

Chapter 496

"I'll train you," Black Rose's gaze suddenly turned to Frieda coldly.

"Thank you, Black Rose." Frieda was delighted. Going to the United States implied that she could improve and expose herself to many new things. After all, she'd never been abroad!

However, she was annoyed that she lost her phone. There were photos of Cheryl and Black Rose in it. Since they were all gone now, didn't that mean she had to retake them again?

But where would she find such an opportunity?

"Before that, there's something you need to change," Black Rose mentioned stoically.

Frieda answered obediently, "Change? What do you want me to change? I'll listen to you."

Black Rose narrowed her eyes and said coldly, "As a killer, it's normal to kill a person as long as our employer pays us. Even so, one must have a basic conscience, do you understand?"

Not long ago, Black Rose's impression of Frieda changed drastically. For a girl who had not even reached the age of twenty, how could she be filled with such shameless and evil thoughts?

Blackmailing with nudes? How could a killer do such atrocious acts?

Black Rose wouldn't stoop so low.

Indeed, she agreed that killers like her were notorious. However, to shame others with their nudes was disrespecting the pride of a killer!

Killers were supposed to end others' lives, not taunt their victims and strip them of their dignity before finishing them off.

"I'm listening," Frieda nodded.

Black Rose told her off sharply, "Don't ever take photos of other women again. Do you hear me? This is simply outrageous and unfitting of a killer! Do you understand?"

"Alright, I'll listen to what you say. I won't take them anymore."

Frieda pretended to listen while secretly scoffing under her breath, "Won't take them anymore? In your dreams! It's not like you're my mother and I should listen to you just because you're teaching me!"

She would still take the photos, and was even more intent on taking Black Rose's nudes!

Frieda inquired, "Black Rose, what's your conscience then?"

Black Rose dismissed the question, "It doesn't matter what mine is, because I'll never pull off whatever you did."

Although she was the world's best female assassin, Black Rose was uncertain of her final straw. It most likely had something to do with her mood. If others paid her enough, she would go for the kill.

On the contrary, there were times where she refused money because she just didn't feel like killing.

She was in a bad mood!

"Yes, I know. I'll learn from you," Frieda chimed.

Black Rose's expression returned to her usual cold demeanor as she ordered, "Get up. Let's go to the United States."

Frieda got up on her feet and whispered, "Do you have a boyfriend in the United States? You're extremely gorgeous and have such a good figure."

Frieda was telling the truth. Ever since she saw it all that day when she stripped Black Rose bare, she was envious of her figure and beauty.

Generally, women from the United States had curvy bodies, and they had more evident hourglass figures as compared to the woman in her country. Frieda knew that an individual like Black Rose had particularly better physique than most United States celebrities. She wondered: wouldn't it be better if Black Rose was a celebrity? Why was she a killer instead?

She just couldn't wrap her head around it.

"Why should I have one?" Black Rose did not have a boyfriend. Many killers and bosses had pursued her, but she refused all of their courting.

There was never a man that she took a second glance at.

She just wasn't interested in love.

"Still, you are extraordinarily beautiful," Frieda couldn't comprehend Black Rose's thoughts at all.

If Frieda had such a temptatious body figure and appearance, she would have long captivated all the men in the United States and toyed with them to her pleasure.

It was a pity that she couldn't do so, which was why Frieda admired and envied Black Rose greatly.

Black Rose shot a cold glare at Frieda and remarked, "Women should rely on themselves and their own ability, not using their beauty or figure!"

Black Rose never relied on her beauty. She was reminded that once, an influential figure from the United

States was captivated by her at first glance.

As Black Rose was such a heartthrob, he was willing to fork out fifty million dollars for her to accompany him for merely three days.

Black Rose had turned him down. In the end, the man compromised and shortened the duration to only a day. Was there any woman in their right mind who would reject a job that could offer her fifty million dollars in a day?

Ultimately, Black Rose still declined him!

She even warned him that if he ever brought up the topic again, she would murder his entire family!

Frieda pretended to agree with her, secretly rolling her eyes. How pretentious of Black Rose!

If she could depend on her figure and appearance, why would she need to depend on her own ability?

Black Rose was not in the mood to discuss this and brought Frieda to the United States. Meanwhile, Frieda was still thinking of ways to take Black Rose's nudes since she lost her phone.

If things turned ugly between the two of them, she could still use Black Rose's photos and extort her for money. Such thoughts occupied her mind frequently.

Of course, she did not know that one day, Black Rose would find out...

.....

"Chuck, Auntie Logan will be fine." Yvette comforted her husband dearly.

Ever since they arrived at the hospital, Chuck was sluggish the whole time and kept mumbling Auntie Logan's name.

It had been five hours since Willa was admitted into the

emergency operating theater. Yvette watched as Chuck grew more and more anxious as time passed.

"Auntie Logan..." Chuck couldn't even hear other people talking to him, the only thing in his mind being Willa's name.

He swore that he would never let Willa get hurt for him anymore!

Never again!

Yvette sighed.

Right then, the doors to the emergency operating theater finally opened. Chuck was the first person to dart over. A female doctor walked out and removed her face mask, looking exhausted.

Chuck asked in a panic, "How is she?"

The female doctor explained, "President Logan suffered from blood loss. She's fine now, but she's still unconscious. You may go inside to have a look."

Chuck was overjoyed and rushed in.

Yvette could finally feel at ease. Just when she was about to go in, her phone rang. She looked at the caller ID and fell silent instantly.

She walked aside and picked up the call.

On the other side of the phone, a person from the assassination organization said, "How's it going, Blood Leopard? The day after tomorrow is the deadline! Don't tell me that you haven't taken action yet!"

"I still need time!" Yvette definitely couldn't kill Chuck. She needed to buy time!

"Blood Leopard, I'll remind you again. If you can't do it, or you're suspected of protecting the target, we'll release a worldwide contract to hunt you down! You'll die a terrible death!"

"I know."

Yvette sighed. She knew about this the moment she accepted the mission.

Compared to putting Chuck in danger, she was prepared to sacrifice her own safety for him.

"If you know, then you'd better act quickly. Time is almost up," the person added coldly.

"Got it."

After hanging up the phone, Yvette let out a sigh and walked towards the ward. After a moment of hesitation, she pushed the door a little and peeped inside, only to find Chuck and Willa having a conversation together. Thus, she decided not to go in and waited outside at the corridor, giving the two of them some privacy.

Yvette was conflicted. What could she do now? If the killers were to chase after her, it would be difficult for her to escape.

"Auntie Logan, how do you feel?" Chuck saw Willa opening her eyes. Her gaze was as beautiful as always, despite lacking the usual glimmer she normally had. Evidently, she was heavily injured.

Chuck was on the verge of crying but he held back his tears.

"I am fine," Willa did not feel any discomfort. There were times where her injuries were even worse, so this wasn't a big issue.

Back then when she followed Karen in the Amazon, she suffered from dreadful injuries that even caused her heart to stop beating. Nevertheless, she was able to get through it safe and sound.

"Auntie Logan, I thought you were dead," Chuck wept bitterly. He could not stop himself from tearing up. When he saw Willa closing her eyes from her injuries just now,

his whole world seemed to fall apart.

What if she died? Chuck didn't dare to think about that, and focused on giving her artificial resuscitation. He had no other thoughts in his head other than to save Willa.

Willa smiled gently. Although she looked pale, her smile was truly benign and warm.

"I don't want to die either." In the past, Willa was not afraid of death at all, but this incident had changed her mind. She was unwilling to die, now that she finally found someone she loved. She wouldn't want to die so easily.

"Don't cry," Willa reached out and wiped Chuck's tears. Chuck took her hand and vowed, "Auntie Logan, from now on, I swear I'll protect you from harm."

Willa had already been badly injured twice because of him. He swore that it wouldn't happen a third time. If it did, he was determined to kill whoever attacked them and wipe them off the face of the earth.

"Okay." Willa's eyes were moist with tears. With her skills, she never needed someone to protect her from harm, but it was different now. Chuck's protection gave her a sense of security, and she liked the feeling of that a lot. Willa looked into Chuck's eyes, glad that such a pure and innocent person like him was making her such an important promise.

 [Watch Ads to Get 15 Vouchers](#)

Chapter 497

Chuck asked in concern, "Auntie Logan, are you hungry? I'll buy you something."

Chuck was actually quite surprised. Willa was such a strong woman, but she never lost her temper with him. Instead, she was always smiling as if she was always in a pleasant mood.

"I'm fine. You should go and rest. You're injured too," Willa shook her head. She was worried that Chuck would collapse.

"I won't, I want to stay with you, Auntie Logan. Can I?" Chuck was reluctant to leave her. He only wanted to accompany Auntie Logan since he had almost lost her a while ago.

Willa smiled gently, "Sure, you can rest on the bed there."

"No, I want to hold your hand."

Chuck wanted to feel Willa's warmth. He was afraid that she would lose her pulse and warmth out of a sudden. He would regret it for life.

"Alright," Willa was willing to do whatever she could if Chuck asked.

Chuck held her hand and closed his eyes contentedly. It felt quite comfortable and peaceful, as though he was sleeping on Willa's lap.

Willa's hand was unexpectedly soft and supple. Chuck had imagined her hands to feel as tough and rough since she had been training for some time. Since Willa was so skilled, her body would be buff and her muscles well-toned.

Yet, it was the exact opposite of what he felt. He fell

asleep soon, snoring softly as though he was sleeping on a soft pillow.

When Willa saw Chuck finally falling asleep from the exhaustion, she was relieved. It was only then that she touched her lips peculiarly. She had a feeling that someone touched her lips when she had lost consciousness... Was it just her imagination?

Probably.

Willa smiled. It was nice to see him sleep like a baby...

Maybe that was a sign of him finally feeling at ease!

Willa awoke quite early the next morning, but Chuck was still sleeping soundly. Since she was quite physically fit, she only felt a slight ache in her body after the operation. She had regained most of her strength back and could probably walk in a few days with enough rest.

When she saw Chuck stirring in his sleep, she couldn't help but chuckle. This kid had slept with his hand in hers for the whole night...

Chuck woke up in a daze. When he saw Willa, he felt at ease. She definitely looked better compared to before.

He reluctantly let go of Willa's hands, unable to believe he had held her hands so tightly for a whole night.

"Auntie Logan, I will get you something to eat," Chuck stood up and announced.

"Okay."

"Auntie Logan, what do you want to eat?"

"I'll eat whatever you order, Chucky."

Chuck walked out with ease, only then remembering that he had left Yvette sleeping on the seats out in the corridor overnight. He was touched and also remorseful to have forgotten about his wife. She must've been cold and tired.

He walked over and gently carried her in his arms. Yvette was startled and woke up, realizing it was Chuck. She sighed in relief and leaned her head against his chest, mumbling, "Hubby..."

She tried to tell herself it was fine, that it was alright for Chuck to have forgotten about her. Ultimately, her feelings overwhelmed her, and she was slightly upset.

However, she didn't express it. Willa was seriously injured, so it was fine for Chuck to accompany her instead. As a proper wife, it was her duty to wait for him patiently.

"I'm sorry for last night," Chuck said with guilt.

Yvette shook her head, her face blushing as she assured him, "It's alright, Hubby. By the way, where are you carrying me to?"

Was he having lecherous thoughts again?

"You need proper rest," Chuck said as he requested for a room in the ward. Since this was Willa's hospital, they could stay as long as they wanted.

He carried Yvette into the room and placed her on a bed. Then, he kissed Yvette on the forehead and said, "Sleep well. I'll order breakfast for you."

"Okay."

Just as he was about to leave, Yvette tugged on his sleeve bashfully and asked, "Hubby, could you stay with me for a while?"

She was about to get hunted down by killers. By then, she would have to go in hiding, with no way to see Chuck for a long time.

Chuck already felt guilty for leaving her alone for the whole night, so he agreed. He lay down on Yvette's bed and made small talk with her. It was as though they had gone back to the past.

After a while, Chuck came out from the room and went to order breakfast. Along the way, Cheryl called him and he picked up her call. .

She asked anxiously, "Hello, Mr. Cannon, have you found Frieda?"

She couldn't get a wink of sleep the whole night!

Her nudes were still in Frieda's phone, and they could be spread any second. Last night, she did nothing but refresh the news to check if her photos had gone viral.

The whole night passed peacefully, but Cheryl was already on the verge of breaking down. She couldn't hold herself back and called Chuck to see if there were any updates.

Her anxiety was maxed out!

"I have the photos with me now. You can come over and watch me delete them," Chuck said.

Cheryl cried with joy, "What? You have the photos? Thank you, Mr. Cannon. Where are you now? I'll be right there!"

Her worries had lifted and hope had returned to her.

Chuck shared his address with her and hung up the call. Then, he went downstairs and gave Betty a call.

Once the call was connected, Chuck ordered coldly, "Betty, help me find Black Rose. Find her no matter what it takes!"

Black Rose was the main culprit for Willa's injury. Not to mention, that b*tch, Frieda Olmedo!

Both of them had to die! Especially Frieda!

Chuck never expected her to be so ruthless. He had underestimated her.

"I'm on it!" Betty started her investigation. Soon, she managed to track down Black Rose and Frieda, only to

find the both of them in the United States.

"Young Master, Black Rose has left the country."

"Where did she go?" Chuck asked coldly.

"If I'm not mistaken, they should have gone back to the United States."

Chuck was stoic. Black Rose was always on the offense in her attempt to assassinate Chuck, while he would mostly be on the receiving end as he tried to defend himself. However, this time it was different. Black Rose shouldn't have hurt Willa!

"Alright, help me book the tickets. I will depart for the United States in a few days!" Chuck was determined to kill Frieda and Black Rose. No more waiting. Even if they returned to the United States, he was going to hunt them down and kill them, once and for all!

Chuck already had a way to force Black Rose to show up the moment he arrived in the States. He had checked Frieda's phone and found out there were a lot of photos of Black Rose other than Cheryl's.

He could definitely force Black Rose to reveal herself with these photos.

When the time came, he would set traps for her so she wouldn't be able to escape!

Betty reminded him, "Young Master, President Lee requested you to stay in the country."

It would be dangerous for Chuck to be in the United States simply because Brayden Lee and the Lee family would be around.

It was even more dire since Karen had cut off her ties with the Lee family.

To leave for the United States without a plan and a strong backing was too risky.

Chuck's eyes were bloodshot as he insisted, "Betty, I'm going to the United States to kill Black Rose myself! Auntie Logan was injured and she almost died..."

Betty was shocked, "What? Alright, Young Master, I will make preparations for you right away. Young Master, how strong are you now? The United States is a dangerous place!" She was furious, unable to believe that Willa had almost lost her life because of Black Rose.

How serious had things become?

"I know," Chuck had made up his mind. He would depart for the United States once Willa was fully recovered. Then, he would hunt down Black Rose and Frieda.

He wanted to kill them both, especially Frieda. He wanted to make sure she got what she deserved before she died a painful death at his hands.

"I'll make the necessary arrangements once I get permission from President Lee."

"Okay," Chuck had no objection to it. Of course, she had to ask his mother first.

Chuck hung up. Meanwhile, Betty immediately made a call to Karen. Once Karen picked up, she quickly reported, "Something happened to Young Master and President Logan almost died..."

Chuck was about to go back up when Cheryl arrived. She ran over to him and called out urgently, "Mr. Cannon."

He looked at her and nodded, turning on Frieda's phone in front of her. Then, he started deleting the photos one by one. Cheryl was furious and relieved. How insane would Frieda need to be to take so many videos and photos of women?

As the photos were finally erased out of existence, she sighed, glad that everything was now over. She quickly

thanked Chuck, "Thank you, Mr. Cannon."

She was thinking about how to repay Chuck while she was on her way. After all, she didn't expect him to go out of his way to help her.

"You can relax now."

"Yes, thank..."

Before Cheryl could finish thanking him, Chuck turned around and went into the elevator. He didn't bother to stay any longer as his only current concern was Willa's safety and health. He refused to waste time on anyone other than her. Speaking of which, he should be having breakfast with Willa now!

Cheryl was dumbfounded. She didn't expect Chuck to interrupt her midway and not even ask her for a favour!

She was relieved, but somehow, she also felt quite disappointed...

 [Watch Ads to Get 15 Vouchers](#)

Chapter 498

Cheryl stared into space for a while. Why did she still feel unhappy although her photos were now gone?

She walked out of the hospital glumly and got into her car. Sighing slightly, she revved up the engine and drove home. All the time, she had been thinking of ways to show her appreciation for Chuck's help.

