Now no one has come in. Don't you want to do anything to me?" Lara suppressed the disgust in her heart and came over. The clothes on her shoulders naturally fell down, revealing a black strap on her shoulder.

## Chapter 15

Lara Jean's figure was indeed amazing. At this moment, as her clothes shuffled off her body, Chuck Cannon could see her figure uncensored. He had been Lara's classmate for so long. Usually, when she bent down or bowed her head, he could occasionally capture this scene. However, the feeling of peeking at her was nothing compared to the real thing today.

Chuck's heart beat faster, but he calmed down immediately. He clearly knew what kind of woman Lara was. What was she doing here today?

Chuck retreated.

Lara clung to Chuck as close as she could and did not let go at all. Deep down, she was anxious: She had sacrificed so much, but why was Chuck not moved at all? Why didn't he touch her?

What a loser!

However, she didn't know that Chuck was also anxious. Normal men would definitely have some reaction if they were by Lara like this. Chuck struggled to get away. Lara scoffed silently and looked at Chuck's pants. He obviously wanted to, but still pretended to not want to. He really was pretentious.

She continued to seduce him selflessly, but a few minutes later, Lara frowned. What was going on?

Why hadn't her boyfriend rush in at this time?

She was secretly furious at the unreliability of her boyfriend. Did he want to wait until Chuck was raping her before coming in?

Disgusting!

After waiting for a few minutes, Lara was furious. She stopped seducing Chuck and stared at him angrily. She snorted and stepped aside. In front of Chuck, she took out her mobile phone and sent a message to Conrad Lee, asking him what was going on.

Conrad did not reply to the message, but when Lara checked her social activity she was absolutely pissed!

Because he was very busy at this time!!

He was actually taking selfies with the BMW seven series on his phone, even adding a caption beneath the photoes: My dad's new car, I really want to drive it out for some fun...

Lara was so furious that she almost erupted on the spot, your dad's car?

She knew that Conrad's father drove a Helanda, which was eight or nine times cheaper than this car. She angrily replied, "Come here quickly, Do you want me to get eaten by him?"

If Chuck knew that the car he bought had become "Conrad's father's car", he would probably be

confused but amused too.

.....

Chuck was currently distressed because his cell phone was ringing. He took it out and saw that it was Yvette Jordan's Wechat message of disappointment and sadness again. He couldn't bear to see it anymore. If he didn't go back, he might really go to see Yvette.

Then it would be hard to put an end to it.

Lara received a message from her boyfriend, saying that he would come over now and asked Lara to continue seducing Chuck. Despite feeling disgusted, Lara still pulled open her collar and turned to Chuck once more. Seeing as Chuck was about to leave, she hurried over and hugged him again. After rubbing him, she raised her hand and slapped herself. Chuck was stunned. What was going on?

"Chuck, I didn't expect you to be such a person... Uhh..." Lara squeezed out tears. When she heard footsteps outside, she quickly opened the door. Conrad then rushed in angrily. "Lara, are you alright?"

"Chuck bullied me... He pulled open my clothes and said if I didn't let him, he would hit me..." Lara hugged Conrad and cried, looking wronged and sad. She was really putting on an act.

Chuck finally understood what she meant. Lara was

trying to plot against him.

No wonder she was so seductive and focused on him just now.

"Look, my face is swollen. He is a bastard. How could he do such a thing to me? Help me get back at him!" Lara cried and looked as though she was the victim.

Conrad was furious. When he came over, he pointed to Chuck and scolded fiercely, "How dare you touch my woman? You want to die?"

Conrad sneered. He wanted to see this person kneel on the ground and beg for mercy after being caught red-handed.

Chuck didn't say anything.

"Call the police? Okay!"

Chuck chuckled and pulled the chair to sit down.

Lara, who was proud in her mind, was stunned. What did he say?

Conrad was stunned and angry. "What did you say? You hurt my girlfriend, but you still act like this?"

"Then what do you want me to do?" Chuck raised an eyebrow and looked back at Conrad.

"You!" Conrad was at a loss for words for a moment. Why isn't he begging for mercy?

"Chuck Cannon, you are a bastard! My dear, call

the police. I want him to go to jail! How dare he do this to me!" Lara cried.

"Don't be sad. Justice would be served once these people are sent to jail! Calling the police!" Conrad said, pretending to call the police, but in truth he was confused. Something was wrong. Chuck was a waiter, so he should not even have the right to make a ruckus here. Why was he still sitting so calmly?

Chuck smiled.

"How dare you laugh at me? Don't you know that you broke the law? You'll have to serve jail time for at least 5 or 6 years! Just wait and see!" Conrad snapped.

"Then hurry and call the police," Chuck said with a smile.

"You..." Conrad was speechless again. What was going on?

"You bastard, sob..." Lara cried even harder.

"Cry louder," Chuck said.

Lara wiped her tears and glared at Chuck!

"You guys put on quite a show. Since it's over, I'll pay and leave now." Chuck said.

"You're just a waiter! Paying the bill? Stop pretending!" Lara was extremely mad. She did not expect Chuck to be so calm. If such, wasn't it a waste of effort to sacrifice herself to seduce him?

"Chuck, you hit my girlfriend!" Conrad continued glaring at Chuck. It was beyond his expectations, but at this moment, he couldn't give up!

"Then you can call the police to examine your injuries!" Chuck said calmly.

"How dare you play tricks on me?" Conrad came over and grabbed Chuck by the collar. Chuck just looked at him. "You can continue, because I am going to call the police!"

"Conrad!" Lara was angry, but if he really called the police, they would be arrested instead. Lara could not stand this, she was annoyed because she had let Chuck look and feel her up!

Conrad let him go angrily.

At this time, the restaurant manager pushed the door open and came in as she heard some noise. She asked, "Sir, what's wrong?"

"It's none of your business. Get out!" Lara was already angry. She couldn't help shouting at the manager who she thought was still acting for Chuck's sake.

"Miss, please don't make a ruckus here!" The manager frowned. She had seen a lot, and knew instantly that nothing good would come from these two people barging in.

"What ruckus! Still pretending! Your acting is too fake I tell you! Do you think I will believe that the poor guy wearing clothes less than 100 dollars can

afford the VIP room? He is a waiter!" Lara mocked.

"Miss, please be respectful. This gentleman is a VIP in our restaurant!" The manager said seriously.

"A VIP? You are so funny. If your boss knows that you are pretending to put on airs at work, you will definitely be fired! Call your supervisor over! I want to complain!" Lara sat down with a sneer on her face. She must vent her anger today!

"Hurry up!" Conrad's face also darkened.

The manager frowned. "I am the manager here!"

"You are not qualified enough. I want to see your boss! I want to complain!" Lara shouted.

The manager looked at Chuck, and she could only go out apologetically. At this time, Chuck sat down, but at the same time, his heart suddenly raced, because he saw Yvette pushing the door and entering. Apparently, she passed by and heard Lara's voices, so she wanted to take a look.

"Lara, Conrad, Chuck, why are you here?" Yvette asked in surprise.

Chuck's heart beat faster. It's over. Why is Yvette here?

"Teacher!" Lara immediately put on her puppy eyes. "Teacher, Chuck just hit me."

"Did he hit you?" Yvette's eyebrows knitted fiercely and she glanced at Chuck.



"Yes, he hit me. He called me and asked me to come meet him here at the Modern Restaurant. He said that he would treat me to dinner. I didn't expect that he would hit me... Oh, he wanted to... oh..." Lara said and burst into tears.

"Did you really hit her?" Yvette's voice was sharp and unforgiving. "Chuck, she's your classmate. How can you treat her like this?"

Chuck was enraged by Yvette who was obviously taking sides without listening to the full story. "I didn't hit her. I'm here for dinner!"

"Dinner?" Yvette looked disappointed. "Do you know how expensive it is here? And you're here for dinner? It doesn't matter if you don't have money, but you can't pretend to have them when you don't!"

"Pretend?" Chuck was angry. He wasn't going to keep everything a secret any longer and he was going to tell Yvonne everything!

## Chapter 16

"You're just pretending, aren't you? Who are you to have dinner in Modern Restaurant?"

Lara Jean was very happy. She was angry that she had sacrificed herself for nothing just now. Now, she was overjoyed to see Yvette Jordan despise Chuck Cannon.

Did he really think that by picking up a few trashy dollars, he could forget the nature of being a poor man? He was just a loser, it was hilarious.

Conrad Lee's face was contorted with a mixture of loathe and joy. Still pretending? He won't be able to any longer now!

"Chuck Cannon, you've disappointed me too much!" Yvette shook her head with disgust in her eyes. She knew that he was working part-time at the agency, but was the money from his part-time job enough for him to come here to spend? He was definitely lying to her!

What's more, he was talking so big about spending money. In his own world of lies, he really would not have any success in his life. Yvette was truly disappointed!

It was the right decision to stop him from sleeping in her own bed.

"Well, guess what? You've also let me down!"

Chuck shook his head.

She was just like a docile woman, speaking softly to Baller in such a soft and sweet tone, even begging Baller to come meet her. However, towards himself, her attitude was so different just like the difference between heaven and earth. She was always disappointed in him, like a vengeful woman always coming after him.

If Yvette knew that the two people whom she faced with two different attitudes were actually him, the same person, what would she think?

Chuck suddenly did not want to argue anymore.

"You're disappointed with me? You're not qualified to say that! Well, if you say you're here for dinner, where is the message for the VIP room reservation? Show me your proof!" Yvette retorted coldly.

"I don't have any proof." Chuck shook his head.

"Have you ever been to a high-end place? This kind of place needs to be reserved, but you don't have to. You have the privilege, because you are the waiter here!" Lara did not miss any chance to ridicule him.

"That's right. It's a privilege for you since a waiter just comes in and cleans up the VIP room. At least you can come in and go out at will. Unlike us, we have to make troublesome arrangements just to reserve a seat to eat here. Chuck definitely has it

much easier. You can just come in with a dirty rag. Once you take off your clothes, you can pretend to be eating here. Just so simple! I envy you." Conrad mocked.

"Teacher, he used his identity as a waiter here to simply call girls over, and even pretended to spend money here as a customer. I only came because I felt he was pitiful, but who knew he was a person like this! Teacher, let's go. Ignore such trash!" Lara said to Yvette arrogantly.

Yvette was deeply displeased. "You don't even have a reservation text message. How can you be so self-righteous? You lie so naturally without even thinking it true. Remember, when you lie next time, check it out first. This is no seat without a reservation. Do your research more, then your lies will sound more legitimate."

After saying that, Yvette turned around and left.

Lara scowled at Chuck and pulled Conrad outside by his arms.

But precisely then, a tall and beautiful woman walked in confidently. Her red lips parted to reveal a cool, unfazed voice. "Miss, who said that this is no seat here without reservation?"

"Who are you?" Yvette frowned. She did not know this woman, but this woman's temperament told her that she was not simple.

"Hello, my name is Zelda Maine!" The beautiful

woman said.

"Zelda Maine? Are you the owner of this restaurant?" Yvette was surprised. She often invited people out for dinner here. How could she not know this?

But what was she doing here?

"Yes." Zelda nodded. "Miss, our restaurant's VIP guests don't need to book. There will be seats for them any time."

"Well, I know that." Yvette nodded.

Lara couldn't help sneering. Did the manager just say that Chuck is a VIP here?

How could it be possible?

She had never been here to spend money, but she also knew what conditions she needed to become a VIP of a restaurant. First of all, the expenditure must reach their standard. For a restaurant of this level, it would cost at least 300,000 dollars to become a VIP!

Chuck had always been poor. It was only recently that his luck took a turn and he managed to pick up some money, but it was only 20,000 dollars. Even if he spent all of it, he was still far from the standard of the restaurant's VIP guests!

How could it be? She looked down on Chuck even more. Seriously, even if he asked other employees to cooperate with his acting, he had to do some

research on his own too!

Lara felt that now the word "VIP" had a derogatory meaning.

Hearing the laughter, Zelda glanced at Lara and asked gently, "Were you going to complain about our employees just now?"

"That's right, it's me! It's so nice being a waiter here!"

Lara sneered, "A waiter actually managed to make other employees cooperate with him to lie to us, even saying something like he was here just to eat..."

Yvette looked at Chuck disappointingly.

"So you think that this gentleman in front of you is a waiter here?" Zelda said calmly.

"Of course! Look at his cheap clothes. He doesn't look like a customer who can spend half a day here. He is definitely a waiter. As a boss, I think you should severely punish staff with this kind of behavior! He should be fired immediately!" Lara's voice toned down, full of the pleasure of revenge!

"Sorry, I can't do that." Zelda shook her head.

"As a boss, you still want to side with your employees in front of customers? Well, the way Modern Restaurant deals with this really shows us customers some things. Isn't the customer always right? Now employees are godly correct instead?"

Haha, so rare!" Lara snickered.

"First of all, you are not our customer!" Zelda retorted calmly.

"You... Why do you say that I am not a customer here?" Lara was angry.

"Secondly, he's not an employee here, but a VIP in our restaurant! That's why I can't fire him!" Zelda glanced at Chuck as she spoke.

Chuck was a little surprised.

Yvette's expression changed, a hint of astonishment appearing on her pretty face! She couldn't help but gawk at Chuck, and she was even more surprised by him!

It was because she suddenly realized that Chuck was so calm. If he encountered such a situation previously, he would have panicked and tried to look for help from others pleadingly. But, today was different. It seemed that he had changed... He was weirdly confident.

"What's going on?"

Lara widened her eyes and tried to cover up her shock, "Do you think I will believe it? People like him, a VIP of your restaurant? Do you really think that I don't know the standard for VIPs in your restaurant? If you don't spend hundreds of thousands of dollars, you would never get the title of VIP. If he is your VIP, then your restaurant is not as high-end as I thought, maybe even low-end!

Because if a garbage like this can become a VIP of this restaurant, it means that you have abandoned the word high-end."

Conrad chuckled slyly. She's just adding oil to the fire. Why didn't she fire Chuck earlier? What's there to pretend?

"You're right. The VIP room needs a large sum of money, but this gentleman is my friend. As my friend, can't he be a VIP?" Zelda's expression did not change, and her tone was still so indifferent.

Conrad was surprised that Chuck was Zelda's friend. After all, his father was a interior designer who did many high-end restaurants such as the one owned by Zelda. How could such a person think that Chuck was a friend? Conrad found it incredibly impossible!

Yvette was surprised. She didn't expect that Chuck's words were true. He really came here for dinner, so was she jumping to conclusions?

She examined Chuck once again, her eyes scanning his expression carefully. For some unknown reason, she felt that he had suddenly changed. That confidence that he had was something she had never seen before. Chuck was changing...

"Friends?"

Lara frowned and glanced at Chuck. "You know such a friend? Look at his cheap clothes. Don't you



think it's a disgrace to know such a person?"

"I don't think so." Zelda glanced at Lara.

Lara was so angry that she clenched her teeth in frustration. How could it be possible? She didn't even know such a rich person, so how would Chuck know her? Lara was envious! After all, Zelda's politeness to Chuck obviously genuine! He really knew such a rich person!

Lara was going crazy!

"So this gentleman is a VIP, he doesn't need a booking. How can I fire a VIP?" Zelda looked at Yvette, but her last sentence was actually directed towards Lara. Lara's face turned red. She felt so embarrassed today!

Yvette was silent. "Well then, how do you two know each other?"

## Chapter 17

Hearing Yvette Jordan's question, Zelda Maine rolled her eyes and looked at Chuck Cannon calmly. She found he was a little nervous and was puzzled.

Why was he nervous? He was driving a car worth more than two million dollars, did he still want to keep a low profile?

Despite knowing, she helped him cover-up, "I can't answer that. Anyway, this gentleman is a nice person. I will definitely make friends with him."

Chuck heaved a sigh of relief.

"A nice person?"

Yvette glanced at Chuck inadvertently. She had known him for so many years, but she had never felt that he was good. However, his calmness today really surprised Yvette. Maybe he was really changing.

"Why didn't you take notice of this gentleman?" Zelda asked curiously.

Yvette shook her head and walked out without saying a word.

Zelda thought of something and immediately called out, "Miss, my staff said that you have been waiting for someone for a long time. You'd better ask him if he will come. It's not a good idea to continue

18:10 ■

waiting like this."

Yvette stopped and said, "I'll wait!"

After that, she went out!

Lara Jean and Conrad Lee were confused. Who was their teacher waiting for?

Yvette sat down again and took out her mobile phone. Seeing that the "baller" hadn't returned her message on WeChat, her face darkened. She just wanted to treat him a meal to thank him. Why didn't he show up?

Why weren't you replying to me?

.....

Zelda shook her head slightly. She could tell that Yvette dressed up deliberately. Was it a date? Did the man skip the appointment?

She rolled her eyes and suddenly noticed that Chuck was acting weirdly, his eyes glued to the leading figure of the woman just now. Was the lady just now waiting for him?

Zelda raised an eyebrow at Chuck questioningly.

Chuck coughed and his expression returned to normal.

Zelda's lips twitched as she realized the truth. She was really waiting for him, but why didn't he go meet her then?

"Do you have anything else to say?" Zelda asked

Lara Jean.

"Is he really your friend?" Lara asked cautiously. How did Chuck manage to befriend someone so amazing? She was really envious.

"Yes." Zelda was serious.

Chuck felt strange. He was really surprised that Zelda would come in, even going as far as to defend him. After all, the two of them had only met when they parked the car. Their meeting could only be considered a fleeting moment, they couldn't possibly be friends like this.

"Since I'm his friend, can you give me a VIP title?" Lara said expectantly. If she had a VIP title from Modern Restaurant, it would be so glorious for her at university.

"You are his friend?" Zelda smiled sarcastically. "You are his friend yet you sneered at him just now?"

"It's not sarcasm at all if it's true. I mean, look at his clothes, you can tell that he is a waiter." Lara was dissatisfied.

"A waiter?" Zelda was amused at Lara's absurd logic. A man driving a car of more than two million dollars was a waiter? What was this woman thinking?

"Although he is not a waiter here, he could be a waiter somewhere else too! He is just lucky to have met a friend like you, otherwise, how can he have

the right to speak here?" Lara continued to pick on Chuck mercilessly.

"Miss, do you know that he drives..." Zelda couldn't bear to listen any longer and started to stay. She stopped suddenly when Chuck rushed over and signaled for her to stop.

"He drives what?" Lara asked disdainfully.

Zelda shook her head and said it's nothing. Lara continued to beg shamelessly. "Can't you give me a VIP title?"

"No!" Zelda refused at once.

"Don't pretend. Since you can give VIP titles to people like him, why can't you give it to me? I won't come to your restaurant again! What's so great about it?" Lara snorted in annoyance and dragged Conrad out of the room.

Zelda's eyebrows knitted tightly as her tone suddenly dropped. "What did you say?"

"I said that since a person like him has a VIP title, why can't I have it? Aren't I be a hundred times better than him?" Lara was stubborn!

"Your mouth is a hundred times fouler than his, isn't it?" Zelda said.

"You..." Lara was angry. Was she trying to say she had a foul mouth?

"Oh, I know. Don't tell me you're actually Chuck's mistress, aren't you? That's why you've been

helping him all this while, he's your gigolo boy. No wonder a loser like him has a VIP title! Turns out you two are lovers, but don't you feel that you rich bastards have bad taste?" Lara said scornfully. Once he heard her words, Conrad knew that she shouldn't have said that. After all, she was speaking to the owner of Modern Restaurant!

Conrad secretly nudged Lara.

"Stop pulling me!" Lara smirked condescendingly, "I must be right!"

"That's enough, Lara!" Chuck said coldly. Chuck didn't want to pay attention to her just now, but she actually had the audacity to mess with the boss?

Slap!

Zelda raised her hand and slapped Lara. "Why are you such a b\*tch?"

Chuck was stunned. This woman... was really fierce!

Lara had been spoiled since she was a child and had never been beaten before, what more to be slapped. The pain that she felt on her face induced a sense of shame within her and she cried out wrongfully, "Why did you hit me?"

"Because you're a b\*tch!" Zelda's look was as cold as an ice queen. For a moment, her demeanor as a boss had crushed Lara's self-pity and sense of superiority to the ground.

"Conrad, did you see that? She hit me, she hit me. Come on, hit her!" Lara took Conrad's hand and pouted.

"Lara, let's go." Conrad tried to pull Lara away. His father's small company was counting on such big bosses like Zelda. HE would never have the guts to offend her!

"What do you mean 'go'? Don't you see your poor girlfriend being slapped? Why are you so timid? Help me get back at her!" Lara was so furious that she threw a temper at Conrad.

"Are you leaving or not?" Conrad glared at Lara.

"No!" Lara sat down directly in an effort to make Conrad stay!

"Who asked you to be so bitchy? She is a big boss, how dare you talk about her like that? Do you want to ruin your father's business? Be careful, she'll definitely take her revenge on you," Conrad said cruelly.

"I'm not leaving!"

"Okay, I'll go if you don't!" Conrad loosened his grip and walked out after apologizing to Zelda. He didn't want to offend her.

If this went on, his father's company would be jeopardized if Zelda had her eyes on him.

Lara was dumbfounded. She did not expect Conrad to really leave.

The great sense of shame caused Lara to burst into tears. "Conrad, you are a good-for-nothing! Break up, break up!"

After clearing her head, Lara stood up and also realized that Conrad's words were reasonable. The boss of Modern Restaurant should be wealthy. She must have millions in assets, and Lara's family could not afford to provoke her. What if she spent hundreds of thousands of dollars to find someone to deal with her?

After all, she had heard of such news before.

The more she thought about it, the more scared she became. Tears rolled down her cheeks and she cried out to Zelda, "I'm sorry, I'm sorry..."

"I'm pretty sure you're looking for hell!" Zelda's eyes were as cold as the depths of Antarctica, and they stared deep into Lara's soul.

This was a kind of gaze that was full of the power of someone who had survived in the cruel business world, which made Lara cry even harder. "I'm sorry, I was a b\*tch just now. Everything is my fault, please don't come after me..."

Seeing Zelda's cold expression, Lara came over to plead Chuck, "Chuck, you are her friend. Can you speak up for me? I know I was wrong, I really am."

Chuck wanted nothing to do with this. After all, Zelda was such a powerful boss with both a fearful temper and a limited fuse. Lara was already lucky



that Zelda didn't take out her phone to call someone out.

"Chuck, say something. After all, I am your classmate. Please help me." Lara tugged on Chuck's sleeve.

"Lara, how can I help you?" Chuck shrugged.

"You're just taking revenge on me. You could just say a word but you're not!" Lara started to make a scene.

Chuck had no choice but to ignore her. He had already met Yvette and his purpose was achieved. He could pay the bill and go back. He said, "Thank you, Director Maine."

"Call me Zelda." Zelda's expression softened.

"This is inappropriate, isn't it?" Chuck hurriedly shook his head. She was a boss with status, so it was certainly not appropriate to call her directly. He could only add, "Why don't I call you Sister Zelda?"

"That's fine!" Zelda smiled.

Lara saw it and hurried over. "I'm sorry, Director of Maine, I'm sorry..."

Zelda expression immediately darkened. If she had followed her previous temper, Lara would have already been sent to the hospital. How dare she say this to her! If her father heard this, Lara would be much more miserable!

"Chuck, please put in a good word for me, okay?"

Lara grabbed Chuck and pleaded with him, but Chuck just shook his head. This was not something he could have a say in. He just wanted to laugh. How could he help?

As Zelda's expression continued to darken like rainclouds, Lara's heart sank. She gritted her teeth and begged, "Chuck, why are you such a jerk? Do you really want me to beg you with tears? Well, if you put in a good word for me, I'll leave with you tonight. Is this enough?"

## Chapter 18

Chuck Cannon was surprised by Lara Jean's words. She had always been dismissive of him.

The only reason why Lara was willing to lend money to Chuck was because she had made an agreement with him for him to pay her back double if he couldn't pay up on time. Despite it being an extremely ruthless deal, the truth was without this condition, she would never have agreed to lend Chuck Cannon any money even if he begged her to.

Was it not possible for Lara who looked down on him to say something like that?

Chuck looked at Lara doubtfully.

Lara was also nervous and even felt ashamed.

Lara was already furious that Conrad Lee had left her alone. She suddenly found that her boyfriend was a wimp, not willing to even stand up for his girlfriend when she is hurt. Compared to Chuck, Conrad was as timid as a mouse!

Just like this, Lara suddenly found that if Chuck could know a boss like Zelda Maine, he probably had hidden talent. In addition, she was really scared just now, so she really needed Chuck to put in a good word for her to Zelda. Moreover, when she seduced Chuck just now, he had seen most of her body. So Lara gave herself an excuse that she

was reluctantly giving him some benefit.

Zelda rolled her beautiful eyes and smiled.

"Say something!"

Lara's face was burning with shame. She thought Chuck was doing it on purpose, what type of men wouldn't gobble a pretty lady if offered to them willingly? She knew it too well, the reason why he didn't speak was to embarrass her. Did she want to make her say it more straightforwardly?

The more Lara thought about it, the angrier she became. "I will have sex with you, do you understand? As long as you can put in a good word for me, my body is yours to play with tonight!"

Chuck wanted to laugh just now. He never thought that Lara would say such sexually explicit words, to offer to have sex with him so that he would put in a good word for her.

The main point was that Zelda was extremely mad at the moment, and Chuck didn't actually know her for long.

Maybe, Zelda would do him a favor and let her off the hook, but this would break the newly made friendship between the two. They would probably become less acquainted and slowly become strangers, and it just wasn't worth it.

Chuck shook his head helplessly. "You can talk about it yourself. I can't help you."

"You!" Lara was angry. "You are really a loser. Go to hell!"

Lara was furious but at the same time fearful towards Zelda, pleading to her in a small, timid voice, "Director Maine, I really know I was wrong. I won't say that again."

Chuck felt helpless upon seeing Lara's teary-eyed face. After all, he had borrowed money from her last time. Although it was over the top, she had temporarily solved his meal problems. It was better to say a few words.

Chuck started, "Sister Zelda..."

"You don't have to say anything else. Since you've already spoken, let's forget about it this time," Zelda said.

"Thank you, Director of Maine!"

Lara was so surprised that she almost cried. She was relieved. If a rich person like Zelda decided to keep a watch on her, she might not be able to live out her university life peacefully.

"You should thank him, not me," said Zelda coldly.

Lara looked towards Chuck and gaped in awkwardness. She thought that he wouldn't have said anything for her, but he actually did. It was complicated for her, as she felt both ashamed of herself and also surprised.

She whispered, "Thank you... thank you. I'll call you

later."

Lara ran out with a red face.

Chuck on the other hand hoped that he would never receive her call.

Zelda smiled. "I still don't know your name."

"Chuck Cannon."

"Chuck Cannon?" Zelda was surprised. She had never heard of this name, which meant that he wasn't in the upper class that she knew. Who were Chuck's parents? She was curious.

"Then I'll just call you by your name in the future," Zelda announced after a brief moment.

"Sure."

The two of them then added each other on WeChat. Zelda's beautiful eyes twinkled as she changed the topic. "Wasn't that beautiful woman waiting for you?"

Chuck nodded. He had already noticed just now that this clever woman had seen through him.

"Then why don't you go meet her?" Zelda asked curiously.

"It's complicated." Chuck sighed. He didn't want to say that Yvette Jordan was his child bride.

"Well, I need to go now, enjoy yourself."

Chuck nodded. He was also ready to pay the bill,

so the two of them came out together. Chuck saw that Yvette Jordan who was well dressed, was still waiting. He had no choice but to go outside.

When they were paying the bill at the counter, Zelda offered to treat Chuck for the meal. However, Chuck shook his head and declined her offer politely. He said that it was not right for her to treat him to a meal when they had just known each other. After all, this was Zelda's business.

Chuck surprised Zelda even further with his polite speech and nice attitude. Who were his parents? He was young and knew how to handle affairs. In the future, he was bound to have greater achievements!

She was thinking about whether she should invite him to the party the day after tomorrow? Let's wait and see, Zelda thought.

"Sister Zelda, I'll go back first then," Chuck said.

"Okay."

Chuck walked out.

Zelda glanced at Yvette, who was in a daze. Then, she beckoned the staff to come over and ordered the staff to make a steak in the kitchen. Soon, the staff came over with the cooked steak. Zelda took it and placed it in front of Yvette.

Yvette came to her senses, shook her head and said, "I haven't ordered anything yet."

18:11 ■

"Someone treated you!" Zelda said.

"A treat? Could it be..." Yvette was pleasantly surprised. He's here?

She looked around but did not see the person she had imagined. She asked, "Where is this person?"

"You've seen him in the VIP room just now."

Yvette was stunned. So this was a treat from Chuck? Where did he get so much money? This cost more than 800 dollars.

"Is he using a credit card?" Yvette asked carefully.

"A credit card? He doesn't need a credit card."

Yvette understood. She did not know why or how Chuck befriended Zelda. Since they were friends, how could Zelda charge him for this steak?

"He's not as simple as you think!" Zelda said.

"Really?" Yvette shook her head. Apart from making Yvette feel a little surprised today, she didn't think Chuck was not as 'simple' as she thought. He had always been simple.

"Yes." Zelda nodded and turned to leave.

Yvette was silent. She lowered her head and just continued staring at the steak, not attempting to take a bite out of it. She was determined to wait for the "baller" today...

However, this restaurant was about to close at ten o'clock, so she had no choice but to pay the bill



and leave disappointedly. She drove back without eating anything. After she went back, she stared at her prettily dressed up self in the mirror and felt wronged. She took out her mobile phone and looked at her WeChat. After some hesitation, she decided to have a video chat with the baller.

She clicked "call", but the other party immediately refused.

Yvette was still slightly taken aback, at least the "baller" was still there, but why was he always ignoring her? The "baller" had transferred 200,000 dollars to her a few days ago, but now he was ignoring her again. The huge difference made her anxious. Did she do something wrong?

Yvette pondered silently. After thinking about it for a long time, she sent a message on WeChat, "Baller, did I do something wrong?"

.....

Chuck had already driven back and was staring at Yvette's WeChat message on the large sofa, thinking of what to reply. What should he say? After thinking for a long time, he could only reply, "You did nothing wrong. I just don't want to see anyone today."

Yvette immediately replied, "Alright, let's talk about it tomorrow."

Yvette was a little surprised to his the message since he was replying to her. She lay on the bed

and started imagining, what would this generous man that was willing to give her 200,000 dollars look like?

.....

Chuck did not reply and put down his mobile phone. He was just about to take a bath and go to bed when his mobile phone rang. He looked at it and was wide-eyed. Why was Lara still calling him?

Did she still want to trick him?

Chuck didn't pick it up and let the phone ring on its own. But after a minute, Lara called again. Chuck could only pick it up. "What do you want?"

"Chuck, I don't owe others a favor. I said that I will sleep with you today, so I will sleep with you. Come out and get a room. I don't mind." Lara had hesitated and was conflicted for a few hours, but eventually, she still called him. She didn't want him to look down upon her. She had to do what she said.

"There's no need." Chuck quickly replied. He'd better not provoke someone like Lara.

"Chuck, stop pretending! I remember when I bent down in the classroom last time, I found you looking at my chest. How dare you say that you don't want to sleep with me?" Lara was angry. But before she could finish her sentence, Chuck had hung up the phone.

Lara was so mad that she called him again. Instead,

she found that she had been blacklisted by Chuck. She scolded furiously. "What a loser, not even taking up the chance graciously although I offered. You deserve to use your hands for the rest of your life! I did what I said, but it's you who didn't accept the offer. Don't blame me."

Lara muttered angrily, and then walked into the girl's dormitory. She was feeling a bit strange regarding this. Why was Chuck acting differently now?

## Chapter 19

Chuck Cannon was still indulging in his satisfaction after he blocked Lara Jean's number. This was something the old Chuck couldn't bring himself to do. Now that he was financially stable, he felt like he had choices.

He needed to go to the car management office to apply for his car plate permits tomorrow, but judging that his car had been scratched by Queenie Carson not long ago, he still had to contact Charlotte Yates, the salesperson responsible for it. Chuck sent her a text about his inquiry immediately.

Charlotte replied almost instantly, "Mr. Cannon, please send your car to our center and we'll have a look at it."

Since Chuck was the person that made her the target of envy at work on the first day she started this job, she had a strong impression of Chuck from the very start. It could even be said that she was constantly waiting for Chuck to send her a message.

"How much?" Chuck asked.

"Approximately twenty thousand dollars."

"No problem. I'll come either tomorrow or the day after tomorrow," Chuck replied.

"Okay."

Chuck put down his phone, took a shower, and went to bed. The next morning, he brought the car to the 4S Automobile Store to be serviced by Charlotte. It was just a minor scratch, but it would still take some time. He definitely couldn't use the car today anymore, so he had to wait until tomorrow. Chuck parked the car properly and was about to leave.

"Sir, why don't I give you a ride?" Charlotte said sincerely.

Being professional and attentive to an important client could reap benefits far and wide. Her manager had been preaching hard about this constantly, telling her that she should attend to Chuck's needs no matter what it was. Charlotte kept those words in her heart.

"It's okay, thank you for the offer." Chuck shook his head politely with a smile and walked to the roadside to hail a taxi.

Charlotte felt a little discouraged. She even dolled up herself, hoping that he would notice. Since this did not work, she promptly urged the mechanic to fix his car by today. She was determined to give Chuck a surprise.

However, as soon as she turned around, she received a phone call, her cousin's name seen on the display. Charlotte picked up the phone, "Hello, Lara Jean..."

"Cousin, could you lend me some money?"

Lara still had six thousand dollars of debt weighing her down. Her cousin was her last hope. She knew that her cousin just started her job recently, but she really had no other alternatives.

"Okay, how much do you need?" Charlotte wasted no time in answering her cousin's prayers. After all, she earned some handsome commission from the sales of the car to Chuck.

"Wow, cousin, did you make a lot of money?" Lara detected the ease in her voice and was envious.

"No, I just managed to sell a car a few days ago." Charlotte laughed as she explained.

"Is it a very expensive car?"

"Yes, it's very expensive."

"Is the buyer a bald middle-aged man?" Lara giggled. To her, she always thought that only those guys were able to afford expensive cars.

"No, he's very young. He seems to be a student." Charlotte looked into the distance where Chuck had left and a grin appeared on her face. He really gave her a deep impression!

"Wow, a student? He might be from a wealthy family. How does he look like?" Lara asked curiously.

"As the saying goes, clothes make the man. He did not wear anything fancy but you can feel his

charisma seeping through the clothes. He would look handsome if he had shorter hair." Charlotte recalled the day she first met Chuck. Even now, it was still hard for her to believe that he could afford such an expensive car.

"Really? Can you introduce him to me?" Lara's voice lighted up with anticipation instantly. She had just broken up with Conrad Lee and was looking for a rich kid as his replacement. Her cousin Charlotte must have the guy's WeChat contact right? With her alluring figure, she had confidence in herself to lure in this wealthy young man.

"Well, this..." Charlotte hesitated. To be honest, who wouldn't like a rich and young man? Otherwise, she wouldn't have wasted time to dress up today.

"Oh, cousin, just give me his contact." Lara pleaded like a spoiled child.

Charlotte was left with no choice and conceded, "I can give you his contact, but promise me not to harass him okay!"

"Got it. Send it to me as soon as possible."

"Alright, by the way, how much do you want to borrow? I'll transfer it to you now."

"Six thousand dollars!"

"What? Six thousand dollars? What do you need so much money for?"

"It's all because of this one jerk, but I really don't want to bring this up right now. Cousin, please send me the rich guy's contact soon, and also the money too."

"Alright."

Charlotte was speechless with Lara but decided to help her.

Lara tapped open his contact's information once she received it, and was amused to find out that his nickname was "baller".

Hehe, let's see if you are the real deal.

Lara immediately sent him a friend request.

Chuck was on his phone in the car after reaching home when he received a friend request. He opened the request on reflex and was stunned to discover that it was Lara.

He was shocked, what was going on exactly?

This was a very private account that he only used to get contact two people, which was Yvette Jordan and Charlotte Yates. No one should be able to find his account so easily, unless..