After all, he had helped her so much by getting back her photos, hadn't he?

If the photos had gone viral, she wouldn't know what to do. However, she felt a little disheartened when Chuck managed to solve the issue easily.

It was really contradicting. Why would she feel this way?

Cheryl sighed as she drove away. She couldn't dwell on such issues, since she still had much to do for the Champ family. Now, her current priority was to restore the Champ family to its former glory...

However, she just couldn't calm down. Her mind was in an absolute mess.

This was simple indescribable. Why was she feeling this way?

Was her daughter right about her feelings for Chuck?

It couldn't be, right?

He was so much younger than her. Did she really fall for him?

Was she a masochist?

That was impossible!

Chery was in denial since it just did not make sense. How could she be fond of him?

There was no way.

However, Chuck was the third man who had seen her body. Although it was only photos, it felt somewhat odd.

Besides, he was also the reason her mood fluctuated these few days. Did she fall for him just because of this?

Cheryl frowned at her own attempt at analysing her feelings. She shook her head in denial. She must've felt dejected because of Chuck's attitude towards her. Yes, that had to be it...

Her thoughts grew jumbled with every passing moment. Cheryl groaned. Even if she really fell for him, it wasn't like he would reciprocate her feelings, right?

She was a widow with a daughter and even doomed men who got together with her. Who would want to be with a person like her?

Cheryl stopped herself from overthinking. She would accept whatever Chuck requested from her without hesitation.

.....

Chuck went upstairs to accompany Willa for breakfast. He was relieved to see that her complexion was more rosy. He stayed beside her and was reluctant to leave her alone.

Meanwhile, he was unaware that Yvette's mission to kill him had reached the deadline. Since it was the last day of the mission, Yvette knew that her time to kill Chuck was up. The assassination organization was about to send their killers after her.

Yvette got a call from the organization. She stayed in the room quietly for a while and told Chuck that she was going out for a walk. Chuck thought that he had neglected Yvette, so he quickly apologized to her.

He had no choice but to stay with Willa now since she was injured.

Yvette smiled. It definitely had nothing to do with Willa. She gave Chuck a quick peck on his cheek and denied it so that he would be assured.

Then, she left the room. Since it was the last day, what was she going to do now?

It was guaranteed that the organization would send their best killers after her to protect their reputation.

She had to survive. If not, she wouldn't be able to be with Chuck, let alone avenge her father's death!

Yvette had a plan. She could go to the organization's headquarters to explain her circumstances in person. If not, she would have to risk her whole life escaping from all the killers. She would probably be able to train and become more skilled in the process, but there was a possibility that she would lose her life in the process!

That couldn't happen!

Yvette walked out from the hospital and got into her car. She wasn't aware that a cold muzzle was pointing at her while she was driving aimlessly. The killers were here.

Since the order to kill Yvette had arrived, killers around the world were hot on her trail. She wouldn't be able to escape!

After all, the only price to pay for betraying the organization was death!

Yvette could sense that she was being targeted. She stepped on the gas promptly, the engine whirring up with a loud roar as the car sped away. Instantly, someone aimed at Yvette's car and shot at her, the bullet ricocheting off the hood of the car.

Yvette glanced in her rearview mirror, her gaze as cold as ice. She didn't expect them to be here so quickly, but

she wasn't going to go down without a fight!

Bang!

Someone shot at her again. Yvette jerked the steering wheel to avoid the bullet and left hurriedly.

Right then, a luxurious car caught up to her. The driver rolled down his window to greet her, only to find that it was the handsome Young Master Evans!

Coincidentally, he had noticed Yvette on the road, secretly unhappy because she hadn't gone to see him for a few days.

She was pretty hard to catch!

However, her disinterest in him only made his attraction for her stronger.

"Pretty lady, you seem to be in trouble," Young Master Evans said with a smile.

His car was bulletproof, so it was fine even if somewhat shot at him. This was a chance for him to get closer to Yvette! He had helped her the last time as well, so their meeting here could only be explained by fate.

Yvette frowned.

"It's okay. I'll help you!" Young Master Evans snapped his fingers, "Time to help a beauty in distress! Go!"

The two cars behind him swiftly moved out, searching for the direction where the bullets had come from. They were well-trained and soon managed to find the assailant. They drove over quickly to apprehend the person.

Within three minutes, Young Master Evans received a call, saying, "Young Master, it's been dealt with. It's a killer!"

Young Master Evans chuckled, "Oh, that's interesting. Killers coming after this beauty? Could she

have planned all this just to meet me?"

"Young Master, what do we do with the body?"

Young Master Evans ordered, "Feed it to the dogs!"

"Yes sir!"

"Hey, pretty lady, I've settled it for you," Young Master Evans smirked.

Yvette looked at him coldly and stopped the car.

He got off from the car cheerfully, chiming, "Where's your husband? Why isn't he here? He should be protecting you!"

"Here, this is five million dollars," Yvette took out a card and handed it to him.

Young Master Evans burst out laughing, "Haha, this again? Pretty lady, do you think that I'm helping you for money?"

"Last warning. Don't mess with me!" Yvette threw the card into Young Master Evan's car and got in her car.

Yvette was ready to act on her own. The previous killer had missed most of his shots, so he was definitely less skilled than her!

She could handle them!

Young Master Evans walked over to her car and teased, "Pretty lady, you still owe me a favor!"

She narrowed her eyes as a response and warned, "Get out of my way!"

She felt disgusted. She knew that this man approached her only because he wanted something from her. His intention annoyed her to the bone.

Young Master Evans remained composed as he smiled gently at her. He was utterly interested in this woman. After all, no one had ever spoken to him like that!

"How do you plan to return my favor?" Young Master Evans asked cheerfully.

Yvette glared at him coldly. She came out from the car and said, "Do you have a death wish?"

"Haha! You're pretty interesting," Young Master Evans guffawed. Several bodyguards got out of his car, their faces expressionless as they cast a mocking gaze at Yvette.

Young Master Evans knew some martial arts skills too. How dare this pretty lady talk to him like that? Did she not know that the Evans family was one of The Four Greatest Households?

Young Master Evans continued smiling, "Miss, you have a pretty bad temper. I'm just asking you to return my favour. What's wrong with that?"

Yvette glared at him and warned, "For the last time, I said I'll give you money!"

"I don't want money. I just want you... to have a meal with me. That should be fine with you, right?"

"I've given you a chance! Here is one million dollars as payment for your favour last time!" Yvette took out another card.

Young Master Evans grinned, "Haha! Pretty lady, are you looking down on me?"

His bodyguards added indifferently, "Others usually pay our young master five hundred million for his help, but you're only giving him a million? Do you think he's so cheap?"

Yvette stared at him frostily before asking, "Oh, so you're saying that you want me to give you five hundred million as thanks for your favour?"

Young Master Evans smiled, "Well, that's the least I charge. For me to help others, my base price is five

hundred million, and I usually get a billion for my services. However, for you, pretty lady, you're different. I helped you voluntarily, so you'll only have to share a meal with me and we can call it quits."

"I've already given you one million dollars." Yvette was extremely annoyed. Five hundred million dollars? What a joke. There was no way she would pay him so much! It was already a hassle for her to pay six million dollars since she had been poor before.

If it wasn't for Chuck giving her the Allen family property, the most she could give him was a hundred thousand dollars.

"That won't do, it's too little. It's better for you to have a meal with me," Young Master Evans smirked. This woman was indeed interesting! His desire to conquer her grew greater with each passing second.

 [Watch Ads to Get 15 Vouchers](#)

Chapter 499

Yvette was stoic. She was disgusted and annoyed with Young Master Evans.

He was obviously interested in her. Yvette was constantly troubled with such issues before. She was irritated by men who constantly tried to impress her although she already had Chuck.

She was loyal to Chuck.

Now that Young Master Evans was pestering her for a meal, she was absolutely revolted.

Yvette warned him for the last time, "I told you. Don't mess with me."

There were killers coming after her, so she couldn't waste any more time here.

Young Master Evans beamed, "Haha, don't be angry, pretty lady. Though, you still look very attractive even though you're mad."

He was immensely interested in Yvette now.

No woman had made him feel this way, his desire slowly becoming more and more obvious.

To him, women were just objects to play around with. Now that this woman was rejecting him, he was immensely attracted to her.

Yvette was impatient with him.

She took out a dagger and said, "I'll repeat myself one more time. Get lost!"

Young Master Evans' bodyguards surrounded her instantly, their expressions cold and scornful.

How dare a woman attempt to attack a man? Was she not afraid of getting hurt?

She probably didn't know that Young Master Evans had learned martial arts!

Young Master Evans remained calm. His smile grew wider as he laughed, "Pretty lady, you're so interesting!"

Yvette glared at them, "Interesting? I despise people saying this other than my husband!"

Swoosh!

Yvette advanced her attacks. As a killer, she had sharpened her senses. This man had taken up too much of her time and patience. The fact that she talked too much with this man made her feel guilty. It felt like she was cheating on Chuck!

She had to end this, now!

Young Master Evans' smile was still plastered on his face. It seemed that this lady knew some martial arts! It was a pity that she didn't seem very skilled.

She was probably an amateur. He had been trained by a renowned martial artist, so beating up this woman was probably a piece of cake!

Yvette noticed the mocking smile on Young Master Evans' face. She narrowed her eyes, fully aware that he was skilled in combat.

However, Yvette had been through numerous life- or-death moments. Her combat skills were versatile, and she was able to tackle her opponent swiftly.

Swoosh!

She threw the dagger at him and Young Master Evans avoided it easily. He sneered and was about to attack her with one fell swoop, only to have Yvette give him a kick in the chest.

Boom!

Young Master Evans's face turned pale. He flew

backward in pain.

Yvette rolled on the ground and picked up the dagger. In an instant, she was already pointing the dagger at Young Master Evan's chest!

He was no longer calm and composed as he broke out in cold sweat.

He had yet to regain his senses. With a skilled martial artist as his master, how did he get attacked so easily?

It was only when he felt the sharp tip of the dagger piercing his skin that he realized his disadvantage. He was furious!

"Cr*p! Young Master, how is this possible!"

"Let go of Young Master!"

"B*stard, do you know who Young Master is? We'll kill your whole family if you hurt him!"

The bodyguards glared at Yvette.

They were all shocked since they knew of their young master's capability. He could easily go up against a group of people, yet he had been defeated by this woman within seconds.

Moreover, the woman he was fighting was such a pretty woman!

This was simply unbelievable!

If it weren't for the fact that Young Master Evans' eyes had turned hostile, they would probably think they were still dreaming!

Yvette remained expressionless. What a joke. There was no way she would be intimidated by a few guards!

What was there to be afraid of? Young Master Evans, their boss was now in her hands. They could send in another few men, and Yvette wouldn't even bat an eyelid.

"Pretty lady, do you know what you are doing?" Young Master Evans said coldly.

This was a great insult!

He had been defeated by a woman in just one move!

Yvette replied coldly, "Yes. You're the one who doesn't know what you're doing!"

"Pretty lady, you better let me go now! If not, you won't be able to bear the consequences!" Young Master Evans was calm. He was the young master of the Evans Family, who was part of the Four Greatest Households. How dare this lady harm him?

She wouldn't be able to imagine the consequences she would have to bear!

"You should stop toying around with me!" Young Master Evans added.

"You think I'm just playing around?"

Young Master Evans said icily, "Pretty lady, you're quite skilled to capture my attention like that, then pretend to ignore me. I like you, but you just crossed my line!"

Yvette's eyes were stone cold. Was this Young Master Evans narcissistic? Since when was she playing hard to get?

She would rather have some "fun" with Chuck.

"Who do you think you are? I'm toying with you?" Yvette snorted. She really did not understand what these men were thinking.

Young Master Evans frowned, "Stop pretending, don't you know who I am?"

"What the f*ck! Don't fool around. Do you not know who Young Master Evans is?"

"She's insane!"

The bodyguards all sneered!

Countless women had used various methods to catch Young Master Evans' attention.

Yvette was probably just another one of them, so why wouldn't she just admit it?

Now, Young Master Evans was furious. No one had dared to insult him or beat him up, and Yvette was the first one to do so!

She was really looking for trouble!

"Pretty lady, let me tell you who I am. I am the young master of the Evans Family!"

He continued, "And you? You've been lying to me all this time! A husband? Haha! Come on, this lie is just unbelievable."

Yvette was indifferent, "You mean my husband, right?"

"Your husband? Haha!" Young Master Evans mocked, "Was that your husband? Your lie just made me more interested in you!"

Based on his observation of how Yvette walked, he could see that she was still a virgin. How could this not be a lie?

Moreover, she was still a virgin despite having such an attractive figure. He was taken aback!

"I hate people gossiping about my husband!" Yvette's dagger was pointed at his heart.

Young Master Evans sneered, "No! He is not your husband. You just made up a lie to attract me on purpose. Do you think that I can't tell whether you are still a virgin or not?"

"What? You!" Yvette's eyes widened, her expression flaring with anger as she shouted, "What did you just say?"

Young Master Evans bellowed in delight, "Haha, I'm right! You're still a virgin. How can he be considered your husband then?"

The bodyguards exchanged glances of disbelief. Such a pretty woman like Yvette didn't have a boyfriend?

This was unbelievable!

Yvette asked coldly, "How did you find out?" She remained calm and collected, as if she was unaffected by their insults.

Young Master Evans said icily, "I was able to notice it from the way you walk. My main interest in you came from the fact that you were still conservative and untainted. You succeeded in attracting me, but you crossed the line because I hate people pointing their knives at me!"

It was insulting for someone to threaten a young master like him with a knife!

"If you let me go now, I will pretend that none of this happened and continue flirting with you. You just have to be honest with me and admit your lies to get close to me! If that man was really your husband, he's probably incapable down there... Ah!"

Amidst his sneers, Yvette had dug her knife right into his body. His eyes bulged in shock.

The pain had contorted his smug expression into one of utter surprise and horror.

His bodyguards were dumbfounded!

What... What did she just do?

"You..." Young Master Evans' body trembled in fear and agony.

"Here's a few things. First, don't insult my husband. He didn't touch me because he respected me, and not

because he's incapable. Second, do you even know how strong he is? He's probably better than all of you here combined! Finally, I hate people who insult my husband! I could've let you go just now, but you had to go and offend my husband. Now, you have to pay the price!" Yvette said coldly and stabbed the dagger into his body deeper.

"Ack!"

Young Master Evans screamed.

Thud!

Yvette kicked Young Master Evans away, astonishing the bodyguards who could only watch in a stupor. Blood was everywhere. What did she just do?

"You... You're finished! I'll kill you and hunt your whole family down!"

"Idiot! He's the young master of the Evans Family from the Four Greatest Households. How dare you hurt him?"

Several bodyguards glared at her with shock. Were they just dreaming? Someone actually had the audacity to attack and injure Young Master Evans!

 [Watch Ads to Get 15 Vouchers](#)

Chapter 500

The bodyguards wanted to send Young Master Evans to the hospital. If he died, they were all dead meat!

"Young Master! Young Master!" They were horrified. None of them expected things to turn out this way.

Young Master Evans was barely breathing. He trembled while pointing a finger at Yvette, ordering, "C-catch her!"

Yvette remained as calm as a cucumber. It would be impossible for these bodyguards to catch her!

Several bodyguards rushed towards Yvette. Her eyes narrowed. She wasn't planning to leave now that she was planning to kill these people!

None of the people here could escape!

In the blink of an eye, Yvette rushed towards them and immediately injured a few bodyguards.

They were truly shocked!

Never in their life had they seen such moves before. Every motion Yvette took was designed to aim for the kill.

"Ah!"

A bodyguard covered his wounds and collapsed in a puddle of blood.

His body twitched as he closed his eyes, unable to believe that he was killed by a woman.

"Ah!"

With each scream, Young Master Evans' heart pounded wildly, fear rising in his veins.

"Ugh!"

With that, the last bodyguard fell to the ground and was

forever silenced. Young Master Evans was fully aware now that this woman had finished off all his henchmen.

She was just a woman!

It was unbelievable, but he wasn't dreaming.

Yvette walked towards him.

Young Master Evans was scared and immediately took out his phone to call for help, but Yvette dug her dagger into his hand.

He wailed in agony, "Ah, my hand..."

"What are you doing? I'm the young master of the Evans Family. The young master..." Young Master Evans yelled in fear. He had never imagined this woman to be so ruthless.

She was indeed skilled!

Most importantly, he didn't expect someone to be bold enough to attack him in this country!

It was completely out of his comprehension!

"The Evans Family?" Yvette took out her dagger with a cold and unrelenting expression.

"Yes, aren't you afraid that my family will kill your whole family? I'll pretend that nothing happened today if you let me go. I'll even give you ten billion dollars!" Young Master Evans said fearfully.

He was resentful to finally have met his match.

So what if she killed all his bodyguards? She absolutely didn't have the courage to kill him!

All because he was from one of The Four Greatest Households!

Once he recovered, he would come for her! Then, he would exact his revenge on her and her entire family!

Young Master Evans had already thought of a hundred

ways to torture Yvette!

She would beg for him to kill her once he was done with her!

"Ten billion?" Yvette said indifferently.

"Yes, ten billion dollars is yours, as long as you let me go."

Yvette shrugged, "But I don't need money." It was true. Her mother was about to take over the entire Allen family business, so money was no longer a concern anymore!

"Then fifty billion, or a hundred billion dollars!" Young Master Evans was terrified. No one in their right mind would refuse such a large sum, right?

She'll definitely agree to it! Women are greedy, so she'll accept it! Then... just wait!

"Nope. It doesn't matter how much you offer me. Do you know what I work as?"

"No, what do you do?" Young Master Evans was incredulous. He had never heard of anyone turning down such a large sum of money before.

"Killer. I'm a professional killer." It was Yvette's turn to smirk.

"You?" Young Master Evans was utterly shocked. He had never heard of such a beautiful killer before!

How could this be possible?

The temperature in Yvette's glare dropped as she continued, "Exactly, I'm a killer. You're too full of yourself to assume I'm playing hard to get. I've never done so because you don't deserve my attention. The only one who I hold dear to me is my husband. Do you want to guess who he is?"

"Who... Who is your husband?" Young Master Evans was

scared. Wasn't her husband just a made-up lie? Who else would it be?

Was he a killer too?

"You should know."

"I-I haven't seen him. I really don't know! You... What are you doing?" Young Master Evans was paralyzed with fear. He hadn't had the chance to live his life and wealth out fully yet. Was he going to die here?

"Do you know why I don't need money?"

Young Master Evans trembled. "I don't know. Your dagger... Please stay away. I beg you."

The fear of death hung over him.

"My husband gave me a household, a very big household. Do you want to know its name?"

"I really don't know." Young Master Evans seemed to have thought of something. His whole body trembled harder as he was unable to think straight, the fear paralysing his senses.

"The Allen Family. My husband gave me the Allen Family after he destroyed it, so I don't need any money."

"What? You mean, your husband was the one who destroyed the Allen Family?" Young Master Evans couldn't believe it!

Was this even possible?

The Evans Family had been following up with this matter closely recently, but had no idea who could destroy the Allen family!

This mysterious person was also said to have ruined the Champ Family just recently, and Yvette said that he was her husband?

Young Master Evans instinctively did not believe her, but when Yvette's cold demeanor soon led him to trust what

she was saying. After all, there was no point for her now to try and deceive him!

However, he couldn't wrap his mind around it. The last time he saw Chuck, he looked just like a loser. How did he manage to destroy the Allen Family?

Now, he finally understood why his family just couldn't find out who the culprit was after so long. Turns out the culprit was just too low profile...

"Yes, that was the work of my husband. My husband is better than you, and your money is meaningless to me. You insulted my husband and pissed me off, so you have to pay with your life!"

Yvette raised her dagger above him. Young Master Evans gasped in fear and tried to struggle but to no avail...

"You... You..." Young Master Evans was on the verge of death.

His eyelids grew heavier and heavier. Even at the brink of dying, he could not fathom why he would get killed by a woman in such a place.

He was full of remorse as thoughts flashed through his head. Why did he provoke this woman? Why didn't he bring more bodyguards out today? Why did he belittle this woman's ability?

"Save me, please save me..." Young Master Evans trembled as tears ran down his cheeks. He wanted to live.

Yvette glanced at him. As an experienced killer, she wouldn't even think of letting go of her victim once her mind was made, even if she was dealing with the young master of the Evans family!

Her eyes gleamed sharply as her dagger lurked above him.

With a clean strike, she gave him another heavy stab. Young Master Evans' fearful expression froze in place as he took his last breath.

As per usual, Yvette removed traces of her evidence and drove away. She had to settle things with the organization as soon as possible.

.....

Smash!

"Who would do this? Who!"

Everyone in the Evans family was furious. They just received the news that their young master was dead along with his bodyguards!

The head of the Evans family was furious, his expression a mixture of extreme anger and shame.

How dare someone assassinate someone from the Evans family!

This was a deliberate act to humiliate the family!

One of the members snarled, "Someone had cleaned the scene up when we got there."

He could still remember the young master's frightened look, as though he had met with a terrifying truth right before his death.

The head of the Evans family bellowed furiously, "I want to know what happened! Every detail of it!" His favourite grandson and the future heir to the Evans family was now dead!

"Yes, sir!" The man was about to leave.

Someone from the Evans family inferred, "Grandpa, could the killer be a foreigner? Or an idiot who's just looking for some fun?"

How could someone provoke them in this country? If they really were, they'd be idiots to incur the Evans

family's wrath!

Others chimed in, "Exactly, grandpa! Who would dare to provoke our family?"

"Find out who this person is, no matter what!"

"On it!"

Some of them went out in a hurry. Since this was a serious incident, they had to investigate it thoroughly!

Once they left, some direct descendants of the family came over.

"Dad, Leo is dead. I checked his wounds. They are all dagger wounds, and seem to be inflicted accurately in his vital organs. Similarly, all the other bodyguards were killed with a dagger. I think professional killers did it."

"Killers? Are you saying that someone hired killers to kill Leo?" The head of the Evans family's eyes were bloodshot.

"To be more specific, it's a killer's work."

"Who could it be? The Champ Family? Or the Dakolta Family?"

"It's hard to say. Apart from them, who else would dare to lay a finger on Leo?"

They looked at each other warily.


Indeed, there was still the question of who could do something like this.

The head family suddenly suggested, "Wait. Are you saying that the man who destroyed the Allen Family did it?"

If that was the case, things were really serious.

Someone shook his head and disagreed, "I don't think so. This person has no conflict with us, so why would he do this? It doesn't make sense!" The Evans family did

nothing to anger him, so there was no reason that he would attack them out of the blue!

 [Watch Ads to Get 15 Vouchers](#)

Chapter 501

"I don't think so. We didn't do anything to provoke him, so why would he attack us out of nowhere? Moreover, didn't we discuss this over the last time? The person who annihilated the Allen family isn't very skilled. They gave up attacking the Allan and Champ families halfway! This person couldn't have killed Leo. I think it's someone else!"

They analyzed it and it was simple. This person wanted to beat the Four Great Families. However, he realized that he was not capable of doing this thus he quit halfway. He must have encountered a severe attack, would he have the courage to provoke the Evans family?

No fool would've tried pulling a stunt like this.

The leader of the Evans family was extremely upset. He glared at everyone in the room as he announced coldly, "It doesn't matter who the person is, or even if the person was the man involved with the Champ and Allen families! He killed my grandson, so he must pay with his life!"

Everyone agreed with him.

Right then, someone came in.

"Master, I've got something," The man carried a laptop along with him.

This was found from the surveillance camera of Young Master Evans's car.

The leader of the Evans family and everyone else gathered around.

The man played the video clip.

Everyone watched as the video played back Young Master Evans' last moments. In the clip, a woman had

appeared, but there was no playback of the scene of the crime since it was in a blind spot.

The man hit pause, and the screen froze!

A cold and beautiful woman appeared!

She wore a cap, and had an attractive figure and appearance. It was Yvette Jordan!

Someone asked, "Who is she? Was she the one who killed Leo?"

After all, Young Master Evans was skilled in combat and even had guards with him. How could he possibly be killed by a woman?

This was unbelievable!

"Grandpa, look at her calm and hostile face. She must be a killer!"

The leader of the Evans family stared at Yvette for a while. His expression steeled and he said, "Find her! I want her alive. I want to know who is daring enough to kill my grandson!!"

"Yes sir!"

The man left. As long as she was still in Central City, it would not be difficult to find her!

Don't look down on the Evans family!

Someone consoled, "Grandpa, don't be angry. Don't worry and just take care of yourself. Our men will definitely find her. She won't be able to escape!"

The head of the family mourned. His favorite grandson was now dead!

He was adamant about torturing the woman for everything she had done to his grandson!

He was going to make her pay the price for messing with them!

No one was going to escape. Not even her family!

.....

"What?"

Willa received a phone call in the ward. As an influential person, it was not difficult for her to know anything in Central City.

One of her men brought news of Young Master Evans' death, with a hidden camera capturing the possible killer. One of the cars that were last seen at the scene belonged to Yvette.

Willa suddenly thought of something. Yvette was probably the one who killed Young Master Evans.

But why would she do this?

Was it an order? No, it couldn't be, unless...

Willa suddenly thought of something.

She had heard of Young Master Evans before. He was a pervert and playboy, popular for playing around with women in Central City. He must have been attracted to Yvette and tried to force her to sleep with him, only to have her kill him.

"President Logan, there's also another body found."

"Who is it?"

Her men said, "I don't know. However, based on the traces at the scene, it was probably a killer who was coming after your friend."

Young Master Evans had ordered his bodyguards to feed the body to the dogs. However, there was still some remaining evidence since they had died halfway before being able to complete the job.

In addition, he also found bullet marks on Yvette's car that was visible in the clip.

Willa frowned. She immediately understood the situation.

Yvette said before that someone had hired her to kill Chuck, but she couldn't bear to kill him. To protect their reputation, the organization must have sent killers after her!

"Okay, understood," Willa said, "Find out who wants to kill Chucky!"

"Yes, Ma'am!"

She hung up the call, enduring the pain while attempting to get out of bed. Chuck had gone to get lunch for her. Although there were a lot of meal choices in her hospital, Chuck had insisted on personalizing a healthy set meal for her.

In addition, he had done it all on his own just so Willa could recover quickly.

The door opened and Chuck came in with a delicious meal.

He saw Willa getting out of her bed, so he ran over in a hurry and forcibly carried her back to bed. Willa was astonished.

Chuck reprimanded her, "Auntie Logan, you can't just leave your bed like this!"

"Chucky, I..." Willa's eyes gleamed in happiness as she smiled gently. Chuck had been extremely concerned about her and took care of her every need.

For the first time, she had felt the tenderness of a man's care.

Chuck placed a quilt over Willa, relieved that she looked much better after some good rest. Similarly, he himself had a good night's sleep holding her hand.

"Auntie Logan, you have to lie down. Do you feel any

discomfort? Tell me, and I'll give you a massage."

"No, do you know where Yvette is?" Willa shook her head seriously.

The killer organization wasn't joking when they put out an order to kill Yvette.

With Yvette's strength, she definitely couldn't handle it alone!

"She's gone out, but she didn't tell me where she went." Chuck thought that Yvette might have gone out to do some errands, probably to deal with the Allen family business.

Anyhow, he didn't really think much about it.

"Chucky, do you know what Yvette has been doing? Do you know why she came along?"

Chuck shook his head and replied, "She said she missed me."

"It's not that. Yvette told me that someone wants you dead."

"Me?" Chuck was surprised. Except for Black Rose and Brayden, who else wanted to kill him?

"Yes, someone hired an assassin from the killer organization to kill you."

"Killer organization? How did Yvette find out?" Chuck was confused. What was going on?

Willa sighed and said, "It's because Yvette is a killer." Yvette was now in danger. Was she planning to hide it from Chuck for as long as she could?

"Auntie Logan, what did you say?" Chuck was shocked. When did his wife become a killer?

He was totally unaware, but Yvette's behavior lately, improved combat skills and highly vigilant attitude did fit the profile of a killer!

Yet, why would she become a killer?

"Yvette is a killer," Willa felt sorry for Chuck.

Chuck gasped, trying to make sense of what he had heard. Why a killer though?

Willa said, "Yvette wanted to improve her skills, and being a killer was the most efficient way." Indeed, killers would have to face all sorts of dangers, so she could improve by leaps and bounds in the shortest amount of time.

Compared to before, Willa saw Yvette's improvement.

Chuck sighed. He now understood why Yvette wanted to improve herself so quickly. She wanted to kill her own mother!

"Yvette accepted the mission to kill you. That's her main reason for coming to Central City."

Chuck was shocked, "But Yvette didn't do anything to me..."

"Of course she didn't. She accepted the mission so she could protect you."

"Protect me?"

"Yes. Yvette is in love with you. When a person is in love, she will do everything she can to keep you safe."

Chuck was stunned. Indeed, sometimes he couldn't explain Yvette's actions. She had set fire to the plaza when Brayden Lee's son was taken hostage, and now she accepted such a dangerous mission because of him.

"But... "

Willa explained, "Yvette accepted this mission only to prevent others from actually coming after you. Since she has failed to complete her mission, the killer organization has sent killers after her to protect their

reputation. Yvette left because she's getting hunted down by the killers."

Chuck was touched but extremely edgy. He had just found out everything that Yvette risked for him. He quickly took out his phone and called Yvette. After several attempts, the phone call was finally connected.

"Hubby, I am busy now. I'll call you back later," Once again, Yvette had killers hot on her trail.

Yvette was forced to hide. She didn't want to pick up the phone, but when she saw that it was from Chuck, she couldn't bear to leave him hanging.

Chuck said eagerly before she could hang up, "Honey, I know that you're a killer and you're in danger. Please tell me where you are! And I love you!"

Yvette panicked. Chuck had found out her secret! However, his last sentence sprung tears to her eyes...

 [Watch Ads to Get 15 Vouchers](#)

Chapter 502

Despite finding out her identity as a killer, Chuck was neither disappointed nor did he blame her for hiding things from him. Instead, he treated her as gently as before, and that made Yvette extremely touched.

However, she couldn't spare time for him yet since she was currently surrounded by killers.

Obviously, her plan to negotiate with the organization had failed, since they vowed to send killers after her.

However, Yvette did not regret her decision.

"Honey, where are you?" Chuck was anxious as he could hear some gunshots in the background.

That meant she was being hunted by the killers and was in great danger!

"I..." Yvette was reluctant to tell him. He would only be in danger if he came to rescue her. It would be better for her to think of a way to escape on her own.

"Tell me! I'll go to you. I'll think of a way."

"I... "

Chuck insisted, "Tell me where the headquarters of the organization is. I'll go there!" He would look for the person in charge of the organization and negotiate with him himself.

He was willing to do anything.

He had to stop them, at all costs!

"Hubby, their headquarters is in the United States," Yvette was deeply moved.

"Okay, I'll come and get you. Let's go to the United States together. My mother can help bring us to negotiate with the person in charge. Just tell me where you are now."

He had to bring his mom with them no matter what. Chuck had never gone to the United States, so he wasn't familiar with anything there. The organization would show some decent respect for his mother no matter what, right?

"I... Hubby, don't come over. I can handle this." Yvette struggled. To involve Karen Lee in her business?

Yvette was unwilling to seek her help. She knew that Karen would help, but she was also the one who killed her father!

Yvette couldn't forgive her.

"It's too dangerous, we have to go to the headquarters. Tell me where are you now, or I'll keep looking for you," Chuck said sternly.

"I..."

Chuck added on anxiously, "My mum will help because I'm the reason you are being hunted down." He knew of Yvette's concern.

"Sigh... Ok then. But hubby, don't come find me. Just contact me when you're about to leave for the United States, and I'll go find you... Don't come, if I get you tangled up in my mess, I'll never be able to forgive myself." That was the most Yvette could concede.

True, the only way that things could probably be resolved was by going to the United States and asking Karen for help.

However, the organization was too strong and their rules were fixed with no exceptions. No matter how powerful Karen was, would she be able to persuade them to withdraw their orders?

The possibility of that happening seemed small.

However, there was no other way.

Chuck sighed. Yvette was too stubborn, but thankfully he had already asked Betty to prepare to go to the United States. It was best to depart as soon as possible.

Otherwise, who knew how long Yvette could hold on for.

"Hubby, I have to hang up now. I'll have to get out of here and find a place to hide. I'll wait for your call."

"Alright then."

"Well, I... love you too."

Yvette hung up the call, gave her phone screen a quick peck, and placed the phone back in her pocket. Her gaze darkened as she got up on her feet, getting ready to attack. After having to constantly put her life on the line, her ability to adapt to her surroundings had improved.

Currently, she was surrounded by three killers. The only way to escape was to take them down one by one as quickly as she could.

She started attacking them.

Chuck was concerned, knowing there was nothing he could do except to believe in Yvette. He immediately called Betty.