When his eyes fell on the description on the friend request, he chuckled. Apparently, she was Charlotte's cousin! His finger was already moving to reject her friend request when he stopped. Hold on, this was an unexpected opportunity to get revenge on her!



Chuck accepted the friend request.

Almost immediately, Lara sent a shy face emoji to him. "Hi, baller."

Chuck, not knowing what to reply, just sent her a smiley face.

"Baller, my cousin told me that you are a student, I'm also a student, any chance that we are from the same school?" She wrote, followed by another two shy-face emojis.

Chuck was amused. "Maybe."

"If it's true, then we are destined to meet, baller. Are you free this afternoon? Let me treat you to afternoon tea," Lara tried to ask Chuck out. She had already decided to wear the sexiest and most revealing outfit from her wardrobe in order to win him over.

"I'm not free this afternoon." Chuck declined her invitation.

"Is that so? Alright then." Lara was let down, but she did not prepare to give up yet. He probably only rejected her invitation because he must have no idea that she had a killer body figure. In that case, Lara took a selfie that showed her cleavage generously and sent it to him.

She added the same shy face emoji again and typed, "Hey baller, do you think I look good in this outfit?"

Chuck snorted in glee. He tapped on the revealing photo and zoomed in, thinking to himself that she really had a big rack. If Lara knew the person who she was trying to seduce was Chuck, she would probably break down.

"Not bad," Chuck kept his reply short.

"Okay then, this will be my outfit for today," Lara chuckled to herself. Men are really easy to entice, she knew that she just had to put in some effort to get what she wanted.

Then, she decided to stop the conversation there. Like a fisherman, she was trying to reel Chuck in, and now she just had to wait for him to send her messages.

Unbeknownst to her, Chuck was not falling for her strategy. He placed the phone back into his pocket and went to the mall to purchase some clothes. He did not return to his school, as he really needed to get new fresh garments for himself. He took a car to the most luxurious shopping mall in town. Back then, he never had the chance to shop here since the clothes here had skyrocketing prices and he didn't have the ability to buy any.

But things were different now, he had all the money he needed for almost anything!

Chuck strode into the place confidently. He was looking for casual outfits instead of sports attires such as Nike branded clothes. The salesperson judged him by how poorly his outfits were and

didn't bother to attend to him. Yet, Chuck was not bothered by this at all. He started choosing what he wanted and then paid for them directly. After spending almost a hundred thousand dollars on clothes and shoes, he was finally looking brand new.

Chuck studied himself in the mirror satisfyingly, looking almost unrecognizable after wearing these outfits. The clothes he was wearing were not fancy in the slightest bit but they were expensive for a reason. They made him look like as if he had high social status, and he never thought that one day he would be able to exude this kind of aura.

"Sir, you look amazing in this outfit!" A shop assistant there was in awe of Chuck's look and couldn't stop flattering him.

Chuck did not entertain her but instead walked straight out of the shop. He desperately needed some grooming for his hair, so he immediately headed to the district's most expensive barber shop for a haircut.

Chuck marched confidently into the barbers in his new attire and instantly caught the attention of several hairstylists. They all studied him closely and came to the conclusion that he was really good-looking. It would be icing on the cake if he sported a stylish hairstyle. The female assistant hurried over to welcome him, "Hi, are you getting a haircut?"

18:11 ■

"Yes."

"This way please."

Chuck followed her to get a hair wash. After that, the female assistant introduced to him several packages available there, such as executive hairstylist or director hairstylist. He was spoiled with choices. The pricing was not a concern for Chuck though, so he chose the most expensive one, and was brought to the director's room.

A while later, a stylish and pretty hairstylist appeared in front of Chuck, giving him a surprise. He was amazed that such a pretty female hairstylist existed. In his memories barber shops were always full of old men. Looking at her, he was admittedly blown away by her beauty.

"What can I do for you, sir?" asked the female hairstylist.

"Make me look more handsome please," Chuck responded.

"No problem." The beautiful hairstylist immediately started designing and giving him a suitable makeover. She could see that he was very wealthy just by the clothes that he wore. Those clothes definitely costed a bomb. She must serve him well!

Half an hour later, the female hairstylist asked with a smile on her face, "Sir, what do you think about this hair cut?"

Chuck was perplexed at his new look. Who is this

18:11 ■

person in the mirror? He wondered what Yvette would think if she saw him like this.

## Chapter 20

When Chuck Cannon was done paying the bills and was exiting the barbershop, the pretty hairstylist asked for his contact and urged him to come again the next time he decided to groom his hair again.

Chuck was actually quite impressed with her work. This hair cut really suited him and complimented his already dazzling look. He looked brand-new and this fact was still hard to register in his head. Who knew that he could be this good-looking!

When he was walking on the streets, he noticed many people were turning their heads in his direction.

All the pretty ladies who walked past Chuck couldn't help but look twice at him. He stood out because of his charisma despite looking normal. Coupled with the fresh hair cut, his already handsome face was even more attractive.

For the first time, he was turning heads. He felt odd and a little nervous at the same time. After all, people were looking at him in a new light. But as he put one foot in front of the other his confidence rose steadily and looked more at ease.

From now on, everything was going to change for the better.

Chuck wolfed down a bowl of noodles at a random restaurant and then left to the university by car.

.....

Lara Jean meanwhile was busy capturing photos in the classroom to try to seduce the baller later tonight. She chose the best-looking one for their conversation later.

Queenie Carson was quite depressed. She was still waiting for the car owner's call. Why hadn't she heard from him? She had been waiting anxiously for a few days, and she really wanted to talk to him. She sighed and decided to discuss it with Chuck later. She felt like she was on the verge of breaking down if this situation persisted.

There was the sound of high heels clicking outside of the classroom, and suddenly the noisy classroom became quiet. Yvette Jordan, their teacher was approaching and it was time for class to start.

"Ah, why is Chuck absent again today?" Queenie could not help but worry when she saw that the seat next to her was empty again.

"That jerk isn't coming anymore, he is totally different now, since he just hooked up with..." Lara was still browsing through her photos while throwing a jab at Chuck sarcastically.

Last night there must have been something wrong with her to actually call up Chuck for those reasons. Thinking back on it now, she couldn't picture how would she feel if Chuck really took the bait and went for her. She would definitely feel

sickened by that.

Fortunately, Chuck did not accept her invitation.

"Who is Chuck hooking up with?" A classmate asked.

A wave of panic swept over Lara. She was glad that she kept her mouth shut just in time. If she had blurted out Zelda Maine's name like this, the consequences would be severe.

She stopped talking and threw a cold glance at her classmate, before turning back to continue working on her own matters.

"Yeah, I think he most probably hooked up with a rich woman."

"Haha, I didn't think he's the rich woman's type. They usually look for attractive, handsome guys; he is not even in my league yet. It's hard to imagine that any rich woman would want him."

"You can't really blame him for not showing up, I heard that he suddenly had a windfall. He is probably spending that ridiculous sum of money in some high-end places as we talk."

"Haha ..."

The whole class burst into sarcastic laughter.

Queenie was the only one who was not laughing, her face reddening at those comments. Following the sound of the incessant laughter, Yvette walked into the classroom in a strict manner and put down



the textbooks.

She glanced at Chuck's empty seat and frowned. What's going on? Did he really get ahead of himself just because of hooking up with a restaurant owner? Even going as far as skipping class?

"Everyone, let's start the class." Yvette signaled the class to get ready. She decided against waiting for Chuck to arrive since it was not the first time he skipped class.

All of a sudden, she saw a figure of a guy panting breathlessly at the door from the corner of her eye. "I'm sorry, I'm late..."

Everybody in the class recognized this voice instantly. They all looked at the door and was ready to pick on the person, but they froze when they saw Chuck's transformation.

Who was this? Chuck Cannon?

"Is this f\*cking Chuck? Are you kidding me?" One of the students was the first to exclaim.

"It's really Chuck! What's going on?" Another student's eyes widened.

"It's really him. Where did he get his hair cut? It sure looks good on him. His clothes are from CK, right? I'm pretty sure it costs at least a few thousand dollars."

"I bet it's fake goods, it's impossible that he can afford those!"

"True, not everybody can afford clothes from CK. But it's true that this guy looks like a completely different person, the fake clothes look like the true thing on him. This is unexpected!"

"What do you mean they look like the true thing? Anybody would look that good if they were dressed like him, the only difference is that he has a new hair cut. I'll ask him about it later, let's go get a hair cut at the same place next time."

"You are right, he only looks good because of his hair cut! I'm sure it's all the work of his hairstylist, nothing to do with him."

In a few seconds, the whole class was talking about him, some were amazed but some were bitter.

For a while, the class was as noisy as a market, sounds of classmates chattering away in bewilderment could be heard everywhere.

Lara was stunned by Chuck's appearance. She always thought that he was nothing but a loser. Even if he hooked up with Zelda, her opinions stayed the same.

But now, Lara didn't think so, Chuck's appearance today really blew her away. That crisp hair cut brought out her already excellent features, complementing his simple but classy clothes. It was as if he was a completely different person, someone who was full of confidence. He was really eye-catching today, Lara thought to herself.

If he looked like this last night, she wouldn't mind sleeping with him for a night, nor would she feel disgusted either...

What about asking him out tonight again?

At that thought, Lara immediately shook her head. So what if Chuck looks more attractive now? Her target was the baller and not him. Looks are just looks, and she should just focus on seducing the baller.

Although she felt that way, that didn't stop her from stealing glances at Chuck. So people really looked so different after putting in some work on their appearances huh. Lara really hoped that the baller looked as good-looking as Chuck as well. If so, she would be in for a fancy treat!

Lara was on cloud nine just imagining that if she was with someone who was rich and handsome at the same time. It was a pity though, how could Chuck have anything to do with the baller?

Queenie's heart was beating very fast.

She was awe-struck by how handsome Chuck was. "Handsome" was the first word that came to her mind when she saw him. She recalled the feeling of nervousness when she and Chuck secretly slept in the owner's house that night. If Chuck had knocked on her door that night, would she have rejected him?

Queenie's heart was in a frenzy. Her heartbeat

seemed uncontrollable, beating faster and faster as she started to panic. What was going on? Why was her heart beating so fast?

Could it be? This was love?

Queenie shook the thought out of her head. Chuck was just her classmate, nothing more...

Yvette's eyes couldn't conceal her astonishment.

The Chuck Cannon of today looked refreshing, and even she was captivated by his looks.

She had known Chuck for too long since they had spent a lot of time together since young. She had always thought of Chuck as somebody ordinary, weak, and lacking in masculinity. Yvette couldn't stand being in the presence of somebody like him.

However, today, although she was not sure whether he was wearing authentic or fake attire, his fashion style, hair cut, and overall charisma had managed to even win her over. Based on her high-standards, Chuck was actually looking quite handsome today!

His eyes shone with a glint of unseen confidence, giving him the masculinity that he lacked all along.

If Chuck had looked like this all this time, by now they would have probably even had a child...

Yvette was consumed in her imagination, and suddenly wished that the baller also looked like this. But it was just wishful thinking, she just

couldn't wait any longer to meet him.

She took a deep breath and said in an unusually soft tone, "It's okay. Don't be late next time. Come in!"

Chuck was surprised at her, she would usually reprimand him harshly if he was late. He was already prepared to face her wrath in front of the whole class.

With the class's eyes on him, he walked casually to his seat, soaking in all the attention. He had already felt the attention when he walked into the university just now, so he felt more at ease.

It was true that improving one's appearance really made a difference.

People really do need a makeover!

Chuck sat on his seat and noticed that Queenie's face was as red as an apple. He asked obliviously, "What's wrong with your face?"

"I'm fine, it's nothing," Queenie shook her head in a hurry. She took a deep breath, reminding herself to stay calm and pushed down her weird thoughts. She couldn't have feelings for him since they were just classmates. Even so, that didn't stop her from breaking into a sweat and hearing her heart pounding loudly. She blushed fiercely as her face turned a bright scarlet. She thought, "Have I really fallen in love with him?"

Please don't!

18:12 ■

Seeing Chuck and Queenie exchanging small talk in the corner of the class, Yvette felt a small prick in her heart and shouted. "Let's start the class!"

## Chapter 21

After class, Yvette Jordan walked out of the classroom with a cold expression on her face.

The whole class breathed a sigh of relief. Yvette was inexplicably unfriendly and stern today during class, so it was really torturing for them. Maybe she was mad at something.

Finally, everybody could relax and their gaze fell unknowingly at Chuck Cannon's brand new look once again. Even if Chuck was wearing imitation attire, that still didn't make sense with the fact that he just stumbled upon two thousand dollars. That meager amount was not enough for his expensive clothes.

They were confused, but when they saw Chuck becoming the focus of the class, many male students were jealous.

"Wow! Lara, why are you taking such sexy selfies?" A female classmate was surprised. Lara Jean glared at her. She was preparing to send a photo to the baller, so the photo had to be sexy in order to capture his attention.

But she didn't expect it to be seen by her desk mate.

"What's wrong with sending this to my boyfriend?" Lara was annoyed. She took her bag and walked out of the classroom while sending off the photo.

Her desk mate could only scoff at her.

Meanwhile, Chuck who had already silenced his phone received a photo from someone. He took out his phone and checked: it was indeed a sexy photo of Lara. She even sent a message to him informing him that her class had ended, and she wanted to invite him out for steamboat or something like that.

He shook his head disapprovingly. Is Lara's head just full of thoughts of trying to hook up with rich men and nothing else?

At the same time, he also received a message from Charlotte Yates, informing him that his car has been fixed and he could retrieve it once he was free. Chuck was slightly startled at the efficiency of her service.

He stood up with a smile spreading widely on his face. Since his classes had ended for the day, he could go get his car back now.

"Where are you going, Chuck?" Queenie Carson had a blush on her face for the whole class. For the first time, she found it a bit nerve-wracking when she talked to him.

"I'm going home now." Chuck could not possibly tell her that he was going to get his car back.

"Okay, be careful on the way. I'm going to my part-time job now," Queenie said as she picked up her backpack.

"By the way, where is your part-time job now? I'll



go visit you when I'm free." Chuck grinned.

"What? No, you can't." Queenie shook her head furiously. The restaurant she worked part-time at was a luxurious one. She wouldn't want to see Chuck spending unnecessarily on this besides, and she also wanted to keep her workplace a secret from him.

"I can't talk now, I'll leave first!" She quickly tried to leave. However, a thought formed in her mind and she turned back abruptly, a solemn tone forming in her voice. "Chuck, the owner of the car hasn't called me yet."

Chuck didn't know whether to laugh or cry at her remark; Queenie was just too persistent. He could only say, "The car owner probably just doesn't want to trouble you, so don't worry."

"Yes, but as long as he calls me, I will make sure to fulfill my responsibility," Queenie said seriously and waved at him. "See you tomorrow."

"Well, see you tomorrow." Chuck smiled.

Chuck exited the classroom following Queenie, his phone ringing constantly from all the WeChat messages sent from Lara. She kept on bombarding him with silly questions such as what was he doing, was he bored, and more. She kept asking him out but Chuck didn't want to entertain her, so he just told her he was busy.

A few moments later, Lara replied with several

pitiful-face emojis.

Chuck was determined to stop this conversation, but as soon as he placed his phone back in his pocket, the phone rang again. Slightly annoyed, Chuck checked took a look, and was shocked at the caller's name. It was from Zelda Maine. They exchanged numbers yesterday.

But why was she calling him?

He hesitated for a moment and answered the phone, addressing her as Sister Zelda the moment the call connected.

Zelda's voice could be heard from the phone. "Well, are you at school?"

"Yes, I am just about to go home," Chuck said.

"I just happened to be near a university and I want to check if it's the one you're attending. What's the name of your university?"

"Design College."

"Such a coincidence. Wait for me for a while, I need to tell you something."

"Okay."

Chuck was surprised at the turn of events after he ended the call. What did Zelda want to tell him?

He shook his head and walked to the school gate. However, he saw Yvette busy picking things up from the floor in the parking lot. She had seemingly

dropped her stuff because her hands were full.

Chuck paused for a moment and then went over to help. He lowered himself and started picking her things up.

"You don't have to help me!"

Yvette threw Chuck a cold look. He had no choice but to pick up her things quickly, then turned around to leave. He didn't want to make a fool out of himself.

Yvette's anger boiled over when she saw him leaving. "Hey!"

"What's wrong?" Chuck turned around in confusion.

"Why were you talking so much during class just now?" Yvette couldn't control her anger. She was referring to Chuck and Queenie's constant chit-chat in the class, but she held back her anger and didn't say anything at that time.

"I'm sorry." Chuck was embarrassed. He thought that he was being quiet enough.

"Remember, the exams aren't far away. You have to attend every class! Do you think that the fact that you know Zelda grants you the right to skip class?" Yvette remarked coldly.

Chuck sighed. There were really several things he needed to tend to these few days, which was why he didn't attend class. He also hadn't managed to

clean out the house that he bought from Yvette yet. He planned to quickly clean it up and rent it out as soon as possible.

But he was busy.

Seeing as Chuck was silent and did not retort her, Yvette frowned and her eyebrows furrowed deeper, "There's nothing wrong with knowing Zelda, but you have to be worthy of the friendship, only then she will see the worth in the relationship. If you are not capable enough, nothing will change alright? If you don't study hard, how will you expect to become a better person?"

"You are right." Chuck nodded. Yvette was right. If he was not worthy enough, even if somebody wanted to give him a hand, he wouldn't be able to give back what he previously had. But things were different now, he did have the capability now!

Yvette's expression softened.

"Wifey... Yvette, how's the situation with your company now?" Chuck tried to change the topic hurriedly.

Yvette glanced at Chuck but did not say anything since she had no intention to talk about this. Recently, she had been going to the training company to look for customers. This was overwhelming for her, so she decided to invest the money she made from the sales of her house and hire some good mentors to handle the promotion and public relations of the company.

"Do you need any help?" Chuck asked carefully.

"No." Yvette shook her head and said, "Please mind your own business. I don't think you can afford these expensive clothes right, did Zelda buy it for you?"

Chuck was speechless. Why would Zelda buy clothes for him? It wasn't even two days since they knew each other. His attire cost a whopping ten thousand dollars.

"No, I bought it myself," Chuck replied.

"Oh, not bad." It was the first time Yvette had praised him. She had no doubt that these were imitation goods, but they did look very authentic indeed.

"Do you want me to send you?" Yvette asked as she opened the car door and put her stuff in.

"It's alright, I have..."

"You have money to take a taxi right?" Yvette shook her head in disappointment. Did knowing Zelda make him arrogant? She couldn't help but frown.

"Well, sort of," Chuck said with a wry smile.

Yvette decided to stop talking. If Chuck had the money, he should save instead of spending carelessly, or elsewhere would he get the means to repay others when they extended him a helping hand?

She went into the car and was about to leave when she suddenly saw a luxurious car to enter the school compound. She was astonished because she saw the person inside the car waving at Chuck. "Hey, here..."

Yvette muttered to herself with a stunned expression on her face, "So someone is coming to pick him up?"

"I have to go now," Chuck said, but Yvette just stared at him, not hearing a thing of what he said. Chuck couldn't do anything but continue walking towards Zelda, whose eyes lit up when she saw his new look. Not bad, she never imagined that Chuck could be such a looker!

This was how a rich kid was supposed to look like! He was more charismatic than any other wealthy youngsters that she had seen before. Zelda couldn't help but glance longer at him, asking. "Why did you dress up today?"

"Didn't Sister Zelda call me? I dressed up for you." Chuck joked.

"Such sweet words!" Zelda laughed as she shook her head. She looked around and couldn't find Chuck's car. Surprised, she asked. "Where's your car?"

"It was sent to the workshop."

"Get in the car then, I have something to tell you," Zelda said. Chuck was puzzled but got in the car

anyways. The moment he opened the car door and got in, he could smell the fragrant aroma from Zelda's car, which was indeed pleasant and calming.

Zelda saw Yvette by chance and was curious. "So she is a teacher."

"Well, she owns a company too."

"That's pretty good." Zelda opened her car door and stepped outside, startling Chuck. "Sister Zelda, what are you doing?"

"I have something to talk to her about." Zelda walked towards Yvette, who was about to enter the car. She stopped at her sudden appearance and asked in a surprised tone, "Director Maine, what's the matter?"

"It's nothing, I just want to ask you something," Zelda smiled politely.

Yvette nodded, "Okay, please go ahead."

In the car, Chuck felt very uneasy. Zelda wouldn't tell her about what she wanted to know since last night right? Precisely at that moment, his phone rang again in his pocket, and Chuck immediately picked up the call without checking who it was. He was taken aback upon hearing his mother's voice from the receiver. "Chucky, the mother is coming back!"

## Chapter 22

Chuck Cannon was bewildered. He had never seen his mother in his entire life, seemingly to be living abroad the first time she called him. He quickly asked her when she was coming back.

"In a few days! I'll come back first, your dad will stay there."

He was teary-eyed and asked her what she was going to do when she came back after being abroad for so many years.

His mother's answer was short and simple. "I'm buying everything!"

Chuck chuckled at this answer. Just what was she planning to buy?

"I have to end the call here, wait for me then," His mother said.

"Will you recognize me?" Chuck was curious. After all, they had never met each other before. To be more accurate, he was the one who had never seen them before.

"Silly child, you are my son. How can I not recognize you? I have to go, see you."

Chuck's mother hung up the phone in a hurry, maybe she was busy.

Chuck was looking forward to it. He couldn't start



to imagine how wealthy his mother was. She had already given him 15 million dollars just a few days ago. What in the world was she going to buy when she came back?

It was beyond his imagination! What if she bought a company? And made him the general manager? Chuck's imagination drifted off further.

At this moment, Zelda Maine was walking back to the car. Her long legs slipped into the seat beside him, and he couldn't help asking what Yvette Jordan and her talked about. He was only worried that Zelda would reveal his secret that he was supposed to be showing up to meet Yvette yesterday. If that was the case, Yvette would have guessed easily that he was the baller.

"Nothing much. Zelda shook her head.

Chuck fidgeted nervously in his seat but there was nothing he could do. As Zelda drove them both out of the university compound, his eyes fell on Yvette who was staring at their car. Strangely, she didn't look angry at all. Perhaps what Zelda had said to her had nothing to do with Chuck at all. As for what did they actually talked about, only God would know.

Still, Yvette seemed to have a complicated expression on her face. He squinted to check, yep, she was feeling a bit complicated indeed.

Chuck urged himself to stop thinking about it.

Unbeknownst to him, Lara Jean had witnessed Chuck getting on and getting driven off in a fancy car. She was blown away and even more envious.

Why does he have so many rich friends? Why didn't she know any?

But fortunately, she knew one recently!

Lara checked her messages expectantly. After seeing the baller's contact, she felt a sense of relief. She curled her lips and raised her phone to take a selfie. She took a photo of her showing a little cleavage and sent it to the baller. In the message, it said, "I'm going out."

Chuck was stupefied by the incoming message. Why was Lara sending sexy photos of herself to him?

"Lara..."

She turned back to see who was calling her and immediately felt nauseous. It was Conrad Lee who abandoned her yesterday. How dare he show his face in front of her?

"How dare you come here?" Lara was furious.

Conrad came to apologize with a bunch of flowers in his hand. "Lara, please don't be angry, I had no choice last night. If my father knew that I offended Zelda, then..."

"Then what? I am your girlfriend, when I was hit you didn't even defend me! Even Chuck Cannon was

better!" Lara glared at him.

Conrad grimaced at her remark. He didn't know how Chuck befriended Zelda, but no one could deny that Conrad himself was from a wealthy family. His pocket money was in the ten thousands every month. In comparison, what did Chuck have? Conrad felt humiliated at the comparison between him and Chuck.

"How do you know he's better? Did you sleep with him?" Conrad retorted sharply.

"I don't want to talk to you!" Lara turned around and left, annoying Conrad. No wonder Lara was fine today, she must have slept with Chuck last night.

Knowing that he got cheated on by the jerk Chuck, Conrad couldn't contain his anger anymore. If she slept with someone who was way better than him, he would have no qualms, but Chuck? Who the hell did he think he was?

He chased after Lara and grabbed her by the hand.

Lara was already furious about what had happened last night. She raised her hand and slapped Conrad, whose face turned a bright red immediately after. The red palm print looked out of place on his face.

When he heard the laughter of students nearby who were looking at their squabble, he finally exploded. "Lara Jean! How dare you slap me?"

"We've already broken up! Since you're still not over it, what's wrong with me slapping you? Let me be honest with you, I have a new boyfriend now, and he's somebody who owns a two-million-dollar car compared to your disgrace of a car. If you make me angry again, I'll get my boyfriend to ask people to beat you up!" Lara threatened.

Conrad's brows furrowed. "A two-million-dollar car? When did you get together with him?"

"Yesterday!" Lara replied smugly.

Conrad's expression was as dark as a rain cloud upon hearing Lara's words. She had a curvy, sexy figure and appearance, so it was not a surprise she managed to get a rich boyfriend. He always heard that rich people liked to keep pretty university girls as their sugar babies.

But they only got together recently.

"You should beware of him, he'll get rid of you once he's played with you." Conrad's tone was tinged with jealousy. He was just upset at the fact that she was suddenly better than him in the blink of an eye.

"You don't have to worry about this, my boyfriend is super nice to me. Last warning, stop bothering me or my boyfriend will not let you off the hook easily!" Lara was tired of this conversation and hastily called a taxi at the school gate.

Conrad snorted. Well, let's see how good your new boyfriend is!

.....

Zelda stopped the car and got down. Chuck followed suit and was curious, why were they near the vicinity of Yvette's company? Did she really acquire Yvette's company?

That was probably not it. Yvette's training company was in a strategic location, her company on the fifth floor of a plaza with a never-ending crowd. Does that mean that Zelda is intending to open a Modern Restaurant franchise here?

As Chuck continued to ponder, Zelda finally said, "I've been interested in this place for a long time, but there was no vacant shop available previously. I asked the person in charge of the shopping mall and he told me that the training company on the fifth floor was not making a profit lately. Their business was suffering a lot, and coincidentally their rental contract was about to end, I'm pretty sure that the owner of this company is going to close shop soon. I saw this opportunity and hence talked to the person in charge of the mall. I'm preparing to rent that place."

Chuck froze after hearing this. It was true that Yvette's company was experiencing difficulties. However, the main reason was only because Yvette was not in charge personally recently, but she had already sold off her house. Did this mean she was going all-in?

"If my shop opens, it will increase the value of this

plaza, which is why the owner of the plaza is willing to charge me half the rental of that training company. He's going to invest seven to nine million dollars in my shop, too. Are you interested to manage it?" Zelda looked at Chuck.

She didn't know how capable Chuck was, so she wanted to use this to test his mettle. If Chuck agreed to work with her, then there would be a good chance to collaborate. After all, Zelda had only met him once, but he had already left a good impression on her.

Chuck was torn between agreeing and disagreeing. At the first mention of Zelda's invitation, he was already thinking to decline her since Yvette had already sold off her house in preparation to turn her company's fate around, maybe she would even invest more into it. If he accepted Zelda's invitation, Yvette's loss would pile up for sure.

However, at the mention of Zelda's second sentence, he understood that by giving a lot of rental fees at half price, the plaza owner was determined to make the plaza famous with Zelda's restaurant. Even if Chuck ultimately rejected her, Yvette was a goner.

"You can think about it. Anyways, no one has ever suffered a loss when doing business with me." Zelda sounded confident. Chuck nodded meekly and asked her if this was the matter that she wanted to tell him over the phone. Zelda nodded in agreement, but also shook her head, her eyes

circulating Chuck slowly. Suddenly, a thought popped up in her mind...

After Yvette returned home, she handed the deal of the house over according to the appointed time. She packed up her last few items in the house and put it in the car, preparing to head to her new rented place. This time, she rented a house situated in a residential area in the center of the city, which was more convenient for her. When she got into the car, her phone rang. She took it out and looked at the screen. It was from the plaza management where her company was located. She was planning to arrange an appointment with the person-in-charge these few days to talk about her company's rental renewal, but apparently he was one step ahead of her.

She answered it. "Hello, Manager Yarn."

"Yes, I want to ask you about your company. From what I observe at the moment, your business is not doing very well, right? You can say that there is hardly any business at the moment, aren't you running on a loss?"

Yvette can only stay silent as a form of agreement. She couldn't hide this any longer. She usually had about ten classes every week in college, so she had neglected the management of her company. She had already decided that this time she would definitely bring her company back on the right track!

"Kind of, but I'm planning to..."

"You can put your plans on hold, I want to let you know that your contract has expired. Prepare to move out soon!" Manager Lee told her coldly.

"What? Hello?" Yvette was left in shock with this news and tried to double confirm with him, but the owner had already ended the call. She fully grasped what he meant, he is kicking her out. Yvette was a little lost and anxious, what was she going to do now?



## Chapter 23

Yvette Jordan panicked.

She had invested too much in this training company, even pouring her heart and soul into it. Last year, she had just refurnished it, spending around tens of thousands to customize the cabinets on the interior of the office. Last year, she spent 150,000 dollars on the renovation, not to mention other little investments made over the year. But now, she was being forced out by the plaza's owner, it was so despairing for her that she felt that the sky was going to collapse.

What should she do?

Yvette was extremely anxious, as though someone was forcibly taking away her belongings, her heart ached.

If she chose a new address, she would have to pay at least 800,000 dollars for the renovation, the rent, the deposit, and to hire new expertise to train her workers. She already spent around 70 to 80 dollars just to pay her workers, the rent as well as to buy some furniture and advertise her company. She had spent quite a lot from the money that she got from selling her house, so it was really difficult for her to take so much money out!

Yvette bit her lip lightly and immediately decided to drive to the company!

She drove to the square and parked the car. Then, she went to buy two bottles of wine at a nearby store that sold cigarettes and wine before heading to find the manager of the plaza.

Yvette took a deep breath and put on her widest smile before knocking on the door and entering.

Manager Yarn, who had just made the call to her, glanced at her and said coldly, "What are you doing here? I've already told you what I wanted to say on the phone just now."

"Manager Yarn." Yvette kept smiling and put the things she bought on the table.

Manager Yarn glanced at the things on the table and immediately sneered. "You'd better take them away, I'm not used to drinking such cheap wine. You'd be better off giving them to the cleaner instead."

Yvette took a deep breath and suppressed the anger in her heart. "Manager Yarn, when I met you last time, you said that we could renew the contract. Why do you change your mind now?"

"When did I say that?" Manager Yarn raised his eyebrows.

"Just last time, when I invited you to dinner."

"Oh, that time? Let me tell you, that was the worst meal I had ever had. What kind of meal was that? You want to bribe me with just a few hundred dollars? Who would treat someone to a dinner like

that?" he sneered.

Yvette anger rose. "Manager Yarn, you can't do this!"

"What do you mean? You are the most stingy among all the shop owners. It's been five years and you've only invited me to have two meals. Who do you think I am? I've been merciful to you for letting you renew the contract last time, what makes you think that I would be merciful again? Do you think it's possible? You deserved all of this! Your contract will expire at the end of this month, remember to take all your garbage away so you can get your deposit back!"

Manager Yarn snorted and continued arrogantly, "Still not leaving with your rubbish? Do you seriously want to do business with only a cigarette and two bottles of wine? No wonder your business is so bad. Yvette, if you want to succeed, you have to know how to deal with people. If you don't even know how to deal with people, what makes you think you can continue renting the place?"

"Taylor Yarn! Don't go too far!" Yvette was furious.

Manager Yarn continued provoking her and said, "I went too far? To tell you the truth! It's impossible for you to renew the contract! Because someone much richer than you have an eye on your place! They're so rich they can simply throw away tens of thousands of dollars just for investing. To be honest, it's a waste of resources for that place if

you rent it. The standard of our plaza has been lowered by your training company, such a strategic place shouldn't be yours, it should belong to rich bosses like them! For a company like yours, you're better off opening a company at a warehouse in the village instead."

"You!" Yvette snapped in anger and annoyance.

"What? I warn you, you'd better take all the things away before your contract ends. If that rich boss isn't satisfied with the place, say goodbye to your deposit!" He sat down and crossed his legs.

Yvette held back her urge to kick him in the shin. If she did so, she would definitely lose her deposit of 50,000 dollars.

At this moment, she really felt so helpless. She was bullied like this, yet no one was there to help her...

"Still not leaving? Are you planning to have your husband make a fuss here? I warn you, if you dare to make a scene here, our boss will kill you!" Manager Yarn continued to threaten.

The last time Manager Yarn harassed her, she had no choice but to lie that she was married. She was bitter that her undocumented "husband" was actually Chuck Cannon.

She admitted that she was Chuck's child bride.

But what could Chuck do even if he was here? It was said that the owner of this plaza had connections with gangsters. No ordinary people

could go up against them, not to mention Chuck.

However, Yvette knew that Chuck knew Zelda Maine, would she have a solution then? Zelda was a big shot in the business circle, so maybe she knew the boss of this plaza. Who knows, maybe with just a word from her could help her continue her business here.

Manager Yarn scoffed as Yvette was still deep in her thoughts. "I think your husband is a useless person. Otherwise, he would have come here a long time ago. Why are you even with him? You're better off with me. If you want a shop, I'll give it to you with just a flick of my fingers, and I promise to make sure you have a good time at night!"

Manager Yarn laughed lasciviously!

"Shameless!"

Yvette angrily grabbed the water on the table and splashed it on Manager Yarn's face. With a splash, his expression contorted. "Yvette Jordan, you're looking for trouble!"

He glared at Yvette as his collar was drenched in water. Yvette stared him down, still feeling slightly uneasy deep down. No matter how strong she was, she was still a woman. She was about to run out with her things, but Manager Yarn raised his hand and gave her a big slap across the face.

Slap!

"B\*tch!" Manager Yarn spat at her in disgust!

Yvette's face swelled up in a mixture of rage and shame, biting down on her lips so hard they almost bled. The injustice she felt turned into tears that welled up in her eyes. At this moment, how she longed for someone to help her, but...

She turned around and tried her best to hold back her tears without avail. With a stream of tears flowing down her swollen cheek, she grabbed her things and stormed out of the room.

Manager Yarn wiped his face with a tissue, "Such a b\*tch. If you had agreed to let me sleep with you when I offered, I could've talked to the boss about it and allow you to continue renting the place. Who asked you to reject me like this?"

He spat contemptuously and continued to play with his mobile phone.

Yvette went back to her company in a daze. Seeing that her face was swollen, her staff immediately asked what had happened, but Yvette shook her head and assured them that everything was fine. Secretly, she was extremely upset at what happened. She went back to the office and wanted to call Chuck to ask him to let her meet Zelda. She didn't know if Chuck had a good relationship with Zelda, maybe they were just friends, but a chance was still a chance for her. She took out her mobile phone and called him in determination.

She was a little nervous. Ten seconds passed, but Chuck did not pick up the call. Yvette shook her

head in utter disappointment. "When I needed help, you could never help me... You never helped me, even if it's just this one time, you'll never be able to..."

This was a look of complete disappointment. Yvette was in despair. She had utterly lost faith in him!

She put down her phone, but suddenly thought of the "baller" on WeChat. He must know a lot of people since he is so rich, could he help her? Thinking of this, Yvette gathered her emotions once again from the previous disappointment towards Chuck. Full of expectations, she sent a message to the baller:

"Can I ask you for a favor, baller?"

"Baller, are you busy? Or..."

"Baller, I'm sorry to disturb you..."

"I'm sorry."

There was no response for more than ten minutes, and Yvette was already deep in despair. As a woman, she was already under so much pressure, yet she was actually insulted and slapped by a plaza manager with no one to help her. Her self-confidence crumbled as she broke down and started crying, tears flowing uncontrollably down her face.

Outside the office, the staff heard her cry and several staff members looked at each other in

confusion. What was wrong with Yvette?

"Didn't Director Jordan get beaten just now?"

"I think so. Who could it be!"

"Probably a man. It's normal for Director Jordan to cry, business has been so bad recently, so we've been running on a loss."

"Get ready, our company is probably going to close down. I heard that our rental contract is going to expire, Director Jordan is probably going to have to give up on this business."

"Alas, it's a pity. It was actually pretty nice working here."