"Betty, how's the preparation going?"

"It's underway. I've already contacted President Lee. We're leaving in three days."

"Can you make it faster?" Three days could mean Yvette would have to avoid getting killed by countless assassins that came after her. He was uncertain if she could survive for so long.

"Um... Young master, did anything happen?" Betty asked.

Chuck told her about Yvette's situation and Betty fell silent. She was surprised.

"What's wrong, Betty? Can't my mother deal with this?" Chuck said anxiously. That was what Betty's silence was

telling him.

His mother was so wealthy. Was there really something she couldn't do?

"Well, Young Master, I don't know much and I can't really explain it to you. You will need to come to the United States and President Lee will explain it to you personally."

Betty could vaguely remember Karen having some conflicts with the boss behind the killer organization...

If her memory served true, this wouldn't be easy to solve.

"Alright, then."

Betty said, "Young Master, please return to Ocean City within these two days. We will depart to the United States on the third day."

Chuck could only agree.

He hung up the phone.

"Chucky, is everything alright?" Willa was concerned.

Chuck told her everything about their plans to go to the United States in three days. Willa was worried. She knew the boss of the killer organization seemed to have some unfinished business with Karen, but Karen never brought it up to her.

After all, Karen used to be the top assassin in the organization!

Her sudden departure from the organization could have created some problems with the boss. If that was true, it would complicate the situation now. Furthermore, Willa had never heard of anyone breaking the rules in the organization and escaping unscathed...

Once the order to kill was issued, no one could survive!

The rules were final. Once one had gone against the

rules, they would perish no matter how skilled or crafty they were.

"Auntie Logan, I will go back the day after tomorrow. You should rest in Central City." Chuck actually wanted to bring Willa along to the United States, but there was no way she could come along in her state.

Her injury was too severe and she had to rest to recover. Chuck didn't want to leave her either, but he had no choice. He had to go to the United States to help Yvette deal with the organization's order. Most importantly, he had to kill Black Rose and Frieda!

"Alright," Willa was reluctant, but she would not force Chuck to bring her along.

As long as he was safe, she would be fine with whatever he did.

"Be careful. The United States is quite different from how things work here," Willa reminded.

Chuck definitely was aware of it. Since Brayden was also planning on assassinating him, he might as well try to deal with him in the United States. In addition, he was planning on visiting his father.

"Auntie Logan, rest well."

Chuck would depart to Ocean City the day after tomorrow to settle some issues and talk to Yolanda and Patricia. With that, he would be able to depart to the United States peacefully.

"Alright," Willa was reluctant to take her eyes off of Chuck.

Chuck paced around the room aimlessly from his extreme concern about Yvette. As for Willa, she did not fall asleep although she had her eyes closed, waiting for Chuck to hold her hand to sleep. It was only at late midnight that she felt his hand slipping into hers.

After a while, she opened her eyes and stared at Chuck's sleeping face, her heart aching for him...

She sighed deeply, ultimately losing her desire for sleep. She kept staring at him until dawn broke and Chuck woke up. She quickly closed her eyes and pretended to sleep. He was relieved to see her sleeping so peacefully.

"Auntie Logan, you have pretty hands," Chuck couldn't hold it in his compliment anymore. He had been falling asleep these days holding her hand and desperately monitoring the warmth of her body. He had always wanted to tell her this.

Now that Willa was sound asleep, it was the best timing for him to say so. If not, it would be awkward if she heard him.

Willa was astonished. Her hands were pretty?

Although his compliments made her delighted, she had to pretend that she was sleeping.

Willa only opened her eyes after Chuck went out. She looked down at her hands and laughed softly, "Chucky gives unique compliments."

Of course, the way Chuck looked at Willa's hands were different from the way he looked at Yvette's.

Two days later, Chuck contacted Yvette, relieved to find that she had successfully escaped from a few assassinations. They were a day away from departing to the United States, so he contacted her and asked her to go to Ocean City the next day. Then, they would depart for the United States together. Yvette agreed and hung up.

It was only then that Chuck was slightly relieved. At the very least, Yvette was strong enough to escape from the killings for 2 days.

He was frightened at the thought of her putting herself in danger.

He was shocked and amazed at his wife's survival skills. Since they couldn't waste any time, Chuck was prepared to go back to Ocean City, and Willa had also bought flight tickets for him. However, he was reluctant to leave Willa and didn't know what to say to her.

The only thing he could do was to hug Willa, who was lying on the bed. He said, "Auntie Logan, I will miss you."

This was true. Chuck would definitely miss her because Willa had a place in his heart.

Willa smiled softly. She did not reply to him, but she would secretly miss him too.

 [Watch Ads to Get 15 Vouchers](#)

Chapter 503

Chuck left.

Willa was left alone in the ward. It was only when Chuck's car was gone from her sight that she sighed.

The moment when Chuck went out, she felt great unwillingness for him to leave her to the point that she almost cried. She had never felt this way, but this time she was exceptionally upset.

In fact, she wanted to say something to Chuck when he left just now, but she was not able to.

Willa was too thoughtful. She kept everything to herself.

She felt disappointed, the silence in the ward even more jarring than before. She couldn't seem to calm down despite the peaceful atmosphere in the room. At this moment, Willa received a call. She answered it and said, "Cheryl Champ is downstairs? She wants to meet Chucky? Ask her to come up."

A while later, Cheryl knocked on the door and entered the room. She was here to tell Chuck that after contemplating for several days, she decided she wanted to work for him or do something for him.

Otherwise, she would never be at ease.

"Hello, President Logan. Is Mr. Cannon... around?" Cheryl asked softly.

Her courage and confidence had crumbled in the face of Willa.

After all, the almighty Chuck who had almost turned the Champ family into rubble had full respect for Willa.

"Chucky went back," Willa was quite upset as she badly wanted to go to the United States with him.

"What? He's not here?" Cheryl was shocked. Why did he go back so soon?

"Yes, he just left."

"Thank you. In that case, I'll leave first," Cheryl bowed and turned around, preparing to leave. If Chuck was not here, her business here was done.

"Hold on."

"Is there anything else, President Logan?"

Willa walked over and said straightforwardly, "It's not that I don't like you, but I don't want you to keep in touch with Chucky. You are well-aware of your current situation, so don't look for him anymore. If anything happens, you can either solve it on your own or seek help from me."

Cheryl was unhappy. What Willa was trying to say was that she doesn't want Cheryl to curse and affect Chuck's future. However, she never slept with him, so there was no way she would affect him anyhow.

Willa felt slightly sorry for her and quickly clarified, "I'm sorry if I sound harsh, but this is how I'm like."

As a woman, she sympathized with Cheryl. However, she wouldn't want to risk it if Chuck was involved.

"It's okay," Cheryl walked out in a bad mood. Willa did not stop her as she was also feeling down. She gazed outside the window, her thoughts wandering elsewhere...

Cheryl drove away in frustration. She couldn't believe that she actually came all the way to the hospital just to meet Chuck. Right then, her phone rang. It was a call from her daughter.

"Hello."

"Mom, are you with Uncle? You two are at a date, right?"

Her daughter asked innocently. This morning, Cheryl had dressed up nicely and even put on some makeup. It had to be a date!

"Nope, he's gone home," Cheryl was actually serious about treating Chuck to lunch.

However, he had gone back. It wasn't like she could go to Hotel Luna to find him.

"Home? Mom, you should go to his house to look for him."

"I won't go, I can't go, someone said that I ..." Cheryl was sorrowful.

Even a conversation with her daughter made her burst into tears. She had become so much of a crybaby recently, something she would've never done in the past. Was it because of Chuck?

Did she really fall for Chuck?

Cheryl was stunned. It couldn't be, right?

.....

Lara sat on the chair. She had been in Central City for quite some time, but Chuck never took the initiative to contact her. She couldn't bear the loneliness and called Chuck to ask where he was. It was only then that she found out he was at the airport. Was he going back?

Why didn't he call her to ask about her?

Lara was depressed over the fact that she did not own a place in Chuck's heart. If not, he would have notified her before going back!

She eventually decided to go back as well. After all, she had basically completed her work here. It would also be good for her to go back to school.

Lara couldn't wait and went back to her place to pack up. She would go back to Ocean City and look for Chuck

as most likely he would be at the plaza.

She quickly finished packing, boarded a taxi and went to the airport.

.....

Chuck arrived at the airport. He only had to enter via a private lounge to board the private jet that Willa had arranged for him. However, he noticed something peculiar.

He saw men in black suits looking for someone.

All of them were members of the Evans family.

They had received orders to guard some exit points of Central City and were looking for Yvette!

They probably found nothing even after standing guard for a few days. Although their effort was futile, they had no choice but to continue keeping an eye out.

They blended into the crowd, keeping an eye for any suspicious person. They could not afford to let Young Master Evans' murderer escape.

Chuck was unaware of this. He was guided directly into the private lounge area and saw a pretty woman.

A few people were accompanying her.

She was dressed in a pair of sleek long jeans that showed off her slender legs. Her features were elegant and exquisite as she looked haughty like a queen.

This was Waverly Dakolta of the Dakolta family. She had gone to find Cheryl to obtain information about that man, but to no avail. She could only look for that person blindly.

She started getting frustrated as they couldn't seem to find any clues even after a few days.

How could this person remain so low-profile even after destroying the Allen family?

Or was what the elders said true? That this person had hidden himself after destroying the Allen and Champ families due to severe injuries?

The more Waverly thought about it, the more annoyed she got.

She hadn't been sleeping well since he appeared!

She was determined to kill this person if he was really injured and in hiding. There was no way she could allow someone who posed a threat to the Dalkota family to survive.

She was already in a foul mood. When she realized that Chuck was staring at her, she frowned and asked, "What are you looking at?"

Chuck shrugged and just walked past Waverly without saying a word.

Waverly continued glaring at him and yelled, "Stop right there. I asked you, what are you looking at?"

Chuck turned around since he did not want to cause any more trouble. It was his fault in the first place for staring at Waverly's jeans because she reminded him of Yvette who was always wearing jeans as well.

However, Waverly's legs were in no comparison to Yvette's.

Chuck was being conservative as well. Once in a while, he would imagine how Willa looked like in jeans. He would probably never have the chance to see that though.

What a pity.

"I'm sorry," Chuck said.

"D*mn right you are!" Waverly snorted. She would teach Chuck a lesson for sure if he didn't apologize.

Chuck secretly rolled his eyes and left.

"Miss, what should we do now?" Waverly's assistant asked.

"Keep looking," Waverly strode away.

Her assistant commented, "Alright. This person keeps hiding, it's so annoying! It will be difficult to find him if he hides like that. He's probably as lecherous as the man that bumped into you just now. Worse, he's probably not hiding, maybe he's just pretending!"

"No, how could both of them be compared?" Waverly scoffed as she shook her head. In her opinion, Chuck's boorish manner was incomparable to the man who destroyed the Allen family.

The two of them were totally different people, from two different worlds!

"Yes, Miss," The assistant agreed as well. It was impossible for Chuck to be the person they were searching for. If that was true, it would certainly be a disgrace!

Waverly wanted to return home to seek help in finding this person. Nevertheless, she knew that there were some problems with her business in the United States. Should she just go back to take a look?

Fine, it would be for her to just go back and seek her grandfather's opinion.

Meanwhile, Chuck had boarded Willa's private jet. It was filled with Willa's scent, and he couldn't help but fall asleep soundly. Soon, he arrived back in Ocean City. Betty welcomed him from the airport. Since they were leaving for the United States the next day, she was here to escort Chuck to the hotel safely.

Just when he came out, he noticed a familiar beauty. It was Quinn Miller. She had just come back from outstation, and Chuck watched as she walked out of the

airport. He felt guilty after recalling their encounter in the car...

It's been so long since they met, so he was thinking to go over and greet her. He walked towards her, thoughts running through his mind. Quinn was still exceptionally gorgeous. He wondered if she still held a grudge against him.

 [Watch Ads to Get 15 Vouchers](#)

Chapter 504

Chuck felt that Quinn would definitely hate him as he was reluctant to bear the responsibility for what happened in the car. He even asked her to take morning-after pills.

He felt incredibly guilty about what he had done.

He had to apologize to her.

When he approached her, he found that she still had a beautiful figure. However, her expression was pale and her eyes were bloodshot. She looked like she hadn't slept for a week.

What happened to her?

Chuck wasn't aware of the fact that Quinn had been losing her investment funds these days. Her business chains all started to have problems, and she had to constantly be on the go to settle them personally. It was true that she hadn't been sleeping for a few days.

She could go bankrupt if the problem couldn't be solved. She had thought of countless alternatives but none worked.

Quinn headed to the car park to get her car. She was thinking of alternative solutions when she heard footsteps following her. She turned around and to her surprise, it was Chuck!

"President Miller," Chuck didn't know how to address her. All he felt was guilt.

Quinn said indifferently, "What are you doing here?"

"I saw you, so I was thinking of saying hi," Chuck said.

He felt that his relationship with Quinn was ambiguous. It was similar to how he treated Queenie before this. The

only thing he felt towards them was immense remorse.

Chuck felt sorry for all of them.

"What are you doing here? Are you here to mock me?"

Quinn said coldly.

She was occupied with her job recently that she had completely forgotten about this guy who abandoned her after the incident in the car.

She didn't ask her to bear responsibility, but he hurt her with his words.

However, he appeared again. Why? Was he going to make a fool of her?

"President Miller, Sister Miller, why would I mock you?"

Chuck sighed. It was clear that Quinn still hated his guts.

"Why not? Stop acting kind. I don't need you to be responsible," Quinn scowled and got in her car.

Chuck sighed and walked towards her. He asked carefully, "Sister Miller, are you in any trouble?"

"It's none of your business. Leave me alone!" Quinn started the engine.

Chuck grabbed the steering wheel. He looked into her eyes and apologized sincerely, "Sister Miller, I am terribly sorry for what happened the other day..."

Quinn slapped his hand away and said, "Don't ever mention it again. It was nothing but a nightmare. I've forgotten all about it!"

Whatever happened in the car the last time was all a nightmare. She wouldn't want to experience anything like that ever again.

"I'm truly sorry," Chuck couldn't hold it in anymore and sighed. These were the only words that could possibly express his guilt.

He didn't want to hurt Quinn like that.

Quinn was unmoved. She said coldly, "I accept your apology. Now, let go of me and never show up in front of me again. I'll bank in the money to you for our collaboration monthly."

After a moment of silence, Chuck finally let go of her.

Quinn drove away. He stood plastered to the ground until he received a phone call from Betty. She was worried about Chuck because she couldn't see him although he was supposed to come out a long time ago. Betty was worried, so she called him up to ask.

Chuck came out and got into Betty's car.

"Young Master," Betty was relieved. She had already arranged for Chuck's favorite dish to be prepared in the hotel as he would be leaving for the United States the next day.

Chuck requested, "Betty, could you please check if Quinn is facing any difficulties recently?"

Quinn had to be in some trouble. Otherwise, she would not look so exhausted.

"Alright. I'll do it now," Betty took her phone out and made some calls.

Betty quickly found out in a minute and reported, "Young Master, Quinn has lost her source of investment funds in a sudden, so her projects are all in trouble."

"Is that so?" Chuck finally understood. Quinn was having a financial crisis.

"Yes."

Chuck asked, "How much is she short of?" He felt obliged to help as repentance for what he did.

"At least five billion dollars, possibly even more."

"Send her the money."

Betty was stunned and asked again, "Send her the money?"

"Yes, send her the amount of money she needs. Or is it that you don't have enough money?"

"Young Master, don't misunderstand. President Lee mentioned that money is not an issue. You can have any amount as you wish. The main point here is how do you plan on sending her the money?" Betty smiled.

Karen was worried about Chuck, so their previous planning was scrapped. Chuck was allowed to spend and use as much as he wanted. Money was not a problem as long as he was happy.

"Just don't let Quinn find out," Chuck said. Quinn was too arrogant. She was most likely going to reject the money if she realized that he was the one sending it to her.

Betty shrugged and said, "Well then, I'll have to think of an alternative. Did something happen between you two?"

"Yeah, there was." Chuck sighed.

"Understood," She started driving and asked, "Young Master, shall we head back to the hotel?"

"Let's go to the plaza first. It's been a long time since I've been there," Chuck came back one day earlier to deal with some unfinished business here since he wasn't certain how long he would be in the United States.

He had to pass some things over to Yolanda to finally be at ease before departure.

"Understood." Betty headed to the plaza.

Noticing Chuck's gloominess, Betty wanted to ask him what happened. However, she stayed silent since she knew it was rude of her to do so.

"Betty, am I a bad guy?" Chuck muttered.

Chuck couldn't seem to get over the guilt towards what he did to Quinn.

Betty was shocked. She shook her head and assured, "Of course not. Young Master, you are a kind person."

Betty was telling the truth.

Chuck was not at all arrogant, possibly because he was unaware of how wealthy Karen was. Betty was sure that even if he found out, Chuck would still be humble.

"Thank you for comforting me, Betty," Chuck sighed.

Betty smiled and explained, "I'm not comforting you. It's the truth."

Although Chuck had accidentally bumped into her twice, he made sure to keep his hands to himself. It was good enough since it was just an accident.

Karen was a disciplined person with principles. If she knew that Chuck had bumped into Betty twice, she would get angry.

Therefore, Betty dared not tell Chuck about it.

She was worried that Karen would punish him.

"Hmm," Chuck was clearly lost in his own thoughts. His gaze was directed at the scenery outside the window.

Betty was curious. What happened to Chuck? She shook her head and tried to stop overthinking.

Betty accompanied Chuck to the plaza. Meanwhile, she was thinking of an approach to properly send Quinn the money without arousing her suspicion. All of a sudden, she thought of an idea. She could just have the bank send Quinn the money!

With that, she began making calls.

Quinn returned home exhausted. On her way home, she received countless phone calls, all of which were about her loss in fund sources.

Quinn laid on the bed and closed her eyes. She wanted to rest since she hadn't slept for a long time.

A while later, her phone rang once again and awoke her. She answered it with a sigh, only to hear a man talking on the other end of the phone. Quinn remembered that this number belonged to a bank. Previously, she applied for a loan from them, but her loan request was rejected after review. Why would they call her again?

Quinn was anxious.

"Hello, is this President Miller?"

"Yes, I am speaking."

"Can you come to the bank? We have considered your loan application and we are glad to notify you that it is finally approved."

"Thank you so much," Quinn was relieved. She quickly packed up and went downstairs to her car. Finally, the loan she had applied for was approved!

Well, the bank must have approved it due to her previous collaboration with them.

She was relieved since she would finally have money to get over this crisis. She drove to the bank immediately and met Director Britton.

"President Miller, we've prepared the amount you asked for. We'll just need your signature," Director Britton said while handing her the documents.

This was just an informal procedure that he had to go through as per Betty's orders.

"Sure," Quinn signed the papers. She was relieved when she saw the amount of money the bank was willing to lend to her! It was six billion dollars, an amount that could allow her to redirect her funds.

After signing, Director Britton left the room with a smile. Quinn waited patiently. He came back after half an hour and said, "President Miller, everything's ready."

 [Watch Ads to Get 15 Vouchers](#)

Chapter 505

Quinn felt like she was dreaming. The bank was always reluctant to loan her any money. However, all of a sudden they were willing to borrow her such an enormous sum of money.

Life was indeed unexpected.

Quinn could hardly wait to solve her fund issues so that she would not be in a tight situation.

"Thank you so much," Quinn thanked Director Britton with a firm handshake.

Director Britton commented while giving a wee smile, "My pleasure. We have worked side by side for so long. It's my duty to do so."

"Then, I'll head back first," Quinn bowed and excused herself.

"Take care."

Quinn left the bank and felt at ease. Sure enough, working with the bank was beneficial to her.

"President Miller? Is it really you? It has been a long time since we last met." Suddenly, a woman's voice was heard from afar.

Quinn was stunned and she looked up. It was a gorgeous woman.

It was her classmate Freya who got into the investment business as well.

"It's been a while," Quinn shot her an uncommon grin.

Both of them were rather close in college back then.

However, they did not keep in touch ever since they graduated.

"Yes, how time flies," Freya looked weary.

Quinn sensed something wasn't right with her. She asked, "Freya, what's up?"

All women are tactful, hence she could feel that she was going through some difficulties.

"Me..... it's not going well. My husband's company is experiencing some rough times. I'm here to use my company assets and other immovables as collateral for a loan," She sighed heavily.

Indeed, her husband's company was facing critical monetary issues. She had been coming back and forth, attempting to get a loan from the bank.

"Don't worry, Freya. The scale of your company is quite similar to mine. I've just borrowed tens of billions of dollars from them." Quinn comforted her.

Even though they did not talk for so long, she knew Freya's potential. Overall, she was a better investor than her.

Since Quinn could loan a lump sum of money, Freya could definitely get a loan too. After all, Freya's company was not facing serious issues.

"Are you serious? Tens of billions of dollars?" Freya was completely taken back when she learned that Quinn could get such a huge loan.

If she could borrow from the bank as well, she could get out of this cash flow problem for sure.

"Yep."

"I've already been here countless times, but I still can't get a loan!" Freya let out a deep sigh.

"Of course you can. Director Britton told me that they are now more willing to offer loans. They will absolutely lend you the money!" Quinn truly meant what she said.

Freya was more capable than her. If Quinn could get a

loan, so would she.

"Is this true? Thank you. I'll head in now, please stay here for a moment. Where did you park your car? "

Freya was immensely surprised. She acknowledged that Quinn wasn't as competent as her, and had greater risk-taking behavior. In terms of financial risk assessment, Quinn unquestionably took a bigger risk than her. Since she could loan such a substantial amount of money, Freya must be able to do the same too.

"I parked there," Quinn pointed to a car.

"Wait for me, I haven't seen you in a while. Let's go for dinner later." Freya invited Quinn to dinner.

"Sure, I'll be waiting for you." Quinn was starving at that time. Since Freya had asked her out, she might as well take on this opportunity.

She waited in her car and began calling her company staff to ensure everything went well.

Meanwhile, Freya headed in and thought that she certainly could get a loan too.

She requested to meet Director Britton directly and entered the VIP room.

Director Britton walked out helplessly and greeted, "It's good to see you again, Director Alonso."

"These are all my documents. Please have a look." She handed him all the documents with full excitement and anticipation.

Director Britton glanced through some of the documents. He remarked, "Hmm, we will conduct a financial risk assessment. Director Alonso, you may return first. I'll call you when it's done."

"Return again? I've been here countless times," Freya questioned with a slight frown on her face.

Freya was sick and tired of hearing the same old answer. She had put in so much effort to get all these documents ready, yet she was always rejected.

"Can't you grant me the loan? Why can't you tell me the truth? Why do you keep brushing me off all the time?" She was angry and frustrated.

Director Britton remained silent for a little while. Next, he explained, "It's possible to loan you but fifty billion dollars is too much. If you are talking about five to six billion dollars or so, it would not be a big problem.."

"Only five to six billion dollars? Still, it wouldn't be a big problem? Does that mean that I can't even loan five to six billion dollars?" She was speechless and refused to believe what he just said.

"Four billion dollars. After the assessment, this is the maximum amount that we can lend to you," Director Britton commented.

Freya was annoyed and scoffed, "What? Are you kidding me? I've been working with your bank all this time. How can you lend me such a small amount of money?"

"I'm terribly sorry, but this is the amount that we've settled on after the assessment. This decision is unanimous..." He uttered helplessly.

"Don't try to stall! For the last time, can you loan me fifty billion dollars?" She threw a fit.

"My apologies, I'm afraid we are unable to do so. Your evaluation shows that merely..."

"Shut up! That's it! I'm going to call your headquarters to complain about you!"

"Well..." Director Britton was at a loss. This was the amount that had been evaluated by the headquarters!

It was pointless to complain about. If she did, worst comes to worst, she might not even get the loan of four

billion dollars.

Freya complained, "I am a loyal customer of yours as well. My company is not that small. Why did you loan out tens of billions of dollars to her, but I'm only allowed to borrow four billion dollars? Her company is not as large as mine, and I have more assets than her! From the assessment, she has higher risks than me! How can she borrow tens of billions of dollars, and I can't? Give me an explanation or else I will lodge a complaint!"

This didn't make any sense!

She was clearly being treated differently. Was it because she was not as good looking as Quinn?

"Director Alonso, who are you referring to?" Director Britton was dumbfounded.

"I'm talking about Quinn Miller!" she called out in a cold tone.

Director Britton's eyes widened.

"Hmph, I just met her. She told me that she had borrowed tens of billions of dollars from you. Do you admit now?" Freya said impatiently.

Director Britton stared at her strangely and muttered, "Sort of."

"Humph, what do you mean by sort of? Her company is clearly smaller than mine. Why does she get to borrow such an enormous sum of money? Tell me! Is this because of your so-called financial risk assessment?" Freya refused to back down.

"Erm....."

Director Britton was speechless, yet he couldn't tell her the truth. The truth was that a client approached him and made a hundred and thirty billion dollars' deposit. Nonetheless, the only condition from the client was to approve Quinn's loan.

As a director, he assessed her risks and contemplated it for a moment. Finally, he was willing to loan her the sum of money and agreed to it.

"Say something! Don't you have something to say? I'll make a complaint regarding your preferential treatment towards Quinn! And how you disregarded the financial risk assessment!" She immediately took out her phone to promptly make a complaint.

Why could someone less capable than her be granted such a huge loan? Moreover, she was only allowed a four billion dollar loan! It was a vast difference.

"Director Alonso, please calm down!" He tried to stop her.

"Huh, calm down? I am mad now! I'm going to make a complaint about you. Are you afraid? If you don't want me to complain about you, approve my loan immediately!" Freya sneered, wondering if a phone call could do the job. Did Quinn also do the same?

It was possible!

"Director Alonso, I'm afraid you've misunderstood. There are other reasons why Ms. Quinn is able to borrow so much money," Director Britton could only explain it in this way.

"Is there any other reason? What's the reason? Could it be that you have an affair with Quinn?" She mocked him.

"Director Alonso, don't simply make assumptions. I just got married. How can I do something like this?"

Freya's brows furrowed with confusion. It was true. Director Britton had treated her with respect ever since they collaborated a long time ago.

"Then tell me, what's your reason?" She wouldn't be satisfied until she got an explanation.

"Let me put it this way. After yesterday's financial risk

assessment, the quota for Quinn was solely two billion dollars. I'll show you the evidence if you don't trust me," Director Britton took out the document and showed it to her.

She looked extremely puzzled after she glanced through the document. The document evidently stated that Quinn could only loan two billion dollars after the assessment. It was half of Freya's amount.

Two billion dollars yesterday, but tens of billions of dollars today? What was going on?"

"What happened?" She wanted to know the truth!

"Director Alonso, it's better that Quinn does not find out about this. To be blunt, someone is willing to help Quinn."

"Someone? Do you mean that she knows someone from headquarters..."

Director Britton explained, "It's not what you think. Apparently, someone deposited a lump sum of money in the bank and requested us to approve Quinn's loan. There was no way I could let this golden opportunity slip away!"

 [Watch Ads to Get 15 Vouchers](#)

Chapter 506

Quinn had waited for some time in the car. She had already transferred part of the money to her company's account, and had the staff manage the funds wisely in order to recuperate the loss.

She was curious. What was taking Freya so long?

Quinn was starving that she could almost eat a horse. If it wasn't for meeting an old friend, she would have left by all means.

Just then, Freya stormed out.

Quinn felt relieved when she saw Freya coming out from the bank at last.

However, she noticed the disappointment in Freya's eyes as she approached.

What happened?

It's impossible for her to not be granted the loan since her company was larger than Quinn's. Besides, Freya had applied for lesser funds than she did. Given these advantages, Freya should be able to obtain a loan.

Quinn assumed that according to the financial risk assessment, Freya would have gotten a higher loan amount than her.

For Freya to fail was simply unbelievable.

"Freya, why are you so upset? What did he say?" Quinn got out of the car and walked towards her.

"No, he did not agree," She gave a deep sigh. Freya stared at Quinn with eyes full of resentment.

"Why didn't he approve it? Was there something that went wrong? " Quinn simply could not think of a logical explanation.

After all, she had been granted a loan, so why couldn't Freya get it too?

Freya got more furious when she heard what Quinn said to her. She thought Quinn was mocking her.

Freya snapped, "Stop asking me so many questions! If it wasn't approved, it wasn't approved! End of story!"

Quinn was shocked when Freya got all fired up. She was just concerned about her.

"Freya, you....."

"Why are you being pretentious? You clearly know the reason, so why do you keep asking?" Freya exploded with rage.

She already felt upset when she was with Director Britton earlier on. Why were things so unfair?

Director Britton had told her that Quinn had someone helping her secretly. That individual must be filthy rich to be able to cash out so much money.

Since Quinn had someone helping her, why didn't she have one too?

"Freya, what do you mean?" Quinn became enraged.

It didn't feel great having to get scolded after waiting on Freya for so long.

"Can you stop pretending?"

Freya reproached, "Quinn, are you sure that you are unaware of what's happening? Do you really think that you could borrow so much money?"

"I... I've been working with the bank for some time, hence that should be the reason," Quinn muttered.

Freya scoffed, "Oh really? Let me tell you, your loan amount was merely two billion dollars yesterday, but today it suddenly rose to tens of billions of dollars. It doubled several times. Do you really think this is the

reason?"

Quinn was confused. Was that not the reason?

"Why are you still pretending? Look at your company, do you think the bank will loan you the money? Let me tell you then! Do you know there's someone secretly helping you?" Freya was undoubtedly envious.

"Who would possibly help me?" Quinn queried anxiously. She could only think of someone, could it be... him?

"How do I know? This person deposited a large amount of money into a fixed deposit account in the bank. Not only that, he requested that the bank must loan you the money. This is the only reason you could be granted such a huge loan. Someone is secretly helping you from behind!"

Quinn was shaken to her core. Someone was helping her?

"Quinn, introduce your friend to me. I would like to know him," Freya frowned in jealousy.

Quinn did not say anything and just ran back to the bank. Freya was envious of her. She snorted, "Ignoring me? Go to hell! B*tch! I can only loan four billion dollars! Why isn't there someone when I need help?"

She stormed back to her car and headed to another bank.

Director Britton was stunned when he saw Quinn back at the bank. He put on a polite smile and asked, "President Miller, what brings you here again?"

"Tell me, why did you grant my loan?" Quinn glared at him.

Secretly, she prayed it wasn't him. It couldn't be!

She had merely ten billion dollars left in her account

as she had allocated the money to her capital funds.

The director gave a deep sigh. What did Director Alonso just do?

"President Miller, after being evaluated by headquarters, we were able to approve your loan....."

"Stop lying to me! I want the truth!" Quinn interrupted him and demanded for the truth.

"Sigh... Fine, I'll tell you. Someone has been helping you secretly..."

"Who? Tell me who he is!"

.....

After some time, Quinn had no choice but to return to her car. She was in conflict. Even though Director Britton did not expose the person, his identity was evident to Quinn.

The only person whom she knew would be willing to help her with such a large sum of money was Chuck. No one else she knew would do so!

However, Quinn refused Chuck's help because she felt he was a disgrace. She didn't expect him to be responsible, yet she never expected him to pass the buck immediately after that incident.

However, she had already utilized the funds.

This was such torment for her. She did not have any other choice but to meet Chuck at the plaza.

.....

Chuck had contacted Yvette. After tonight, she would meet with Chuck and depart to the United States together. He initially wanted her to meet her that day, but she was worried he would be in harm's way. So she insisted on meeting Chuck the next day.

There was nothing that Chuck could do but to consent.

He had already met with Yolanda and made sure that everything was going smoothly. Seeing that the plaza was filled with a huge crowd, he was gratified.

"Yolanda, you should stop working and grab something to eat," Chuck insisted. It had been a long time since they had dinner together. Chuck recalled that when they just started taking over the plaza, they often had takeout together.

Yolanda smiled faintly and replied, "Ok."

"By the way, you can bring the plaza's staff to blow off some steam," Chuck instructed.

"Hmm, sure. Then where should we eat?"

Chuck thought about it and decided to go to Zelda's restaurant. It's been some time since he had seen her. He would like to check on Zelda and her restaurant as he would be going to the United States tomorrow.

"The business at Director Maine's restaurant is particularly good. It is always full, so we'll need to make a reservation," Yolanda responded.

She could still remember the crowd that Zelda's restaurant had brought to the plaza when it first opened!

Chuck agreed, "Really? Then we'll take a look. Betty, let's go together."

"Yes, Young Master."

The three of them went to Zelda's restaurant downstairs. However, when Chuck went downstairs, he met some of his old classmates.

"Chuck, you are still in Ocean City. Why didn't you attend school?" A classmate came over and asked.

Chuck shook his head and said that he was not free. Nonetheless, he missed studying, especially when Yvette was still his teacher. Back then, Yvette had been

very kind to him and even assisted him to cheat on his tests.