The staff sighed. In the office, Yvette cried even more helplessly and more pitifully. Once again, she tried calling Chuck again. Holding back her choking and sobbing, she took out her mobile phone and dialed Chuck's number, but was once again faced with the voicemail. At this point, she had lost all faith in Chuck.

Chuck, what the hell are you up to?



## Chapter 24

While Yvette Jordan was crying alone in despair, Chuck Cannon was in a dilemma. He didn't feel so good as Zelda Maine brought him somewhere strange.

"Sister Zelda, what are you..."

Chuck was really helpless. He thought that Zelda had something important to show him on the phone and wondered what it was. Never did he expect the important issue to be Zelda's best friend's birthday party.

What did this mean? What kind of status was Chuck required to have to attend Zelda's best friend's birthday party?

"Just do me a favor. My best friend has been matchmaking me to other guys. If I bring you with me, she'll know and stop..."

"Ah? Sister Zelda is still single?"

Chuck noticed something important. Zelda was around 27 to 28 years old, the prime of her age. She was pretty, rich, and had a graceful aura topped with an amazing figure. How could such a perfect woman be single?

He couldn't understand. There should be a lot of people chasing after her, right? Could it be that Zelda's requirements for a boyfriend were too

high?

"Yes, I have always been single, and I think I will always be single in the future." Zelda clarified.

"Always? Sister Zelda, aren't you going to get married and have kids?" Chuck was really surprised. Did she want to stay single? Zelda has good genes, so it would really be a waste not to have any children.

"Why do I have to get married? I'm fine on my own, and I'm not interested in men anyways." Zelda shook her head.

"Ah?" Chuck was once again shocked by what she said. Was she a lesbian?

"Sister Zelda, do you like women?" Chuck asked curiously.

"No, I don't like women and I don't like men. I just see through them and think it's better to be single," Zelda said.

Alright.

Chuck still thought it was a pity. To be honest, though, there were not many men that could be a match for beautiful women like Zelda. It was better for her to be single than to lower her status and marry someone else.

However, at the same time, Chuck understood what she meant. Since it was her best friend's birthday, many friends of Zelda would attend too.

For now, Chuck would have to be Zelda's excuse.

He didn't mind anyway.

"Do you agree?" Zelda smiled.

Chuck sighed. Now that they were here, he had no choice but to agree.

"Yes."

"Thank you. I won't let you help me in vain. I can promise you a request." Zelda said earnestly.

"Is there a limit to this request?" Chuck asked subconsciously. If that was the case, it would not be so bad.

"Don't think too much," Zelda added.

Well, he did think too much just now. After all, Zelda's figure was so alluring to the point that he couldn't help but have indecent thoughts.

"Okay, let me think about it."

"No problem. Let's get out here," Zelda said with a smile. Chuck opened the door and got out.

The place that he was at was a very high-class restaurant. It was different from Zelda's restaurant, which was a place for lovers to meet and eat. This restaurant was an extravagant place to hold large gatherings, resembling that of a nightclub.

There were a lot of luxury cars at the door, such as BMWs, Mercedes-Benzs, Ferraris, and so on. This was really a rich circle.

It was the first time for Chuck to attend such an occasion. Truthfully, he was still a little nervous, but soon his confidence took over and his expression calmed.

He could afford these cars. What was there to be nervous about?

Zelda couldn't help but blink at Chuck's transformation. She was impressed at his composure, seems like Chuck was a rich person who had seen and experienced many different occasions.

Opening the trunk, Zelda took out a well-wrapped gift box. It suddenly dawned on Chuck that it wasn't really nice of him to not bring anything to someone's birthday party.

"It's okay. You're my boyfriend. My gift is your gift." Zelda tried to comfort him, but the words came out weirdly.

Chuck nodded awkwardly.

"Take it." Zelda smiled and motioned Chuck to take the gift box. Of course, Chuck did as she said. It was not heavy, so it was probably a watch, bracelet, or some kind of luxurious gift.

He took out his mobile phone to check the time and found that there were two missed calls. He opened them without much thinking and found that they were from Yvette. Chuck was puzzled. Why was she calling him?

Since he had switched his phone to silent mode, he didn't hear a thing just now.

She must've called to reprimand him just now. Chuck sighed and noticed that there were a few messages on WeChat. He wanted to open them to check, but .....

"We're here. Stop playing with your phone," Zelda said.

Chuck nodded and put the phone in his pocket.

Chuck followed Zelda into a private room, where he was pleasantly surprised by the luxurious interior design of the room. It was very lively inside, and there were a lot of people. With just one glance, Chuck noticed Zelda's best friend who was throwing a party. She was a beautiful woman with short hair.

Her age was similar to Zelda's, but the way she dressed was much bolder and revealing.

Her extremely short denim shorts immediately allowed others a glimpse of her supple thighs. She wore a low collar tank top to match it off, and her figure could only be described as bold and daring.

Chuck was surprised. She was too open for his liking. Her boyfriend would definitely have to withstand the temptation every day just by looking at her.

"Here comes beautiful Lady Maine."

The short-haired beauty came over with a smile, and her eyes suddenly scanned Chuck from top to bottom, "This man is too young for you!"

Zelda scoffed and rolled her eyes at her. "Some basic introductions. This is my good friend, Quincy Lowe, and this is my... boyfriend, Chuck Cannon!"

Chuck glanced at Zelda. She paused when she introduced him, she was probably not used to it.

"Really?" Quincy was surprised.

The others also gathered around Chuck and stared curiously at him.

Chuck was dressed in simple clothes but had quite a good-looking hairstyle. He didn't look out of place at all despite standing amongst all of them. On the contrary, his indifference was quite astonishing to the others around him. Who was this person? Why didn't they know him?

"Of course it's true. I don't have to lie to you!" Zelda shook her head.

"I know that you have a good standard. I've introduced you to some guys before. They aren't as handsome as him that's for sure, but isn't he too young?" Quincy asked in a strange way.

"Yes, you really changed your taste. He is too young. Are you looking for a college student to be your boyfriend?" Another beautiful woman smiled slyly.

"Haha, that's probably the case. Isn't the beautiful Lady Maine someone who wants to be single? How could she suddenly have a boyfriend? This is really suspicious!"

Zelda was speechless with the words of the beautiful women and tried to convince them. "This is really my boyfriend!"

"I don't believe it!"

"Haha, I don't believe it either! Unless both of you kiss in front of us!"

"Haha, that's a good idea!"

"Kiss, kiss!"

Zelda's expression was immediately unnatural.

Chuck was also equally embarrassed. How could this group of beautiful women be so slick? It seemed that Zelda, who used to be alone, was really suspicious to bring a man in all of a sudden.

"Stop it. I'm not as open as you." Zelda frowned and shook her head.

"How can this be called open? It's just a kiss. Hurry up, don't be a wet blanket." Quincy giggled.

Zelda sighed. She really didn't expect these friends of hers to act like this and looked at Chuck awkwardly. She had only known him for two days. Even if he was just a simple friend, Zelda didn't really want to allow a simple friend like him to kiss her.

She had planned to come here alone before, but after seeing Chuck who just had a complete makeover, she had to admit that he was a little handsome. Therefore, she suddenly had the idea of asking him to be her partner for the night. After all, his aura and composure were indeed suited for a person like her. By bringing Chuck with her, her other friends would hence be less suspicious. Who knew things would turn out this way.

What were they going to do? Zelda stared at Chuck, seemingly trying to get an idea.



just borrow money from other people, it's just that simple."

Chuck glanced at Wilbur Wendel and finally said something, "Who said I won't buy it? Do you really think I'll stoop down to your level and buy the car?"

What did he mean? Wilbur Wendel was pissed, he was insulting him! Let's see what kind of car Chuck could drive? Wilbur laughed under his breath and walked over. Chuck was just asking for the humiliation, so he would be absolutely glad to oblige!

## Chapter 25

Zelda Maine's expression returned to normal. To be honest, she didn't know what to do just now. Even if Chuck Cannon kissed her or touched her, she couldn't react. After all, she was the one who brought him here.

However, when Chuck placed his hand on her hip just now, his hand was stiff and he didn't take advantage of her. This satisfied Zelda. If he had taken this chance to take advantage of her, then after the meal, the two of them would be strangers.

Chuck noticed the look in Zelda's eyes and was relieved. He was glad that he didn't do anything wrong just now. Otherwise, the consequences would be serious.

The two of them looked at each other in silence.

"Well, everyone, don't just stand there. Sit down and have a drink." Quincy Lowe broke the silence by inviting everyone to take a seat.

Chuck was indeed slightly hungry, so he proceeded to eat the moment he sat down. Meanwhile, Zelda started chatting away with Quincy and the others about almost anything they thought of. Well, it was typical of women to be so chatty anyways.

Chuck's hair stood on end as he listened in to their conversation. Perhaps because they were older

and all still single, their conversation was focused around relationship issues.

The topic made Zelda uncomfortable, so she only made small talk and responded slightly. Otherwise, they would continue to talk about such a topic.

Similarly, Chuck pretended that he didn't hear anything and continued to eat. Otherwise, what could he do? He was also very desperate.

"Hey Chuck, what does your family do?" Quincy suddenly directed a question at him.

The other women all turned their eyes to him, including Zelda, who had a curious look on her face.

"I'm not sure." Chuck could only shake his head wryly. His mother didn't say what her job is, and he only knew that his mother was a baller.

"You don't know? Then why do you drive a BMW 7 series? Does your family own a mine?" Quincy was puzzled after hearing his reply. After all, no one in their circle knew Chuck.

Therefore, when she just heard Zelda say that Chuck drove a BMW 7 series, she was surprised. When did a new rich kid show up in town?

"Of course not. My family could never own a mine!" Chuck shook his head. It was hardly possible. His mother had been abroad all the time, so she probably had earned money by doing business abroad!

18:20 ■

"In that case, I'm really curious about your family's business," Quincy said.

"I'm curious too."

"Me too."

.....

As the women continued chatting away, Chuck could only sigh speechlessly. Was his family business really so intriguing?

Chuck could only smile and continued to deal with it. Fortunately, Zelda noticed Chuck's limit and immediately changed the subject. Right at that moment, a young man dressed in expensive clothes pushed the door open and came in. He seemed to be late and shouted, "Someone definitely owns a mine! Who is driving a BMW worth more than two million dollars?"

"It's him, Chuck Cannon, the boyfriend of the beautiful Lady Maine!" Quincy pointed to Chuck, who was eating.

The young man glanced at Chuck and chuckled. "Really? I just came out of the parking lot, but I didn't see any car that resembled the BMW 7 series?"

"Didn't see anything?"

Quincy was surprised, and the other beautiful women were also shocked.

When they heard that Chuck owned a car whose

price was at more than two million dollars, they were amazed! This was because he looked merely like a college student, yet he was able to afford such an expensive car. If so, how rich would he family need to be? The answer was clear.

How could it be possible for a college student to spend so much without having a family with at least a few hundred million dollars of net worth?

"Yes, it was strange that I didn't see it."

The young man, whose name was Wilbur Wendel, smiled. He was here only to flirt with girls, so he was surprised when he heard someone here drove a car worth two million dollars. How could someone steal his spotlight just like that?

"I just bought it, there were some scratches so I sent it for repair," Chuck explained promptly.

"You're a newbie right, since only newbies will accidentally damage their cars!" Wilbur snickered at Chuck.

"Well, it is my first time buying a car," Chuck replied.

Hearing Chuck's reply, Wilbur felt even more delighted. He smiled and said, "If it's your first time buying a car, you should be careful since you know close to nothing about cars. The BMW 7 series is driven by middle-aged people. Young people like us just have a Cayenne. They are easy to maneuver, fast-moving, and stunning, just like my

new car. I love it so much."

"Cayenne? How much is it?" Chuck asked subconsciously.

"What? Haven't you heard of the Cayenne?" Wilbur scoffed at Chuck. An odd look crossed the faces of Quincy and the other women present, while Zelda frowned.

"No." Chuck Cannon shook his head. He paid little attention to cars and only knew about BMW and Benz cars.

"Bro, you are too ignorant to not even heard of Cayenne. Doesn't your family own a mine? You should pay more attention to this." Wilbur smirked.

"My household doesn't own a mine." Chuck shook his head and denied it.

"You don't? I thought someone said your family owned a mine?" Wilbur chuckled.

"I said it!" Quincy raised her hand.

"Not anyone can own a mine. My dad knows many big figures who own mines, but I've never heard someone named Cannon who owns a mine. What does your family do for a living then?"

"I don't know," Chuck answered.

"Haha! You don't know? You really are too low profile! By the way, you asked me how much the Cayenne cost just now, right? It costs around two million dollars, to you it must be a small figure to

pay." Wilbur commented snarkily.

"Oh, that's great." Chuck continued to chew on his food.

"Great? How about we order one in a few days? I can pull a few strings and give you a discount!" Wilbur offered cunningly.

He really didn't like Chuck, because he just heard that he was Zelda's boyfriend. He had confessed to her before but was rejected, and now she was with Chuck. In this case, didn't it mean that he was not as good as Chuck? As a standard rich kid, would he really be subservient to Chuck, whom he had never heard of before?

Chuck was speechless and thought, "Why is this guy targeting me? I didn't provoke him, did I? I've never heard of a Cayenne. But I can afford a car whose price is less than two million dollars, but there's no need for me to buy one now. Wilbur can think whatever he wants!"

"No need for that." Chuck rejected his offer politely.

"Chuck's car is much better than a Cayenne, and it's also a new car. Why should he buy a brand new one?" Zelda tried to defend Chuck.

"Lady Maine, everyone here has several cars. Do you think one car is enough? Of course, it isn't. In his situation, if his car is sent for repairs, he'll have no cars to drive left. It's so embarrassing to ride

with others!" Wilbur taunted.

At this point, Zelda was already slightly annoyed. "Are you here to attend the birthday party or to talk about cars?"

"Both!" Wilbur felt comfortable now. He took out an exquisitely packaged box and said, "Beautiful Lady Lowe, happy 26th birthday!"

Quincy accepted the gift with a smile.

"Why don't I send you back later? You can get a feel of the Cayenne since you've never tried it before." Wilbur suggested sarcastically.

"No, thanks. I'll go back in Zelda's car later," Chuck said.

"Like I said, you should buy one more car. How awkward is it now? It won't cost you much money if you buy one more car, at least it will be more convenient!" Wilbur smiled genuinely. He felt satisfied looking at Chuck's ignorance and thought to himself, "Is this kid even rich? I've never heard of a rich kid who hasn't heard of the car brand Cayenne before, is this guy pretending to be rich?"

If he was pretending and putting on airs, then he had the obligation to expose his lies!

Wilbur snickered in amusement as he saw Chuck actually speechless and instead staring at his phone. He walked over and patted Chuck on the shoulder. "Bro, what do you think? I know someone, how about I ask him to order a Cayenne



18:20 ■

for you? For people like us, we need to have at least two cars!"

However, Chuck slapped his hand away. "Stop bothering me!"

He stared at the phone in his hand, scanning through Yvette Jordan's message quickly. She was in trouble! Who was it that dared bully his wifey? Chuck swore that he would crush them.

Chuck turned to stare at Wilbur who was in front of him and thought, "Well, if you want to embarrass me, I'll take care of you first, then leave to find Yvette!"

## Chapter 26

"Hey, are you angry?" Wilbur continued to taunt Chuck.

Wilbur felt even more smug and satisfied. He had come here to show off and win the women over. Now that he had found Chuck, a potential punching bag for him, how could he let go of this opportunity?

"I can't believe you're angry at just one joke. Bro, just let loose when you are out to have some fun! You can't be like this!"

Chuck didn't say anything but continued to glare at him silently, and the room instantly fell silent! The atmosphere suddenly felt heavier in the room, especially between Chuck and Wilbur.

Zelda's eyebrows were already knotted together tightly as she said, "Wilbur Wendel, enough is enough!"

Wilbur shrugged and feigned ignorance. "I'm doing this for his own good. I mean, how can one car be enough for his use?"

"He doesn't need you to tell him to buy a car." Zelda retorted coldly.

"I already said, it's for his own good. If he doesn't want to buy it, then don't. Besides, if he can't even afford a car worth two million dollars, how dare he

come here? Zelda Maine, you really have a bad taste in men!" After being criticized by Zelda several times, Wilbur couldn't help but feel embarrassed and he snapped back at her rudely.

Chuck was still silent. He looked once more at his phone that was vibrating furiously in his hand. It was a message from Charlotte Yates, who was asking him when he would drop by to pick up the car.

Chuck just happened to need a car urgently. He quickly sent over the location of the place he was at and asked Charlotte to send the car over.

After instructing Charlotte, he finally asked, "How much does your Cayenne cost?"

"Didn't I say before? It's less than two million! You want to buy it? No problem. I know a friend and he can give you a discount." Wilbur sneered.

Zelda came over and tried to assure him, "Chuck, don't argue with him. Your car is good enough, don't waste your money to buy another car."

"Thank you. I know what to do." Chuck smiled and said calmly.

Zelda was stunned by his rationality. Maybe she was too worried about him?

Quincy also looked at Chuck curiously, trying to guess what was up his sleeve.

"What do you think? If you want to buy it, I can call

my friend now. Just pay a deposit of 300 thousand and you can get the car tomorrow!" Wilbur teased. He didn't actually have a friend like that. If he managed to convince Chuck to buy the car, he would manage to reel in at least 50 thousand as the middleman.

Otherwise, he wouldn't have bothered.

"Okay, but it's unfair if only I buy it and you don't!" Chuck smiled innocently.

"I already have one. Do you want me to buy the same one?" Wilbur frowned. What was Chuck trying to do?

"Nope, similarly I also happen to have a friend who sells cars. I can let her introduce a car to you. Since you have high standards, why don't you buy the same car as mine? What do you think?" Chuck asked.

"I didn't say that I wanted to buy a car!"

Wilbur's expression hardened. Although his family was affluent, he had been begging his father to buy this Cayenne for a long time. In addition, he already had a total of four race cars that cost over several hundred thousand dollars in just a month. How could his father buy him a new BMW 7 series when he just got his Cayenne last month?

"A BMW seven series can definitely match your class. Why don't we both buy a new car together? Didn't you say that I have to deposit 300 thousand

dollars to you first? I'll transfer it to you now, and I'll come find you to pick up that new Cayenne tomorrow!" Chuck took out his mobile phone and prepared to transfer the money to him.

"You're mistaken. I didn't say that I wanted to buy a car!" Wilbur was annoyed. How could he not see that Chuck was trying to sweet talk him into buying a new car?

He was trying to drag himself down with him!

"You're not buying it? I'm afraid it's not a good idea. My friend is on the way, in fact she'll be here soon. She's looking forward to it, do you want her to leave in disappointment?" Chuck shook his head in disapproval.

"I'll say it again. I'm not buying a car!" Wilbur glared at Chuck.

"You put it in such a nice way when you asked me to buy a car just now, so I thought you could buy a car at will too! Yet, you're backing off now when I have decided to buy the car and invited you to join me, don't you feel that that's unfair to me?" Chuck continued pressuring him.

Zelda chuckled, and all the other pretty ladies, including Quincy Lowe, all laughed.

Wilbur could only glare at Chuck, a fire burning in his eyes.

You don't even know about the Cayenne, you're just faking your wealth! Fine, let's see if you can

really take out 300 thousand just like that.

"Of course! You can transfer 300,000 dollars to me now!" Wilbur sneered and took out his mobile phone.

Zelda was worried. Was Chuck really going to transfer 300 thousand to Wilbur as deposit?

Chuck unlocked and swiped his mobile phone. He immediately entered a series of numbers, and then the password. The whole process was less than 30 seconds!

Ding!

Wilbur's cell phone rang with a notification coming in, as he frowned and clicked on it suspiciously. He was immediately shocked and froze in his spot, face burning up like the hot sun!

Zelda was taken aback, Chuck really bought it! Quincy and the others also felt that Chuck had gone a little overboard. How could he buy a Cayenne that cost nearly two million dollars in just a few minutes?

His family definitely owns a mine!

"Since the money has been transferred into your account, where should I go to pick it up tomorrow?" Chuck asked curiously.

Wilbur's expression was contorted nastily. He really didn't expect Chuck to transfer 300,000 dollars to him so quickly!

The whole process was so fast that it had took him aback! Does that mean that he also needed to buy a BMW seven series now? How could he afford it?

Wilbur's brain throbbed. What has he done to himself?

"The Porsche Center!" Wilbur squeezed out the words from his mouth unwillingly.

"Oh, thank you then. I will go find you early in the morning tomorrow. My friend is reaching soon, you can give her a deposit of 300 thousand later. That'll be fine, right?" Chuck smiled at him modestly.

"No problem!"

Wilbur could only grit his teeth in anger! He regretted his actions, why did he even think of provoking Chuck?

His pocket money was 150 thousand dollars per month, and after taking away his spendings, his savings was only around 70 thousand to 80 thousand dollars. Still, it was not enough for a BMW seven series!

For now, he could only use Chuck's deposit of 300,000 dollars to pay first. But the more he thought about it, the more he despaired. He could settle 300 thousand dollars first, but how about the rest that amounted to around 2 million dollars?

He was on the verge of breaking down. He didn't dare to ask his father for money at all. Borrowing was out of the option, since although his friends all

owned a lot of cars, but they were much poorer than him. He had seventy or eighty thousand dollars savings, but that was all. How could he deal with two million dollars? He couldn't borrow it from anyone!

At the same time, Chuck Cannon's cell phone rang, showing a message from Charlotte Yates saying that she had arrived. He asked her to come up, and she agreed.

"My friend is coming," Chuck announced.

Wilbur glared at Chuck Cannon and Chuck shrugged. Sure enough, Charlotte quickly pushed open the door of the private room. She wasn't wearing a uniform, but instead a short dress and a T-shirt, which showed off her hot figure. Her waist was slim and quaint, complimenting her long legs underneath!

Wilbur didn't have the mood to appreciate beautiful women anymore, he was in big trouble now!

"Mr. Cannon, these are the keys to your car, it's parked below," Charlotte came over and whispered. She had never been here before, but she knew that this place was posh!

Chuck Cannon took over the car keys while Zelda's eyes twinkled. Quincy couldn't help but whisper to the other ladies, "It's really the car keys to the BMW 7 series ..... His car was really under repair as he said ....."



"Who are Chuck Cannon's parents? They're too rich. He just bought a BMW seven series, and now he's buying a Cayenne. What in the world..."

"Sir, I'll go back first," Charlotte said. This kind of high-end place made her a little uncomfortable.

"Wait a minute." Chuck stopped her. Wilbur raised his hand and wanted to stop Chuck Cannon. However, since Zelda and the other beautiful women were here, he really couldn't say it.

"Is there anything else I can do for you, sir?" Charlotte asked curiously.

"It's not a big deal. One of my friend is interested in buying a BMW 7 Series like mine," Chuck said.

"What?" Charlotte was shocked. After all, Chuck Cannon had only bought his car a few days back. She had already had her fair share of glory the very first day she was at work. Since then, it's only been a few days, was she going to sell off another BMW 7 Series again?

If she really did, it would definitely cause an uproar in the store!

"Sir, are you joking?" Charlotte tried to dismiss Chuck's statement in doubt.

"No I'm not, here's my friend. Bro, you can transfer the money now!" Chuck signaled at Wilbur.

Wilbur gritted his teeth and said, "Miss, I'll transfer it to you now!"

"Come on, give her your WeChat." Chuck teased, a smile forming on his face. Charlotte came to her senses and realized that they really weren't joking. Chuck Cannon actually managed to strike another deal for her!

"Ah, please wait a minute!" Charlotte immediately unlocked her mobile phone. Wilbur's hands were trembling as he was transferring the money. What was he going to do about the rest of the money?

"Thank you! My name is Charlotte Yates. May I know your surname, sir?" Charlotte asked Wilbur politely.

"Wendel!" Wilbur's face was already as red as a tomato.

"Well, Mr. Wendel, please look for me in the store tomorrow. We have ready stock available for you!" Charlotte said.

"Sure!" Wilbur glared at Chuck, his eyes spitting fire. If looks could kill, Chuck would already be long dead by now!

Chuck Cannon ignored him and instead told Zelda that he had to leave as he had something to do: he had to go to Yvette Jordan's side! Zelda smiled and agreed. Before leaving with Charlotte Yates, he also bid Quincy Lowe and the other gorgeous women goodbye and walked out of the place. Wilbur clenched his fists and used an excuse to follow Chuck out. Unwillingly, he called out for Chuck, "Bro, wait a moment, I have something to

18:20 ■

tell you!"

## Chapter 27

"What's the matter?"

Chuck Cannon turned around and looked curiously at Wilbur Wendel who was chasing after him.

Wilbur's face twitched as he looked out of place trying to chase after Chuck, and he cursed in his heart,

Damn it, you disgraced me, I'll definitely get my revenge on you!

He was very worried about the remaining money. After thinking through the whole thing, there was absolutely no way for him to get the rest of the money, so he forced himself to leave the room and negotiate with Chuck.

However, seeing as Charlotte Yates also turned her head and looked at him puzzledly, Wilbur couldn't find the words to express what he was thinking.

There was a pretty lady there, and he told Chuck casually: Forget it, bro, I was just joking just now?

His mouth clamped shut, and after a while, he snorted through his gritted teeth, "Nothing."

After that, he turned around to look for the toilet to hide into.

Chuck laughed. Charlotte was curious and asked him, "Was there something wrong with Mr.

Wendel?"

"Probably!" Chuck gleefully answered, thinking to himself: this guy must've come after him since he doesn't have any money. Well, let's see how you fare tomorrow!

"Thank you," Charlotte said gratefully.

"Don't thank me yet, it's still a question of whether or not this deal can work out," Chuck replied.

"Thank you anyways." Charlotte was sincere. Chuck had helped her become an official employee on the first day of work. Otherwise, she would still be worried about her work at the moment!

"It's okay. Where do you stay? I'll send you back first." Chuck looked at her.

"Okay." Charlotte blushed. If he sent her home, should she invite him upstairs for a drink?

He was so handsome today that her eyes lit up the moment she saw him. She almost couldn't recognize him as the Chuck who had bought the car. Sure enough, rich people do get to change their looks easily!

Her thoughts ran wild. She couldn't risk making the first move, since he was rich and probably already had a lot of women.

It would be best for her to stay reserved a little more!

Chuck didn't think too much about it. Since

Charlotte had gone out of her way to drive his car here, the least he could do was to send her home. If he wasn't in a rush, he would probably even treat her to a meal.

The two of them took the elevator down...

When Wilbur chased after them, the people in the room were surprised.

"What is Wilbur Wendel doing out there?"

"Who knows?"

"However, Beautiful Lady Maine, your boyfriend this time is not bad. He must be loaded to be able to pay a deposit of 300,000 dollars at one shot!"

The ladies all chattered excitedly. Although some of them came from ordinary families, they were all working as executives and had an annual salary of over a few million dollars. However, there was a huge gap between them and Chuck Cannon, who had simply made a deposit of 300,000 dollars!

Zelda Maine stared at the direction of the door where Chuck had left. Today, Chuck really surprised her with his new look and amazing calmness when dealing with unforeseen circumstances. She almost couldn't predict what he was going to do anymore. She thought,

When he had kissed her just now, it didn't actually feel so bad. But, she was someone who preached being single!

"Don't think about it first, it's just a kiss. I'll forget it when I wake up tomorrow morning after a good night's sleep. Stop thinking about it." Zelda assured herself.

"Beautiful Lady Maine, shouldn't you be telling us how you managed to know such an amazing person? Did you guys do it last night?" Quincy teased.

Zelda smiled awkwardly, what sort of friends were they?

"Come on and spill the tea, we are all sisters, so we need to share secrets with each other!" The other beautiful women also agreed. To be honest, Chuck made them curious.

Zelda could only briefly go over how she met him, which amazed Quincy and the others. All it took for them to meet was just parking a car, so simple?

"In that case, it's definitely fate that brought you two together! You should seize the opportunity." Quincy smiled and said.

Zelda Maine was speechless, seize what opportunity? The two of them had completely no chemistry at all, alright? When Chuck kissed her just now, she didn't actually feel her heart racing. In other words, it felt the same as a simple handshake between two people of the opposite sexes, no more no less.

.....

When they got into the car, Chuck mobile phone rang. At first glance, it was a stranger who added him on WeChat. Chuck Cannon clicked on the stranger's profile picture and realized that it indeed was Wilbur Wendel's WeChat account. This person was seriously poor, or else why would he add Chuck on WeChat?

Chuck smirked, but didn't bother to pay attention to him for the time being. He would have plenty of time to take revenge later!

He put down his phone and asked Charlotte Yates where she lived. She told him and he drove her back. On the way, Charlotte was conflicted. She was worried about how the conversation between her cousin sister and Chuck was going.

After all, she clearly knew that her cousin was much more open-minded. Men always liked women who were willing to take the initiative to approach them. In that case, was Chuck having a good conversation with Lara?

It could be possible!

Charlotte started in a small voice, "Well, my cousin..."

"Yes, I've added her on WeChat ." Chuck Cannon said.

"How have you two been getting along?" Charlotte was a little nervous when she asked. She didn't want to pretend to be lofty, she did like rich men.



What more, Chuck Cannon's look had improved drastically today. She was attracted by his rich, young, and upstanding demeanor.

"It's okay, but you can't tell your cousin who I am!"  
Chuck was serious!

"Why?" Charlotte asked curiously. She suddenly remembered that Chuck Cannon was a student, and so was her cousin. Did they know each other?

Chuck gave her a look.

"Got it, got it," Charlotte nodded in hurry.

Chuck was satisfied.

Charlotte was disappointed. Chuck was actually her cousin's classmate, did that mean they do have a bit of feelings for each other? Was Chuck trying to give Lara Jean a surprise?

Soon, the car arrived at Charlotte's place. She got out of the car, still contemplating whether or not she should invite Chuck upstairs for a drink. Just as she was going to ask him, Chuck said, "I'll treat you to dinner tomorrow."

"Huh?" Charlotte was stunned. How could he possibly ask her to have dinner with him?

In truth, Chuck didn't mean anything else, just wanting to thank her for today.

At that moment, two girls living on the same floor as Charlotte had just got off of work and were chatting away their exhaustion. Upon seeing

Charlotte get down from the BMW 7 Series, they were stunned.

"You don't have time tomorrow? It's alright then." Chuck said.

"Yes, yes I'm free." Charlotte clarified hurriedly. How could she reject?

"Ok, I'll contact you tomorrow on WeChat then," He said as he drove away.

Charlotte was excited!

"Hello, Charlotte Yates, is he your boyfriend?" A girl with great assets walked over to her in surprise.

She was Charlotte Yates's classmate. They had a stable job but still didn't earn a lot, so they temporarily rented a house together.

Charlotte turned around at the sound and saw her classmate's envious look. To be honest, she felt smug upon seeing it. It was all the work of her vanity!

The three of them women had looked for a job at almost the same time. However, now she was already a full-time employee, while one was still in an internship and the other was still look for a job. All of a sudden, Charlotte felt that she seemed to be doing pretty well. Now that she had a job, she could earn a decent commission this month. But it was all because of Chuck Cannon...

Should she be "repaying" him?

"We haven't known each other for a long time, and we're still friends. It'll probably take a while for us to become lovers," Charlotte said coolly.

"He's already sent you home, so it shouldn't be long. It's so nice that your boyfriend actually drives such a posh car! If only I could get a ride too, I have never been driven somewhere on such a luxurious car." Another girl with glasses said enviously.

"The car is very comfortable. Next time when there is a chance, you guys can also have a ride," Charlotte said.

"Really? That's great! By the way, Charlotte, you don't have to do the cleaning in the future. Just leave it to us."

"Yes, you don't have to do anything. Since you've found such a great boyfriend, you have to marry into a wealthy family in the future, alright! Just leave the cleaning to us, don't do any chores anymore."

They went upstairs after that.

"How can I be so shameless?" Charlotte said nonchalantly. She was a little surprised, there were so many perks of knowing a rich guy.

"It's okay, it's nothing. Just don't forget us and what we've done in the future."

"I won't..."

Charlotte Yates enjoyed this feeling very much.

The flattery of her classmates made her even more certain to find a rich boyfriend. At this moment, Chuck Cannon was the best choice she had...

.....

Chuck Cannon parked his car by the side of the road, because he subconsciously drove back to Yvette Jordan's house. He was halfway there when he suddenly remembered that Yvette's house now belonged to him!

In other words, he still didn't know where she was! He could only make a phone call, but he hesitated for a moment. Should he call her as Chuck Cannon, or as a baller to ask her what had happened?

After thinking about it for a while, Chuck still decided to call her up and ask her. After all, he still hoped that she would know that he was always there for her.

The phone rang for a long time before the call went through, but the only thing that could be heard was Yvette's breathing.

"Yvette Jordan, why did you call me?" Chuck wanted to ask what had happened, but it was safer to ask like this.

"It's nothing." Yvette sounded distant. The long time that he took to call her already worn down her patience.

"If there's anything, tell me" Chuck replied patiently.

"Will it do me any good if tell you? You will never be able to help me, forever!" The voice sounded desperate.

"Who said so? Tell me what's wrong, and I'll help you solve it immediately!" Chuck was anxious. He did not believe that there was a problem that could not be solved with money! He wanted to let Yvette know that she has always been looking down on him, in the past until now!!

## Chapter 28

Yvette Jordan felt the manliness of Chuck Cannon after he finished his sentence. She thought that she had misheard him because this was the first time he said something like this.

Did Chuck really said that? The Chuck Cannon?

Did I hear it wrong?

"What did you say?" Yvette asked without thinking.

She had been sitting alone in the office for a long time, and no one had been consoling her. She had thought of many solutions, which included seeking the help of Big Boss, but she knew very well what would happen if she approached them.

She couldn't let her guard down, so she couldn't think of any other way.

After being in a daze for a long time, Chuck called her. She didn't want to answer it at first, but she still conceded and answered it in the end. To some extent, Chuck's words just now touched her a little bit.

Of course, there was nothing more than this. Even if her staff comforted her at this time, she would be moved too.

"Did you face any problems? I'll help you solve them!" Chuck repeated his words.

"Forget it, there's no need for that." Yvette shook her head coldly.

It didn't matter whether his words were true or not, Yvette still doubted that Chuck could help her solve her problems. He was just trying to console her with unreliable words. If he really did try to help her, the results would be even more disappointing.

She contemplated asking Chuck to seek Zelda's assistance, but the possibility of it working was close to zero. First of all, Zelda might not know the City Square's owner; and it was not feasible to let her seek the help of others. Chuck and Zelda were probably not close enough for her to go the extra mile just to help Yvette.

Secondly, even if they knew each other, the new shop owner might also know the plaza owner. This would put Zelda in a dilemma, since she wouldn't go so far for Chuck and worsen her own situation.

She didn't want to be disappointed again if she started to feel a little hopeful.

Chuck was going to say something, but Yvette interrupted, "It's alright, I'll resolve my own problems. Go to bed early, we still have classes tomorrow. I'm hanging up."

The phone was hung up at the other end!

Chuck felt helpless. He wanted to call her again, but he suddenly thought of what Zelda had said to him during the day. Could Yvonne's problem be

about the shop?

Chuck gave it a thought and decided that this was probably the case.

Zelda was excellent in her field. Since she had already taken a fancy to Yvette's place, the City Square owner must have sent an ultimatum to Yvette.

Keeping this in mind, Chuck decided to send a message to Yvette under the identity of the baller. He apologized for replying late because he's busy and asked her what had happened.

Yvette's reply came instantly. "I am facing some problems now, baller. Do you know the boss of the City Square?"

This reply confirmed his suspicion. Chuck Cannon replied, "Yes, what can I do for you?"

Yvette sent several crying-face emojis, which seemed to be crying tears of joy. "I have a company in the square, but the square manager won't allow me to renew my rental contract. I have given everything to this company. Can you put in a word and ask the City Square Manager to renew the rental for me?"

Chuck had mixed feelings after hearing her problem. She should have gotten straight to the point when he called her just now. Yvette probably thought that he couldn't do anything about this and decided to keep quiet.



Yet, he was still the one who was helping her out in the end!

Chuck didn't know whether to laugh or to feel troubled about it.