He missed the good old days, but everything was no longer the same as before. Yvette was no longer a teacher - she had become an assassin.

Conversely, Yvette had always treated Chuck very well.

"Forget about it, He is a rich kid. He doesn't need to attend school." Someone dragged the student away.

"That's right. What's so great about being a rich kid? He couldn't keep up in his studies before! If I were blessed with so much money, I would also study. No matter how filthy rich he is, he's just an uncultured person. I truly believe that knowledge is power. What's the purpose of being an illiterate person?"

"Forget it, let's just leave," Chuck rolled his eyes as his classmates left. He had no obligation to entertain them anyways.

He could clearly remember the jealousy in his classmate's eyes just now.

The nonsense they were saying about studying despite being rich was unbelievable. Chuck was sure that if he gave them a hundred thousand dollars to quit their studies, they would definitely agree to it.

Soon, the three of them arrived at Zelda's restaurant. The waiter recognized Yolanda and escorted them to their VIP lounge. Chuck asked, "Where is Director Maine?"

"Director Maine is in the office. I'll inform her that you're here," The waiter recalled the words of Zelda. She told him that if Chuck was here, all staff was required to inform her immediately.

"It's fine, I will look for her myself. Yolanda and Betty, please have a seat," Chuck went to search for Zelda.

Betty and Yolanda entered the lounge and ordered some

dishes.

Chuck barged into Zelda's office without even knocking. He was pleased to see Zelda working hard. He smiled at her and greeted, "Sister Zelda..."

Zelda was astonished when she saw Chuck in front of her. She got teary-eyed and exclaimed, "Finally, you're here!"

 [Watch Ads to Get 15 Vouchers](#)

Chapter 507

That's right, Chuck had not contacted Zelda before and after he went to Central City.

Zelda did miss him, but she had no choice but to devote herself to her career.

Apparently, she had already signed contracts at three places. These three places had started renovating and would start operating on the same day. She desired to expand her business, and her goal would be to open twenty more branches!

No matter what, Chuck still had some feelings for Zelda, so he felt guilty when he arrived at the office.

Zelda stood up and walked to the door. She locked it and then hugged Chuck, saying, "Don't refuse me. I just need a quick hug, just for a second."

She could not control her emotions since it had been too long. She felt heartbroken and miserable, as she thought that Chuck had forgotten her after not contacting her for such a long time.

When Chuck showed up, all her emotions overwhelmed her again.

Chuck remained silent, the regret in his heart stirring. Zelda embraced him warmly and he could feel her heartbeat. He sighed. Zelda was indeed an exceptionally important woman in his life.

She had a special space in his heart.

It was hard to describe his feelings for her, but he could never forget that memorable night in the car.

"Sister Zelda..."

"Miss me? Tell me the truth," Zelda looked up at him,

expectations flashing in her beautiful eyes.

"A little," Chuck answered her honestly.

"Only a little?" Zelda laughed. She was particularly satisfied with this answer.

It showed that she still owned a place in his heart, even though it was only a little. She didn't mind if it was just a small part.

She hugged him and whispered, "Let me listen to your heartbeat."

Chuck felt guilty. It was evident that he had not taken the initiative to contact Zelda for a long time. However, by doing this, he was cheating on Yvette as well.

He wanted to push her away, but he couldn't bear it. Zelda would definitely be sad if he did so.

"Your heart is beating faster, you little pervert," Zelda smiled at him.

He coughed and said, "Sister Zelda."

Zelda was incredibly beautiful that day. She wore a pair of jeans and a simple T-shirt. Although her outfit was simple, they looked perfect on her!

Zelda giggled, "Little pervert, what are you thinking about?"

This made Chuck cough even more.

"Alright, I shall stop making fun of you. Are you hungry? I'll make you something to eat first," She let go of him. She was content for being able to hug him.

At the very least, Chuck didn't refuse her. This was progress in their relationship.

Chuck mentioned, "Yep, I brought two of my staff as well, Yolanda and Betty."

"Alright, then I guess I'll make a move first." Zelda

sauntered to the door, but turned back and inquired with a smile, "Shall we eat first, or is there something else we need to do?"

Chuck coughed as he understood what she meant. He came here without an ulterior purpose. He just wanted to see her.

"Well, I understand. I'll cook for you first, and afterward you are not allowed to leave. You and I are going to have a chat, ten minutes will do. I want to know what you've been doing recently," Zelda was disappointed.

Even so, at the same time, she was happy too. She was willing to help Chuck. She knew that if he was only here for those issues, she would just be a tool for him to use. Although she didn't really mind, Zelda knew that Chuck would never treat her that way.

The reason he came to see her was because he missed her a little.

Zelda opened the door and went out, but as soon as she opened the door, she saw someone standing outside.

It was Quinn Miller!

She drove to the plaza and went to Yolanda's office. Chuck wasn't there so she knew that he must have come to Zelda's restaurant.

Another reason was that she knew about the relationship between Chuck and Zelda.

Chuck was stunned. All of a sudden, he realized why Quinn had come to look for him. Did she realize that he had helped her?

"Zelda, please excuse us for a moment, I need to talk to him for a while," Quinn uttered coldly.

Zelda was also stunned. Why was Quinn so angry? Did Chuck do anything wrong?

She turned to look at Chuck.

"Sister Zelda, I..."

"Well, both of you can have the room to yourselves. I'll make you something to eat." Zelda went out with a grin.

Quinn stared at Chuck. She stepped inside, closed the door, and locked it.

Chuck gave a deep sigh. Quinn must have suspected something. He would probably be fine if he did not admit anything.

"Were you the one who told the bank to approve my loan?" Quinn asked slowly, her eyes narrowing at him.

Anger, struggle, pain, and bewilderment, all the emotions overwhelmed her logic and reason.

"No," Chuck denied immediately.

Betty had already told him about this.

"It's not you? Are you joking with me? Say that again, it's not you?" Quinn broke down.

Chuck's expression had implied that it was certainly him.

Still, why him?

"I am not joking with you," Chuck sighed helplessly. Why would he do so? He just felt that he should do something for her.

"Then just admit it! Was it you?" Quinn reprimanded.

Chuck admitted, "Fine, yes it was me." Quinn's reaction was extremely overblown that he had no choice but to admit it.

Quinn was speechless for a moment.

She really wanted to return the money to him and next tell Chuck right in his face that she did not need his help. Never!

However, she had used up his money and was in distress.

"Sister Miller," Chuck approached her, feeling apologetic. There were tears in Quinn's eyes and she was feeling helpless.

Chuck could feel that she was in agony and sadness. He felt bad for her as well.

"I don't need your help. You just want to see me make a fool of myself. I don't need your help," Quinn took a few steps back as she insisted.

All of her emotions erupted at this moment.

All her pent-up feelings that she had endured for so long had finally burst out.

"Sigh," Chuck remained motionless. He genuinely wanted to comfort her, yet he knew that it would trigger her even more if he got near her.

He really regretted what he had said that time after the incident.

He was remorseful for Yvette, and presently for Quinn too.

"I will return the money as soon as possible and leave!" This was what Quinn could think of.

Yes, she would sell all her assets and then leave this place.

She could start a new life somewhere else or even go abroad. She just didn't want to stay here.

"There's no need to do so. The money isn't mine, it's from the bank."

"I know, but the bank approved my loan because of you. Without you, I wouldn't even be able to get the money. Thank you, but I will return the money as soon as possible. From now on, stop helping me. I don't need

your help," Quinn commented in a calm tone.

She had to thank him for the money.

There was no way for her to return the money at once since she had already spent it.

"You don't have to thank me, this is what I should have done anyway. About what happened in the car, I..."

"Don't mention it. I don't want to bring it up, so just forget it," Quinn started shouting again.

Chuck sighed and approached her. He hugged her and murmured, "I'm sorry, I'm sorry..."

He could feel her sadness and pain. He surely hurt her too much. It was all his fault for not holding himself back.

If he handled this wisely, things would not end up like this. However, his way of managing this had caused the situation to worsen.

Quinn struggled, but Chuck had worked out for a long time and was very strong. There was no way she could break free of his embrace.

"Why did you do that to me?" She sobbed, feeling extremely wronged, "I didn't ask you to be responsible. Why did you say that? Why..."

She broke down, sorrow, agony and pain flooding through her mind in an instant. Quinn cried pitifully. The saying 'sticks and stones may break your bones, but words will never hurt you' was absolutely mistaken.

"I'm sorry," Chuck patted her back and comforted her. He did not know what else to say. What had he done?

"I don't want to hear you apologize, I don't want to," Quinn ranted. These words were of no use.

He was dumbstruck and held Quinn tightly in his arms. She kept crying and could not control her emotions.

Although Chuck had hurt her deeply, she still liked him a lot.

"Sister Miller, don't cry."

"Why not? Why can't I cry for what you did?" Quinn tried to struggle free but it was pointless. He was too strong.

"I'm sorry." Chuck could only frantically apologize for his actions.

"I don't want to hear those words again."

"Then... Sister Miller, I am willing to take responsibility for what had happened in the car," Chuck mentioned calmly. He could feel that this woman was heartbroken. He also felt sorry for her because he had treated Quinn badly.

 [Watch Ads to Get 15 Vouchers](#)

Chapter 508

Quinn heard Chuck's words. He wanted to take responsibility?

She asked coldly, "By what means?"

She knew that Chuck and Zelda were a couple. How could he take responsibility for this?

What's more, Quinn did not demand him to take any responsibility. She merely wanted him to forget the incident. At least they could still be friends. After all, it was just an accident that stemmed from their desires.

He could've just pretended nothing had happened and let bygones be bygones. However, Chuck had worsened the situation. Quinn was extremely hurt by his words.

Chuck was at a loss for words. She was right, what could he do to take responsibility?

Was he planning to ditch Yvette and marry Quinn?

Chuck couldn't do it. Deep down in his heart, his wife could only be Yvette Jordan.

Ever since he was young, he had always slept with Yvette in his arms. Since then, he knew that the woman in his arms would be his wife.

He had to be good to her for his entire life.

In fact, he would never abandon her for the rest of his life.

"Tell me, how?" Quinn remarked with a sneer.

"Sister Miller, I am serious. I am willing to take responsibility."

"Your way of taking responsibility is to compensate me with a sum of money, isn't it?" Quinn felt disgusted. Did he really think he could do this?

Quinn wanted companionship, the type that didn't necessarily have to lead to marriage.

"I..." Chuck was still speechless. He was indeed going to give Quinn a lot of money, and then treat her better.

"Why do you think I'm angry?"

"I shouldn't have said that and hurt you," Chuck heaved a sigh. It was terrible to try to distance himself from her after the incident.

"It seems that you still don't understand at all. Let go," Quinn mocked.

Did he truly think that she was mad because she wanted a huge sum of money?

Quinn was completely disappointed. She didn't want any of this. All she wanted were simple things such as a hug, a shoulder to cry on and casual conversations with Chuck.

Quinn was an adult. How was it possible to force others to bear responsibility after doing things with consent?

She would not do that.

"I understand, I am still willing to take responsibility."

"Take responsibility? How? If I want to get married, are you willing to? ... Say something. Is this the form of responsibility you are willing to take?" Quinn questioned intensely.

Once again, Chuck was speechless. Marriage?

He sighed. He could do anything else apart from that.

"Sister Miller, the responsibility that I'm talking about is to go back to before. I won't talk rubbish to you anymore, and I'll treat you to a meal, and..."

"What else? And you're going to give me money, right?"

Quinn smirked further, but Chuck kissed her before she

could continue pressing him for answers.

She was stunned and shoved him away angrily, asking, "What are you doing?"

He didn't say a word anyway and continued kissing her.

Quinn was frantic. It was useless for her to struggle, as Chuck was extremely strong. All of a sudden, she burst into tears. Chuck could feel her tears and quickly stopped.

"What am I to you? Tell me!" Quinn felt that she had been greatly insulted.

Did he honestly think that she was as naive a little girl in her teens? Was he trying to get away with just a kiss once he realized he had no words to say?

She wasn't a little girl. She didn't need his kiss at moments like this.

"You are my friend. The type that I can have a one night stand with," Chuck explained.

To him, Quinn was an extremely beautiful woman. Her figure and appearance were on the same level as Zelda's.

He could never forget the incident in the car.

"One-night stand? Chuck, you are really good at sweet-talking... what are you going to do?" Quinn laughed, only to notice Chuck's bare gaze at her.

Quinn felt her heart skip a beat. She dared not meet his gaze.

"Don't look at me like that. What do you want to do? Chuck, you b*stard!" Quinn was furious.....

.....

"Sister Miller, I'm sorry."

Chuck murmured gently while holding Quinn in his

arms on the sofa in Zelda's office.

Quinn was at a loss. She had actually.....

She sighed.

"Don't say it, don't," Quinn shook her head.

"I'm willing to take responsibility. I promise I won't say anything like that again," Chuck made a promise to her.

"You b*stard," Quinn laid in his arms, listening to his heartbeat and feeling his presence. It was only then that she could remind herself that this was not a dream.

She felt at peace. This was similar to the impulsive moment they had the previous time. This time as well, she could not help it too.

Quinn said softly, "I have never told you to take any responsibility. Did you know your words really hurt me last time?"

Being able to have a chat without any burden was exactly what she needed from him. The feeling of being together was great, and both of them could not help it.

"I know, so I'm....."

"Don't. Stop saying sorry, I don't want to hear these words."

Quinn shook her head and asked seriously, "Chuck, do you like me? Even for a little?"

"Will you be angry if I tell you the truth?" Chuck asked.

"No, I won't."

"Then yes, I like you," Chuck confessed although he felt extremely guilty to Yvette. What did he do a little time ago?

He would be meeting Yvette the next day, but he just.....

"I'm glad to hear that." Quinn was a little disappointed. Did he only like her a bit?

"By the way, about your company," Chuck felt that it was perfect timing for him to ask about her company. Since the relationship between him and Quinn had been eased, he could ask her how much money she needed.

He could immediately instruct Betty to transfer the money to her.

Quinn sighed, "Don't. If you are slightly into me, then don't say it. I'm with you not because of the money. At least, I want to preserve the little pride I have left."

If it hadn't been for her company's inability to pay the debt, she wouldn't have needed any money at all.

"Okay," Chuck respected her decision. Of course, he knew that Quinn wasn't with him for the money. At the very least, her net worth was tens of billions of dollars!

"Sister Miller..."

"Little b*stard, don't stare at me like that. I really don't need money. I will solve it myself. The money from the loan is sufficient. Can you at least let me maintain my dignity?"

Quinn uttered hurriedly. To be honest, the money was barely enough so it had to be used carefully. If not, even tens of billions of dollars would not be enough to fill the gap as well.

Even so, she did not want Chuck to help her.

Chuck nodded and said something under his breath. Quinn shook her head solemnly and asked, "Little b*stard, have you forgotten whose office is this?"

It was Zelda Maine's.

Quinn was unhappy because Chuck didn't choose the right place.

She and Zelda were still enemies. However, Quinn felt slightly joyful.

Chuck came to his senses. Indeed, this was Zelda's office. The two stood up from the sofa. In fact, Betty and Yolanda were waiting for him to have their meal.

It was not a good thing if Zelda found out what had happened, let alone Betty and Yolanda.

After Quinn put on her clothes and tidied her hair, Chuck said, "I'm going to the United States tomorrow."

"What? Why are you going to the United States?" Quinn was reluctant to part with him. They had just reconciled, so how could Chuck leave?

Chuck didn't tell her much. He definitely couldn't tell her why he was going to the United States as this would make her anxious as well.

He could only say that he was going to visit his mother.

Quinn let out a sigh of relief. It was normal for him to visit his mother. She said, "Take care and have a safe journey."

Chuck gave a wee smile, and Quinn blushed. She diverted the topic and said, "Little b*stard, I'll go out first. Don't tell Zelda about it."

He certainly would not say anything. His relationship with Zelda was also quite complicated.

Zelda, Queenie, and Quinn were all special to him. Chuck remembered them all very dearly.

He held her wrist, and commented, "Sister Miller, I really regret it now."

Yes, he was particularly remorseful.

"What do you regret?" Quinn was upset. Was this b*stard going to say something hurtful again?

"I regret what I said to you last time. If I didn't say anything, none of this would have happened," he explained. His way of dealing with things was certainly

problematic. At that moment, Chuck understood that what Quinn wanted was not the responsibility, but to be comforted by him and just spending time together.

Quinn was about to tear up, "Little b*stard, why are you so good at talking?"

"Erm."

"I will go out first," Quinn tried to leave, but as soon as she opened the door, she saw Zelda standing outside.

Zelda sighed heavily. How could she fail to comprehend?

 [Watch Ads to Get 15 Vouchers](#)

Chapter 509

Quinn was blushing and her cheeks turned rosy. Zelda had experience in this too. She immediately understood why Chuck had not come out for such a long time.

She felt slightly gloomy. Chuck and Quinn were currently together, but what about her?

Moreover, she was not on good terms with Quinn. Zelda felt disappointed and slightly furious.

Quinn did not have a good relationship with Zelda, so she walked out without saying anything.

Zelda sighed but masked her emotions and commented with a smile, "Chuck, your meal is ready."

In fact, when Chuck saw Zelda at the door, he had a feeling of being caught red-handed. He felt guilty and panicky. However, Zelda seemed clueless of what had happened, so he relaxed and pretended nothing had happened.

"Alright."

He walked over and immediately felt remorseful again. He could see a hint of sadness in Zelda's beautiful eyes. She was a smart woman, so she probably knew what had happened. However, in order to save herself from any embarrassment, she chose not to point it out.

Chuck remained silent. He closed the door and held Zelda from behind, "Sister Zelda."

Zelda's heart ached, "Why are you hugging me?"

"I was..."

Zelda turned around and shook her head, denying, "You didn't do anything just now."

Chuck sighed. She certainly knew. Ultimately, she was

still smart.

"It's just that I'm a little unhappy. Of all the places, why my office? This is my place, this is my workplace," Zelda remarked.

Chuck was speechless. "I..."

"You do know that you are a b*stard, right?"

"Yeah, I know," Chuck admitted. He had forgotten that this was Zelda's office and could not help it.

"You are not allowed to do anything else in my office in the future, otherwise I will be sad," Zelda requested.

Chuck coerced, "Even to you too?"

"Well, if it's to me then it's ok, but never to other women. This is my office, and Quinn and I are on bad terms. Since when did you two get together?" Zelda was still jealous.

Chuck could only tell her honestly. Zelda snorted and said, "You're really a b*stard. You bad boy."

Chuck coughed. Yvette called him that as well, and Quinn called him a little b*stard. They were true though. These women were older than him, so it was normal for them to call him like this.

"Well, let's go out to eat. I bet you must be hungry already," Zelda was a considerate woman.

She knew how far she should go. She also felt a little better after voicing it out. At the very least, Chuck admitted it and did not intend to hide it from her.

In this sense, Zelda was still happy.

Chuck felt at ease. He went out with Zelda, but before he stepped out of the office, he promised Zelda that he would never do it in her office again.

Zelda scoffed, "By the way, there are cameras in my office."

"What?" Chuck was dumbfounded.

"Are you afraid now? Let me warn you again, only you can enter my office in the future, not other women!" Zelda exclaimed.

Chuck breathed a sigh of relief and answered with a smile, "Yes."

Zelda teased, "Don't be afraid. There is no camera, I was just joking with you just now. I am not a pervert." Of course there weren't any cameras in her office.

Chuck smiled and replied, "Neither am I."

"Oh really? I don't believe you," She snorted. She felt annoyed at the thought of having Quinn in her office.

What a little b*stard, how dare he do it?

Zelda personally prepared a lot of dishes for the three of them. Although Chuck was the only man at the table with Zelda, Betty and Yolanda, he still felt at ease. In fact, it was a rare occasion to witness three beautiful women having a meal together.

After dinner, Yolanda went back to work while Betty waited for him at the door. Chuck and Zelda had a short conversation. In the end, Zelda still felt jealous and insisted on dragging him back to her office.

Chuck coughed and agreed. Zelda was still a considerate person.

After coming out of the plaza, Betty brought Chuck back to Hotel Luna. He lied on the bed wearily as Betty stood guard aside to protect him.

Chuck called Willa to report his status and ask her how she was. After listening to Willa's voice, he felt content to know she was doing fine. Finally, he gave Yvette a call.

He only went to bed after confirming that Yvette would

find him the next day.

Right then, Betty knocked on the door.

"Sir."

"Yes, Betty, come in. The door is not locked," Chuck did not have to lock the door at all with Betty around.

She opened the door and entered the room. She had just received a message about Yvette, which was about the death of Young Master Evans.

"Betty, what's the matter?"

She delivered the news and he stood up in shock, exclaiming, "Are you telling the truth?"

"Well, judging from Young Master Evans' personality, he should have some... feelings for Yvette. That must've been why Yvette killed him."

Chuck's eyes turned cold. How could the Evans family do such a thing? Yvette had never told him! She would always hide these things in her heart.

"Young Master, do we need to teach the Evans family a lesson?" Betty despised things like this the most. How could men force women to do anything?

"Well, we can do it after coming back from the United States," Chuck said after thinking about it for a while. For now, Yvette's assassination was priority.

Betty also needed to go back to the United States with him. Chuck would be worried if he let others handle it.

"Ok. In that case, young master, please rest early. I'll be outside. You can call me if there's anything," Betty also assumed that they could deal with this issue later.

It was possible to teach the Evans family a lesson after arriving in the United States as well. After all, they had some properties in the United States.

When Karen was ready to go back to her country, she

had already found out about everything.

They were evidently quite easy to deal with. It would only take a few words for her to shake them up.

Chuck glanced at Betty. She was still wearing her usual clothes which was a simple yet formal suit, but it felt slightly strange.

She looked heroic.

"Is there anything you need, young master? Food? Drinks? Or do you feel uncomfortable?" Betty asked in concern.

As a combat expert, she knew each and every pressure point in the human body by memory. She could do some massaging to relieve people's fatigue.

If Chuck's waist and back hurt, Betty could help him, as long as he instructed her to do so.

After all, when Karen left, she was told to take care of Chuck.

"No," Chuck shook his head. Maybe it was because they were the only man and woman in the room, the atmosphere felt tense and uncomfortable.

"Alright. Rest early then, Young Master," Betty turned and walked out. Chuck muttered, "Betty, what can you do if I'm not feeling well?"

Betty was stunned and quickly said, "I can give you a massage. Young Master, if you need anything, please let me know. President Lee told me to take care of you, so you can just tell me what you need directly."

Chuck was a little embarrassed. Wouldn't it be bad for Betty to give him a massage? After all, she was older than him and it would be bad for him to instruct her like this.

Betty smiled and commented, "Young Master, don't be

embarrassed. Just tell me, where do you need me to massage you? I used to give massages for President Lee too when she was not feeling well."

It was true that she did give Karen a massage before although it wasn't often requested of her.

Chuck had never had a massage before, but he agreed after considering it for a while, "Okay."

"Where do you feel discomfort? Your shoulder?"

"My waist."

"Young Master is extremely young, so how would your waist ache? Let me take a look." Betty walked over sternly. She stood on top of him and felt his waist. Suddenly, she felt a little awkward. How could young people have waist pain? Unless.....

"It's okay, Young Master. You will be fine soon."

Crack!

Betty used her combat skills and Chuck could hear his bones cracking. He screamed miserably, and immediately felt much more comfortable after the crack.

"Young Master, I can't massage your waist for too long. I'll massage your shoulder," Betty said.

Chuck agreed and asked curiously, "Betty, how did you learn all this?"

"I learned it through online videos. After all, my task is to take care of you," Indeed Betty had learned this before.

Chuck never got a massage before, so he was in bliss.

As she massaged him, Betty realised that Chuck had fallen asleep perhaps from the comfort. Betty tiptoed out and murmured to herself, "Young Master actually has a pain in the waist. Did he do something during lunch just now? With Quinn? I don't think so. Weren't the

two of them at odds with each other?"

Betty stopped overthinking. She shouldn't overstep her boundaries.


The next morning, Chuck began packing up. In fact, he was a little nervous. After all, it was his first time going abroad, and he wasn't good at speaking another foreign language.

Unlike Yvette, who was a teacher who was good in multiple languages, it was too late for him to try to learn any languages now.

Fortunately, she would be going to the United States with him as well. She could translate for him if he did not understand.

"Young Master, we will depart in the afternoon," Betty reminded him.

"Okay," Chuck nodded. He had already packed up his things and would go to the airport later. He then called Yvette and told her to go straight to the airport.

 [Watch Ads to Get 15 Vouchers](#)

Chapter 510

Chuck tried to reach Yvette via phone but the line was busy. He was worried that some killer could have gotten to her.

He continued to dial her number. Fortunately, she picked up the call on his second attempt and said, "Hubby, I'll be there. Wait for me."

Chuck was relieved.

"Betty, let's go to the airport!" Chuck instructed.

"Yes, Young Master, let's go downstairs. The car is ready," Betty led him downstairs.

She drove him to the airport.

The private airplane had been ready prior to departure. It would take quite a while for them to reach the United States.

As soon as they arrived at the airport, the two of them entered the waiting hall.

Chuck was rather bothered. Yvette had been in constant danger for the past few days. At the very least, he could only hope that she would be able to reach the airport safely.

As the clock was ticking, Betty asked, "Young Master, do you need me to go and pick Yvette up now?"

The killing order from the organization wasn't to be played around with. After all, Yvette was not that strong. Judging solely by her ability to hang on for a couple of days alone, her skills had significantly improved.

Chuck grew anxious with each passing second. While he was calling Yvette, Betty signaled to him and heaved a

sigh of relief, "Young Master, Yvette has reached. She's over there."

He looked over and saw a woman in a cap approaching them. He dashed forward and held her tightly in his arms.

"Darling, it hurts," Yvette's lips were pale. She had been surrounded thrice for the past three days, and each time she almost lost her life. Thankfully, Yvette had resisted and survived.

Chuck was heart-broken. How much pain did she endure in the past three days?

Undeniably, he would seek his mother's help once they arrived in the United States.

Chuck quickly released her and whispered softly, "Honey, let's get on the plane."

"Okay." Yvette wore a weary and haggard look. She was extremely exhausted and could finally have a good rest.

"Betty, get on the plane," Chuck ordered.

With Betty leading the way, Chuck assisted Yvette to board the plane. He came to know that she was in a bad state and wanted to examine her injury.

Yvette shook her head and refused, "No, it's very awful. Don't look."

She knew that there were bruises all over her body, and she even had a gunshot wound. As a woman, she hoped that Chuck could see her at her best. Now that she was injured, she refused to let him see her ugly injuries.

"It's not like I haven't seen it before," Chuck's heart ached.

"No worries, I will be fine after some rest," Yvette replied pleadingly.

She would not know how to reject him if Chuck really

insisted on checking on her injuries.

"Young Master, please allow me to take a look..." Betty offered to help.

Yvette let out a sigh of relief. Ultimately, they were all women and she was fine with having Betty check instead.

Chuck responded, "Okay. Honey, I'll leave you two then."

He walked out and found a place to sit. The plane had already departed for the United States.

Betty wanted to examine Yvette's body. She asked, "Take off your clothes. You must be seriously injured."

"Alright." Yvette was slightly embarrassed. Even if she was a woman, Chuck had been the only person to see her figure. When she was in college, she chose not to stay at the hostel so she didn't have to show her bare body to others.

Still, it was better than letting Chuck see herself in such a state.

Yvette followed Betty's instructions and removed her clothes. Betty saw that she had wounds all over her body. Despite the bruises and scars on her body, it couldn't hide her beauty.

Betty began to treat Yvette's wound.

"Have you...have you tied the knot with Young Master?" Betty asked on behalf of Karen.

If they had a baby already, then...

"No, not yet," Yvette shook her head and denied immediately.

She had been with Chuck for such a long time. If Yvette was unaware that Karen had killed her father, she might have already been pregnant with his child already.

However, she knew what Karen had done in the past. At

the present moment, she felt a deep sense of guilt to be with Chuck, as she felt sorry for her father. It was something that she could never be at peace at, for now.

"Then did Young Master ask for it?"

"He did but I refused him. I couldn't overcome my own feelings," Yvette was being honest to Betty.

She knew that it was pointless and unnecessary to hide this from Karen, as she didn't directly harm her in any way. Someday if she was strong enough to challenge her, she would directly tell Karen in person.

She was convinced that Karen would meet up with her. Therefore, she didn't have to beat around the bush and worry that Karen would hide from her.

"Well, I would advise you not to push things if the matters between you and President Lee has yet to be resolved, because..."

"Because of what?"

Betty tried to advise her, "How should I phrase this? I'm not looking down on you, but even if you wait for another decade, you will be no match for President Lee. Therefore, maybe you can try to accept..."

"No, I will never accept it!" Yvette stared at her with cold glassy eyes. She put on her clothes and uttered, "Thank you."

"Um... Anyways, don't make the young master sad anymore. If you and the young master have a child, I'm sure President Lee wouldn't approach you anymore."

"I know. Tell her to wait for me. I'll outshine her one day!" Yvette said determinedly.

"Alas."

Betty gave a deep sigh and said, "You should rest. If it weren't for the fact that the young master really likes

you, I would have gone after you too."

"I know, thank you," Yvette was really grateful. She knew that Karen had given her the opportunity to improve because of Chuck.

Basically, it was overly easy for Karen to kill her at that time. Yvette knew about it, yet she couldn't overcome the hurdle.

That was her biological father that Karen killed.

Betty came out and left Yvette alone so she could get some rest.

Chuck had been waiting all the while. He asked anxiously, "Betty, how is she?"

"Young Master, don't worry. She'll be fine after some rest."

"Okay." Chuck wanted to go in and accompany her. Nevertheless, he did not do so because he didn't want to disturb her.

Betty began to introduce to him several forces in the United States.

This killer organization had never taken back any order to kill. Hence, Betty was unsure whether Karen could stop them or not.

They could only find out once they reached the United States.

Upon hearing Betty's words, Chuck seemed perturbed. How strong was this killer organization if his mother could not even stop it?

"And... President Lee..." Betty couldn't continue. Chuck still wasn't aware that Karen had been expelled by the Lee family.

"What happened to my mother?"

"Regarding this, I think it would be better for President

Lee to talk to you personally," Betty could not seem to explain this to him and changed the topic, "Young Master, you should go to bed first. We'll arrive in the United States shortly."

"Alright," He lied down and tried to sleep since he was indeed tired.

Betty tiptoed towards the front and tried to reach Karen. The phone got through and she reported, "President Lee, Young Master, and Yvette Jordan are already on the plane..."

.....

"He's gone?" In fact, Zelda had been at the airport all the time without telling Chuck. She couldn't restrain herself from coming here. She wanted to accompany him to the United States, but he did not allow her to.

She felt helpless and sensed that he probably had important matters to attend to in the United States.

She sighed and left unwillingly to deal with issues regarding her new restaurant branches. She was unaware of the duration of his stay in the United States this time.

However, when she turned around, she saw Quinn.

Indeed, Quinn had just reconciled with Chuck, and she wanted to send him off too. Nonetheless, she did not catch a sight of him at the airport.

She was about to go back as well.

The two women stared ferociously at each other and their eyes were filled with rage.

If Zelda did not know about the incident in the office, she would not be this mad. Even so, she knew what had happened and could not tolerate it anymore.

"Why are you looking at me?" Quinn frowned and turned

away. She didn't want to quarrel with Zelda. After all, she felt ashamed of having messed around at her office.

"Stop right there! Quinn, didn't you say that you don't like men younger than you?" Zelda was curious about her relationship with Chuck.

"It's none of your business!" Quinn was furious as Zelda's words irritated her. Although she did mention that she didn't fancy younger men, she simply did not know why she was so attracted to Chuck... Perhaps she realized that Chuck's age was no longer a concern to her.

"Yes, it's none of my business. But please, don't do it at my office when you are out of control!" Zelda was fuming as well.

Quinn blushed at Zelda's unexpected statement. It wasn't her but Chuck who initiated it.

"What's wrong with that? I can do it at your house and it'll still be none of your business!" Quinn snorted and was reluctant to play second fiddle to her. She was being provoked after being reprimanded by her rival.

"Shame on you!" Zelda reproached her. She was really displeased to hear such words. How could Chuck possibly like her?

 [Watch Ads to Get 15 Vouchers](#)

Chapter 511

"Shame on me? Zelda, I dare you to say that again!" Quinn glared at Zelda.

She disliked being scolded the most.

"Didn't I make myself clear?" Zelda was furious. How could she say such shameless things like doing it at her house? Did she have no shame?

"Zelda, I think you want to close down one of your stores, don't you?" Quinn commented hardheartedly.

She had bought a street over earlier on, and Zelda's store was coincidentally located on the same street. If Chuck hadn't approached her, she would have asked Zelda to move away.