"Okay, I'll help you to ask about this." He could only reply her such.

"Thank you, thank you very much!" Followed by another few crying-face emojis.

"No worries, just wait for my news."

"Yep."

Chuck put down his phone and drove to the square where Yvette's company was located. After he parked his car, Chuck thought:

He didn't actually know who the owner of the square was, and it was out of the question to approach Zelda about this. She had been eyeing this place for a long time. It would take a miracle for her to let go of this place when she was so near to acquiring it.

He didn't think kissing and touching Zelda affectionately would prompt her to let go of such a profitable opportunity.

So he was on his own. He had to meet the manager of the square first and find a way to meet the owner of the square.

Chuck was buried deep in his thoughts when he stepped out of his car. But as he went into the

elevator, he saw Yvette walking towards him from a distance with her head hung down. She looked disturbed, and he couldn't help but notice that there was a red and swollen spot on her face. It contrasted greatly with her snow-white skin!

Did somebody slap her? Chuck was swept over by anger instantly!

Chuck had slept through countless nights with her in his embrace, although they were now apart but he still couldn't suppress his anger at the sight of her swollen face.

He walked towards her without thinking.

"What happened to you, Yvette Jordan? Did somebody slapped you?" Chuck asked in a worried tone.

Yvette came to her senses immediately and covered her face. She said in an strange tone, "Why are you here?"

It was the first time she felt vulnerable in front of Chuck.

"I'm here to see you." Chuck had a cold look in his eyes. "Who hit you?"

"Don't worry about it. I've already found someone to help me." Yvette shook her head and tried to avoid his gaze.

Chuck smiled bitterly, since the person that she found was him!

Since Yvette had a really pretty face, it was unimaginable to see a red palm print on her face, with dried up tears still visible on her cheeks. Chuck felt his heart twitch violently.

"Was it the manager?" Chuck asked coldly.

He couldn't be far from the truth since he knew that the one in charge of the shop in this square was Manager Yarn. He was the one Yvette Jordan should look for to renew the contract. But that didn't explain him slapping her like this.

"It is, but what are you going to do about it?"

Yvette was a little surprised. She could clearly feel his anger. Was Chuck angry because of what happened to her?

The Chuck Cannon who was always weak and feeble actually could be furious. But what was the use of getting angry? That wouldn't help one bit in her situation.

"If he really slapped you, I'm going to make him pay dearly!" Chuck had a deathly glare in his eyes.

Yvette shunned away at his expression. She was terrified at how Chuck had transformed.

Looking at the current Chuck Cannon who looked like someone completely new, Yvette was lost for words. He felt different from usual, could stand up for her and got furious, this was a far cry from the Chuck Cannon that she knew. A strange feeling rose in her heart, maybe at some point he had

changed...

But Yvette was still level-headed. "Chuck Cannon, stop messing around. I'll drive you home. Someone is already helping me out, so don't get involved!"

How Chuck wished she knew that the baller was him! But he stopped himself when he saw that gleaming light of anticipation in her eyes. If she knew the truth, she would be disappointed.

"Trust me this once!" Chuck grabbed Yvette's hands and started walking to the manager's office. Yvette was stunned. She couldn't believe that Chuck had grabbed her by the hand.

Could Chuck solve her problems? Yvette suddenly felt like he had grown up. But she knew this was just wishful thinking, and immediately she started to analyze the facts. It was impossible he could help her. First of all, Chuck was a nobody, how would he even have the ability to stand up for her? The only advantage he had was knowing Zelda Maine, but even the possibility of Zelda lending her help to Chuck was close to zero.

Secondly, the manager was not easy to deal with. Although Chuck was as tall as him, he looked like a stick if he stood beside the manager. If they actually fought, Chuck was going to lose.

"Chuck Cannon, stop fooling around. I'll take you to dinner. Forget about it."

Yvette tried to break free from his grasp, but Chuck

held on to her hands tightly. She couldn't escape nor run away, so she was dragged to the manager's office by Chuck.

"Chuck Cannon," Yvette pictured Chuck getting beaten up and got a little anxious. Although they had separated, she still did not want to see him getting beat up, especially for her sake.

"Trust me once. I'll avenge you today!" Chuck said seriously.

Yvette sighed in resignation. "If you're just going to cause trouble and fight with him, then what's the whole point? Let's just forget about it, I'll take you to dinner."

However, Manager Yarn just had to choose this timing to come out of the office and his eyes fell on Chuck Cannon's unfriendly face. He turned his gaze to Yvette who was lowering her head, and suddenly sneered. "Yvette Jordan, is this your husband? He looks like he's going to beat me up right?"

Yvette lowered her head even further and did not speak. For a moment, she was even more disappointed with Chuck Cannon. He was too impulsive. What was the point of doing this over a fight?

Manager Yarn sneered!

"It's you who hit my wife, isn't it?" Chuck stared at him.

18:21 ■

"Yes, I did hit your wife. But looking at you right now, I feel like hitting you too! Get out of here! Don't get in my way." Manager Yarn sneered. When he was about to leave, he heard the cold words of Chuck, "You're screwed!"

## Chapter 29

"I'm screwed? Haha, are you going to make me laugh to death?" Manager Yarn burst out laughing as if he had heard a joke.

Yvette shook her head in the face of Manager Yarn's mockery, the feelings of dependency that Chuck had given her just now disappearing without a trace. Chuck couldn't even lift a finger against him!

If he couldn't afford to take him on, Yvette wouldn't blame Chuck if he avoided the confrontation. There was no need for Chuck to put up a front just for her and go against the manager, or else Chuck would definitely get hurt in the end.

Seemed like although Chuck had taken on a new look, deep down he was still the same old Chuck.

Yvette's face was full of disappointment at Chuck.

"Who the hell are you to tell me that I'm finished? Let me tell you, my uncle is the sworn brother of the owner of the square. One word from me and I can make your wife Yvette pack up and get out of here tomorrow. Do you understand me?"

Manager Yarn came over with disdain and continued scolding:

"I really want to see how you want to finish me!" He taunted arrogantly, "Why don't I teach you how to

finish me? Call the police, you can call the police!"

Yvette frowned. She had really thought of calling the police!

However, Manager Yarn continued. "Well unfortunately, I don't have a CCTV in my office so it's useless for you to call the police. You can only blame your wife for provoking me. Tell her to stay away from me next time. Otherwise, I'll beat her if I see her again!"

Yvette's face turned red with rage as the insults had gotten too far. Once again, she turned to look at Chuck and confirmed the discontent she had towards him.

Did you bring me here just to be insulted again? If so, then you did it.

Her frustration was with reason, as Chuck just silently stared at Manager Yarn, then walked aside and took out his phone.

"Haha, Yvette Jordan, your stupid husband really called the police! This is really hilarious, I knew he was nothing but a useless rag!"

Manager Yarn burst out laughing as he was amused by Chuck's reaction. He thought that Chuck would attempt to pick a fight with him, but he didn't expect him to actually call the police!

He's really useless!

Yvette's patience was thinning fast. She really



wanted to leave this place, and she bit down hard on her lip as she saw Chuck who was making a phone call not far away.

Manager Yarn simply waited with a sneer.

You want to play? Well, I'll play with you today! If I don't make you kneel down and beg for mercy, I'll change my last name!

"Mom!"

Chuck walked aside and called his mother. He was suddenly reminded of the fact that his mom was rich, why not ask her to just buy the whole place?

Since Yvette's company was here, Chuck naturally had a good understanding of the flow of people in the square. To be honest, the square wasn't doing well and the flow of consumers wasn't as high as expected. Despite opening shop 5 or 6 years ago, there were still shoplots that were yet to be rented out. Hence, anyone would know that this place wasn't actually the best!

However, this place can be improved, as long as it can be made unique. Because there were several universities nearby and there were a total of 40,000 to 50,000 people. As long as there is something unique, this square could definitely succeed.

His mother said that she wanted to buy it, didn't she? Chuck Cannon had a good feeling about the square. He learned design, so he generally knew

that the price of this square might be 500 to 600 million dollars. If they bought it, it most probably would be around 700 million dollars.

But Chuck Cannon was nervous. Did his mother really have so much money? After all, it was six to seven hundred million dollars. It was really an astronomical figure!

After all, Chuck Cannon came up with this idea entirely because of the three powerful words his mother said on the phone: buy, buy, buy!!

"Chucky, what's wrong?" Her mother's voice sounded a little tired, as if she was exhausted.

Chuck Cannon was a little worried. "Mom, what's wrong with you?"

"I'm fine. I just got off the plane. I'm a little tired."

"So mom, you're back?" Chuck Cannon was pleasantly surprised.

"I'm back, but I have to go to see some old friends first, and then I'll go to find you."

"Well, Mom, I want to tell you something." Chuck Cannon was nervous.

The person on the other end of the line chuckled. "You're my son. Why are you beating around the bush? What's the matter?"

"Mom, I want to buy a square..." Chuck Cannon said cautiously. "Does my mom really have so much money?" He thought to himself.

"Buy a square? Which place? Is it in the center of the city or near the school? How large is it? Is it a simple square, or does it have office buildings?" Chuck's mother asked a lot of questions. Could this be a sign of interest?

Chuck was so excited that he said in a hurry, "Mom, the square I want to buy is near the university I'm studying at. Midland Village and another 4 universities are also nearby, but there are no office buildings here. Also..."

Chuck gave a general description of the place and then waited anxiously for his mother's reply.

A few seconds later, his mother asked, "It doesn't sound bad, we can probably pay for it. How much is it?"

Chuck fell silent. He didn't dare to say that it cost about 700 million dollars.

"Why aren't you saying anything? Is it very expensive? Maybe 50 to 60 billion dollars?" His mom asked curiously.

Chuck was stunned. "So, mom, do you mean that to you only 50 to 60 billion would be counted as expensive?"

"No, it's not expensive. In fact, it's not a big amount to pay at all. What I meant was Chucky, you're still young. I'm very happy that you want to start your own business, but the investment of 50 to 60 billion dollars is too big for you. You may not be

able to handle it. I'll give you this amount of money when you reach 30 years old or when you can earn 10 billion dollars. However, now that you've just started, you'll have to do it step by step..." His mother explained.

"I understand." Chuck knew that his mother was being reasonable and hence accepted her explanation humbly. He had just started, so it was better to be careful. In addition, he wouldn't know what to do with such a large investment anyways. It would be better for him to start small and progress slowly from there.

"Mom, I won't buy this square anymore," Chuck said.

Since he wasn't going to buy the square anymore, he could only try to meet the owner of the square on his own. With his current purchasing ability, it probably wouldn't be such a big problem if he had the owner fire the square manager. Since he was going to make his way into the social circle for the rich, he might as well just start from the square owner!

"I'm very pleased to hear you say that, but tell me, are you not buying it because it is really expensive?" Chuck's mom was curious.

"It's a little pricey, around 700 million dollars." Chuck confessed.

"Only 700 million dollars? Chucky, it's only 700 million dollars, why are you beating around the

bush with me? Go ahead and buy it!" His mother chuckled amusingly which took Chuck by surprise. Did she just say "only 700 million dollars"? How much did his mom actually have?!

"Mom, are you serious?" Chuck could barely think straight.

"Of course I am. I was going to give you a billion dollars to start your own business when you were 19 years old. But now that you're almost 19, it doesn't matter if I give it to you in advance. However, since you're buying the square, you have to manage it properly, ok? Money is not a problem, and it doesn't matter if you lose it. But if you waste the money because of bad management, I will be angry!" His mother's tone was serious.

Chuck agreed excitedly. He already had a few ideas when he was talking about this to his mother just now.

However, he had to think about the details carefully, since he mustn't let his mother down!

"Tell me what's the name of this square, I can ask my friend to help you negotiate now with just a phone call," His mother said.

"It's City Square!" Chuck replied.

"City Square? Chucky, the place that you wanted to buy is City Square?" His mother's voice was tinged with surprise.

"Is there a problem with it?"

"No. In fact, I'm very familiar with the place. Actually, I've had my eye on the City Square that you mentioned, and I was going to buy it first thing when I went back. But there's one thing that you're wrong about, City Square is not worth 700 million dollars! That friend of mine is able to negotiate and bring the price down to 500 million dollars just over the phone! The owner has been wanting to sell it for a long time!" His mother's words gave Chuck a big shock.

It seemed that he didn't know much about this for the time being. However, Zelda Maine said that the square owner was willing to rent her a shoplot at only half the rental, so that meant that the square wasn't doing well! No wonder it wasn't worth that much, indeed his mother was much better at this!

"Got it, I'll keep that in mind." Chuck listened attentively since this was what his mother was trying to drill into him. He had to learn it seriously!

"Okay, give me about ten minutes, someone will contact you to sign the contract!" His mother said.

"Okay."

"You have to be serious after you buy it, alright?" His mother put in a word of advice.

"Okay, I know."

"Good boy, I'll hang up now."

Hanging up the phone, Chuck was absolutely delighted. The place he wanted to buy was actually

18:21 ■

the place that his mother had an eye on. What a coincidence!

He placed his mobile phone back into his pocket and stared expressionlessly at Manager Yarn, who was looking full of himself. Now the square belonged to Chuck, Manager Yarn had hell to pay!

## Chapter 30

Manager Yarn noticed that Chuck's call had ended, and he taunted him mercilessly, "So what did the police say? You should've complained to the police that your wifey was beaten up! Probably then the police would come to your aid and save the day."

Chuck continued staring at him with an eerily calm composure as the manager walked over to him.

The few minutes that Yvette waited for Chuck felt like an eternity! Manager Yarn kept on harassing and provoking her, leaving her in despair.

Was it even useful to call the police now? Was this what he meant by 'helping her', by confidently pulling herself over to confront with Manager Yarn and calling the police for help?

If that was the case, then she had enough!

Once, she had thought of accepting this person who slept together with her from young. However, his weakness, indecisiveness, laziness and just bad overall performance in both studies and attitude had already decided his future path. How would such a person have any promising achievements in society?

So, she chose the path that was the best for the both of them: separation.

Today, she noticed Chuck's new look and thought



that he was reborn anew. She thought that the day for Chuck to actually be able to stand for himself and achieve greater heights was here. Yet, it was all just an illusion, a mirage that she thought she saw but was just her imagination.

With hope, comes a greater sense of disappointment. This was the type of displeasure that Yvette was feeling now.

Manager Yarn tried to kicked him.

Chuck took one look and stepped backwards, avoiding Manager Yarn's kick effortlessly. He had done so with a type of gracefulness and calmness as though nothing was wrong, and he was just stepping backwards to enjoy the scenery in front of him.

Manager Yarn frowned and cursed in his heart:

Is this guy stupid? Acting all pretentious despite not calling the police?

"Don't waste my time. I don't have time to play with a fool like you!" Manager Yarn smirked as he rolled up his sleeves in an effort to try to beat Chuck up.

"Chuck Cannon, let's go!"

Yvette called out to Chuck bitterly. She had decided that this would be the last time she called out Chuck's name. She didn't want to be in this place anymore, not even for a second!

What was the point of even being here? To be

insulted by others continuously?

However, Chuck still did not budge. Yvette shook her head, why did she even follow him here in the first place?

Ding, ding, ding!

At that moment, Chuck's phone rang and he picked it up to answer the call, the edges of his mouth curving into a smirk a few seconds later.

Such calm composure and provoking smile pissed Manager Yarn even further. He thought, "Smile? I'll give you a few f\*cking slaps and let's see who's the one smiling now!"

He stormed over and was about to hit Chuck!

But then!

A few seconds later, the phone in Manager Yarn's pocket suddenly rang. He frowned. Who the hell was it, disturbing him when he was trying to beat someone up!

He took out his phone in annoyance, expression instantly changing the moment he saw the caller ID. He waved his phone screen which displayed two words delightedly to Chuck: Big Boss!

Yvette felt even more despair!

She knew that the square owner had ties with Manager Yarn since they often went drinking together. If the owner was calling at such an odd hour now, he was definitely trying to invite Manager

Yarn out for a drink.

If Manager Yarn chose to talk badly and add oil to the fire now, she would definitely lose her company! It was that simple!

Even if she had the "baller" step in, he probably couldn't do anything either!

At this point, Yvette's discontent turned to fury.

Chuck, I don't blame you if you insulted time and again, but you can't let things worsen like this!

Manager Yarn sneered, "Young man, the boss invited me out for a drink. So, I'll let you off today, but you'd better be careful from now on! If you dare provoke me, I'll be sure to end you! "

He looked down on Chuck and even arrogantly switched on the speakerphone to hear Director Wendel's voice hands-free. He thought:

Yvette Jordan, listen carefully at how close I am with the boss!

Now you regret not coming with me, don't you?

If we wait for me on the bed like a good girl, I can still give you a chance!

"Hello, Director Wendel!" Manager Yarn greeted with an extremely arrogant and confident look on his face.

"Have you left?"

"Of course not, Director Wendel! As you know, I'm

the most devoted to my work and I usually leave work the last! I need to ensure that everything here is in place before I leave!"

Manager Yarn got even prouder with each passing moment. He looked at Yvette, then at Chuck, staring them down like they were peasants and he was the king. He looked at though he was showing off the fact that he was going for a night out with the boss to the two of them!

"It's good that you didn't leave. Come to my office. Right now!"

"Okay, okay. Director Wendel, please wait for a moment. I'll be right there."

After hanging up the phone, Manager Yarn snickered, "Get away from me, I'll be enjoying myself with the boss tonight. Last time, we went to a five-star hotel for dinner and I'm pretty sure the two of you have never been to such a high-end place in your whole life, haven't you? Guess what! I go there every day!"

"Are you sure that your boss wants to have dinner with you?" Chuck said flatly.

Yvette sighed and shook her head. What did Chuck want to achieve by saying that? The boss already called him, what else would it be other than to invite Manager Yarn out for dinner?

What was the use of him trying to talk it out?

"Haha! If he's not inviting me to dinner, do you

think he's asking you out instead? Do you really think you' have the standard for the boss to ask you out?" Manager Yarn turned around and left disdainfully.

However, the phone rang again. It was from the Big Boss.

Manager Yarn was even more pleased. "Look, the boss is urging me again. After dinner, we'll be having an amazing time with beautiful women, lavishly spending our money! You guys will never live like us, no matter what you do!"

"Oh really? Then you'd better enjoy yourself," Chuck replied nonchalantly.

Yvette frowned at Chuck's words, she was deeply disappointed!

"Hello, Director Wendel!" The call went through as Manager Yarn once again switched on the speakerphone. He looked so full of himself as he smiled haughtily.

"Don't come yet, pick up someone else first. He should be around the square, go take a look."

"No problem! Is it Director Gold, the one who went to dinner with us last time?"

"No, no, it's a young man named Chuck Cannon! Bring him to my office!"

"Chuck Cannon?"

Yvette froze instantly as her eyes widened in

disbelief! Why did this Director Wendel want Manager Yarn to pick Chuck up? Did she mishear it? But how could that be possible? Or was it Zelda Maine instead?

"No problem! I'll pick him up now! Please wait for a moment, boss!"

Manager Yarn smiled. The last time they had dinner with Director Gold, they had other entertainment programs arranged. This time, with Director Cannon, they would probably also have some extra fun in between the talks!

The phone was hung up!

Manager Yarn snorted at Chuck and Yvonne, "Get out of here, I'm going to pick someone up!"

"Pick up? But I don't want you to pick me up!" Chuck shook his head and shrugged.

"Haha, who the hell wants to pick you up? Look at what you look like," Manager Yarn laughed with a face full of sarcasm, but his eyebrows furrowed. What did he mean by saying that? Was the person that Director Wendel asked to pick up, him?

He stared hard at Chuck, before asking carefully. "Are you Chuck Cannon?"

"You are not qualified to talk to me!" Chuck said.

Manager Yarn sneered. "If you're Chuck Cannon, why don't you come with me?"

Ding, ding, ding!

The phone rang again!

Manager Yarn answered the call and intuitively switched on his speakerphone.

"Hello, Director Wendel, I have already picked up Chuck Cannon!" Manager Yarn could only sneer towards Chuck, thinking to himself: You little b\*stard, count yourself lucky this time to be able to get on Director Wendel's good side!

"Bring him over then. Remember, hurry up!"

"Director Wendel, who is this Chuck Cannon? He looks too ordinary." The more he looked at Chuck, the more upset he became.

"Ordinary, my a\*s!" On the phone, Director Wendel suddenly cursed!

Manager Yarn was instantly stunned, his face full of surprise. He could only freeze in his tracks as he awaited Director Wendel's explanation.

Yvette was equally surprised. What was going on? Why did Director Wendel scold Manager Yarn? Was it really because of Chuck?

"Director Wendel..." Manager Yarn was stunned. What did he mean?

"If you dare be disrespectful to Chuck Cannon, I won't let you off so easily. What are you waiting for, pass the phone over to Chuck Cannon! I can't believe the nonsense in your head despite following me for such a long time!" Director Wendel

scolded him!

"There's no need for you to give it to me," Chuck announced.

"Ah? Are you Chuck Cannon?" Director Wendel's voice suddenly toned down. He seemed to ..... respect Chuck!

His tone shocked Manager Yarn! How could his boss be so polite to this guy?!

Yvette's mind was blank. She did not expect Director Wendel to speak so humbly. In that case, Chuck's phone call was not to the police, but to...

"Yes," said Chuck.

"I apologize for the rudeness of my staff. Please forgive me, forgive me!"

"Forgive you? That depends on what you do, Director Wendel." Chuck focused his gaze at Manager Yarn calmly.

Manager Yarn felt goosebumps all over his body as he was now thoroughly shocked. What the hell is going on? Was he dreaming?

"Ah? In that case, please hold on! Yarn you asshole, immediately prostrate yourself and apologize to Mr Cannon. Otherwise, there'll be hell to pay for you!!" Director Wendel's voice was shrill and full of rage as heard from the receiver!



## Chapter 31

Manager Yarn was once again tongue-tied. What did he mean? Was he really supposed to kneel and beg Chuck Cannon for forgiveness?

He froze like a statue, feet glued firmly to the floor. His eyes widened in disbelief at Chuck, whose calm and expressionless emotions contrasted his own!

He could not understand.

He had a good relationship with the boss. How could the boss force him to kneel down to others?

Who exactly is this Chuck Cannon?

The shock on his face slowly subsided as he realized the truth, now looking more complicated than stunned.

Yvette Jordan froze. If she hadn't heard it from Director Wendel with her own ears, she wouldn't believe that something amazing and unbelievable just took place because of one phone call Chuck made.

Who did Chuck call just now? Yvette racked her brain to try to think who it was. No one else had the power to do so, apart from Zelda Maine! It must be her!

Who knew that Zelda was acquainted with the square owner. Yvette was taken aback, what a turn of events in her favour!

She looked at Chuck. For a moment, she felt a lingering thought cross her mind... Chuck really wasn't joking and didn't disappoint her.

"Yarn, are you fucking listening?" Director Wendel's steel-cold voice boomed out of the speakerphone.

"Yes, yes!" Manager Yarn's arrogance and ego from just now was already long gone. He looked at Chuck with a complicated expression, bowed his head, and knelt down!

Although there were a lot of people around, but so what? Did he dare to not disobey orders and refuse to kneel? Director Wendel would really kill him!

But!

"Hold on!" Chuck waved his hand to stop him.

"Thank you so much, Mr. Cannon. Just now, it was a misunderstanding..." Manager Yarn was overjoyed and hurried to deliver a cigarette to Chuck.

"I think you're mistaken. I don't want you to kneel down. You... you kneel down to Yvette and slap yourself ten times!" Chuck ordered coldly.

Manager Yarn was stunned again, his face burning in shame as though someone had just slapped him!

He turned his head and looked at Yvette who was equally stunned, his expression freezing into place. It would not be a big deal if he knelt down to Chuck

since he was a man. However, Yvette was a woman, and it would be a disgrace for him to kneel down to a woman!

"Still not listening to Chuck? If so, be ready to say goodbye to your legs! I'll break them the minute you get back!" Director Wendel threatened once again.

"Don't, I'll kneel!" Manager Yarn was so scared that his face turned pale. He immediately knelt down in front of Yvette.

She was stunned without words.

"Clap!"

Manager Yarn raised his hand and slapped his face, the loud slaps echoing throughout the corridor. Some people who were nearby started to gather around to see what was going on. They were all puzzled, what was going on? As they saw the once high and mighty director kneeling on the ground and slapping themselves, they started whispering and snickering.

The slaps continued.

Yvette could clearly hear the slapping sounds in her ear, reminding her that this wasn't a dream. Slowly, she could feel the unease and disappointment in her heart vanish, replaced by an unexplainable sense of comfort. Yes, Chuck did fulfill his promise of helping her!

She was on cloud nine, and had to constantly

remind her that she wasn't dreaming. She turned and looked at Chuck.

Soon after, Manager Yarn's cheeks were red and swollen.

The onlookers laughed at him, which made him even more ashamed as he lowered his head and tried to cover his face!

"I know this man, he is the manager of the square! How could he kneel down to a woman and slap himself? It must be this woman's boyfriend who made the manager kneel down! Her boyfriend is really amazing!"

"Yeah! I heard that this manager is often very perverted and loves to harass people. I'm pretty sure he must've harassed this woman, but didn't expect her boyfriend to be someone with so much authority! The guy's so handsome, plus he has connections too! Why don't I have such a boyfriend?"

The envious voices of the onlookers seemed to hope that Chuck was their boyfriends instead.

Yvette couldn't help herself but stare at Chuck. She couldn't believe that the little boy that she had known for so long had actually grown up, and was now even able to help her get back at someone.

This man, who had slept with her for almost ten years, and used to be her husband!

Her gaze was fixated on Chuck for a few seconds

before she avoided his eyes: why didn't she find him so attractive before? Especially just now.

She felt different from before. What was this feeling?

Manager Yarn turned his head. "Mr. Cannon, is that enough?"

"What do you think, Yvette?" Chuck asked.

"Ah? That's enough." Yvette Jordan came to her senses in a hurry, blushing furiously on her face.

"Stand up!" Chuck said calmly.

"Thank you!"

Manager Yarn was already close to tears. He was flustered and got up from the ground, running over to Chuck's side, "Mr Cannon, please come with me to meet Director Wendel!"

"Okay." Chuck nodded. Since his mother had already bought this square, he definitely had to meet this Director Wendel.

Manager Yarn immediately led the way, but not before Chuck walked up to Yvette. "Wait for me for a moment. I'll be right back."

"Yes." Yvette nodded. Despite whatever that happened, she was still willing to wait for him.

Chuck followed Manager Yarn upstairs, but Yvette come over halfway and asked. "I want to ask you, did you call Zelda Maine just now?"

Chuck was stunned.

"It doesn't matter if you don't want to tell me."  
Yvette coerced.

She thought it was Zelda who contacted the owner of the square, thus leading up to the facade that happened just now. If not, she couldn't imagine who Chuck would call even if she racked her brain for answers.

"Okay." Chuck didn't want to say much and just followed Manager Yarn upstairs.

Since he didn't explain, Yvette assumed that he did call Zelda. She thought, Zelda Maine was indeed an amazing person!

"Beautiful lady, is that your boyfriend?" A beautiful woman came over and asked.

Yvette did not know how to answer. Was he, or was he not?

Yes? However, the two of them had already separated.

No? But they had been sleeping in the same bed for more than ten years. Although they didn't do anything suspicious in bed, what was the relationship between them?

Yvette couldn't figure it out either. The only thing she felt was that Chuck gave her a different feeling today. What was he doing these few days?

For the first time, Yvette was a little curious about

Chuck.

Meanwhile, Manager Yarn took Chuck to Director Wendel's office and pushed the door open. Immediately, he was shocked by Director Wendel's broad smile. He could see a tinge of respect appearing on the director's face, this...

Most importantly, Director Wendel was someone influential and had a net worth of around one billion dollars. Yet, he was so respectful towards this Chuck Cannon! Amidst Manager Yarn's shock, he immediately regretted what he did just now and started sweating buckets. Who exactly did he mistreat just now?

He was full of regret!

He looked at Chuck secretly, only to find that his face was calm and expressionless, completely void of any fear a normal person should have towards a big boss. Who on earth was he?

"Yarn, you're fired!" Director Wendel announced coldly.

"Ah? Director Wendel,..." Manager Yarn could only stammer on the spot. He thought that since he had followed Chuck's orders, everything was already in the past. However, he was now being fired?

He could not believe it!

"Get out, now!" Director Wendel continued berating him!

Manager Yarn looked at Chuck complicatedly for help. "Mr. Cannon, could you please say a few words for me? I really need this job."

"I can't help you!" Chuck shook his head. Since he was taking over the square, the first thing he had to do was to get rid of such people!

Even if Director Wendel didn't do this, Chuck would still do it on his own!

With no choice, Manager Yarn turned around and walked out. Then, Director Wendel immediately walked over with a smile full of flattering respect!

Just now, when he received a phone call from that person, he was almost scared to death. How could she call him herself? Even Director Wendel could not believe it!

Although Director Wendel had some money, it was really nothing but petty cash in front of that woman. When he heard that she wanted him to transfer the ownership of the square to Chuck, he wanted to refuse because business in the square was not good. Wouldn't he be offending that person if the business was running on a loss?

To tell the truth, he was nervous now.

"Master Cannon, please have a seat here." Director Wendel greeted him in a hurry.

Chuck took one look at him and found Director Wendel's face to be slightly familiar. Suddenly, he found himself thinking of Wilbur Wendel, the guy



who made him buy a car. Could Wilbur be Director Wendel's son? Chuck chuckled, it was such a coincidence.

He sat down.

"Regarding the transfer process, the contract is slightly complicated to complete on such a short notice. Since it's quite late now, it's probably impossible for us to do it today so I'll prepare it the day after tomorrow. Young Master Cannon, why don't you drop by then to sign the contract?" Director Wendel asked politely. This square was not a house, so the procedures were more complicated. Besides, the salary of the employees in the square and the rent had to be calculated too, which was more troublesome.

"Sure." Chuck had no objections since the whole square was now his. He didn't mind waiting for another two days.

"Thank you, Young Master Cannon!" Director Wendel breathed a sigh of relief, and then said cautiously, "Young Master Cannon, do you know Zelda Maine from Modern Restaurant?"

Zelda Maine? Oh yes, she had taken a fancy to Yvette's company's shoplot. What was he going to do now?

## Chapter 32

After giving it some thought, Chuck decided to renew the contract for Yvette. As for Zelda Maine, he could only let Director Wendel tell her.

"Yes, I do know her." Chuck remained calm and collected.

"That's good."

Director Wendel sighed in relief. "Well, this makes things easier for me to explain then. I actually made a deal with Zelda a while back, she wanted to take over the training company on the fifth floor of the square before, and I agreed. Since Zelda's restaurant is very popular, if she can open a restaurant here, the flow of people in the square will immediately increase and at least help bring in some income to the square. What I'm trying to ask is, can you let Zelda proceed to take over the training company?"

"There's no need for that. I have other plans!" Chuck said.

Director Wendel had no choice but to obey, "Well alright, I'll have to tell Zelda later."

"Yes, just tell her that your square has been taken over by someone else, and the new boss has a new plan. But be careful, don't mention that it's me!" Chuck added.

"Young Master Cannon, what are you..." Director Wendel was surprised.

However, in an instant, his curiosity was replaced with nothing but respect for Chuck!

If it were his good-for-nothing son who took over the square, he would probably be extremely eager to announce the news to the whole world.

He also understood that real rich people would prefer to keep it low-profile. This young man standing in front of him was a perfect example of that, since despite knowing "that person", he was still willing to be so humble.

He was keeping a low-profile, but doing things in a high-profile!

"Just do as I say. Besides, I don't want anyone else to know that I took over the square!" Chuck continued.

"Understood!" Director Wendel nodded.

"In that case, there's nothing else for me to add here. Just give me a call when the contract is ready!" Chuck Cannon spoke as he stood up.

Director Wendel said in a hurry to try to make Chuck stay, "Well, Young Master Cannon, since it's so late now, would you like to go to one of my clubs to relax?"

There were a lot of beautiful women and models at his club. This was an opportunity for him to get on

Chuck's good side, and he didn't want to miss it. If he could get to know that person through the chuck, his fortune could increase to at least twice what he had now!

"No need!" Chuck immediately shook his head and walked out without any hesitation.

Director Wendel could only watch as he walked out as he sent him out politely.

After thinking for a while, he took out his mobile phone and called Zelda Maine.

The phone was connected.

Zelda's cheerful voice could be heard from over the phone. "Hello, Director Wendel."

"Zelda Maine, I have something to tell you." He was in a dilemma.

He had promised Zelda that she could come to renovate the place as soon as the training company on the fifth floor left. Words sounded nice, but he never did expect that with just a phone call, his square would be taken over by someone else.

"Director Wendel, please do say it, I'm all ears!"

"Well, it's about that place you inquired, the shoplot on the fifth floor of the square that is currently being occupied by a training company."

"Oh, have they moved away in advance? That's great then, I can start looking for interior designers to help design and renovate the place tomorrow

then!"

"No, it's..."

"What is it?" Zelda was slightly unnerved by the seriousness of his tone. She had her eye on that place for a long time, and since she only had to pay half the rent, as long as she could open shop, she would definitely make money!

"To tell you the truth, this square is no longer mine," said Director Wendel.

"What? What do you mean it's not yours? Director Wendel, are you kidding me? I called you the day before yesterday to confirm. It's only been two days, and you want me to believe that you've sold your square to someone else?" Zelda's voice was a mixture of surprise and also anger.

She clearly knew that even if the ownership of the square was transferred, it was impossible to sell it off so quickly. It would've needed a few months, or even a few years to complete the transfer of ownership, since the amount that they would be dealing with wasn't in the thousands or millions, it was in hundreds of millions!

How was it possible for the ownership to be transferred away in merely two days? It was impossible!

"Zelda Maine, please don't be angry, I have no reason to lie to you, right? I know that with your restaurant comes many financial benefits to us, but

the point is that the square isn't mine anymore. The new boss has taken over and expressed that he has other plans in mind, so....." Director Wendel tried to explain.

"Who is the new boss?" Zelda asked. Although she could not believe that the square had been transferred away in a span of two days, there was really no need for Director Wendel to lie to her.

This was because in his case, refusing her offer meant rejecting the money that came with it, and who would just give away chances of making money just like that?

"Well, the new boss said that he doesn't want others to know his identity or the fact that he has taken over the square," Director Wendel said.

"Is that so?"

Zelda, who had just returned home, frowned. This new boss was maintaining a pretty low-profile, who could they be? There weren't many people in the city who had such financial wealth to be able to afford hundreds of millions of dollars at once.

She thought hard but still couldn't pinpoint who it could be. At least, she didn't have the foresight to know who it was.

"Alright, I see," Alas, Zelda had no choice but to agree in resignation.

"I'm really sorry for that, I'll treat you to dinner someday."

"Okay."

The phone was hung up!

Zelda Maine sat down with a twinkle in her eyes and muttered to herself, "Who took over the square? The new boss, it seems that I have to talk to you in person, but I don't know who you are!"

.....

Chuck came down from the stairs and saw Yvette standing in the distance waiting for him. She was wearing a tight pair of jeans and a T-shirt, showing off her curves sexily. She was pacing around the place restlessly while waiting for him.

Chuck took a few more looks at her and walked over, "I'm done."

Yvette abruptly came to her senses. Her whole mind was full of Chuck as she was curious about how he managed to know Zelda Maine. How did he manage to coerce her into calling the owner of the square? These were all questions that she wanted answers to.

The atmosphere between them hung awkwardly as both of them didn't know what to say.

"Where do you live? I'll drive you back." Yvette offered, which Chuck automatically shook his head and rejected without thinking. He had driven his own car here too, and if he took a ride with Yvette, didn't that mean he had to come back again tomorrow just to pick up his car?

"I'll send you off. The taxis at night are very expensive," Yvette insisted. She didn't know why she offered, perhaps Chuck's change today was so drastic that she also changed her perception of him.

Chuck had no choice but to agree, and followed Yvette into the parking lot. They went into the elevator and the doors to the elevator closed with a shut. They were now alone in such a big space.

Yvette just stood some distance in front of Chuck, a position where her curves were entirely visible to him when he lowered his head. Chuck could feel his blood pressure surging.

"By the way, where do you live?" Yvette turned around to ask Chuck, but noticed that his gaze was focused downwards. She paused and followed his gaze, this angle ..... was he looking at her bottom?

Chuck tried to laugh it off awkwardly after he was noticed. Yvette bit her lip and repeated, "Where do you live?"

"Highstreet," Chuck accidentally blurted out.

"You live in Highstreet?" Yvette Jordan was surprised, because houses in that area cost at least three to four million dollars. Was this really where he stayed? The rent for this place costs at least 5 to 6 thousand dollars, could he really afford to pay for it?

"Oh, it's the Midland Village nearby." Chuck quickly



changed the place.

"Okay." Yvette was less surprised by his answer, since he could probably afford to stay at Midland Village.

The elevator door opened and they went out.

However, Chuck's phone chose that precise moment to vibrate. He opened his WeChat carefully to avoid letting Yvette notice, and found that it was from Lara Jean. This ..... Chuck panicked slightly!

Because at that moment, Lara actually took a selfie in front of a BMW 7 series. The venue that she was at was the parking lot of the City Square, and the car that was in the photo was actually his!

Did Charlotte Yates tell her that the car was his? For a moment, Chuck felt betrayed, but it was dispelled soon as Lara's next message came in, "Baller, isn't this car nice? It's my dad's new car!"

Chuck did not know whether to laugh or cry. Did Lara want him to be her boyfriend or her daddy?

But why was Lara in the City Square parking lot? Was she just looking for a car to take selfies? Seemed like his priority was to avoid her first if she wanted to take pictures she could just go ahead.

"WeChat? You also have WeChat?" Yvette blurted out. She knew that Chuck didn't have a WeChat account before, but when he was keeping his phone just now she had a glimpse of his phone

interface. She noticed that the background app that was running was WeChat, and she was surprised.

"Yes, I always had an account." Chuck knew that things weren't going his way. If Yvette asked him such, didn't that mean that she was going to add him on WeChat? If so, he was done for!

"You do? I always thought you didn't. Well, I'll add your WeChat account so that you don't have to call me in the future. In this way, you can save money for the phone bill. Open your WeChat then, I'll scan you and add you." She took out her phone and was prepared to scan his phone.

## Chapter 33

Chuck was a little flustered. If Yvette added him on WeChat, wouldn't she know that he was the "baller"?

Just when he had managed to leave a good impression on Yvette, if he chose to reveal his identity, his effort for the past few days would be gone to waste.

He thought hard and could only come up with an excuse, "I'll add you another time."

"Can't I add you now?" Yvette was confused. She looked at Chuck strangely. He was hiding something for sure.

"I'll add you next time." Chuck had no choice but to repeat what he said just now.

"All right." Yvette put away her phone.

Chuck heaved a sigh of relief.

"Let's go, I'll send you back." Yvette strut forward with her long legs, while Chuck followed closely behind.

As his thoughts swirled noisily in his head, they arrived at where Yvette parked her car. However, immediately Chuck knew something was wrong:

He noticed his car parked behind Yvette's car, he actually didn't notice it when he was parking his

car!

More importantly, Chuck noticed Lara who was still busy posing and taking pictures in his car. What on earth did she want to do?

"Lara Jean, why are you here?" Yvette didn't expect to see Lara here.

"Ah? Teacher."

Lara, who was leaning on Chuck's car to take selfies, came to her senses. Her face blushed subconsciously and she put away her phone, before walking over and explaining calmly, "I'm waiting for my daddy."

As she was speaking, she purposely took a look at the BMW seven series behind her.

"Your dad?"

Yvette looked at the car that Lara was leaning on in surprise. The BMW 7 series? For some reason, it looked familiar. Yvette was reminded of the last time in her residential area, there was also a car of the same series occupying someone else's parking space. It also didn't have a car plate.

Could it be that it's the same car? Yvette wondered.

"Well, my dad is eating with his friends. I was bored, so I came down first. It's so hot, if I had gotten the car keys from him, I could get in the car and enjoy the air conditioner," Lara remarked, while

glancing at Chuck and frowning after seeing him.

She was annoyed. What the hell was he laughing at? Did he even have the right to laugh at her? It couldn't be that the car was his, right?

Chuck really couldn't help laughing, and covered his mouth to pretend nothing was wrong. It couldn't be, Lara really wanted him to be her daddy, right! However, he immediately held back his laughter the moment he saw Lara glaring at him.

However, Chuck's expression of holding back his laughter looked like panic in Lara's eyes. She looked down on him even more.

Well, it is a pity that he doesn't even have a car of his own!

"Teacher, why are the two of you together?" Lara suddenly thought of this question.

Chuck and Yvette exchanged glances. In the past, they had agreed that if they ever found themselves in such a situation, they would lie and say that they ran into each other by coincidence.

However, this time Yvette just lowered her head and didn't say anything. It was the first time that Chuck saw her like this. He remembered that she used to say that it was just a coincidence, but she actually kept silent this time.

This was really out of Chuck's expectation.

Chuck's mind raced and his eyes gleamed as he

found an excuse, "Teacher Jordan was just having a meal here, while I had a part-time job here. I happened to run into her and she offered to send me back on her way home."

"Oh." Lara Jean was too lazy to pay attention to his explanation. There couldn't be any other possibilities for it, could there?

"In that case, goodbye teacher! I have to go find my dad for the car keys, or else I'll definitely die from this heat." Lara waved to Yvette and left.

Yvette nodded politely, but found her gaze returning constantly to the BMW 7 series. She wondered, "Doesn't Lara have an ordinary family? When did they manage to afford such a luxurious car?"

"Maybe they suddenly got rich," Chuck pretended to give a guess.

"Yes, it's possible, but this car is pretty high-end." Yvette Jordan said.

She also owned a BMW, but it was a BMW mini-series that cost maybe 20 million dollars. Compared to the BMW 7 series that cost around 200 million dollars, there was a large difference.

To be honest, Yvette really liked BMW cars, but she didn't have the money to buy such an expensive car.

"Yes, it's not bad. Why don't you go in and get a feel of it?" Chuck asked.

"Go in? We don't even have a car key to get in. It's fine just admiring it from the outside, since only the rich are able to afford such a car. Let's just take a look."

Yvette shook her head slightly in resignation and got into her car. "Get in. I'll take you home."

Chuck sighed. The keys to the car were just in his pocket, how could he not get in his own car?

If Yvette wanted to have a look, Chuck wouldn't have hesitated to bring out the keys. It was a pity that currently, Yvette didn't even think that Chuck could afford such an expensive car.

So what was the point if he brought out the car keys?

Of course, Chuck didn't say what he was thinking and got into Yvette's car. On the way back to Chuck's house, he noticed a fragrance on the car, which belonged to Yvette. He seldom had the chance to hitch a ride on Yvette's car, so naturally, he was aroused by the smell.

He also didn't want things to turn out this way!

Chuck tried to change the topic and asked Yvette where she was living recently since she had moved out of the house. She replied, "I've been renting a place to stay at."

He didn't plan to ask her where she was staying to avoid her from misunderstanding that he wanted to move in with her once more!

Soon, they arrived at Midland village, and Yvette stopped her car at a nearby intersection. "It's here right?" She asked.

She stared at all the crowded houses that weren't far away. Many people were staying here since the rent in Midland Village was lower and more affordable. Yvette was satisfied with Chuck's choice. Although he had moved out, he did not pursue wealth blindly.

"Yeah, it's here." Chuck peeked at the high-end residential area in the distance.

"Yep."

He got out of the car, his mind still lingering on Yvette's supple thighs and curvy waistline as he saw her beauty up close. He was probably aroused and wasn't in his right mind, as he actually asked, "Yvette, do you ..... want to have a drink at my place?"

The moment he said it, Chuck was nervous and speechless towards himself. Yvette was his wife, so what was wrong with having a drink with him?

Yvette was stunned. Drink? Did he mean a normal drink or...? She wasn't a little girl and couldn't be fooled so easily.

"No, it's alright, I'm not thirsty. I'll drop by for a drink next time." Yvette quickly rejected him politely, her pretty face already blushing furiously.

"Okay then." Chuck tried to hide the



disappointment in his voice.

"Then I'll leave first."

"Bye."

Chuck watched as Yvette drove away until her car was no larger than a speck of dust in the distance. The minute he could see her car no longer, he shook his head and rushed back home. He locked the door from the inside, pulled the blinds shut, and grabbed some tissues to the bathroom. 5 minutes later, he walked out expressionless and sighed. Was he really going to have to try making up with Yvette and moving in with her as soon as possible? Since it wasn't a permanent solution for him to have to do it himself every time this happened!

His head hurt from thinking.

Chuck thought that he might as well just text Yvette from his WeChat to let her know that everything was settled and she could continue operating in City Square as usual.

Soon, Yvette replied to his message: (a few crying emojis), really? Thank you so much.

Chuck sighed: You're welcome. What are you doing now?

Yvette replied, I'm getting ready to go to bed. Thank you once again. Let me treat you to dinner tomorrow!

Upon seeing her message, Chuck was once again speechless. Why dinner again? How was he supposed to meet her like this? Chuck gave it a long, hard thought before finally replying to her: I'm really busy recently.

Yvette Jordan replied: Hmm, in that case, that's alright. I'll treat you to dinner once you are free so I can thank you properly. You really helped me a lot.

Thank me properly? How did she plan on thanking her? Was she ... Chuck's thoughts drifted somewhere where he wasn't supposed to. His heart throbbed as he felt a bit sour, but he immediately came to his senses. What was he doing, getting all jealous of himself?

Chuck accidentally replied on impulse: You said you wanted to thank me properly. How will you thank me?

## Chapter 34

The moment Chuck sent the message out, he knew that it was probably not a good idea. Wasn't this flirting with Yvette? If he was using his own identity now, it would be fine, but now he was under the guise of the "baller"!

He quickly withdrew the message!

He then waited patiently and nervously for Yvette to reply him. Could she have seen it?

However, thirty seconds later, Yvette replied: Let's have dinner together when you're free. Thanks again! Good night!

As he saw her reply, Chuck knew that Yvette had definitely seen the message, or else she would not have brought up the word of thanks constantly. Probably, she was just pretending not to see the message.

In fact, Chuck was even a bit pleased to see Yvette's reply. At least she wasn't like Lara Jean, who already took the chance to get close to him under the pretense of thanking him. The only thing that he wanted to know was how Yvette thought of the "baller".

Despite wanting to know, he just replied with a good night, then put down his phone and went to sleep.

However, his plans were disturbed by Wilbur's friend request that was sent once again. Chuck was reminded that yesterday night before sleeping, a notification came in at about 11. Probably he had sent him the friend request then.

Under the remarks section, there were some words written: Add me please, I want to talk with you. Let me treat you to something!

Did that mean he was giving in to Chuck?

Chuck smirked. He had just bought Wilbur's father's square, so Wilbur should have enough money to buy a car! Chuck agreed and accepted his friend request. One minute later, Wilbur's message came in:

"Where are you? Why haven't you come yet? Don't tell me you're not going to buy it? I've been waiting for you to come pick up the car all day!"

Chuck was taken aback. Yesterday Wilbur seemed to be more wary of him, but today he returned to his old ways. Looks like your dad has told you that he sold the square for 500 million dollars!

"Do you need me to go pick you up personally?" Wilbur sent a message over that was full with sarcasm.

Chuck paused for a while to think, then continued to reply: I'll be there in an hour!

He grabbed the car keys and headed out to City Square after sending the message. When he

arrived, he got into his car and searched for the Porsche car centre in the car's navigation system before driving straight there.

Porsche Center!

Wilbur Wendel was sitting cross-legged on the large couch of the shop while looking at the messages on WeChat. His face was tinged with a poisonous smile, like a snake waiting to engulf its prey!

Chuck really had the courage to come meet him!

The manager of the store sat beside him with a chuckle, "Who is the young master this time who's going to buy a car?"

"Beats me. I've never seen him before." Wilbur shrugged, sneering deep down:

Wasn't Chuck so full of himself yesterday? In that case, it was already noon, why wasn't he here to pick up the car? Could it be, he was trying to gather money?

"Well, it doesn't particularly matter then, as long as he comes to buy the car." The manager's mouth curved into a smile.

"Who knows if he can afford it?" Wilbur shook his head in displeasure.

"Oh? But didn't you say that the person managed to pay a deposit of 300,000 dollars?" The manager was stunned. After all, the person did manage to

pay the deposit of 300 thousand dollars. By logic, he should be able to pay the rest, right?

"So what if he managed to pay? I checked yesterday. In the whole province, there are a lot of rich people whose last name is Cannon, but no one with the name of Chuck Cannon. I'm 70 percent sure that he's definitely not a rich person! He must be faking it!" Wilbur commented snarkily.

"At this point, it doesn't matter if he's fake. We've already collected the 300 thousand dollars, and the deposit is not refundable. Let's just split the deposit in half between us!" The manager smiled. This was not a loss for him at all! No matter what, he was still happy to earn 150 thousand dollars so easily.

"Split equally? It's just one hundred and fifty thousand dollars, it doesn't really matter to me." Wilbur said arrogantly!

That's right! Yesterday, his father came back and told him that his square had been sold for 500 million dollars!

After hearing that, Wilbur was also shocked!

Right after the shock came the feeling of a pleasant surprise. Although his father's total assets amounted to more than one billion dollars, the working capital was still considered little. As a result, his pocket money was only around 100 thousand dollars per month. Now, he suddenly had 500 million dollars in cash!

To Wilbur, this was an enormous number! Although he didn't ask his father for cash yesterday, but he did ask his father if he could buy a car when his father's mood was still good!

His father agreed!

He even asked Wilbur to call him to pay for the car once Wilbur had made his mind!

This explained why Wilbur was on cloud nine today!

"If 150 thousand dollars is nothing to you, have you become a baller, Wilbur? Did you make a fortune recently?" The manager was surprised.

"Not really." Wilbur answered proudly. "My dad's square was taken over by someone last night."

"What? Taken over?" The manager couldn't sit still.

He remembered Wilbur had told him previously that the square wasn't doing well, but even if it wasn't doing well, such a large-scale square would at least cost a few hundred million dollars, right?

And someone actually managed to take it over? In addition, if Wilbur was correct, the person even managed to pay everything in one go?

There weren't many people in the city who had such financial ability and funds to do so, were there?

"Yes, someone took over." Wilbur was also envious.

"Who could it be?" The manager was too curious.

"I don't know either, but I'm pretty sure whoever who manages to pay such a large sum of money at once is definitely a true baller! It's just a pity that my dad didn't want to tell me anything when I asked him yesterday. He said that this person doesn't want anyone to know that they've already bought the square. If I had known who it was, I would've already tried to make him my blood brother already!"

Speaking of this, Wilbur felt a pity. He knew himself well that he was nothing in front of such a person. If he could know such a person and suck up to him, wouldn't he be able to be pretentious as well?

"Only a few financial groups can have such strength," the manager thought for a moment and said.

"I guess so. I really want to know who this person is, but my father is always stubborn. He wants me to learn from that person to keep a low profile." Wilbur sighed.

He was going to continue ranting when a BMW 7 series car stopped outside the shop. He frowned when the car door opened and someone stepped down from the car. Could it be him?

"Is this the person who is going to buy a car?" The manager was surprised.

"Do you know this person?" Wilbur raised an



eyebrow at the manager.

"I don't know him, but I have a friend working in a BMW store. He said that a few days ago, there was a young man who bought a BMW seven-series. Since his car doesn't have a car plate, and he's so young, I'm pretty sure that the person they were talking about must be him!" The manager's eyes lit up. If this person was able to pay for a BMW 7 series, then buying a Cayenne should be as easy as ABC for him!

Wilbur was pissed off. Was this guy seriously rich?

Chuck walked into the store. Before he came, he even specifically looked up the specs for a Cayenne and noted that it was indeed impressive. It cost less than 2 million dollars, so he could actually buy one!

"I thought you weren't coming!" Wilbur greeted Chuck in a strange tone.

"Why won't I come? This car is not bad! Is this a Cayenne?" Chuck Cannon looked around the car. Wilbur sneered, and the manager immediately walked over. "Yes, sir, the one you ordered is this one!"

Chuck Cannon opened the car door and sat in. Indeed, it gave off a different feeling from the BMW 7 series; this was much more fashionable!

Not bad.

"How is it?" Wilbur asked provokingly.

"Not bad!" Chuck approved while nodding his head.

"Sir, this is just one of the Cayennes from series..." The manager started to introduce, but Chuck looked at him a few times and walked out of the car, shaking his head. The manager was stunned. "Do you not like it, sir?"

Chuck didn't say anything but just looked around the place. Wilbur was amused and snickered. Was this one of his plans? Not buying the car just because he didn't like it?

I see. Since the car is just new and only about a week old, how could his family allow him to get a new car?

"How is it? To me, the best thing about this car is the controls, it's amazing to race with it! I think you'd better let your BMW 7 series rest for a while and just buy this car. Look at me, I drive these sorts of cars all the time. Once you're used to the controls, you'll fall in love with Porsches." Wilbur tried to pressure Chuck into buying it.

However, Chuck was still wandering around and looking at the other cars in the hall. Wilbur couldn't help but be even more disgusted at him. "Not feeling like buying it? Well, it doesn't matter, you can just tell me. It's really not a big deal, but just to let you know, your deposit is not refundable. Since it's not worth it like this, why don't you just close your eyes and pay for the car? If you can't afford it,

## Chapter 35

"Hey, brother, what kind of car do you want to buy at your level? I think this Porsche 911 is not bad, since it suits you pretty well. Why don't you buy this car?" Wilbur Wendel walked over to Chuck Cannon playfully.

Since Chuck was going to continue to pretend, Wilbur would gladly give him the chance!

Did he really think that this car cost less than two million dollars? Too bad, it's more than four million dollars!

The manager was surprised and hurried over.

Chuck glanced at Wilbur and said, "Seems that you have a good taste this time. Manager, do you have any ready stock for this vehicle?"

"Hmm?" The manager was surprised. Was Chuck seriously going to buy this car?

Wilbur scoffed in disdain and even wanted to laugh.

A person who didn't even know what a Cayenne was, actually bought a Porsche 911?

But seems like Chuck's acting was not bad. This kind of car will not be available on the spot as they are all imported. It will take at least a week for the car to arrive!

Since there's no ready stock, Chuck could then be able to take the opportunity to not buy the car. Pretty slick of him!

"Sorry, sir, this car is not available on the spot and requires prior reservation!" The manager glanced at Wilbur and said calmly.

"No ready stock?" Chuck frowned.

"Since there's no stock, are you going to pretend to not buy it?" Wilbur smirked. He was sure that Chuck was going to pull off such a stunt!

"Since you're so high-class, if you don't buy the car, it'll ruin your reputation." Wilbur taunted, as he did not want to miss any chance to ridicule Chuck.

Chuck just stared at Wilbur for a while, before turning to ask the manager, "How long will it take for the car to arrive then?"

"I remember there is an available new car, but it's in another province. It will take three days to transfer it here!" The manager thought for a moment and said.

"Alright, I'll get this one then!" Chuck announced straight away.

The manager was shocked at Chuck's decisiveness! Was he not going to listen to the details or spec of the car?

The sneer on Wilbur Wendel's face froze uncontrollably. He raised an eyebrow and said, "Do

you know how much this car costs?"

"I don't know." Chuck shook his head.

"You don't know, but you still ordered it? Forget it, I'll tell you then, but don't be frightened once you hear the price. This car is priced at least four million dollars!" Wilbur snickered. Four million dollars was almost enough to buy two BMW seven series. He thought Chuck would never be able to hold in his emotions once he heard the price!

"Why are you so surprised about four million dollars? Is it very expensive?" Chuck asked flatly.

The manager was shocked!

There were a lot of people who could say such words calmly, but few of them could say that at such a young age!

Moreover, the man in front of him looked inexplicably composed, as though nothing would faze him, even if the sky fell down on top of him. Til this day, he had never seen such a well-maintained composure in anyone, until he saw Chuck. As such, he believed Chuck's words in an instant. This man was indeed qualified to say such words!

Wilbur was stunned, his face full on uncontrollable surprise. He stuttered. "What did you say? Four million is not expensive? Why are you so pretentious?"

His family's net worth was more than a billion dollars, but he still felt that more than four million

dollars was very expensive. His father would never buy it for him, let alone Chuck, whose background was still unknown.

"That's why at your level you can only drive a Cayenne!" Chuck shot back indifferently.

Wilbur immediately gritted his teeth!

"Sir, do you really want to order this?" The manager asked seriously. He had to double confirm with Chuck since there was so much money involved in this deal. He believed that Chuck was qualified to say this, but whether he wanted to or not was another thing!

"He's ordering sh\*t! He's just putting on a show!"

Just as Wilbur was trying to think of an excuse to why Chuck would be able to buy the car, he suddenly thought of a problem. How could Chuck drive a sports car if he could even damage a BMW? Sports cars needed special training!

"But what if I did?" Chuck looked at Wilbur Wendel calmly.

"You did? If so, then I'll change my surname to yours!" Wilbur scoffed in disbelief.

"Well, I would prefer if I didn't have a son as old as you!" Chuck shook his head.

"You!" Wilbur was furious!

"How about this then, if I order it, you have to promise me one thing!" Chuck said, an idea

suddenly popping up in his mind.

"One thing? What if you ask me to die?" Wilbur shook his head.

"Don't worry! Just do me a favour!" Chuck said.

Wilbur was suspicious. He thought about it, but suddenly realized something, sneering the minute he realized.

It's another trick. Chuck was deliberately putting himself in a dilemma, so if he didn't agree to Chuck's demands, Chuck would have another reason not to buy the car!

What a profound set of tricks!

But it'll never work! Wilbur didn't believe that Chuck could cash out more than four million dollars from his pocket just after buying a new car!

"Okay!" Wilbur nodded.

Chuck glanced at him and took out a card. "How much is it? I'll swipe my card!"

Wilbur's brows furrowed. How could Chuck still be so decisive?

He couldn't help but remind Chuck coldly, "You know that this time you're not paying the deposit right? You're paying an amount of four million dollars in total!"

"I know! Didn't I already give you a deposit of 300,000 dollars?" Chuck asked.

"Yes, but..."

"In that case, nothing's wrong then."

Chuck handed the card to the manager and asked coolly, "How much is the balance? He has my deposit of 300,000 dollars!"

The manager was stunned and immediately took the card to the front desk!

Wilbur glanced at the manager subconsciously. It was impossible. Even with 300 thousand dollars deducted from the balance, Chuck still had to pay more than 4 million dollars at once!

"Hey, stop pretending. It's impossible for you to pay so much at one go." Wilbur continued to insult Chuck.

Chuck just continued staring at him without saying a word. The look in his eyes made Wilbur frown. How could Chuck still be so calm?

In less than a minute!

When the manager came back, he was even more polite, bowing once before handing over the credit card to Chuck with both hands. "Hello, this is your card and receipt."

"What? The payment went through?"

Wilbur was shocked out of his skin! He froze, standing as still as a statue while the thoughts in his brain were furiously spinning. How could it be possible? It didn't make any sense!



How could he swipe and pay four million dollars so easily if he just bought a new car worth more than two million dollars?

Wilbur hurriedly confirmed with the manager, "Did he really swipe it?"

"Yes, he did." The manager was serious!

He was curious: since when did this place had such a low-profile rich person?!

Wilbur was utterly ashamed. He couldn't say anything for a long time because he found it simply unbelievable!

The manager took this opportunity to ask Chuck, "Sir, please give us your phone number. When the car arrives, we will inform you!"

Chuck took the card and checked the amount on the receipt to see if it was correct. After double checking, he gave the manager his phone number, in which the manager gladly memorized. This was an important client, so naturally he had to treat him well!

It took a full five minutes for Wilbur to recover from his daze completely. He could never look at Chuck the same way again. Wilbur sighed and looked at Chuck complicatedly. "What do you want me to do?"

"Don't fret! I have already bought my car, so you have to buy yours now!" Chuck said.

Once again, Wilbur started to feel arrogant again, "Of course, it's just a BMW seven series, right?"

"You have the money?" Chuck smiled.

Wilbur snorted in response and said proudly, "If you can buy two cars, why can't I?"

"Of course you can. You are the son of a super rich family anyway." Chuck smirked, the two corners of his mouth curling up unknowingly. If Wilbur knew that he was the one who bought his father's square, would he still have the arrogance to taunt him further?

"Well, I'm not going to hide it from you anymore. To be completely frank, do you know City Square?" Wilbur continued proudly.

"Yes, I know. What about it?" Chuck's smile widened mysteriously.

"That's my dad's, but it was taken over by a person yesterday. As for how much it was sold for, I can't tell you that, but it's definitely not a small amount. Do you think I won't have enough money to buy a BMW seven series?" Wilbur's face was full of confidence.

Deep down, he was ecstatic. He finally managed to win Chuck in something! Look at Chuck, he's probably dumbfounded. It would make sense since the amount he was going to pay was 500 million dollars, not a few million dollars! So what if Chuck managed to buy a new car? It was only worth

several million dollars anyways! If Chuck managed to fish out 500 million dollars, Wilbur vowed he would never piss off this guy ever again!

"Woah, that's a lot!" Chuck pretended to be surprised but was actually just speechless. This guy was really good at showing off, how could he be so pretentious? If his father knew it, he would slap him in the face!

"Hm, so as I said, it's just a BMW seven series. I can buy it anytime I want!" Wilbur beamed even wider, since he managed to get back at Chuck for all the discontent he felt just now. Indeed, it was really necessary for him to show off his family background!

"Congratulations then!" Chuck smiled.

"Wait a minute. I'll call my dad and ask him to come to the BMW store!" Wilbur took out his mobile phone and called his father, deliberately turning on his speakerphone.

"What's the matter?" It was really the voice of Director Wendel. Chuck couldn't wait to see the look on his face.

"Dad, I've taken a fancy to a BMW. Come to the BMW shop and have a look."

"What kind of BMW?"

"Just a normal BMW. Dad, come here quickly. I'm almost there," Wilbur hurried his father.

18:27 ■

"Okay." After a few seconds of silence on the phone, he finally spoke.

"Hurry up then!"

The call ended with Wilbur feeling even prouder. "My dad is coming to meet me. Maybe he also wants to buy a car!"

Chuck just smiled politely. He didn't know what kind of expression Director Wendel, who had just met him last night, would have when he knew that his son was trying to compete with him by buying a BMW.

## Chapter 36

"Come on, let's not waste anymore time. It's just buying a BMW anyways, piece of cake." Wilbur said as he walked outside.

Chuck tried not to laugh out loud. The BMW worth more than two million dollars was indeed a piece of cake to Wilbur now that his father was rich. However, the only reason why his father could sell off the square and earn some cash was because of Chuck's mother. If Chuck didn't plan to buy the square, where would Wilbur's father get the money to buy a car?

At this moment, the manager walked over in hesitance and whispered something in Wilbur's ear, mostly regarding the 300 thousand dollar deposit ...

Wilbur frowned. "I'll transfer it to you tomorrow!"

How could he have money now? He could only wait for his father.

The manager sighed in relief and then said to Chuck politely, "Mr. Cannon, please take care. When the car is here. I will call you."

Chuck nodded. He overheard just now that he needed training to drive a sports car, but it should not take too long. Anyhow, it was nice to drive a sports car too!

Chuck was about to open his car door and get in.

However, the more Wilbur looked at Chuck's car, the more upset he became.

What's so good about this car? Wilbur decided that when he bought one later, he would ask his dad to buy another one. Then, Chuck would have nothing else to boast about!

Wilbur got into his Cayenne haughtily, stepping on the gas and zooming off the minute he got in. Naturally, Chuck followed suit!

The manager looked at Chuck who had left and was amazed.

Who were the parents of this young man? It was rare to see a super rich person with such an indifferent temperament. The manager had encountered many people in his life, but he had never felt such a feeling from anyone.

"Manager, did the young man just now really order it?"

"He just swiped his credit card, so how could it be fake? It looks too simple though, I've been selling cars for so long, but I've never seen anyone buy a car so quick. Well, the rich are really rich!"

"I really want to know his WeChat, I want to be his girlfriend!"

"Me too. He's handsome and rich, just a perfect man of my dreams!"

The several Porsche sales consultants all gathered around and began chatter away enviously.

The manager frowned and scolded, "What are you guys doing? Don't you guys have work to do? Just look at his charisma, do you think he will like any of you here? Let me tell you, the next time Mr. Cannon comes, if anyone dares to offend him again, pack up your things and get out of here immediately! Do you hear me?!"

"Yes, sir." Several sales consultants were discouraged.

Just then, a beautiful woman strolled into the shop, wearing a pair of hot pants that complemented her slender, long legs. It was Quincy Lowe, Zelda's best friend. She had ordered a Porsche for herself a few days ago as a birthday present for herself, so she came to pick up the car.

But when she saw that the salespeople in the store whispering to each other, she curiously walked over and asked, "What happened?"

"Ah? It's Miss Lowe. Your car has arrived. Let me bring you to complete a few procedures, then you can pick up your car!" The manager came back to his senses.

"Okay. By the way, what were you guys talking about just now?" Quincy asked curiously.

"Oh, nothing much, it was a customer who just ordered a 911 modeled car." The manager said. He

waved his hand and the crowd of salespeople immediately dispersed.

"911 model. That rich?" Quincy's eyes widened. She wanted to buy that car, but she didn't have so much money at the moment. She only managed to buy an ordinary Porsche because it was her birthday, and only after begging her father to allow her to buy it.

This was why she didn't say anything when she heard Wilbur mention the Cayenne at the birthday party yesterday.

"He is quite rich." The manager sighed. Chuck's charisma had left quite an impression on him.

"Who ordered it?" Quincy asked out of curiosity.

"This..." The manager hesitated. This was related to the customer's privacy, so he had no right to say it out!

"Wilbur and I are good friends. You can't even tell?" Quincy added.

"Okay, alright, it was ordered by a man named Chuck Cannon." The manager could only say it out.

"What? Chuck Cannon was the one who ordered the model 911?" Quincy could only gape in shock!

Didn't he tell Wilbur that he would buy the Cayenne? Why did he order a 911 model that was several specs higher than a Cayenne instead?

That was an extra four million!



Quincy took a deep breath, this came as a big surprise! Chuck Cannon was indeed extremely rich!

"Do you know this Mr. Cannon, Miss Lowe?" The manager couldn't help but ask Quincy. Otherwise, how would she have such an expression on her face?

"Yes, I do."

Quincy nodded, and a strange smile appeared on the corner of her mouth. "Zelda, you found a pretty neat boyfriend!"

.....

Chuck found that Wilbur was driving so fast that his car disappeared in just a blink of an eye. However, Chuck wasn't planning to drive so fast because he cherished his own life. He would arrive at the BMW store soon since it was just a stone's stroll away.

At that moment, the phone rang. He took a look and saw that it was Zelda Maine!

Chuck Cannon was a little surprised and nervous. Why was Zelda calling him now? Did she find something out from Director Wendel?

Despite being a little nervous, he had no choice but to answer the phone.

"Hey, Chuck, where are you?" Zelda's voice could be heard clearly.

"I'm driving."

"Well, I have something to tell you. I'm sorry to tell you that the shop that I showed you yesterday was taken over by someone last night. I may not be able to go into business there." Zelda said apologetically.

Hearing this, Chuck was instantly relieved. Turns out that she wanted to talk about this.

"That's all right." He had no choice but to say so.

"By the way, do you know who took over the square?" Zelda asked.

"How would I know?"

"I have already asked a lot of people in the morning, but I still don't know who was the person who bought the square over. The thing is, it will cost at least 500 to 600 million dollars to take over the square, but everything was done overnight. This shows that this new boss is very low-key and powerful, so I really want to talk to him!" Zelda sounded full of confidence and expectation.

Chuck sighed silently, what did she mean by "talk to" now? How embarrassing would it be if Zelda found out that he was the one who took over the square and forced her to give up the shoplot? It would be so awkward then.

He didn't know what to say, so he could only respond to her with a few words.

"Well, don't worry. If I find who the new boss is and manage to negotiate with him, I will let you know."

Zelda sounded really sincere, which made Chuck feel slightly guilty. He didn't know how to continue this conversation, so he could only thank her.

"Why are you thanking me? About things yesterday, I still have to..." Zelda did not finish her words and suddenly stopped talking.

Chuck was immediately reminded of the fact that he kissed Zelda yesterday. Her lips were supple and sweet like jelly, and the touch of her curvy hips were still vivid in his mind.

The atmosphere was a little awkward!

Neither of them spoke. After around ten seconds, Zelda took the initiative to speak first. "Then, I'll contact you if there's any news!"

"Yep."

"Bye."

"Okay, Sister Zelda, bye-bye."

Chuck sighed in relief after he hung up the phone. He couldn't afford to let his mind wander. Although things got a bit heated up between them yesterday, Zelda obviously wanted to forget what had happened. If such, he had better let bygones be bygones and leave it as a memory in the past. He didn't want to misunderstand and make a fool of himself later on.

However, Chuck still wanted to know how Zelda would react if she knew that he was the one who

bought and took over the square.

He shook his head slightly. At this time, he had arrived at the BMW store.

After Chuck parked the car, he entered the shop straight away. Charlotte Yates was surprised when she saw him come in. In the meantime, Wilbur was already looking at the car while he was waiting for Chuck to arrive.

The salespeople in the BMW store were all surprised as they didn't recognize Chuck's new look. A salesgirl approached him. After all, his aura and charisma gave others the feeling that he had a high purchasing power. However, she saw Charlotte walking over to him instead, and only realized that it was Chuck!

After a makeover... he looked very handsome! It was true that clothes can change a person's look! She couldn't recognize him at all!

The few salesgirls were even more remorseful. If they had known, they would have taken care of Chuck better when he came over that day. But now, an intern had taken over his businesses instead. More importantly, Chuck had introduced customers to Charlotte. They were originally theirs, but...

The more they thought about it, the more regret they felt!

Charlotte walked over. "Mr. Cannon, Mr. Wendel is

already here."

Chuck nodded and had Charlotte bring him to a BMW seven series. There, Wilbur was already checking out the interior of the car, looking satisfied with everything that he had seen.

Seeing that Chuck Cannon finally arrived, Wilbur secretly looked down on him. How could he drive so slowly!

Wilbur exited the car and was greeted by Charlotte sweetly, "Mr Wendel, we have ready stock for this model!"

She was more grateful to Chuck. Since he wanted to treat her to dinner today, should she do something for him at night?

"Okay, wait for my dad to come over!" Wilbur said and looked out. All of a sudden, his expression brightened with pride and confidence. "My dad is here!"

His tone ended lightly as he was trying to show off, and Chuck also looked out, the corners of his mouth curling up. A BMW Three series drove in and someone exited the car. It was Director Wendel, whom he saw last night!

## Chapter 37

Wilbur walked over proudly and called out, "Dad!"

This shocked the salespeople at the scene. The person that he called dad was actually the boss of City Square, Harold Wendel!

How could they not know him?

The sourness in their hearts intensified. They just couldn't believe that Charlotte was so lucky!

Harold walked into the store, took one look at his son and frowned. He knew what kind of a person his son was: arrogant and a big show-off. What car did he want to buy?

He sighed. It was not that he was not willing to buy a car for his son, but he knew that Wilbur already had several cars and sports cars that cost nearly two million dollars. He had recently bought a Porsche Cayenne, but now he wanted to buy a car again! It wasn't even long after he bought the Cayenne!

Truthfully, he didn't want to promise his son yesterday. However, he did manage to sell off his square and earn 500 million dollars at once, as well as meet that person. He thought of just treating it as a celebration for himself since he was in a good mood.

But... seeing his son's expression now, he regretted

his decision slightly.

"Dad, I have my eye on a BMW seven series, can you buy it for me?" Wilbur deliberately raised his volume so that others could hear him.

Harold glared at him. This little rascal was making it difficult for him to reject his requests!

Wilbur chuckled and pulled his father towards him, saying as he walked towards the cars, "Dad, I think you should change your car too. It's been so many years, and it's not good enough for your status. Why don't we order two today?"

He still maintained a large volume, which surprised several of the salespeople there. Their eyes burned with envy as they looked at Charlotte. She was so lucky!

This flattery was right up Harold's alley, and he was pretty comfortable with it.

In fact, Harold felt like changing his car already. After all, he earned 500 million yesterday and wanted to reward himself. In addition, he did need a change of cars since the car he was driving now was indeed not worthy of his identity. He was more convinced after hearing what his son said.

He was attracted by the appearance of the BMW seven series in front of him, and his eyes were fixed on it!

He didn't notice Chuck Cannon who was standing and looking at them from aside at all.

"Dad, go in and have a look, you can feel the quality with your own hands." Wilbur opened the door and Harold entered it. He was tempted as it indeed felt amazing.

Seeing his father's expression, Wilbur was secretly delighted. The deal is done!

Hehe, buying two cars at once!

Let's see how embarrassed you will be! Wilbur smugly glanced at Chuck, his heart was full of joy and satisfaction!

"Promote it well to my dad!" Wilbur said to Charlotte.

Charlotte naturally nodded, then got into the car gracefully and started introducing the different specs and functions of the car. Harold was already attracted by the car the moment he got in. With Charlotte's persuasiveness, he was even enthralled to buy the car.

"How about it? You bought a 911 and I bought two BMW seven series, which is more expensive than yours by a million dollars!" Wilbur smirked as he proudly announced to Chuck.

"Yes, it's so much more expensive." Chuck agreed.

"That's right. It's just a little bit expensive though, five million dollars is not much anyways. What's important is we have to like it to buy it! Besides, good things need to be done in pairs. Buy two at once, what's the purpose if it's just one!"



Wilbur said with a proud smile.

He was delighted. So what if Chuck could spend four million dollars? Wilbur managed to spend one million dollars more than him now. Now, who was richer?

Chuck once again smiled faintly.

Wilbur was curious but still full of himself. What was Chuck laughing at? Oh, he must feel so embarrassed right now! What a delight!

Wilbur walked to the side of the car and sneered, "Dad, let's order it today! This car is definitely suitable for your caliber!"

"This car is not bad! Okay, let's order two!" Harold announced in satisfaction.

"Thank you, dad!" Wilbur almost laughed out loud. He said to Charlotte in a hurry, "Bring us to complete the procedures!"

"Yes, please wait a minute!" Charlotte got out of the car in surprise, nodded gratefully to Chuck, and then went to bring in the necessary documents.

"Dad, only people of your status can drive this car, other than that, no one is worthy to drive this car even if they bought it!" Wilbur tried to secretly direct the insults to Chuck.

"Who do you think is not worthy of driving this?" Harold touched the steering wheel and asked subconsciously.

"Well, some people."

Wilbur pointed directly at Chuck and said, "Dad, look, he also bought this car, but I don't think this car is worthy of him. Only people of your net worth are worthy of this kind of car! Even if they bought the car, they would need the status and position to use the car to the fullest!"

Harold smiled, his son was indeed good at flattering him. Well, let's see who else bought this car.

He withdrew his eyes from the steering wheel and looked out of the car window, immediately stunned once seeing the person...

"Dad, it's him. He also bought the same car as us. Even with the same car, he'll never be able to bring the beauty of the car out to its fullest! People like them are different from us, do they really think that by driving the same car with us, they'll be put on a pedestal?" Wilbur sneered. As soon as he proudly turned his head to continue insulting Chuck, a slap was hurled his way.

Slap!!

The slap echoed throughout the hall, informing everyone that something was amiss. All the salespeople stopped and subconsciously came over. What had happened?

Wilbur was stunned and he clasped his swollen cheek with his palm, staring at his father in

disbelief. "Dad, we were chatting nicely. Why did you hit me?"

"Bastard, come out of the car now!"

Harold broke out into curses and dragged Wilbur out of the car. Wilbur was even more confused. He felt ashamed as he seemed to be the butt of everyone's laughter and asked pitifully, "Dad, what are you doing?"

"How many times have I told you? Don't compare with others. You just ignored what I said, didn't you?" Harold was angry.

"No, I..." Wilbur tried to deny by shaking his head, feigning ignorance.

Slap!

Harold was so furious that he gave Wilbur a big slap again, and Wilbur was forced to sit on his knees on the ground.

"What are you waiting for? Get up and apologize!"

Harold was furious, his good mood from just now completely wrecked to shreds. He couldn't believe that his good-for-nothing son actually said that Chuck, who called him in person, didn't deserve to drive a BMW seven series? Someone who could afford to transfer 500 million dollars in one shot did not deserve to drive a BMW seven series? Harold was mad with rage. Since Chuck knew that person, he could drive a Rolls-Royce custom-made version and Harold wouldn't even dare to say a thing! If

Chuck was not qualified to drive the car, that wouldn't make him any more qualified to do so either!

"Dad, you're old and confused, aren't you? Why should I apologize to him?" Wilbur was confused, angry and ashamed.

"F\*ck!" Harold kicked him, and Wilbur once again fell to the ground with a cry.

"Sorry, Young Master Cannon!"

Harold walked over to Chuck with an apologetic smile on his face, feeling extremely nervous on the inside. Was Chuck going to call that person and tell on him? He would be absolutely ruined if that person was angered by him. Since a billion dollars was nothing in front of that person, they could easily send him to the depths of despair in just a blink of an eye! The more he thought about it, the more scared he became.

The other salespeople were shocked. How could the owner of the City Square call him young master? This...

The whole place was silent!

"It's alright, it's just buying cars. Good things come in pairs anyways, so it's good to buy two." Chuck said.

"No, no, I won't buy it. It's fine." Harold quickly shook his head. How would he even dare to drive the same car as Chuck now that he knew that

Chuck drove a BMW seven series too? Doesn't that mean that he would be on an equal footing with Chuck? He would never dare to even think or do so!

"Just continue," Chuck just smiled at him unnervingly.

Harold shook his head.

"Dad!" Wilbur was anxious. He had already placed the order so why weren't they buying it? What was going on? Who is this guy? And why is he a young master? What the hell!

"Bastard! Our status is not worthy of this car!" Harold glared angrily at his son.

"Dad, what are you saying? We just ordered the cars, the deal's been done." Wilbur really felt ashamed. Not only had he been slapped by his father in public, but now his father was going back on his word. He would be the laughingstock of the town because of Chuck!

"Dad, what are you worried about? It's only more than five million dollars. Didn't you earn 500 million dollars yesterday?....." Before Wilbur could finish his sentence, Harold slapped him angrily again.

A loud slap could be heard once again!

This time, Wilbur fell butt-first to the ground!

Bastard, there wasn't any point showing off to the person who's mother gave him the 500 million

dollars for the square! Harold wanted to dig a hole in the ground and hide.

"Dad, please don't hit me. The cars have been ordered, so you have to buy them today!" Wilbur was also angry. Having been slapped several times, he felt that it was more reasonable for him to feel wronged.

"The hell to buying them! I won't buy them!" Harold shook his head and said, "Get out of here!"

Wilbur got up from the ground and pouted unhappily. "Dad, who is he? Why is he only worthy of this car?"

Harold was angry and speechless at his son. It wasn't a question of whether or not Chuck was qualified to drive a 50 million dollar car, it was because he was low-profiled!

"You want to talk some more? Didn't you want to buy a car? Okay, salesgirl!" Harold shouted for Charlotte as ran over with a confused face. "Sir, what can I do for you?"

"We don't want this car anymore. Give me the cheapest car you have here, I'll order it!" Harold said.

"Dad, I don't want it!" Wilbur shook his head angrily.

Slap!

Harold couldn't hold himself back and slapped his

18:28 ■

son once again. "You still want the same car as Young Master Cannon? Dream on! You are only worthy of the cheapest car!"

## Chapter 38

Hearing his father's words in public, Wilbur felt even more embarrassed. He gritted his teeth and stood up. "Dad, you've gone too far today!"

He glared at Chuck with hatred, turned around and left.

"Bastard, if you walk out of this door today, I'll disown you!" Harold was extremely pissed that he snapped and lashed out at his son. He kept observing Chuck's expression to see whether he was angry or not. Would he call that person if he was?

Wilbur stopped in his tracks and turned around angrily. "Dad, who is he? How dare you call him young master? This sickens me! Our family has more than one billion dollars. Why should we call him young master?"

Harold was both annoyed and furious. Indeed, one billion dollars is a lot of money, but it is only a drop in the ocean in that person's eyes. How could his son still show off?

He held back his urge to beat his bratty son to death. "Listen carefully, I call him young master because we..."

"Forget it!" Chuck came over and interrupted Harold.



"You shut up! Dad, continue, what did we do? And what does it have to do with him?" Wilbur glared at Chuck and asked.

Harold really wanted to say :

Bastard, our square was taken over by him, and he even knows that person. Our family's one billion dollars is nothing in his eyes! You were only able to say so much because he allowed you to. If I don't call him young master, then what should I call him?

However, Chuck had already said last night that he didn't want others to know his identity. If he said it now, with a mouth like his son's, everyone will know within an hour. Wouldn't that be more offensive to Chuck?

However, knowing Chuck, Harold sighed and said, "Nothing!"

Wilbur frowned. Although he was still upset, since his father had taken a step back, he still walked over to him. After all, his father would not be so respectful to ordinary people. Was Chuck Cannon really richer than his family, and had a lot more money? Is that why his father called him young master?

Wilbur doubted it since Chuck really didn't look like it!

"Dad, I don't want the cheapest car!" Wilbur tried to reason with his father.

"What are you still blabbering about? If Young

Master Cannon drives that car, you should drive the cheapest one. Do you hear me?" Harold's words didn't budge at all.

Wilbur was about to snap back, but when he saw his father raising his hand, he gritted his teeth and nodded. "Yes."

"From today onwards, if you dare to be disrespectful to Young Master Cannon, I'll disown you straight away!" Harold threatened coldly.

"Dad, don't hit me. I will keep that in mind." Wilbur said in a hurry.

Hearing this, Harold sighed in relief.

"Director Wendel, are you sure you want the cheapest one?" Charlotte confirmed once again.

"Yes, how much is the cheapest one?" Harold nodded in response.

"We've got a discount for the BMW one series. It's worth less than two hundred thousand in total, but it has the lowest specs..." Charlotte said.

"Okay, I'll get one! Here's my credit card!" Harold took out a credit card and passed it to Charlotte to proceed with the documents. However, she remembered that he had already paid the deposit yesterday, so she informed him about it.

Upon hearing this, Harold became even angrier. Was his useless son really trying to compete with Chuck in buying cars?

Harold really wanted to give his son a good kick! He put the card away.

Wilbur's expression was complicated. He thought that he was going to drive the BMW seven series, but now he is degraded to the BMW one series? This was seriously unfair!

"Young Master Cannon, would you like to have dinner with us?" Harold invited.

"There's no need for that. I've already made an appointment tonight." Chuck glanced at Charlotte, who was standing in the distance.

Charlotte turned her head and was pleasantly surprised. He still remembered. Should she...repay him today?

Although they didn't order two BMW 7 series cars today, but at least she still had some commissions since she still managed to strike a few deals.

"Alright." Harold was slightly upset since he didn't get to eat with Chuck tonight. He was still perturbed, was Chuck angry at him?

Charlotte settled the documents quickly. After a while, she returned the extra money to Wilbur and asked him to come and pick up the car the day after tomorrow.

"Young Master Cannon, we will go back first," Harold said politely.

"Okay." Chuck took one last glance at Wilbur and

made a gesture of making a phone call. Wilbur nodded as sign of understanding what Chuck was trying to say. After all, he had promised to do Chuck a favor.

Then, Harold dragged Wilbur outside the store, Wilbur taking one last look at Chuck complicatedly.

As the two of them walked out, Wilbur couldn't help asking, "Dad, who is that person? I checked and there is no such person in the rich people's list! Did you make a mistake?"

"Of course of he wouldn't be in the rich people's list. He comes from a super rich family!" Harold revealed straight away.

This came as a surprise to Wilbur. A super rich family? Wouldn't that mean he was much richer than his own family?

He felt ashamed when he thought of the fact that he was competing with a super rich family.

"Dad, who are his parents?" Wilbur continued asking while chasing after his father.

"I don't know, but he knows that Logan person..." Harold lowered his voice and told him the full name of that person.

Wilbur froze in his spot, as if he had been struck by lightning. He trembled and broke out in cold sweat...

.....

"Thank you," Charlotte whispered.

The envious look in her colleague's eyes made her very happy. This month, she would definitely have another bonus!

"It's almost time for you to get off work. Let's go for dinner. I said I would treat you to dinner yesterday, remember?" Chuck said.

"Okay, just let me inform the manager." Charlotte blushed and went to ask the manager to let her off early since it was not the time to get off work yet.

Before she could even tell the manager her circumstance, the manager waved his hand and dismissed her, "Take good care of him. He will be a big customer of yours in the future!"

He had witnessed everything just now. Last time, Chuck had already surprised him. Yet today, he was utterly shocked by whatever Chuck had done!

Who was this person for the boss of City Square to even address him as "Young Master"?

"Okay."

Charlotte went to the lounge to change into her usual clothes. She wore casually to work today, dressed in only shorts and a plain T-shirt. She looked at herself in the mirror and was satisfied with her outfit despite looking extremely normal. Would Chuck Cannon like them?

Charlotte's heart raced. Well, it was all or nothing!

Chuck was already waiting in the car when he saw Charlotte walk out. Her two legs were slender and attractive. Not to lie, Charlotte had a really amazing figure, despite not being very curvy, but she was still quite slim and pretty.

She had a contrasting figure when compared to Yvette Jordan. Yvette looked like the type of girls that looked slim at first, but in truth had a curvy and sexy body shape. Comparing the two of them, Chuck still felt that Yvette's figure was better!

Ultimately, Charlotte wasn't that bad, just that she was slightly inferior in looks when compared to Yvette.

Charlotte opened the car door and sat in.

"What do you want to eat?" Chuck asked since he was also hungry.

"It's up to you," Charlotte said.

"Okay."

Chuck drove away. What were they going to eat then? On the road, he noticed a restaurant that looked pretty neat by the roadside, and asked if that place looked good to eat there. Charlotte was extremely shy, were they going to have a couple meal?

"Well, it's up to you." Charlotte took a glimpse at Chuck secretly. She was obsessed with good looks, and she noticed that Chuck's facial features indicated that his mother and father were of

different nationality. His aura was charismatic and attractive. If Chuck was going to do something to her today, she knew that she wouldn't push him away. In fact, she was actually looking forward to him doing something to her!

Chuck drove the car inside the parking lot. Indeed, driving a luxurious car subjects people to preferential treatment. When the security guard saw it, he immediately led the way respectfully until Chuck had parked the car.

Charlotte noticed that there was a washroom not far away and gave an excuse that she needed to go to the washroom. Chuck agreed and waited for her in the same spot. In truth, she had left to buy something, something needed if they were to do something tonight. She noticed that Chuck didn't have it in his car. Since she didn't have it on her as well, what would she do if Chuck decided to do it in the car?

There was a need to prepare some protective measures in advance. Otherwise, Chuck would lose interest quickly, and that couldn't happen.

Chuck was just waiting at the same place, not thinking much since he was just here to have dinner. He noticed that the design of this restaurant was quite nice, but was also thinking about how to manage the square well. After all, he already took over the square. He had to be serious about handling the business well to avoid disappointing his mother.

He was deep in thought for some time. After waiting for a while, Charlotte ran over to him and said, "Let's go."

"Okay, let's go in then." Chuck brought Charlotte inside. She subconsciously looked at Chuck nervously. She didn't know which size to get, so she bought a big one. All men would be proud to get this, right? The more she thought about it, the more she blushed. Was she going crazy with lust?

The waiters inside immediately welcomed them, but after Chuck and Charlotte walked inside, they did not realize that someone had just passed by and recognized Chuck ...

Yes, it was her best friend Moon Cherise and her boyfriend who had been invited to dinner by Lara last time. Lara was going to dupe Chuck into treating them before, but....

"Did I see it wrongly? That person is Chuck Cannon who didn't pay for the meal last time right? How dare he come out for a meal!" Moon was angry.

Her boyfriend was also not happy. It was an extremely awkward situation last time in the hotel, and all of it was because of Chuck. "Call your best friend Lara Jean and tell her that we saw that bastard!" Her boyfriend said.

"Hehe, alright!" Moon immediately took out her phone and dialed Lara's number.



## Chapter 39

Moon called Lara but she wasn't picking up the phone. Maybe she did not hear it.

Moon was anxious. "Oh, what is Lara doing? Why isn't she answering the phone?"

"Then why don't you call again? I didn't think we would meet this brat here, so we have to teach him a lesson while we can. Last time, he made us lose face right?" Moon's boyfriend Milo Cady said in a hurry.

"Okay, I know!"

Moon nodded and immediately dialed her number again, but Lara was still not answering. Such an opportunity was hard to come by, so they had to act quick. Moon didn't give up and continued to call Lara.

"This restaurant isn't cheap. How much money did this guy pick up?" Milo was curious.

Lara seemed to mention that he picked up 20,000 dollars, but he already spent more than 10,000 dollars the last time. How could he still have money to enter such a place?

"How would I know? But, why does Chuck look more attractive this time around? I almost didn't recognize him just now." Moon was curious but for a different reason.

Listening to his girlfriend praising others, Milo was unhappy and jealous. "Hey, are you swooning over him?"

How was Chuck more handsome today? Wasn't it just a new hairstyle? Everyone would look good if they had a haircut and a makeover.

"No, I just think he's a little different." Moon Cherise smacked her lips.

Milo snorted softly in disbelief. This was getting a bit awkward, so Moon just continued to call Lara on her mobile phone. She really wanted to witness Lara insulting Chuck.

After all, she was utterly disgraced last time. Lara had invited them for a free dinner, but Chuck had the audacity to not pay for their meal portion! He was completely looking down on them!

Chuck and Charlotte entered the restaurant. It was almost dinner time, so there were not too many people and there were a lot of empty seats. Unlike Zelda's restaurant, they didn't have to make a booking in order to dine here, and it was also cost less. The cost for two was around 700 or 800 dollars.

The two of them sat down and the waiter began to introduce the specialties. Charlotte ordered two dishes which were both greens, while Chuck ordered two meat dishes since he couldn't survive a meal with just vegetables.

"Okay, these are enough," Chuck said.

"Alright, please wait for a moment!" The waiter left with the menu.

While they were waiting for the food to arrive, Chuck began to tamper with his phone out of boredom. He wasn't just playing games on his phone, but instead searching for management methods online. Since he took over the square, it had to be managed well. After thinking about it over and over again, it seemed that he had to find a trustworthy general manager.

Otherwise, it would be very troublesome for him to go to the square and back during classes on weekdays. Should he conduct a recruitment drive or an online search?

This was a little difficult for him, since talented people were hard to find. In addition, even if he had the money, finding the right people for the right tasks was tough as well.

It seemed that he had to think about it carefully. He could ask Harold to recommend a few people for him since he was going over to sign the contract in a few days.

"What are you thinking about?" Charlotte couldn't help asking. She was very curious about Chuck who was sitting in front of her.

"Oh, nothing." Chuck shook his head politely and put away his mobile phone.

"Okay."

Soon, the dishes were served, and the two began to eat.

On the other hand, Moon Cherise finally got through to Lara Jean.

In fact, Lara had already seen it, but she just didn't want to pick it up. Last time when Chuck "treated her to dinner", she had to pay for more than 6,000 dollars. However, after that, Moon didn't mention anything about the money which made Lara angry. She didn't want to be Moon's friend anymore.

However, Moon was just too persistent, calling her more than 10 times in a row. Since Lara was already very annoyed, she had no choice but to pick up the phone.

"Hey, Moon, why did you call me?" Lara said indifferently.

"Lara, you finally answered the phone. What have you been doing? Forget it... Guess who I saw?"

"Who?"

"I met Chuck who invited us to dinner last time. He actually went into a high-end restaurant with a woman. How much money did he really pick up?"

A high-end restaurant? With a woman? The woman is probably Zelda Maine. No, not probably, it must be her!

Otherwise, she would not believe that Chuck could

still eat with another woman. Lara was displeased but secretly envious of Chuck.

How did Chuck manage to hook up with a rich person like Zelda Maine? Even going out for dinner with her, did that mean they were going to be together soon?

Lara sighed helplessly. She had seduced that "baller" but he did not care about her. When would she be as lucky as Chuck to hook up with a rich person?

The more Lara thought about it, the more jealous she became.

"Oh, Chuck recently hooked up with a rich person, so he should probably be eating with her." Lara said.

"What, rich person?" Moon was surprised and secretly envious the moment she heard it. No wonder he could come to a high-end restaurant: it was a treat from someone else!

"Yes, don't worry about it. That rich person has a bad temper, so don't provoke her."

Lara remembered that Zelda had slapped her, but she had no choice to beg for forgiveness from her although being the victim here. She was pissed.

"Ah? Then that's none of our business now! Aren't you coming?"

"I'm not." Lara shook her head and rejected. She

didn't want to be slapped by Zelda again.

"Oh."

After hanging up the phone, Lara thought, "This can't be, even Chuck can hook up with rich people. Am I no better than him? Why can't I hook up with rich people?"

Or it's because I haven't tried my best!

Lara bit her lip and decided to send a sexier photo to the baller. She had to seduce this person no matter what!

She sat down. She was wearing a short denim skirt, so she took a photo of her showing her underwear.

Meanwhile, Chuck's phone vibrated. He clicked on it and immediately spat out his food. This Lara Jean was getting more and more open with her pictures!

The selfie she sent was not bad, since it was alluring enough to make Chuck look twice at the photo. He wanted to laugh. If Lara Jean knew that she had sacrificed so much to seduce him, how would she react?

Charlotte, who was in the middle of eating, was confused. What was Chuck Cannon laughing about? Was he thinking about what was going to happen at night? She blushed.

.....

Outside the restaurant, Moon put down her phone to which Milo asked, "How is it? Is Lara Jean

coming or not?"

"She's not coming. She told me that that Chuck hooked up with a rich person, who came with him for dinner here." Moon was a little jealous.

"I knew it! This guy wouldn't have the money to spend at a place like this. Turns out that he has been kept as a sugar baby! He's really a loser. Shame on us men!" Milo said righteously.

However, on the contrary he thought to himself, "How can this brat be so lucky to have hooked up with a rich woman? This means that he probably gets to rest easy for the next 20 years! Why can't I hook up with rich people? I'll have to ask Chuck Cannon for tips later."

"Plus, she said that this rich person has a bad temper and she wants us to leave." Moon continued.

"Okay then, let's go." Milo nodded.

He thought that if they continued to wait, Chuck might come out with the rich woman and recognize them. If he showed off the rich woman to them, wouldn't that be more humiliating? It was better to leave as soon as possible.

Moon had the same thoughts as he did, but she was hungry and wanted to go in for dinner. She had not been to this place yet.

After she said so, Milo shook his head hurriedly and explained. "I don't have so much money. These are

places for rich people to enter..."

The last sentence he kept as a grumble in his heart. He wasn't a sugarbaby so he didn't have the money to spend lavishly here. It was best for them to just leave!

Moon was disappointed. "Okay, let's go eat at a buffet then."

Milo nodded. A buffet was still acceptable since there was a cheap place in City Square that cost around 48 dollars per person. It was a good deal and hence better to have their dinner there. The two of them held hands and left.

In the meantime, Chuck and Charlotte finished their meal. Chuck paid the bill and exited the restaurant with Charlotte. It was getting dark, and Charlotte was getting more and more on edge.

She had a boyfriend after she graduated from college and had only slept with one man. If she slept with Chuck tonight, he would be her second. She felt increasingly aroused as the thoughts kept lingering in her mind.

After getting into the car, Chuck drove away from the restaurant. Charlotte was stunned after feeling so anxious after some time. This was because Chuck was driving straight towards her place. Does he not want to do anything to her? Was he sending her back directly? Or did he want to go her house to do something exciting? But there were other tenants there, so what if the two classmates came



18:37 ■

back? Wouldn't that be awkward if they saw them in the middle of doing it?

Charlotte's thoughts ran wild. She bit her lips lightly and lied. "Recently, the place I'm renting is very noisy."

"Then you should rent a new place," Chuck replied.

Charlotte was speechless since that was not what she meant. She wanted to go to his house. "Where do you live? Can I go and have a look?"

Chuck was shocked after hearing her say so. What were they going to do at his house? Could it be.....

## Chapter 40

Just as Chuck was thinking about it, the ringing of his mobile phone suddenly broke the silence in the car. His thoughts were immediately dispelled once he noticed that it was Yvette.

This was a typical "wife checking on husband" scenario.

Chuck didn't answer the call because his mobile phone was connected to the car's bluetooth function. He couldn't let Charlotte Yates hear Yvette's voice, could he?

"I'll send you home," Chuck said.

"Ok." Charlotte was disappointed. If Chuck really wanted to touch her, then he would have touched her when he was driving just now.

Chuck didn't talk much since he had to call Yvette as soon as possible.

He continued to drive to Charlotte's place. When they arrived at the destination, she got out of the car.

After bidding goodbye, Chuck turned the car around and left without looking back. Charlotte sighed, was she not attractive enough? Perhaps, since a rich young man like him would've had the chance to deal with many different kinds of women.

She bit her lip and went upstairs.

Meanwhile, the first thing Chuck did after he turned his car around was to call Yvette. He was mainly surprised, why would Yvette call him this late at night?

The phone was connected.

"Where are you? Why didn't you come to class today?" Yvette's voice could be heard clearly.

She went to class today but didn't see Chuck in class like usual. Obviously, she was slightly angry. She really wanted to call him and question him, but she endured it.

What annoyed her was that ever since he knew Zelda Maine, he started to skip class frequently. Was she really subservient compared to Zelda?

This was a fleeting thought in her mind.

Chuck could only try to cover up that he was busy today. After all, he couldn't tell her that today he spent around four million dollars to buy a car, as well as take a pretty lady out for dinner, could he?

Even if he said so, she wouldn't believe him either.

"Remember to attend class even if you have things to do!" Yvette said.

"Understood. By the way, have you eaten?" Chuck couldn't help but care about her. Despite calling to reprimand him, Yvette's tone had long changed compared to the cold, mean tones that she used long before.

18:37 ■

"Yes."

"Good night then."

"Good night."

After hanging up the phone, Chuck let out a sigh of relief and drove back.

For the next two days, Chuck took out time to fix the car plate on his car. Since Harold Wendel had helped to finish up the procedures for the transfer of the square, Chuck just had to go sign a few documents to complete the process. When the call came, Chuck went over to sign the contract, and he was now the new boss of City Square!

Chuck could feel the pressure sliding in, and he was also going to initiate his plans to transform the square. After all, he couldn't let his mother down.

However, Harold informed Chuck that Zelda Maine had been constantly asking him who the new boss was these days. Chuck knew that he wouldn't be able to hide it for long, maybe only covering it up for another few more days.

Chuck sighed. He didn't know how Zelda would react when she knew that he was the new owner of the square.

Chuck asked Harold to find someone he could trust to help him to manage the square, in which Harold agreed to immediately. For now, Chuck could only wait for some good news.

Although he was busy, Chuck still took time to attend Yvette's class. Seeing that Yvette's expression was much better, he felt relieved.

"Chuck, I'm going off for my part-time job. Catch you later!" Queenie said with a blushing face. He nodded and watched her run out with her schoolbag on her back.

He was curious. Where did Queenie work at for her part-time job?

For the past two days, Lara had advanced even more aggressively on Chuck to the point that she was sending him a few sexy photos everyday. Naturally, he ignored them. He didn't know that the reason why she was so aggressive was because she had gotten competitive. Since she thought that she had managed to "hook up a rich person", she had vowed to make this baller her boyfriend!

Despite ignoring the photos, he didn't refuse them since she was the one sending them to him. He was curious anyways, so might as well take a few looks.

When would Lara send him nudes? Probably not likely.

Chuck shook his head slowly and smiled while he silently placed his phone back in his pocket. Coincidentally, Lara saw him and taunted, "Who are you talking to? Chatting with Zelda Maine?"

Chuck paused. He really wanted to say that she

was the one he was chatting to!

Well, he was too lazy to explain to her, so he ignored her and resumed minding his own business. Lara was angered by this and snorted, then prepared to leave the class.

However, just when everyone was about to start making a ruckus after class, they were momentarily stunned by a pretty student who was standing at the classroom door.

She was wearing a blue dress that revealed her delicate, fair pair of legs. Her facial features were perfect, and was complemented by crystal clear eyes and a small, dainty mouth. Her long hair fell naturally behind her back, looking as black as ebony and as smooth as silk. Her beauty was otherworldly as everyone couldn't help but hold their breaths.

Her appearance made all the students in the class excited, and even Yvette, who was ready to leave, was shocked.

"Wow, it's the campus beauty Yolanda Lane! Why did she come to our class?"

"She must be looking for me! For me!"

"Looking for you? His boyfriend is a rich kid from a rich family. Why would she be looking for you?"

"Then who is she looking for?"

"What do you think? All the guys in our class are

losers. She probably doesn't even want to spare a look at us, how could she possibly be looking for us? Maybe she's looking for female classmates!"

"Alas, how wonderful it would be if she was looking for me!"

The students at the scene shook their heads with regret and desperately stared at Yolanda Lane's beautiful appearance, hoping that they would be the one she was looking for.

Yvette was equally surprised. Of course, she knew Yolanda Lane, who didn't? She was the campus beauty, as well as a senior who was going to graduate. What business did she have here at a freshman's classroom?

"She must be looking for a female classmate," Yvette Jordan thought.

Lara was surprised. Although she was beautiful and had a good figure, Yolanda was ultimately still better than her in the aura and temper categories. Lara was even more upset: Who was she looking for? No matter whoever she was trying to look for, it couldn't possibly be anyone from her class. Every guy here was a big fat loser!

Especially...

Lara turned her head and glanced at Chuck who was in the corner. She muttered in her heart: "What are you staring at? Do you think the campus beauty is here to find you?"

Yolanda smiled naturally under the enthusiastic gazes of everyone in the class. "Hello, I'm here to look for someone."

"You're looking for me, aren't you?" A handsome boy stood up confidently.

She smiled and shook her head. "No."

She walked inside and scanned the classroom carefully with her pair of attractive eyes. The whole class quieted down. They were so nervous!

All of a sudden, Yolanda Lane's eyes were fixed on him, a smile appearing on her face thereafter. She strut towards that person with her long legs. In an instant, the whole class was shocked!

Because, the campus beauty that so many people were dying to talk to actually went to the corner and smiled at a person. "Hi, I came to see you."

"What?!"

The whole class jumped in disarray. What was going on? How could Yolanda, the campus beauty, be looking for a person like him?!

"No way, is Yolanda blind?"

"I think so, she must be. Alas, I can't believe the campus beauty is looking for a person like him: someone who had just changed his hairstyle and is dressed in ripped-off clothing brands. I'm going to spend a few hundred dollars tomorrow too just to buy something to look better..."



The boys in the class were full of envy and bitterness. They hoped that Yolanda was here to find a female classmate, or even to find the teacher Yvette Jordan. Who could expect that she was here to see him!

Lara widened her eyes and her face was full of disbelief!

Yvette Jordan was stunned. What was going on? What business did the campus beauty Yolanda had with him? Without explanation, Yvette felt strange.

"You are looking for me?" In the corner, Chuck stood up in a daze. Yolanda was the infamous campus beauty, someone he had heard and known despite being an introvert and being socially awkward. Her beauty was indeed beyond words, but the point was that Chuck didn't have any contact with her. He only had seen her once from a distance away when she was in school. Why was she looking for him?

"Yes, I came to see you." Yolanda said seriously.

The students in the class burst into an uproar. They weren't wrong, she was really looking for Chuck. But, for what?

"Am I crazy or is everyone else crazy? Zelda Maine was looking for him, and even Yolanda, the campus beauty is looking for him! What's so attractive about this guy?" Lara muttered and felt even more uncomfortable.

18:37 ■

Meanwhile, Yvette just gaped at Chuck in astonishment. For a long time, the whole class was discussing about them bitterly.

Chuck was sure that he didn't hear wrongly, so he asked, "Then why are you looking for me?"

Yolanda came closer and whispered in his ear, "Boss, I'm here to apply for the position of square manager!"

## Chapter 41

Hearing Yolanda's words, Chuck was stunned and asked without thinking, "You are..."

"Uncle Wendel asked me to come here," She whispered.

Uncle Wendel? That would be the previous owner of the plaza, Harold Wendel. When signing the contract, Chuck did remember that he asked him to find someone suitable for the job. It seemed that the person he found was Yolanda.

Chuck didn't know if he should laugh or worry.

The plaza was not very big, but it required capable people to manage it. The people that Chuck was looking for were brains not brawn, and certainly not beauty.

There were still a few months before Yolanda graduated, and she didn't have any experience. How could she be a manager?

Chuck felt helpless.

"I know I haven't graduated yet, and you are not satisfied with me, but can you just let me introduce myself in three minutes?" Yolanda whispered in a particularly serious and sincere tone.

This made others in the class burn with envy!

What was Yolanda Lane doing?

Lara was really dumbfounded. Although she could not hear what they were talking about, Yolanda was actually whispering to Chuck softly.

"Can you give me a chance? Just let me tell you my work experience in three minutes." Yolanda begged.

Chuck looked into her eyes. After hesitating for a while, he nodded and said, "Yes, but not here."

"Thank you." Yolanda heaved a sigh of relief.

"But we can't do it here, there are too many people." Chuck shook his head.

"Yes, you don't want others to know that you are..." Yolanda stopped in time.

Her intelligence left a good impression on Chuck.

"In that case, let's go to the field maybe?" Yolanda suggested.

Chuck nodded and walked out of the classroom with her, leaving the whole class dumbfounded. What was he doing? Are they leaving for a date?

They had already been shocked that Yolanda was here for Chuck, but now she was taking Chuck out? The whole class was in an uproar as they were both furious and envious!

"Humph, this is just crazy."

Lara curled her lip and snorted. She took out her mobile phone and muttered, "You guys stick to

losers, while I'll go look for my baller. You'll regret it!"

She sent a message to the baller: What are you doing? I really want to eat hot pot, let's go out for hot pot...

However, time ticked away and there was still no response. She smacked her lips and thought: what was the baller doing now?

Yvette came back to reality after a short period of looking blank and saw Chuck and Yolanda leaving the class. Her heart was inexplicably unhappy as her expression hardened. She packed up her things and quickly left the class as well.

She noticed the two of them heading over to the field while chatting away, as though they were sharing an intimate secret. Yvette was secretly annoyed, Chuck couldn't just mess around just because he knew Zelda!

She didn't want to see this anymore, not even for one more second. She turned around and headed straight to the parking lot, she wanted to go to the company.

In the field, the fact that Yolanda, the campus beauty was accompanied by a male student beside her left everyone else in shock.

What was going on? Didn't Yolanda have a boyfriend? If so, how could she walking side-by-side with a guy?

Chuck was the center of attention and he was uncomfortable. He sighed, indeed, walking with the campus beauty almost guaranteed everyone's eyes on him.

"Although I still have four months before graduation, I have already been doing part-time jobs since my freshman years, from setting up a stall, working as a waitress, and doing sales. Back then, I could make 3000 dollars a month, and I haven't stopped until now. Currently, I have a monthly income of about 13,000 dollars. I know this isn't a big deal for you, but these are my precious work experiences. I think I am qualified to be the plaza manager, please give me a chance." Yolanda said in one shot.

Chuck was a little surprised. As a freshman, he didn't know that Yolanda, one of the three campus beauties, was actually doing part-time jobs. She could totally rely on her appearance to earn!

"Are you serious?" Chuck asked.

"I'm serious, just look at my hand!" Yolanda exclaimed as she stretched out her hand. It was slender, but there were a lot of scars on it. Clearly, it was a hand that had went through a lot, and definitely not the kind that was living a spoilt life.

Chuck once again looked at her. These hands of her proved that she wasn't lying at all. She was both pretty and hardworking, prompting him to change his perception of her.

"Is that ok? Give me a chance, just one chance is enough. I can try working for three days. If you are not satisfied, you can fire me immediately, but just give me a chance." Yolanda's voice was sincere, and she begged in a low voice.

This reminded Chuck of how he had borrowed money from someone else in a low voice before. He sighed and gave in. "Okay."

"Thank you, thank you very much! I can go to work now!" Yolanda was pleasantly surprised and beamed, two lovely dimples appearing on the corners of her mouth.

"Right now?"

"Yes, I can't wait to let you to see my ability!" Yolanda said.

Chuck thought for a moment and nodded as he was also in a hurry to find someone. Since the plaza was now his, he had to renew the contracts of many shops as their contracts were near to expiring. The only one who could help him with this was the manager.

"Okay, then come with me now," Chuck said.

"Yep."

"But, how much do you want in terms of salary..." He suddenly thought of this key question.

"A manager usually earns around 7000 to 9000 dollars, so I'm fine with that," Yolanda said.

"Isn't that lower than your income now?"

"Yes, but Uncle Wendel said that by working under you, I will have a good future!" Yolanda said directly. Although he did not tell her who Chuck was, someone who could buy the plaza at such a young age could never be an ordinary person!

It was very important to work under the right people!

Chuck looked at her a few more times, but he didn't say anything.

The two of them immediately walked out of the school, and the students on the sports ground were envious. Where were they going?

"Should we tell this to Yolanda Lane's boyfriend, William Yuri?" One of the students muttered.

"What do you think? Of course!"

Several other students agreed. One of them who had William Yuri's contact contacted him through WeChat about this matter. No matter what, they didn't want Yolanda Lane to be taken by others so easily.

Chuck's car was not parked in the parking lot of the school, but on a nearby road. Yolanda blinked her eyes. "I wasn't convinced when Uncle Wendel told me that you are very low-key, but now I am."

Chuck shook his head, opened the door and went in. Yolanda sat next to him.



Chuck drove to the plaza, bringing Yolanda directly to the manager's office after they arrived. After arriving, she took out a stack of documents from her bag, which turned out to be a detailed plaza operation plan. Chuck was relieved that she seemed really prepared for everything.

He decided to let her try out for three days. If everything worked out, he would allow her to continue permanently.

Chuck was prepared to leave when the someone knocked on the door. It was probably someone who was looking for the manager, since Manager Yarn had been fired and the position had been vacant for several days. Things had probably piled up since then. Chuck glanced at Yolanda, who said, "The trial has begun."

Chuck smiled and nodded.

"Come in!" She immediately turned serious, looking much like a stern and successful businesswoman.

A few people came in, carrying belongings and preparing to give gifts. Seems like Manager Yarn had really messed things up here.

However, they were surprised when they saw a beautiful woman sitting on the manager's chair.

"Hello, I'm Yolanda Lane, the new plaza manager. What's the matter?" Yolanda said.

"Here's the thing, we want to..." When they put the gifts on the table, Yolanda immediately became

serious. "We don't accept anything here. If you have anything to say, just say it."

These people were stunned and immediately had a good impression towards Yolanda Lane. They started to talk, but of course, they did not notice Chuck. To them, he only looked like a subordinate of Yolanda Lane.

Chuck didn't particularly mind. However, the door was once again pushed opened, and Yvette walked in. She immediately noticed Chuck, and his mind just went blank the moment he saw her.

Oh no, Yvette must have come here to renew the contract, because the baller had already told her that the matter had been solved. If she saw him here, wouldn't that expose the fact that he was the one who bought the plaza?

Meanwhile, Yvette was equally shocked. She noticed that the manager's office in operation for a few days. When she passed by just now, she saw someone entering, so she thought that she would come over to make an appointment to renew the contract. However, when she came in, she didn't expect to see Chuck and Yolanda!

Yolanda was sitting in the manager's seat. Was she.....the new manager?

In that case, what was Chuck doing here? What was going on?

When the two of them looked into each other's

18:37 ■

eyes, Chuck knew that something was wrong...

## Chapter 42

Yvette felt that everything was fishy. In the afternoon, she was already shocked by the fact that Yolanda came to find Chuck. When Yolanda went out with Chuck, she thought that they were going to hang out. Maybe they were going for dinner or for a walk.

However, Yvette did not expect to see Chuck here. This was a square, a place for official business deeds. What was he doing here? What made her feel even more strange was that Yolanda was here too!

As for Yolanda, she was still a college student who had not graduated yet, so it was not surprising that she was at the square. After all, there was plenty of entertainment here where most youngsters came here to eat, play and relax. It was completely normal for her to come here. But, it was strange for Yolanda, as a student, to be sitting in the manager's office!

When did she become the manager? And if she did, how?

These were questions that Yvette desperately wanted answers to. Why did Yolanda bring Chuck to the manager's office after looking for him this afternoon?

What was the relationship between these two

people?

Yvette automatically disregarded the possibility of them being a couple, because they didn't have any contact before, and they had just met each other recently.

Chuck knew that things didn't look good for him now, because the doubts and strangeness on Yvette's face became more and more intense. What was he going to do?

"Yvette, what are you..." Chuck had no choice but to ask first, although he knew what she was doing.

"I came over to ask about the renewal of the company." Yvette walked over. "When did Yolanda become the manager?"

Chuck shook his head. "I don't know either. Yolanda brought me here in the afternoon, saying that she would find part-time work for me, so I came over..."

"Yes, I just took over the manager's position, and it happened that I was short of help, so I asked Chuck to help me." said Yolanda who knew what Chuck was thinking as she smiled.

At the same time, Yolanda was also surprised at why Yvette, a teacher, was here. Did she have a business in the square? If so, she was pretty amazing.

Yvette suddenly understood and felt that Yolanda's explanation was a reasonable one.

But she was still puzzled. Why did Yolanda Lane suddenly become a manager? She knew that Manager Yarn was out of office for a few days, probably because Zelda Maine had the owner of the square fire him after Chuck called her the last time. However, it was unexpected for the owner of the square to replace Manager Yarn with a student who has yet to graduate from college.

Maybe Yolanda knew the owner of the square!

With that, Yvette managed to convince herself that this wasn't a strange sight anymore. She nodded as a sign of agreeing to Yolanda, and couldn't help glancing at Chuck a few more times. "You're quite working hard. Weren't you working part-time at the housing agency last time?"

Chuck heaved a sigh of relief, secretly speechless with Yvette. The reason why Yvette was asking him this was because the last time when he met her at the Housing Ministry, he had tried to give an excuse that he was doing a part-time job there.

Chuck could only say that he quit the job.

However, he secretly had some expectations: what would Yvette look like when she knew that he was the owner of the square?

"Well, since Yolanda asked you to help her, you should work with dedication," Yvette encouraged him.

"I will." Chuck smiled in his heart.

After Yolanda settled the matter of the few people who had just arrived, she began to deal with Yvette's affairs. After asking clearly about the renewal of the contract, she could only ask Yvette to come tomorrow or the day after tomorrow. After all, she had just come to work and she didn't know where the contract was!

Of course, Yolanda certainly could not say that since it was unprofessional. She could only say that she had to consult the boss first. This was just an excuse for Yolanda, but for Yvette it irked her nerves. "What else do you want to ask the boss about? My friend has solved the problem and said that I can renew it directly."

Yolanda didn't know who the "friend" she mentioned was, but Chuck knew that it was him, the baller.

"Teacher Jordan, who is your friend?" Yolanda couldn't help asking.

The owner of the plaza had been changed, but there was no official nor big news about it, so until now there were only a few who knew.

Even the merchants in the plaza didn't know. Yolanda thought that maybe Yvette was referring to an old friend that could be acquaintances of Uncle Wendel. But now, the plaza was not Uncle Wendel's, it was Chuck's. She naturally had to take responsibility and clarify some things.

After all, she didn't know what Chuck was thinking.

Should she renew Yvette Jordan's company's contract? If she misunderstood him, she would ruin her internship today.

Yolanda had to be cautious.

"I... don't know his name," Yvette said helplessly.

Was this friend of hers a baller?

She now knew too little about this baller friend. Except for the fact that he was rich and influential, she didn't know anything else about him. She didn't know what his name was, how old he was, and what he looked like, so she didn't know how to answer this question at all.

"You don't know?"

This time, it was Yolanda's turn to be surprised. She didn't know what she should do.

Deep down, she was also anxious.

"I don't know what to say. Anyway, my friend has said he already helped me to solve this problem, so I should be able to renew the contract." Yvette was a little nervous so she really didn't know how to say it.

Yolanda felt really helpless and thought: "Teacher Jordan, the key is the boss had been changed in the past few days. Does your friend know the new boss, Chuck Cannon?"

However, an idea popped in her mind. She could just ask Chuck directly!



She looked at Chuck and said, "Chuck, why don't you call the boss and ask him about the renewal of Teacher Jordan's contract?"

Chuck was stunned for a moment and immediately understood what Yolanda meant. This woman was really smart. He pretended to take out his mobile phone and said, "Wait a minute". Then, he went out to call the "boss" to ask.

Yvette hesitated for a while, walked over to Chuck and whispered to him, "Chuck, when you talk to your boss, please tell him that this friend of mine is only a WeChat friend and I don't know his real name. I only know him by his WeChat name, baller. He is very powerful so your boss must know him."

Chuck smiled deep down. Of course, he knew him since both of them were just two identities of himself.

However, Chuck was also a little excited when he heard Yvette praising him like this. He was even more curious about what she would think of when she knew that the amazing baller was him.

"Yes, I will." Chuck said.

Yvette nodded and Chuck went out to "call the boss".

The manager's room was quiet.

Yolanda secretly understood what was going on, so she smiled and said, "Teacher Jordan, don't worry. Since you know the boss's friend, it should be no

problem to renew the contract."

"Yes." Yvette felt relieved, but she asked curiously, "Do you know the owner of the plaza?"

"Yes." Yolanda smiled, secretly continuing her sentence in her heart: I just met him today.

"Can you give me your boss's phone number?" Yvette said. Since the baller had helped her solve this problem, he must have known the owner of the plaza. If she could know the number of the owner of the plaza, she could call to ask him, then she would know who the baller was.

"Well..." Yolanda was silent. How could she give it to her Chuck's number? She was worried that if she gave Yvette Chuck's number, she would lose her position as manager."

Seeing that Yolanda Lane was embarrassed, Yvette assured, "Well, if you can't give it to me, then it's alright."

Yvette said so because she knew that Chuck also knew the phone number of the owner of the plaza. She could just ask him later.

"How is Chuck doing at work?" Yvette suddenly asked.

"Pretty well, if not, I wouldn't have him come over to help me!" Yolanda chuckled. The whole plaza belonged to him, so if he wasn't doing well, it would be a big problem!

"That's good." Yvette Jordan felt at ease. It seemed that Chuck had really changed after knowing Zelda Maine.

At that moment, Chuck finished "calling the boss" and came in. He said, "Okay, the boss said that we can ask renew Teacher Jordan's contract."

Yvette sighed in relief. Thank god mentioning the baller helped! At this point, she was extremely curious about who the baller was.

Yolanda took one look at Chuck and understood what he was trying to say, immediately picking up after him, "Well, since the boss has confirmed it, Teacher Jordan, you can come over and sign the contract tomorrow. As for the duration of renewal, we can talk about this tomorrow."

She had to ask Chuck about these things.

"Well, thank you." Yvette stood up. She walked over to Chuck and said, "Come out for a while."

Chuck was surprised. What was she doing? He could only say excuse himself and followed her out, asking her what was the matter. Yvette said directly, "You have your boss's phone number, right? Give me his phone number, I need to talk to him about something."

## Chapter 43

Chuck was stunned. Yvette actually wanted to get the phone number and "call him". How could he give it to her when the number was actually his?

Seeing as Chuck was stunned, Yvette tried to reason, "I just wanted to call your boss and asked him about something. I won't harass him."

"Well, it's hard for me to give it to you. I'm just helping Yolanda here. If the boss is unhappy, it's fine with me, but I won't want to make trouble for Yolanda." Chuck could only say so.

Otherwise, he really wouldn't know whose phone number to give her if he had to.

"All right."

Yvette Jordan was disappointed, but she didn't insist on it. "Go to work then. I'll go to the company to check it out."

"I'm free for now, so I'll go up and have a look too," Chuck said. Although Yvette's company was in operation for a few years, he only went there a few times. He went there to help out when the company had just opened, and only went there occasionally after that.

"Since Yolanda was the one who asked you to come over, don't you have to work hard for that?" Yvette did not want Chuck to give Yolanda a bad

impression when he had just arrived. After all, it was not good to go out casually when he was at work.

"It's okay. I just want to go up and have a look. It won't be long, let me just let her know," Chuck said.

"Yep."

Chuck returned to the manager's office. Yolanda whispered to him, "How long should I renew Teacher Jordan's contract for?"

"As long as it can be," Chuck said. Since Yvette wanted to continue her business, he would grant her wish.

Yolanda was surprised as Chuck was very kind to Yvette. "Alright, I understand. I'll look for the contract first."

Chuck nodded and went outside. When he came out, he took the elevator to the fifth floor with Yvette. Today, she was dressed professionally in a casual suit that showed off her figure, and a pair of tight-fitting cropped pants. Despite dressing smartly, her clothes still managed to bring out her curvy hip, which really packed a punch to unsuspecting men.

She looked extremely elegant in a pair of exquisite high heels.

Chuck couldn't help but take a few more glances at her. He was really attracted by Yvette these days,

never actually realizing that Yvette, who had slept with him for more than ten years, had such a good figure.

Chuck's mind drifted off to the scene he dreamt at night while whiffing Yvette's body odor, and suddenly realized that he was aroused. He was shocked and quickly stopped thinking about it. How embarrassing it would be if she saw it?

"What are you in charge of? I'm thinking of pushing up the advertising of my company up a notch. I want to advertise on the plaza's advertisement board, but I don't know if the price has been raised. I..."

Yvette turned her head and was shocked by Chuck's abnormal actions, "Why did you turn around?"

Chuck was anxious, how could he not turn? Because of his thoughts just now, his whole brain was full of Yvette's curves and lines. The more he tried to dissipate his thoughts, the greater his reaction was. How could he let Yvette see that him and find that his pants were "not normal"?

"It's nothing, don't worry." Chuck shook his head. "You'll have to ask Yolanda regarding the advertisements. She can tell you this in detail."

She just had to talk to Yolanda about the advertisements.

"Alright."

With a "ding" sound, the elevator door opened and Yvette stepped out of the elevator casually. Chuck felt helpless. Was he really going to have to do it himself tonight again?

He sighed and calmed down. After ensuring that his bodily reaction died down, he followed her out.

It had been some time since he was last here, so Chuck felt slightly emotional and followed Yvette in.

.....

Yolanda was looking for the documents carefully. She had to reveal her strength as soon as possible, but at this time, someone knocked on the door.

Yolanda signaled for them to enter, and then the door was pushed open. She was stunned because it was a beautiful woman that she recognized to be Zelda Maine, the owner of Modern Restaurant.

Zelda was also equally surprised to see Yolanda, as her family was initially rich but lost their wealth due to an incident. However, she did not know much about Yolanda.

She was here to ask who the new owner of the plaza was. After all, she was still not convinced and didn't want to give up that easily. However, she just didn't expect that the previous manager would quit and be replaced by Yolanda.

"Director Maine, why are you here..." Yolanda stood up to welcome her.

"Where's your boss?" Zelda asked.

"The boss is not here." Yolanda was surprised. Did Zelda know that the boss was Chuck? She probably didn't, since Chuck was so low profile.

"Not here?"

Zelda Maine was disappointed. Was the identity of the new boss so mysterious? She sat down and said, "The contract of the training company on the fifth floor is about to expire. How is your boss going to deal with it?"

"It will remain the same and the contract will be renewed." Yolanda suddenly understood the purpose of Zelda's visit as she mentioned the shop.

"The same?"

Zelda Maine frowned and was very surprised. Didn't the new owner know that by allowing her to open her restaurant here, the popularity of the plaza would increase?

Or did the boss of the training company know the new boss of the plaza? Was that why the contract was renewed?

"Well, that's what the boss said," Yolanda shrugged and said.

Zelda was lost in thought. Since that was the case, she had no intention of staying here. After saying thanks, she turned around and left.

Yolanda gave a sigh of relief. She was a little



worried as she didn't know if she had treated Zelda right...

.....

Chuck was in Yvette's company for a while. When he saw that it was dinnertime, he asked Yvette out for dinner. It had been a long time since he ate with her anyways. Coincidentally, Yvette was also planning to ask him out. After all, she was hungry.

She nodded and agreed, "Well, I'll treat you to dinner."

Chuck wanted to give her a treat, but Yvette had declined, so he didn't say anything. The two of them went out of the company and went to the fourth floor for dinner.

In fact, Chuck thought that the plaza still lacked entertainment and attractions, so there were very few students coming to the plaza. He had to talk to Yolanda later and ask her to find a way to attract more businesses to open shop here. She could try recruiting some special restaurants, internet cafes, or even fashionable clothing brands at half the rent. If so, the popularity of the plaza would slowly improve.

"What to eat?"

Yvette was quite familiar with this place, but there was a new restaurant over there. She hadn't eaten there yet, but she heard that it was a little expensive and was often a place where the rich

went to spend their money lavishly.

"Whatever. It's up to you." Chuck smiled. He had never thought that he could have dinner alone with Yvette Jordan before.

"Then let's go to the new restaurant there," Yvette said.

Of course, Chuck had no objections and followed behind Yvette. But at this time, he suddenly heard someone call his name. Chuck really wanted to faint on the spot. How could his luck suck so badly today?

"Chuck Cannon..." This was Zelda Maine's voice!

He turned his head and saw Zelda walking toward him. He was a little flustered. Why was Zelda here? Did she still not give up on the shop lot?

However, Chuck just panicked a while and immediately calmed down. Zelda didn't see him and Yvette on the fifth floor, so he didn't need to reveal himself. She didn't know that Yvette was the boss of the fifth-floor training company, so she would not think that the plaza's new owner was him.

When Yvette saw Zelda, she was a little surprised.

The reason why Manager Yarn knelt down and apologized to her was that Chuck called Zelda last time. So, she had all the reason to invite her to dinner today and thank her for this matter.

"Director Maine," Yvette said, "We are going for dinner. Let's go together!"

Chuck was startled. Of course, he understood why Yvette invited her since she thought that it was Zelda who called up Harold Wendel last time. Yvette was just trying to thank her. However, if she said it directly, wouldn't the truth be exposed?

"There's no need. I'll just walk around ..." Zelda shook her head and declined politely. She knew the relationship between herself and Chuck. Judging by the situation now, if she followed them to dinner, wouldn't she be a third wheel between them?

Chuck was relieved but not for long, as he didn't expect Yvette to continue persuading, "Director Maine, let's go together. I haven't thanked you for what happened last time. Let's have dinner together!"

"What happened last time?" Zelda was puzzled. What was it? Since Yvette invited her so sincerely, Zelda nodded and agreed, "Alright then."

Chuck felt helpless. Yvette's words had exposed everything. Zelda must have thought of something.

"Here, there is a new restaurant in the plaza. The style and layout is quite similar to Director Maine's restaurant." Yvette led the way.

"Really? Then we'll definitely have to try it out for ourselves." Zelda took a look at it, the corners of

her mouth curling up mysteriously.

After the three of them entered the restaurant, the receptionist led them to their table. Chuck also felt that the ambiance of this restaurant was similar to Zelda's. It was really just imitating her restaurant.

A waitress came over to serve them. Chuck glanced at her subconsciously and was stunned. It was Queenie Carson, who was a part-timer. Was she working a part-time job in a restaurant in his plaza?

## Chapter 44

Chuck was really surprised. Queenie didn't tell him where she was working at part-time, so he thought that she was working in a restaurant far away. He thought that she was only reluctant to say anything because she had her concerns.

Chuck never expected her to actually be working part-time in a restaurant in his plaza.

Queenie was originally very pretty and innocent-looking, and the fact that she always put up her hairstyle in a bun made her look even cuter. However, by wearing a uniform, it managed to complement her curvy body, allowing her to bring out the sexiness that she usually didn't seem to have. Chuck was surprised, he never knew Queenie could look so attractive!

Yvette was also surprised. Queenie was her student, but she knew that her family's financial situation was not good and she had been working part-time. She observed and found Queenie's complexion to be slightly pale, as though she was too busy to spare some time to eat. All of a sudden, Yvette felt empathy towards hardworking, poor Queenie.

Queenie was taken aback with joy when she saw Yvette here since she was her teacher. However, she was surprised to see Chuck at first. She knew that Chuck was probably just here with Yvette to

have something to eat, and the joy in her heart died down.

However, upon making contact with Chuck's eyes, Queenie felt a little embarrassed. Would he look down on herself just because she was working as a waitress? Would he stop talking to her?

Queenie's mind was flooded with worries.

As for Zelda, since she was not acquainted with Queenie, she was entirely focused on observing the restaurant that imitated hers.

"Teacher, Chuck, here is the menu." Queenie said softly.

Yvette nodded and took the menu. "Haven't you had dinner yet? Sit down and eat with us."

"Yes, let's eat together." Chuck also realized that Queenie was probably extremely hungry, and he took pity on her.

"No, the rule here is that we can't eat together with customers!" Queenie hurriedly shook her head.

Yvette said helplessly, "All right."

She ordered a few dishes quickly and then handed the menu to Chuck.

Chuck was not in the mood to order anything. He shook his head and gave it to Zelda.

Zelda looked at it for a while and then pointed a few items.

The dishes were ordered.

Queenie said, "Alright, teacher, Chuck, wait a minute! I'll ask the kitchen to prepare your orders quickly."

While Queenie went to the front desk with the menu, Yvette shook her head and said, "This girl is too considerate."

Chuck hesitated. Indeed, she was considerate.

Queenie seemed to have borrowed money to study in university, and she worked part-time every day. Chuck and her had a good relationship. Most of the time, the two of them went have their meals in the canteen together.

In that case, should he allow her to work under Yolanda Lane? The salary is also much higher, and she doesn't have to be busy until she can't even enjoy a simple meal. It would just be a matter of word for Chuck, so why couldn't he?

Chuck immediately excused himself and got up to look for Queenie.

"This restaurant is really like mine. The interior designs, the uniforms, and even the menu are all similar! The only thing missing is the name."

Zelda was slightly angry. All the concepts in her restaurant, including the designs and the menu were designed by herself overnight. Now, someone actually had the audacity to copy her work and implement them here. How dare them?

Yvette was a little embarrassed. If they came here for dinner, didn't it mean that they were supporting the pirated version of Zelda's restaurant?

"By the way, what was the issue last time that you mentioned that prompted you to thank me like this?"

Zelda expression returned to normal. When she heard Yvette said this, she thought, "Did she want to thank me for treating her to eat steak last time? Was this way she was treating her to dinner too?"

"It was the call that Chuck made to you." Yvette said.

"Call?" Zelda was suspicious. She didn't remember Chuck calling her at all.

Yvette was confused when she saw Zelda's expression. Didn't Chuck call her? Why did she look so bewildered?

Who did Chuck call then if it wasn't Zelda? Who could possibly make the plaza owner force Manager Yarn on his knees and fire him?

Zelda quickly scanned the situation and inadvertently looked at the direction of Chuck. She muttered in her heart,

"Chuck, didn't you hide from Yvette when you were at the restaurant last time? What on earth do you want to do this time? Are you using me as a shield or something?"



Oh well, might as well just cooperate with his lies for now.

Zelda smiled. "Don't mention what happened last time. It's just a phone call, isn't it? It's okay."

Yvette, who was in confusion, heard Zelda's words which dispelled her doubts. She thought about it for a while but really didn't know who Chuck could call except for Zelda.

Now that Zelda admitted it, she naturally had no more questions.

"No matter what, thank you so much." Yvette said seriously.

Zelda shook her head. She didn't know what Yvette was talking about, but she couldn't tell the truth. She could only change the topic.

Both of them were beautiful women of similar composure, so they easily managed to find topics of interest. Soon, they were smiling together as they chatted away, looking almost like long-lost sisters reunited.

Meanwhile, Chuck was waiting at the door of the kitchen. However, a waiter who saw him standing there immediately notified Chuck that the kitchen was off-limits to customers. Chuck explained that he was looking for someone, but was met with the waiter's judgmental looks. He took one look at Chuck and scoffed. Looking for someone? The only people working in the kitchen were the waiters and

the chefs.

Queenie had just managed to pass the orders to the chef before walking out of the kitchen. She saw Chuck standing there and bit her lips. She walked over to him.

"Why didn't you tell me that you're working part-time here?" Chuck sighed. Queenie's face was a sickly pale colour as she had yet to eat anything. Queenie was Chuck's only good friend in school, so he felt a little bit sorry for her seeing her work like this.

"I'm sorry." Queenie lowered her head.

To be honest, she felt strange recently ever since she stayed with Chuck in the same house last time. Then, she had worried if Chuck would enter her room, but after he didn't she was slightly disappointed instead. A few days ago, after seeing Chuck's makeover that complemented his charisma, the strange feeling in her heart spread. She almost felt that the Chuck she was looking at was no longer the same person with the Chuck of the past.

She felt inferior to him.

"That's not what I mean. Why don't you change your job, I..." Chuck tried to explain. He was here to stop Queenie from doing this job.

Queenie was disappointed. Sure enough, Chuck was looking down on her. "I, I think it's good. The

salary here is a little bit higher than that in other places. I will continue to do it."

"No, I mean..."

"Thank you, the treatment here is pretty good. Plus, I don't think it's a big deal to be a waitress, since I can earn money to support myself." Queenie bit her lips. She felt wronged and her voice grew softer and softer as she lost confidence.

Chuck felt helpless as he knew she had definitely misunderstood what he was trying to say. Just when he tried to clear up the situation, a steel, cold voice loomed above them:

"Queenie, you don't want to work anymore, do you? I didn't expect you to be so lazy and chatting with others when you were at work. I asked you to come to work, and that's how you repay me?"

The man who spoke was a middle-aged, bald man in a suit. The fat on his face jiggled as he spoke, and he walked over to the both of them looking stern and mean.

Queenie panicked. "Manager, I didn't..."

"What? Do you think I'm blind?" The middle-aged man glared at Queenie. "You violated the rules. I'll deduct 100 dollars from your salary!"

"Manager, please don't."

Queenie cried. Her pay was 16 dollars an hour, and she had worked for 3 hours every day. If she lost

100 dollars, her work for the past few days would be for nothing.

"No? You can either choose to get a pay cut or get out from here! You choose by yourself! Our restaurant is not short of people!" The middle-aged man snorted disdainfully, looking extremely ferocious due to the meat on his cheeks.

Queenie's tears flowed down her face like a string of broken pearls. She wanted to hold back her tears because Chuck was with her. She did not want him to see her like this, or she would feel more inferior.

She bit her lip and nodded with a choked voice. "I'm not leaving. you can deduct my money."

"Humph, smart decision. What are you waiting then? Go clean the tables. You're so slow at obeying orders, are you trying to fish in troubled waters? Listen carefully, if there is a next time, it'll be useless even if you beg me! Leave!" The middle-aged man snorted coldly.

"Yes!" Queenie wiped away her tears and bowed before wanting to leave to work. However, a warm hand grabbed her by the hand and stopped her from leaving. Her tears had already stopped, but when the hand grabbed her, her tears couldn't help overflowing.

"Stop working," Chuck said gently.

"But..." Queenie choked back her sobs.

The middle-aged man was not happy. He glanced at Chuck and sneered. "Who are you? Listen here, only I can decide whether she goes to work or not. She'll only be able to work if I allow her to. If not, it'll be futile even if she kneeled down and begged me to work!"

"You have such great power?" Chuck narrowed his eyes and said in a cold tone.

"I am the manager of the restaurant. What do you think?" The middle-aged man scoffed arrogantly.

"Manager of the restaurant?" Chuck laughed. That's a pretty high rank!

## Chapter 45

"This is my restaurant. I don't even want you to eat here! Get out of here, do you hear me?" The middle-aged man pointed at Chuck and scolded him with a sense of superiority on his face!

Chuck said nothing but just squinted at him!

"Chuck, I'm sorry. You should go have dinner first."

Queenie was tearful and said to Chuck with a crying voice. She was touched, but this middle-aged man was not only a manager. She heard that he had shares in this restaurant, so she couldn't afford to offend him.

She was worried that Chuck would be bullied. He was only a student just like her. If he provoked a person like this, he would suffer.

Chuck couldn't bear looking at Queenie cry.

The middle-aged man sneered and waved his hand. "You don't want to get out? In that case, Queenie, you can't work here anymore. Pack up your things and get out of here! I never liked your attitude, and now you even brought a brat here!"

Queenie's body trembled as she bit her lips. She lifted her hand to wipe her tears and forced a smile while still sobbing and said, "Chuck, let's leave. I quit."

The middle-aged man scoffed at them, "You are

quite sensible! If you want to get out of here, get out of here as soon as possible!"

After being scolded, Queenie couldn't help but start crying again.

Chuck glanced at the middle-aged man and pulled Queenie behind him. He said gently, "Well, it's good that you quit. Just wait for a while."

Why were his eyes so confident? What was he going to do?

Queenie was full of questions and gratitude while being pulled along by Chuck. He was trying to help her here.

But her reason and rationale kicked in. She said in a hurry, "Chuck, it's alright, let's go. We can't afford to offend such a person."

"Can't afford to offend him?"

Chuck suddenly smiled and said, "Don't worry, we can afford to offend him."

Queenie was even more anxious. She clearly knew that the restaurant had a lot of investment put into it, proving that the manager was rich. Chuck didn't have that much money, so how could he afford to offend such a rich person?

Queenie cried even more anxiously.

Chuck raised his hand and gently wiped away the tears on her face. "Don't cry. Don't worry!"

The tone of his voice was light-hearted and yet full of inexplicable confidence. Queenie was stunned. What... happened to him?

Chuck had changed a lot in the past few days.

Queenie was moved and nodded. She decided to trust him.

She made up her mind:

She was going to leave anyway, what was there to be afraid of? So what if she had no money? At least Chuck stood up for her. At worst, she could grab him and run away together.

"Stop dilly-dallying and just scram! You guys are so slow, it's no wonder that you are poor! Get out of here!" The middle-aged man continued to taunt them.

"Call your boss over here!" Chuck looked at him and said.

"You want to see our boss?"

The middle-aged man was stunned, and the sarcasm on his face was even more obvious. "Haha, do you want to complain about me? That's a good idea, but you should see clearly with your eyes, I am the boss!"

"You're the boss?" Chuck paused.

"You're so dumb! Of course, I am the boss, if not would it be you instead?" The middle-aged man sneered.



"He has a share," Queenie whispered.

So that was the case, then things would be simple!

Chuck scratched his nose and thought to himself: So what if you have shares? This whole square belongs to me, so your amount of shares is nothing to me!

"Great, then get ready to pack up and leave!" Chuck said as he took out his phone and made a call to Yolanda. A few words were exchanged between them.

The phone was hung up!

The middle-aged man scoffed. What was Chuck doing? Was he trying to threaten him by making a phone call?

"You want me to pack up and leave? Who do you think you are? Trying to be pretentious in cheap, trashy clothes now?" The middle-aged man mocked them. This was interesting, Chuck looked like the real deal when he was pretending to make a call and complain.

Queenie was nervous. Who did Chuck call just now?

He looked so calm now!

Queenie was confused.

Chuck just continued looking at him calmly and repeated, "I said, I want you to scram!"

The middle-aged man was pissed off, it seemed that Chuck was looking for a fight. He stormed over and raised his meaty hand in a movement to slap Chuck, "Dream on, you f\*cker!"

Queenie was shaken by the commotion and ran to Chuck's side to assist him, but Chuck was one step quicker and grabbed the middle-aged man's hand.

"You f\*cking dare to resist?" The middle-aged man sneered, pulled back his hand, and headed for Chuck again!

This guy made him too mad!

However, Chuck was younger and faster than the fat middle-aged man. He raised his hand and slapped him first!

Slap!

His slap hit the target right on the cheek, and the middle-aged man was dumbfounded. His cheek was swollen abnormally, and he fell butt-first on the floor. He didn't expect this guy to hit him at the very last minute.

Queenie's eyes widened and she covered her mouth.

"You f\*cking dare hit me? You dare hit me?" The middle-aged man got up from the ground with a ferocious look on his face.

Queenie was scared out of her wits. Her career here was definitely over after today.

However, at this time.

"Dyson Lowe!" At this crucial moment, a furious voice could be heard bellowing from a private room.

The middle-aged man was stunned and stopped in his tracks. He turned his head and asked doubtfully, "Old Henry, you..."

This was the boss of the restaurant. He was eating inside just now, but halfway through his meal, he received a phone call that made him jump in fright...

"What are you f\*cking doing?" The boss stormed over angrily.

"This brat hit me just now..." The middle-aged man pointed angrily at Chuck.

Slap!

The big boss slapped the middle-aged man across his fleshy cheek, the sound of the slaps resonating in the kitchen and forcing the chefs inside to halt their work. What was wrong? Did the boss hit the manager?

The middle-aged man couldn't believe it. He clasped his cheek and asked, "Old Henry, what are you doing?"

"You are f\*cking causing trouble for me!" The big boss shouted at him!

The middle-aged man was stunned! "What's going

on?"

The big boss snorted and immediately came over, staring down Chuck in confusion. He received a phone call from Harold Wendel, who only said one sentence, "Do you not want to work anymore?"

He was a little anxious and immediately ran out to find out what the matter was, but he had never seen the young man in front of him before. What was going on? Who on earth is he?

Queenie was shocked. Who did Chuck call just now to the point that the boss was forced out? Queenie started at Chuck blankly, trying to figure out what was going on.

The chefs in the kitchen were equally stunned. Putting aside the fact that their boss had slapped their manager, the boss was actually so polite to a young man now?

"Sorry, this is our mistake." The big boss said politely.

"You don't want the restaurant anymore?" Chuck said calmly.

"Yes, I still want it," the big boss said in a hurry. At this moment, he broke out in a cold sweat. He could feel Chuck's indifferent gaze on him, as though he could go out of business with just one sentence from Chuck.

"Then get this man out of here!" Chuck ordered.

"Okay, okay." The big boss heaved a sigh of relief and immediately said to the middle-aged man coldly, "Did you hear that? Get out!"

The middle-aged man seemed to have heard it wrongly, "Old Henry, I am a shareholder..."

"The hell with being a shareholder! I invested seven million dollars in this restaurant, and you only invested one hundred thousand dollars. Do you even count as a shareholder?" The boss's expression was filled with disgust. "Get out of here. Do you hear me?"

The middle-aged man became upset. "You are deliberately looking for trouble aren't you? All I did was hit a guy and fired a part-timer, didn't I?"

"Humph, I'm too lazy to argue with you. Why don't you take a look at who you're hitting!" The boss took out his phone and transferred one hundred thousand dollars to the middle-aged man. "Here's the money. Now, scram!"

The middle-aged man was stunned, his expression freezing in place. He was anxious. "Old Henry, you can't do this to me. The business in this restaurant is so good, and it earns more than 100,000 dollars a month. How can you make me leave?"

"It wasn't me, but it was your obliviousness and stupidity!" The boss shook his head.

"I..." The middle-aged man was shocked. The business in the restaurant was good, despite

having a small amount of shares, it was a definite profit for him. How could he bear to leave? In addition, he was the manager here. Even without doing anything, he could earn 6 thousand dollars a month. This was an easy job, but now he was told he lost it?

"Old Henry, what the hell is going on?" The middle-aged man was as anxious as someone who was on their first date as he tried to wrap his head around the matter.

"Here's the money, now get out of here! Do you hear me?" The boss said indifferently.

Now, the middle-aged man found a sense of urgency as he lost his job. He ran to Chuck and said in a hurry, "I'm sorry, I was blind to be unable to recognize your superiority. Everything was my fault just now, so I'll apologize to you now. Please don't let Old Henry do this. I'll apologize to you, okay?"

"I told you to get out of here!" Chuck said calmly. At that moment, the middle-aged man was stunned. Who on earth was the person he had just offended?

## Chapter 46

The middle-aged man was even more stressed out by Chuck's words. He tried to plead, "Boss, I really know I was wrong. Don't make Old Henry do this..."

Chuck said nothing and just looked at him calmly.

The boss snorted and said, "Get out of here, don't dawdle!"

Hearing the convict, the middle-aged man gritted his teeth and said bitterly, "Alright then, I won't forget what you two did to me. Let's just wait and see! Wait and see!"

However, as soon as he turned around, a beautiful woman appeared in front of him. It was Yolanda Lane, who was staring down the man with her hawk-like gaze!

Queenie was even more surprised. How could she not know the campus beauty, Yolanda Lane? Why was she here?

The boss was equally surprised. Who was this beauty, and why did he not see her before?

"Don't stand in my way. Who the hell are you?" The middle-aged man was angry. When he saw Yolanda standing in his way, he immediately lashed out at her!

"If you dare to cause a scene here, I'll make sure you will regret it!" Yolanda said coldly, her beautiful

eyes stained with unfriendliness.

"Humph, what's wrong with me making a scene here? What else can you do to me?" The middle-aged man taunted. Since he already fired, he might as well just go all out.

He panicked slightly as he said this because two security guards came in from the outside and walked towards them in the kitchen.

"Manager," said two security guards.

The boss was surprised that there was a new manager in the square. Why didn't he know?

Meanwhile, Queenie even more taken aback. Yolanda was actually a manager in such a big square?

Chuck touched his nose and thought that Yolanda really had the imposing manner of a strong woman.

"What are you going to do? Are you going to beat me up?" The middle-aged man said in a hurry. These two security guards were tall and strong, and they scared him a little.

"Weren't you going to cause a scene? Is this square a place where you can cause trouble?" Yolanda glared at him. "Do you know who the owner of the square is?"

"I... I won't cause any trouble... I promise..." The middle-aged man broke out in cold sweat and shivered with fear.



He was just saying harsh words in the heat of the moment, but how could he actually cause trouble? He knew that the owner of the square had a net worth of more than one billion dollars. The owner could easily employ someone to assassinate him or ruin his life. The more he thought about it, the more panicked he became.

But if he knew that the owner of the square had changed, and the mother of the owner didn't even care about 50 billion dollars, how would he react?

He will be shocked.

The big boss of the restaurant was startled at Chuck's manner. Who was he? Chuck was unfamiliar and a stranger to him, but Chuck managed to make Harold Wendel call him and the manager show up. This...

"Just watch him as he goes out. Beat him if he dares to cause any trouble!" Yolanda said.

"Behave yourself. Why don't you leave now?" The two security guards came over.

The middle-aged man panicked. This time, he was really scared. He ran out in a hurry, but came back again and plopped down on his knees in front of Chuck. "I'm sorry, I'm sorry. I know I was wrong. Please don't find someone to mess with me."

His fear grew with each passing minute he thought about it. He knew that he had offended a big shot today! He regretted it so much.

"Why would I mess with you?" Chuck smiled. "I'm just asking you nicely to get out of here!"

His simple words shook Queenie and left her in a daze. He really did it...

The middle-aged man had mixed feelings, who was he? One word from him actually caused him to lose his job!

"You promised me you won't mess with me. You promised!" The middle-aged man got up and walked out quickly, as if he wanted to escape from there. The two security guards followed him immediately.

Yolanda's stormy expression cleared up and she smiled. She came over and looked at Chuck as she asked, "Off for dinner?"

"Yes, join us?" Chuck smiled.

"No, I still have work to do. Otherwise, the boss will scold me," Yolanda chuckled.

The word "boss" was particularly emphasized. Chuck glanced at her and was speechless.

Queenie however, bit her lip lightly. Yolanda's beauty made her feel inferior and embarrassed of herself. How did Chuck and Yolanda know each other? They looked like they had a good relationship, was there anything between them?

Queenie's heart was filled with disappointment.

"Take your time and enjoy." Yolanda said, then

turned around and walked outside.

After Yolanda left, the boss breathed a sigh of relief and immediately said to Chuck politely, "I'm sorry for today. As an apology, you can eat anything here for free today!"

The young man in front of him had managed to make Harold Wendel call him personally, so he definitely had to treat him politely!

"It's alright." Chuck shook his head.

"Well... as for your friend, I have decided to make her the head waitress," the boss had no choice but to say.

Chuck looked at Queenie.

Queenie shook her head. It was tempting but she was only a part-timer. She didn't have so much time, how can she be the head waitress?

The boss suddenly felt awkward.

"Chuck, you should go eat first." Queenie looked at Chuck, feeling both disappointed and touched.

"Don't work here anymore, I'll introduce you to a new job." Chuck was serious. Working under Yolanda was much better than working here, wasn't it?

"Thank you, but I can only work here for now." Queenie said seriously.

She thought that the job that Chuck was going to

introduce to her was a full-day job. She still had to go to school, how could she have the time?

Chuck shrugged and said, "I want you to work under Yolanda. The jobs will be very easy."

"Her?" Queenie was surprised. How could Chuck ask her to work under Yolanda?

"Yes, you can just come to work after class. There won't be any time restrictions, Yolanda will talk to you about your salary," Chuck said.

She would agree, wouldn't she?

However.

Queenie shook her head. "Thank you, thank you so much..."

Queenie was touched because Chuck was so kind to her. However, Yolanda was too beautiful, and Chuck and her knew each other, so he would go to see her occasionally. If Chuck saw her, Queenie would feel bad about herself.

Chuck sighed and said, "Well, you can think about it carefully before making a decision."

"I will. You should go have dinner," Queenie said.

Looking into her eyes, Chuck could only comment, "Don't work today, let's eat together!"

"It's alright." Queenie's heart ached. Chuck sighed and could only leave. He understood what she was thinking. If he forced her more, she would probably

start crying.

Queenie looked at Chuck who was leaving, and tears flowed out of her eyes. "I really want to eat with you, but now I can't..." She thought to herself.

"You have a powerful friend." The boss sighed in resignation.

"Yes, he really is." Queenie sobbed. She was getting farther and farther away from him...

.....

Chuck returned to the table. Yvette and Zelda didn't know what had happened in the kitchen, but they knew it was strange to see Chuck come in after a long time. He didn't say anything and the three of them ate in silence. After they finished eating, Yvette paid the bill and the three of them came out of the restaurant. Zelda naturally didn't want to be a third wheel, so she left after saying thanks.

Chuck heaved a sigh of relief. When they were having dinner, Zelda's expression did not change, indicating that Yvette did not say anything to her.

"Zelda admitted that it was her the last time," Yvette said coldly.

Chuck froze. It seemed that Zelda was helping him cover up his lie. He was relieved.

"Let me send you back." Yvette said. Chuck really wished for that to happen. It would be nice to sit in

Yvette's car, since he could take a peek at her thighs. However, he had to discuss some things with Yolanda. He could only shake his head and say that there were still some things he needed to do, although he was very reluctant to.

"It's okay. I can wait for you to get off work." Yvette thought that Chuck still had to work, and he could only leave after he finished it.

Chuck was moved and he wanted to get into Yvette's car immediately. But after hesitating for a while, he said, "It will be very late if you wait for me."

Late? What did he mean? Yvette was stunned. Could it be... that he was hinting her? Yvette thought of Chuck who was once caught in the act of secretly looking at her butt, and her expression became unnatural.

Of course, Chuck didn't expect that his words would make Yvette misunderstand. He could only restate that there was something he needed to attend to.

"Okay then, work hard!" Yvette said.

Chuck could only nod, and Yvette turned around to take the elevator back. He looked at her back as she left. When would he be able to sleep with her again?

Chuck sighed and immediately left to find Yolanda. She immediately showed him her future plans

about the plaza, and Chuck was almost already sure that he wanted her to become the manager. About nine o'clock in the evening, the two of them came out of the manager's office. Chuck offered to drive her home, and Yolanda agreed with a smile.

The two of them went to the parking lot. However, when they just arrived at the car, Yolanda said in a surprised voice, "Is this car yours?"

## Chapter 47

Chuck was startled when he heard this voice. He turned his head and looked at Queenie, who was shocked!

That's right!

It was Queenie Carson!

When she just got off work, she pressed the first floor button on the elevator and she walked out in a daze. After walking for a while, she realized that she had made a mistake and immediately turned back. But she Chuck and Yolanda coming out of the elevator and walking towards the BMW...

She was stunned because she knew the car's appearance. She bumped into this kind of car last time, and she had been waiting for the owner's call these few days...

Chuck knew that this was a bad situation. The most important thing was that when Queenie bumped into his car last time, he didn't tell Queenie that it was him although she had been worried about it for such a long time. But now that she saw it, Chuck felt guilty.

However... there was not only one BMW seven series on the road, there were still many BMWs on the car. What more, the car had already registered a license plate. Queenie should not be able to recognize it, shouldn't she?



And... Chuck found that Queenie was not looking at him, but at... Yolanda!

She thought that this car was belonging to Yolanda! After all, she had a boyfriend from a rich family, which was well known by everyone in the school.

Chuck smiled bitterly in his heart. Does he not look like the owner of this car?

Yolanda was also a little stunned, but she was smart and attentive. When she saw Queenie looking at her, she immediately smiled. "Yes, this car is mine. Let me send you back to school!"

Chuck sighed in relief.

Queenie recovered from the shock. She was a little timid as it was such a luxurious car, and she was reminded that the car she had bumped into last time was something like this. She shook her head and said, "It's alright, you can just send Chuck back."

What more, it wasn't good for her to sit inside the car if Yolanda was to send Chuck and her back, although it was still a bit disappointing.

"It's on the way, come on, get in the car!" Yolanda smiled and came over to convince Queenie. Chuck hurriedly gave her the car key.

Yolanda smiled and grabbed the keys. She opened the door and saw the luxurious interior design inside. Queenie was even more nervous. This was

such an extravagant car, what if it she dirtied it?

Chuck hurt to see her like this. He walked over and said, "It's okay."

"Yes." Queenie bit her lip and sat inside. She was very cautious and sat in the seat rigidly.

Chuck sat next to her.

Yolanda sat in the driver's seat. She hadn't driven for a long time, her family used to drive a Rolls-Royce...

Yolanda started the car and skillfully drove out of the parking lot.

"I, I once bumped into such a car and scratched it..." Queenie bit down on her lip and started saying.

Yolanda was silent. She knew that this car was worth more than two million dollars. It would cost thousands or even tens of thousands of dollars if she scratched it.

"And then? How much did the owner ask you to compensate?" Yolanda asked subconsciously.

"No, the owner didn't ask me to pay."

"The owner of the car is very nice then." Yolanda smiled.

"Yes, very nice. The car owner was not there at that time, so I left my phone number, but the car owner didn't contact me..." Queenie clarified

hurriedly.

"In that case, then the car owner didn't want you to pay for it." Yolanda's eyes turned slightly, and she glanced at Chuck Cannon through the rear view mirror. His expression...

Yolanda was surprised. Was the car Queenie scratched Chuck's car? This idea came to her mind. Looking at Chuck's expression, that should be the case.

Chuck realized that Yolanda was looking at him and immediately felt a little embarrassed. She smiled and said to Queenie, "Do you know who the owner is?"

"I don't know." Queenie shook her head. She was very nervous. She would rather this owner call her and ask her to pay. Then, she would feel much more relieved.

"Don't worry, the owner won't call you," Yolanda said, glancing at Chuck again.

"But..." Queenie sighed.

"Don't worry," Chuck said. Queenie was really naive!

"Yes, but I'm very grateful to the car owner. I wonder if I can say sorry to them personally." Queenie sighed with a gloomy look in her eyes.

"There will be a chance..." Yolanda said.

"I hope so."

When the car arrived at the school gate, Queenie got off the car. She knew that Chuck lived outside, so Yolanda had to send him somewhere else.

"Thank you." Queenie said seriously.

"It's fine." Yolanda smiled.

Queenie waved at Chuck and ran to the school gate, sadness welling up inside her.

Chuck sighed.

Yolanda drove the car around, then drove slowly and said with a smile, "Let me guess, the car she scratched was yours?"

"Yes." Chuck admitted.

"If so, you're very nice to her." Yolanda said. Chuck was silent as he could read between the lines to what she was saying.

After arriving at a place some distance away from the school, Yolanda said, "Thank you for sending me back."

Chuck was embarrassed.

Yolanda opened the door and got out of the car. Chuck then shifted back to the driver's seat and asked curiously, "Why aren't you staying at your boyfriend's house?"

Chuck knew that she had a boyfriend from a rich family. She could even stay in a hotel every day. Why would she live in the school dormitory?

"Since I can stay in the school dormitory, why should I stay in his house?" Yolanda asked.

Well, what she said really made Chuck speechless. Could her boyfriend even stand it?

"I'll go to work on time tomorrow, bye!" Yolanda waved at Chuck before walking to the school gate.

Chuck watched from the rearview mirror as Yolanda slowly walked away. He was indeed surprised by this campus beauty, being not only beautiful, but hardworking and independent as well. The boyfriend should be really happy to have such a girlfriend!

Chuck smiled and then he drove back..

.....

After Zelda returned home, she received a phone call from her best friend, Quincy.

The first thing that she said was, "Your boyfriend is really rich!"

"What?" Zelda was stunned. Her boyfriend? She paused and suddenly was speechless, Quincy was talking about Chuck Cannon!

"You don't know yet? Your boyfriend ordered a Porsche 911. A total of 4 million dollars! And he paid everything using a credit card in one shot!"

Zelda was surprised and asked what was going on.

She knew about the relationship between Chuck

and Wilbur, but didn't he just buy the Cayenne? Why did he buy the 911 model instead?

"I don't know the details, but I know that he has ordered that car!"

Zelda was confused. Two cars of that caliber would cost nearly seven million dollars. How could Chuck spend so much money without even blinking an eye? Who were Chuck's parents?

"Anyway, your new boyfriend is not bad!" Quincy said with a hint of envy in her tone.

Zelda sighed. Chuck wasn't her boyfriend, he was only pretending to be!

But she couldn't say it out loud.

"By the way, did I disturb the two of you at such a late hour?" Quincy smirked playfully.

Zelda was speechless. These were the thoughts inside this crazy woman's head all day long.

"I'm going to hang up soon. You are disturbing us and he just finished taking a bath." Zelda had to say so. Otherwise, Quincy would just continue to babble on without giving her a peace of mind.

"Oh, that's nice, I'm still alone in my empty room. When will God give me a handsome guy like your boyfriend?" Quincy complained, "Forget it, I don't want to talk about it anymore, remember to just take it easy!"

The phone call hung up.

Zelda was relieved. She was going to take a bath and head to bed, but suddenly the lights in the room went out. What happened? Did the circuit burn out?

She pressed the switch again in suspicion and her fears were confirmed. How could she sleep without electricity?

She packed up her things and was ready to go to the hotel to get a room to sleep. However, as soon as she opened the door and walked to the elevator door, she was stunned because a person just came out. It was Chuck Cannon!

Why was he here? Does he have a house here? If so, why didn't she know?

Meanwhile, Chuck was also surprised by Zelda. What a coincidence! Could it be that Zelda's house was also in this community? He was speechless but knew that it was reasonable. Zelda had several restaurant franchises, so it would be normal for her to spend millions of dollars to buy a house here. However, Chuck, who had lived here for a few days, did not realize that she was his neighbour.

He was still thinking that he would have a good sleep since there was no class tomorrow. But now, he just felt embarrassed. He walked out of the elevator and said, "Sister Zelda, what a coincidence!"

"Yeah, what a coincidence. Do you have a house here?" Zelda asked.

Chuck could only nod. He couldn't lie to her, since she was not a fool.

Zelda was flabbergasted. She knew who the people on this floor were, but Chuck just walked out of this floor and said that he had a house here. A possibility was that it could be that he bought a house from one of the owners here. She knew that just recently, he bought two cars which cost more than seven million dollars. If he also bought a house worth more than three million dollars here, that means he already spent around 10 million dollars. How much money did Chuck have?

At this moment, Zelda was very curious.

Chuck could only attempt to say something break the awkward silence, "Sister Zelda, it's so late. Where are you going?"

"Oh, the electricity at my house is down. I'm getting ready to go out to find a place to sleep."

"Don't bother. You can come to my house instead," Chuck said subconsciously.



## Chapter 48

Chuck's words were really said on impulse. He didn't expect that it was inappropriate, so he felt a little embarrassed after he realized it.

She wouldn't overthink it, would she? Since Chuck was saying it out of sincerity.

He couldn't go on like this!

Unlike Chuck, who was thinking too much, Zelda smiled after a moment of astonishment. "Thank you, but there's no need."

Chuck was disappointed, but it was normal. It would be strange if someone like Zelda entered his home.

But of course, he couldn't show it, so he cleared his throat and said, "In that case, be careful when you drive on the road, Sister Zelda."

"Yep."

As the elevator door opened, Zelda stepped into the elevator and was about to wait for the doors to close. However, she suddenly thought of a problem. It seemed that she didn't bring her ID card out, and she left her house key inside her room. She frowned and clapped her hand at her forehead in annoyance, what was wrong with her?

Seeing that the elevator door was about to close, Zelda hurriedly pressed the button and opened the

door, then walked out after a moment of hesitation.  
"Well..."

Chuck, who was opening the door, was startled.  
"What's wrong, Sister Zelda?"

"I didn't bring my ID card, and I forgot the key to the room." Zelda was a little embarrassed.

"Then you can stay in my house. There are three rooms," Chuck said.

"Will I disturb you?"

In truth, Zelda was very satisfied with Chuck's performance. Of course, this kind of satisfaction didn't have any implicit meaning to it. She was referring to when he did not simply do anything to her when he kissed her last time. This was the biggest reason why she was willing to come back.

"No, you won't." Chuck smiled.

"Well, then I will stay at your house for a night. Tomorrow I will find a locksmith to unlock the door!" Zelda announced in relief.

Chuck opened the door and Zelda followed him in.

"Sister Zelda, you can sleep in either of these two rooms," Chuck said.

"Well, thank you." Zelda casually picked a room and entered, smiling at Chuck as a sign of thanks before closing the door.

Deep down, Chuck was secretly aroused but

couldn't do anything since it was Zelda he was talking about. He sighed, returned to the room, and was ready to take a bath and sleep.

knock! knock! knock!

Someone knocked on the door. Chuck, who was still clad in his pajama shorts, staggered to the door. He was half asleep and opened the door to have a look.

Zelda was stunned.

Chuck blushed and was immediately awake. He forgot that Zelda was at home.

"Sister Zelda, I'm sorry, I..."

"It's okay. I'm just going to tell you. Thank you for last night. I'll treat you to breakfast in the morning," Zelda said.

Since there was no class today, Chuck agreed. He closed the door, took a quick shower, and changed his clothes.

Despite his morning routine, he still felt embarrassed. He coughed and said, "I'm done, Sister Zelda."

Zelda stood up from the sofa. She had already made an appointment with a locksmith to come with an electrician in the afternoon. They should be able to fix her room problem by today.

"Well, where are we going to eat?"

"Sister Zelda, you make the decision!" Chuck didn't mind.

The two of them went out together. Since Chuck had to go to the plaza, he could only drive his car instead. After they had a simple breakfast at a cafe nearby, Zelda went to her restaurant. Meanwhile, Chuck drove back to the Plaza. Halfway there, he was reminded that he left some documents at home, he could only turn back and go home. After taking what he needed, he accidentally pushed open the room that Zelda had slept in last night.

Indeed, the places where she slept was left with a slight fragrance.

Chuck reluctantly left and went downstairs to drive to the plaza.

When he arrived at the manager's office, Yolanda was already at work and left everything was in good order. Chuck was very satisfied.

It seemed that she was really qualified to be a manager.

It was not until noon that Yvette came over to sign the contract. Since Yolanda had gave her a five year contract, Yvette was pretty satisfied. Chuck saw her smiling face and was taken aback. It had been a long time since he saw Yvette so relaxedly. He sighed.

"Then I'll go upstairs. You should work hard!" Yvette said. She was in a good mood.

Chuck nodded. Less than five minutes after Yvette left, Chuck's cell phone rang. It was indeed a WeChat message from Yvette, thanking him for everything.

According to her, she was pretty glad that the contract issue was settled, and she wanted to treat him to dinner this time around.

Chuck did not know how to reply and could only say that he was very busy. Yvette sent him a message that said, "Well, anyways, I owe you a favor. I want to thank you."

Chuck's thoughts immediately steered into a different direction. If he told her that he was the baller now, would Yvette fall in love with him? If he tried to ask for that as a favor, would she agree?

He shook his head, probably not. He sighed and thought to himself that there would be chances in the future.

On the other side, Yvette felt was also helpless as she replied. "Okay."

When she was sitting in the office, someone suddenly knocked on the door.

"Come in," Yvette said.

The door was pushed open and an employee said that someone was looking for her. Yvette stood up doubtfully and walked out. She happened to see Zelda, who was bored and came here to look at the store again.

Yvette was stunned.

Zelda was even more stunned when she saw Yvette. "Are you the boss here?"

"Yes." Yvette nodded on impulse.

Zelda frowned. She had just came out of her own restaurant and was still reluctant to give up on this place, nor did she find out who the plaza's owner was. She couldn't help coming over and was thinking of talking to the owner of this place. If she could take over the shop, she was willing to do so.

But what was going on? Turns out that this shop was Yvette's. If the new boss was willing to renew her contract, it could only be from someone that she knew, so...

Zelda analyzed the possibilities furiously. Suddenly, a person appeared in her mind. Could he be the new owner of the plaza?

## Chapter 49

The only person whose name came to Zelda's mind was Chuck. After all, he had bought two cars and a house, and that was already 10 million dollars in total, but...

She was still confused:

She didn't know how much Harold Wendel had sold the whole plaza. From what she knew, it should be at least 600 million dollars. Did Chuck have so much money though?

After all, there was a huge gap between ten million dollars and six hundred million dollars! At least for her, she couldn't have taken out so much money at one time.

Thinking of this, Zelda rejected the idea that the new boss was Chuck.

Was it him or not?

Zelda felt a little uncomfortable. If it was really Chuck, she would actually be slightly angry. Did he actually buy this whole plaza just to stop her from taking over Yvette's store?

She had already told her in advance, but he chose Yvette and gave up her proposal.....

Zelda shook her head and felt more uncomfortable.

She was conflicted and confused. Forget it, she

would go and ask him in person later.

"Director Maine, come in and have some tea."  
Yvette invited her.

"How long have you known Chuck?" Zelda asked.

"It's been a long time."

"Who are Chuck's parents?"

"He doesn't have one. It's been like that since young."

"No parents?" Zelda was even more confused. If not, where did he get the money to buy a car and a house?

If so, the new owner of the plaza couldn't be him. Zelda's worries cleared up and she felt more comfortable. "No need. I'm just here to have a look. Continue your work."

Zelda turned around and left. Yvette was a little confused, but she didn't think much about it and went back to the office. Since the contract had been renewed, she had to start improving her company's business.

However, Zelda turned back when she reached the door. "Do you know that there is a new owner of this plaza?"

Yvette stunned and shook her head. "I don't know."

Was there a change of ownership?

This was such a big plaza, and the owner had



changed? When did this happen?

"Someone rich managed to buy the place a few days ago at about 600 or 700 million dollars," Zelda said.

Yvette was surprised. A few days ago, when Chuck had helped her get back at Manager Yarn, the Big Boss of the plaza was still Mr Wendel. How did someone spend so much money to take over the plaza in just a few days?

She suddenly thought of a person. Could it be the baller?

But it was a matter of 6 to 7 hundred million dollars, could he actually be that rich?

If so, it would be simply incredible!

Could she only be able to renew the contract because the baller had bought the plaza, or was it because he knew the owner of the plaza?

Yvette was a little confused, because this news was too shocking to her!

She'd had to ask the baller properly later.

Zelda saw Yvette's surprised look and didn't continue. Yvette didn't even know the plaza had a new boss. So how could she know who the new boss was?

Zelda was about to go out, but Yvette came to her senses and said in a hurry, "Director Maine, do you know who this new boss is?"

"Nope, his identity is very mysterious since he didn't announce it to the public," Zelda shook her head and said.

"Thank you..." Yvette murmured to herself.

Zelda walked out.

Yvette returned to the office. After hesitating for a while, she sent another message to the baller: I want to know how you helped me?

When Chuck received this message, he was a little surprised. What did she mean by "how he helped her"? Chuck thought about it and replied, "I asked my friend to step in and help."

"Did your friend buy the plaza?" Yvette said.

This sentence was short but still gave Chuck a shock.

How did Yvette know that someone had bought the plaza? Only a few people knew about the whole thing. Could it be Zelda? It should be her. Maybe she said it by accident when they had dinner last time.

As Chuck thought so, Yvette's message came in again, "Did you buy it?"

Chuck had a headache just thinking about it. Perhaps Yvette thought that she could renew the contract because he bought it. She was smart enough to think of this possibility.

"No." Chuck replied, but he felt a little regretful

soon after. She didn't know who he was, so there was probably no harm if he admitted it.

"Well, I thought it was you who bought it. If it was you, then I would be really curious to who you are."

"No."

"Well, thank you."

"No problem."

Yvette put down her phone and murmured to herself. The baller had been so nice to her, could he be someone she knew?

Yvette shook her head. She did know some people, but most just wanted to sleep with her, not to mention that they didn't have the financial ability. Who the hell are you then?

Yvette stared at the baller's profile picture.

Chuck put down his phone and felt a little regretful. He should have admitted it directly just now. Then, he could directly ask Yvette if she can wanted to be his girlfriend. However, if she agreed, what... what would he do? Chuck sighed.

Chuck and Yolanda made detailed plans for the plaza until late in the evening. He had wanted to send Queenie back, but she went back to school on her own by car after work. She probably didn't want to trouble "Yolanda".

Chuck could only drive Yolanda back to school. However, when they arrived at the parking lot, his

mobile phone rang. He looked at it and smiled. It was Zelda.

Zelda's lace pants were still at his house. She had probably just thought of it, so she would probably ask him when he would be coming back in a roundabout way.

Sure enough, when the call was connected, Zelda's voice sounded a little embarrassed. "When will you be back? I need to ask you something."

Zelda hesitated to tell him! If Chuck found out, she would be embarrassed.

"It'll take a while," Chuck said.

He was slightly remorseful that he didn't use it when he went back that morning.

Well, this idea was quite lecherous though.

Chuck was speechless at himself.

"Well, tell me when you come back." Zelda sighed in relief. Chuck probably didn't notice.

The call ended.

Yolanda turned around and walked to school. All of a sudden, a good-looking male student appeared. It was William Yuri, Yolanda's boyfriend.

She was surprised to see him and asked, "Why are you here?"

William looked at the BMW seven series but did not manage to see who the driver was. He walked over

to Yolanda and said, "Why am I here? I've heard that you've been frequently finding this student named Chuck Cannon. Shouldn't you give me an explanation about this?"

"There's nothing to explain. I had some stuff to ask him." Yolanda shook her head.

"Some stuff?" William looked at the BMW 7 Series which had just left. "Was the person driving the car just now Chuck?"

He had already confirmed the rumours that Chuck was a poor man who managed to pick up some cash out of luck these days. From what he heard, it was only a mere 2 thousand dollars, so he could never afford to drive a BMW 7 series. The reason why he asked was that his girlfriend was sent back by a man. What the hell? He needed to know who the driver was!

"No." Yolanda shook her head. Seems like she couldn't allow Chuck to send her back anymore.

"Of course I know it's not him. I'm asking you who was the one who drove you back just now!" William stared at Yolanda.

Yolanda glanced at him and continued to make her way into the school, ignoring him. William was a bit angry. He grabbed her by the arm and said, "If you don't make it clear today, I won't let you in!"

"Let go!" Yolanda's expression hardened.

"Yolanda Lane, don't I have a car? My Ferrari is

several times better than the car he drove just now. You want to hitch a ride on such a garbage car instead of my extravagant car?" William's expression was gloomy indicating that he was really angry.

"Don't judge a person by his appearance. It's useless to compete in cars." Yolanda shook her head.

"Then let's compare wealth? Okay, call him now and ask him to turn back. I'd like to see who this person who's richer than me is!" William sneered.

## Chapter 50

Disappointment appeared in Yolanda's eyes. "You are really too childish!"

"You don't dare to ask him to come back? Are you afraid of making him feel inferior?" William taunted.

He had never lost to anyone when it came to comparing wealth. It was just a BMW seven series, he could just buy it anytime. Since the car driven would correspond to one's wealth and worth, a BMW 7 series would mean that the person's worth was only around tens of millions of dollars. This couldn't even be considered as petty cash to William.

William looked down on him!

"It's you who'll feel inferior!" Yolanda broke free of William's grasp and headed into the school.

William snorted. "You're quite good at defending him. Tell me, have you slept with him?"

"You really disgust me!" Yolanda's eyes were full of disappointment.

"Then why do you defend him so much?" William's complexion looked terrible. He had been chasing Yolanda for so long, but he had never been able to sleep with her. Yet, the man in the BMW seven series just now could sleep with her?

How could it be possible? Someone like him who

drove a Ferrari couldn't sleep with her, yet someone who drove a stupid BMW could? It was just ridiculous!

Yolanda turned and continued to walk away. William was furious and grabbed her again. "Tell me clearly! Tell me who that person is, and I will find someone to destroy him!"

"Are you out of your mind?" Yolanda was angry.

"Then make it clear who he is? Otherwise, I will find him myself!" William threatened.

"I warn you, don't do anything stupid, or you will regret it." Yolanda warned coldly.

"Haha, I will regret it? Well, what I regret the most is that I am too kind to you. I should have forced myself on you long ago!" William's handsome face contorted uglily.

Slap!

Yolanda raised her hand and slapped William. "You are so disgusting!"

"Yolanda Lane! How dare you hit me? I'm going to do you today!"

William dragged Yolanda to his Ferrari. Her expression changed instantly and she struggled. "William Yuri, don't do anything stupid! I'll call the police!"

"Haha, call the police? I'm going to sleep with my girlfriend, that's completely legal, right?"



Yolanda fell on the ground hard as a result of being dragged so roughly. She bit her lip stubbornly to prevent her tears from flowing down.

"Hey! What are you doing?" The 60-year-old school security guard ran over.

William Yuri frowned. "Get out of my way! Don't you want your job? She's my girlfriend!"

"If she was your girlfriend, would she be struggling like this? You would force this on her? Let me tell you, don't do anything stupid, don't make a fool of yourself! I already called the police!" The security guard warned huskily!

William's expression darkened. He looked at Yolanda, who had fallen on the ground, and he was extremely pissed off. He should have slept with her long ago!

"Yolanda Lane, count yourself lucky today. I'll be sure to find you soon!" William snorted and got into the Ferrari sports car. With a rumbling sound of the gas pedal, he drove away!

"Little girl, are you okay?" The security guard ran over and helped Yolanda up. When he saw her knee bleeding, he sighed.

"I'm fine, thank you." Yolanda bit her lip to numb the pain. She could feel her knees burning from the pain, but it didn't matter. So what if it hurt? She was used to it.

Yolanda limped back to the dormitory of the

school, her figure looking frail and lonely.

The security guard sighed. "Such a beautiful girl, how did she find such a boyfriend?"

.....

Chuck drove back. When he arrived at his door, he called Zelda, soon hearing the sound of a door opening and closing. Zelda then appeared at the corner and saw Chuck.

"Sister Zelda, what's the matter?" Chuck asked deliberately, the frilly pants in the bathroom emerging in his mind unconsciously. He couldn't help but look at Zelda's waist. So she was usually wearing such sexy garments!

Was she wearing an undergarment similar to that one? Is it lace too?

Chuck was really curious.

"I left something in my room and I would like to go in and get it." Zelda was a little embarrassed, but fortunately, he just came back only now, so he probably didn't know.

"Okay." Chuck opened the door and Zelda walked in.

She went to the room that she had slept in last night and opened the bathroom door. She quickly kept it away and was secretly relieved.

Thank god.

Zelda came out. "Thank you."

"No problem."

"By the way, do you know who the new owner of the plaza where we ate at last time is?" Zelda suddenly asked.

"How would I know?" Chuck asked curiously as he had expected this question beforehand.

His expression was so natural, so it seemed that the new boss was not him. Then who could it be?

"Well, it's nothing then. Thanks!" Zelda said as she walked outside. However, she accidentally bumped into the closet and dropped her clothes which fell into a heap on the floor.

Chuck stepped forward and asked, "Sister Zelda, are you okay?"

He hurried over to help Zelda up. He was amused, how could she be so careless?

"It's okay, it's okay." Zelda covered her belly with her hands, her face full of pain.

The pain was preventing her from kneeling down, and she could only rely on Chuck's help. Chuck thought pervertedly, if he had hid her undergarments that morning, then it would be hard for Zelda to ask about it when she couldn't find it. Though it was a little bit risky, but...

Alas, he was slightly regretful.

She covered her stomach and ran out, but she was in so much pain that she could not walk properly. She had probably bumped into it too hard. Chuck immediately came over to her aid and asked, "Sister Zelda, do you want me to send you to the hospital?"

"No need."

"Then I'll send you home." Chuck had no choice but to say so. Zelda's face was already contorting in pain, she was probably hurting a lot.

"Yes, please." Zelda nodded.

Chuck helped Zelda back to her house. To be honest, he leaned so close to her that he could smell the fragrance on her body. Adding that on to the occasional physical contact with her, he was distracted and aroused although that it was wrong. After all, she was injured now.

Zelda lowered her head and looked at Chuck's lower half, her face immediately turning red again. She was not a fool. How could she not know what he was thinking this time?

Speaking of which, did Chuck dream of her last night when she saw him this morning?

Zelda was a little ashamed. How could he do this?

Zelda was helpless, but she also felt strange. If Chuck had this idea, did it mean that she was charming to him? She didn't know what to say and was flooded with pain and shamefulness. Since

Chuck was like this, would he dream of her again tonight? Would he dream of her being flirtatious? She wasn't that kind of person though!

Zelda sighed and was worried.

After Chuck helped her to the sofa, he said, "Sister Zelda, I'll go back first."

"Well, thank you."

The next morning, Chuck drove to the plaza first. When he arrived at Yolanda's office, he was impressed by the fact that she was already there.

He immediately continued the discussion with Yolanda about the next plans for the plaza. For now, there were still some shops that had not been rented out for a long time. So, he decided to attract people to open shop here by making the rent free for a year.

Yolanda had the same idea as him. The two of them took no time to agree on things and moved on quickly to implementing and promoting the idea. Chuck noticed that Yolanda did not wear a skirt today. Instead, she wore a pair of long, casual pants that weren't tight-fitting as usual, and she did not seem to walk around often like she would. He was curious, but he did not ask about it. However, Yolanda had to stand up to take the documents, and only then Chuck noticed that she was limping. He was surprised and asked, "What happened to you?"

"Nothing serious. I accidentally fell down when I went back yesterday," Yolanda explained with a smile.

"Be careful then. Why don't you go back and rest?" Chuck said with concern.

"There's no need. It's just a small matter."

"Um, you don't have to worry. I have decided to let you be the manager." Chuck said, afraid that Yolanda would not go back to rest because she was worried about her post.

"Really? Thank you, haha, then since I am the manager now, I can't simply rest like that. I have to work hard!" Yolanda said with a smile.

Chuck sighed in resignation. Why was a girl doing so much? During discussion of work benefits, Chuck was not stingy in terms of salary. He gave her a salary of 10,000 dollars a month, in addition to other bonuses at the end of the year. Yolanda agreed to all of this with a bright smile.

Chuck was busy in the plaza for the next two days, and Yolanda began to start publicizing the place. As for the Porsche car, Chuck had no time to collect the car, so he could only push it to a later date. Fortunately, he was a VIP there, so it wasn't a big deal for him to leave the car there for a few days.

However, when he was about to go to the plaza today, Yolanda called him. "Lara from your class

18:39 ■

wants to rent a shop here with her cousin."

Chuck was stunned, why did Lara want to rent a shop? However, he immediately realized that Lara might have heard of the news that rental here was free for a year, so she was wanted to inquire about it. He chuckled. Lara, you were asking for it!