"What do you mean?" Zelda questioned with a frown.

"Don't you understand? I own the entire street where one of your stores is located. If Chuck hadn't spoken up for you, I would have asked you to move out," Quinn explained.

Zelda immediately understood. To her surprise, Chuck had gone so far to help her. She was curious to know how he managed to convince Quinn.

"I'll move out then," Zelda made up her mind. She was able to identify which store Quinn was referring to. Although that store had made the most profit, her landlord turned out to be her rival. She would certainly cease the store operations with immediate effect.

Zelda had too much pride to accept Chuck's help and work under her rival.

"You can't move out," Quinn insisted.

"Why can't I? Do I need to inform you beforehand? I'll

move out the minute I get back," Zelda snorted.

How could Zelda accept such an overbearing rival as her landlord?

She didn't want to linger there any longer, even if it would cost a shedload of money for relocation.

"A no means a no. I've promised Chuck," Quinn replied, sounding impatient.

She had to fulfill her promise. If Chuck knew that she had forced Zelda to leave, things might get worse.

"I insist on moving out," Zelda walked out coolly.

Quinn was burning with anger and she darted out right away. When they arrived at the parking lot, she shouted ferociously, "Hey, go ahead and move out! Just try me, and I will acquire all the shoplots of your restaurant chains? Let's see if you can just keep moving then!"

"You!" Zelda roared back at Quinn. Quinn was indeed a woman of her words. She must be out of her mind to do things like that.

Even if Quinn only bought half of them, it would cost Zelda a huge loss for the store renovation if she were to move out. On top of that, she would need to spend extra time searching for a new place and renovating it all over again. It was a heavy price to pay.

"Don't ever think that you can stand a chance, just carry on with your business. I will always keep an eye on you," Quinn glared at Zelda as she got into her car.

Zelda was infuriated, "I will move out for sure!"

"Don't piss me off. I have promised Chuck," Quinn started the car stormily and scoffed, "I don't want to waste my time on you. Just stay. I will grant you an exemption from paying the rent."

"What was that for? Do you think I care about that little

amount of money?"

"If you're not short of money, then stay and I'll charge you twice of what you are currently paying. Do you still want to continue your business?"

"What makes you think that I won't?"

"You won't. You're such a coward. How would you continue your business there?" Quinn smirked disdainfully.

Zelda snarled, "You... I'll prove it to you!"

"You said it yourself. I didn't force you," Quinn shrugged.

"You!" Zelda was dumbfounded. Quinn actually tried to goad her into remaining her business at the present location.

Quinn let out a low chuckle when she saw Zelda being utterly discomfited.

"What are you laughing at? What's there to laugh about?" Zelda was maddened by her reaction.

No, she must not allow Quinn to win over her. Eventually, she had to move, or else it would be the greatest nightmare to her.

"I'm hungry, let's have a meal together. It's been a long time since we've had a meal together, don't you agree?" Quinn suddenly offered.

Zelda was stunned. Indeed, ever since their friendship fell apart, they didn't see each other anymore.

Indeed, they did not have a meal together for a very long time. They were bosom buddies way back in college. In spite of that, they argued and broke up due to disputes on certain matters.

"It's true that we haven't eaten together for a long period of time," It took Zelda a short while to cool off.

"Where do you want to eat? This meal is on me."

"No, why is it on you? Let's go to my restaurant," Zelda politely declined her offer.

"Okay," Quinn nodded in agreement.

They looked into each other's eyes for a moment and out of the blue, both of them flashed a smile. They were in fact two lovely ladies.

Both Zelda and Quinn felt that it was immature to continue the quarrel.

Hence, they unanimously decided to end this fight, for now.

"Zelda, let's go to your restaurant. Can you be the chef? I haven't tasted your cooking for ages," Quinn reminisced about Zelda's passion for cooking during college.

"Sure, no problem," Zelda replied with a smile.

The two of them had reconciled. If Chuck was here, he would definitely be astounded. What was going on?

However, the smile left them slightly awkward. After all, they both had a crush on Chuck. How could they not be jealous and make peace with each other?

"The two of us like..." Quinn said embarrassedly.

Zelda looked down and remained silent.

"Stop it. Let's just be friends again. It has nothing to do with Chuck," Zelda commented.

"Well, if both of us like him, what shall we do?..."

"Um..." Zelda was in a dilemma. She clearly knew that she and Chuck didn't really do it till the end.

Chuck felt guilty so he had never initiated anything with her, and she did not pressure him into marrying her either. She just thought that if she couldn't marry him, she would just give birth to his child and take care of the child all by herself. At the very least, she would have a companion in the future.

Apart from that, would she stay single forever? Zelda knew that she would not fall for anyone else but Chuck...

"Let's drop the topic and go get something to eat." It was pointless to contemplate any longer. Even so, Zelda warned Quinn sternly, "But seriously, Quinn, don't do it in my office anymore..."

Quinn blushed. She didn't want to do it either but she was compelled to by Chuck.

"Why don't I lend you my office too? Then we're even?" Quinn uttered after pondering for a while.

This time, it was Zelda's turn to flush. It was surely a wild idea.

Ultimately, she needed Chuck's consent. If he agreed to it, then she would be able to bear his child.

She would not have to feel so lonely in the future.

"That's enough. Let's just have our meal."

"Agreed. We shouldn't talk about this anymore."

.....

Lara returned by plane and went straight to the plaza, but still she couldn't find Chuck. When Yolanda informed her that Chuck had just left for the United States, she was totally disappointed. She purposely came back just to meet Chuck, yet he had unexpectedly flown to the United States. When would he come back though?

Lara went back to her café, feeling upset. Alas, how could this happen? She was in a terrible mood. She had sent Chuck a WhatsApp message, but there was no reply from him at all. What was she supposed to do now?

Didn't Chuck like her at all? He should have a thing for her since she had perfect features and a curvy figure. However, even when Lara didn't lock the door at Willa's house in Central City, he didn't come to find her at night.

She heaved a great sigh.

.....

"Young Master, we have reached the United States," Betty woke Chuck up.

Yes. After a long flight, they had finally arrived in the United States.

When Chuck woke up, he noticed that Yvette was already sitting beside him and watching him sleep.

Chuck was relieved to see her rosy complexion. He held her hands.

"Hubby," Yvette called him.

"Don't worry. My mother will settle this for you. Don't worry even if you see her later," Chuck comforted her.

He knew that Yvette would not simply make a move in front of him. If she did, she would tell him in advance.

"Okay." Yvette sighed. She wanted to murder Karen, nonetheless she needed her help at the moment. This... was quite complicated for her.

She was at a loss on what to do.

Soon after the plane touched down, Betty escorted Chuck and Yvette out of the airport. Meanwhile, Karen was dealing with several matters in another region in the United States. She told Betty to assist them in settling down, and that she would meet with them in a couple of days.

 [Watch Ads to Get 15 Vouchers](#)

Chapter 512

However, Chuck's main concern was to settle Yvette's current dilemma. After all, the United States was home base to most of the infamous killer organizations, and it would be easier to appoint a killer to get rid of Yvette here.

He would get rid of Black Rose and Frieda after all of this was settled.

He knew his priorities.

"Young Master, let's grab some food. The car is ready." Betty had been staying with Karen in the United States.

She knew almost everything about the place. It was not only the home base to most killer organizations, it was in fact Karen's territory as well.

"Alright."

Chuck was starving. He took Yvette's hand and got into the car behind Betty.

They soon arrived at a luxurious restaurant. Chuck did not understand what the waiter was saying and could only seek guidance from Yvette. She was a top student during her school days, and her American accent was very convincing.

"The food on the menu is rather costly," Yvette commented. She looked at Betty agape.

"Young Master, this is yours," Betty said.

Karen had been working in the United States for a long time. She had a lot of business around the place, and this restaurant was likely to be a drop in the ocean. There were around hundreds of restaurants similar to this here.

Chuck pondered for a moment. He smiled and then the three of them went in.

After the meal, Betty received a phone call from Karen. She handed over the phone to Chuck once she had finished speaking.

"Mother." Chuck was overwhelmed with joy. He hadn't seen his mother for a very long time and was unaware of her dealings.

"Well, Chuck, I have something to deal with. Stay there for a few days first, I will come and find you," Karen was occupied with several matters that had suddenly popped up.

Fortunately, the United States was within her territory, so Chuck would not be in any danger.

"Okay mother. About Yvette..." Chuck was most concerned about this.

If Yvette was constantly hunted by killers, she could be in danger no matter how skillful she was.

"Well... I have no problem in keeping her alive. The boss of the killer organization won't be able to do anything to her in the United States, but will she stay here for the rest of her life?"

"No, she is not a citizen here. How could she be willing to stay in the United States all the time?" Chuck was not willing to do so either. He had to go back to his own country regardless of how good it was here.

"Well, I get it. The boss of the killer organization... We have some unpleasant history together. She's well... I don't want you to see her either. To put it this way, she's someone without integrity." This was enough to give Karen a headache.

Karen had a hard time thinking of a solution. They had known each other previously, yet there were some

disputes between them as well. That woman had no virtue at all and Karen would not want to have anything to do with her.

This boss was a vicious individual in the public eye, but she clearly knew this woman's character.

"Someone without integrity? Mother, what are you trying to say?" Chuck was startled at her words.

"Nothing. I think we can do this. Ask Betty to take you and Yvette to a casino. It's owned by that same boss. You can go in and have fun, I'll be there later." After contemplating for a while, Karen felt that this plan would work.

Chuck had never gambled before. It would be a gesture of goodwill if he lost a bit of money in the casino, and might make it easier for them to negotiate later.

"I don't know how to gamble. Mother, I'm afraid that I might lose money." Chuck didn't want to get addicted to gambling. After all, it was usually do or die in gambling, and one could lose thousands in a blink of an eye.

Besides, he had never gambled before. When he was young, the most he played with was dice together with Yvette. However, Chuck had a pair of good ears and would often beat Yvette, entertaining her through the game.

When he was 10 years old, they would have a wonderful time playing with dice under their blankets.

He recalled his past and regretted not playing other games at that time. Even so, he was too young to know about gambling.

"Silly child, go ahead and play. How much can you lose?" Karen chuckled.

"Mom, I'm serious. I will really lose a lot."

"It's okay. Just enjoy yourself. Even if you lose, it's not

like you will lose all my money, okay?" Karen remarked.

Yes, Karen had already dominated one-third of the properties here, and this was solely the United States.

In other countries, she owned half of all the hotels, restaurants, and even most of the shops in the consumer and service sectors. Not only that, she had acquired all the properties in several small countries. She was filthy rich and extremely influential.

Her daily earnings were more than one could have ever imagined. How much could Chuck possibly lose in the casino?

The money that he lost would easily be compensated by her massive daily income. In addition, Karen was still expanding her business and was extremely ambitious.

"I know, mother. You are truly rich." Even if Chuck wanted to gamble, he knew his limits.

"Haha," Deep inside in her heart, Karen was delighted to receive a compliment from her son.

This had lifted Karen's mood greatly as she had just been expelled from the Lee family.

"Silly child, no matter how much money I have, they're all yours," Karen chuckled.

"Okay," Chuck was indeed moved.

He was exceedingly poor when he was a child. He didn't expect his mother to be this wealthy and to give all of her possessions to him.

"Mother, why don't you consider giving birth to another child?" Chuck asked with the thought of distributing his mother's wealth fairly.

"Me? How old do you think I am? 40 years old and to have a child? It's enough for me to have you. Don't think too much. Go to the casino and have fun. Don't worry

about the money..." Karen was instantly dumbfounded. It was really amusing for Chuck to ask such a question. It was as if she was chatting with a little child.

On the contrary, Karen was in a tip-top condition. Although she was older now, she was still capable of giving birth to a baby.

Even so, Karen didn't think about it. It was enough for her to have one son.

"Uh-huh."

"I'll hang up first. I'll come and find you guys later. Just enjoy yourself."

"Okay."

"Give Betty the phone and I'll talk to her."

"Alright, hold on."

Chuck handed the phone over to Betty.

"Honey, we'll be going to the casino later," Chuck commented happily.

"Casino? Hubby, do you know how to gamble?" Yvette was stunned.

"Remember that as children, the two of us would hide under the covers and play with dice? We even used our hair as our bet." Chuck really thought that was pretty cool, despite the fact that they were merely children at that time.

"Yes," Yvette laughed. Of course, she remembered. Until now, she still couldn't comprehend why Chuck always won.

He could even stack five dice on top of each other to make a small pillar.

He was really skilled those days, but it had been ages since he last played it. The reason being was that Yvette found it boring and was stressed out due to her studies

at that time, so she did not want to play anymore.

"Let's play again. Whoever loses will..." Chuck whispered in Yvette's ear. Yvette's face blushed at once as she said softly, "You're so naughty..."

"Are you on for a game then?" Chuck queried with a smile.

"Yes, honey, as long as you are happy," Yvette replied. She missed those days too. Though, if they were to play now, they would lose more than just their hair.

"Young Master, shall we go now?" Betty hung up the phone after Karen had given her an order.

"Okay." He was looking forward to it and wanted to have some fun.

After all, he still had some experience in playing the dice game. Even though he hadn't played with it for ages, he had better hearing than ordinary individuals. Ever since he had undergone martial arts training, his alertness towards his surroundings had increased greatly, making him more vigilant as well.

By having these traits, he would be able to focus and listen to the rolling dice better.

Betty said, "Then, Young Master, Yvette, please get in the car. It's a little far from here."

Chuck didn't mind at all and the three of them got into the car.

Three hours later, they arrived at the casino. Chuck noticed that the extravagant casino was identical to a palace, the parking bay itself already full of luxury cars and beautiful women.

There were plenty of foreigners in the casino along with many attractive interpreters standing at the entrance, providing translation services to those who could not speak the language fluently.

"Hey, there's a Mercedes-Benz over there. It seems that they are all foreigners. They must need someone to help them translate!" A beauty approached Chuck, Yvette and Betty with a charming smile, the other interpreters immediately rushing over to them as well.

"Hi, do you need an interpreter? It's only 100 dollars per hour. It's very cheap." These interpreters surrounded Chuck's car. Judging from the car itself, they could tell that these people were wealthy individuals.

Chuck, Yvette, Betty came out from the car. Betty spent most of her time in the United States, and her American accent was on a par with the citizens of the United States. Hence, she wouldn't require any interpreting services for sure.

Yvette asked, "Hubby, do you need an interpreter?"

"Well... Honey, may I know what is the rate that you're charging?" Chuck retorted with a silly smile. Since Yvette was good in languages, why would he need additional interpreting services?

"Me? It won't cost a lot. I only need..." Before Yvette could finish her sentence, Chuck kissed her and asked, "Is this enough?"

 [Watch Ads to Get 15 Vouchers](#)

Chapter 513

"That's enough." Yvette was a little bashful.

She felt embarrassed that Chuck was kissing her in front of so many people.

If she said it was not enough, he would definitely continue to kiss her.

With Yvette helping him interpret, Chuck wanted to join in the fun. He had never been to a casino like this, so it should be enjoyable.

"Boss, your wife isn't as good as us. We have always been in the United States. I'm offering a very low price at only a hundred dollars for an hour," A beautiful woman commented reluctantly.

"Yes, I'm giving you a better offer. Only three hundred dollars for the entire night's translation, and you can also enjoy other special services," Another beautiful woman gave him an appealing flirty smile.

"My husband doesn't need it. You can find someone else," Yvette replied in a fluent American accent.

She had perfect grammar and articulation, as though she had been living her whole life in the United States. A few beautiful ladies were astonished as she could speak more fluently than them.

They had been in this country for years and could not speak as well as her.

They left in disappointment, feeling ashamed of themselves after listening to Yvette.

"Honey, you're amazing," Chuck flashed her a thumbs-up.

"You can do it as well. I'll teach you." Yvette used to tutor Chuck back then when they were both students. It was

Chuck himself that refused to learn back then.

She couldn't really force him to learn it then, right?

At that time, if Chuck had known that his mother was filthy rich, he would definitely have made the effort to study diligently. If he had the money, he would have gone abroad. It would be beneficial for him to master another language.

However, it was better late than never.

Chuck felt that it was better to learn an additional language. At the very least, he would be able to communicate with locals even if Yvette and Betty were not with him.

"Okay," Chuck agreed, "Teach me at night."

"You naughty man. Okay, I'll teach you at night." Yvette knew what Chuck was thinking. However, she was not furious. She was Chuck's wife, and naturally found his words pleasing to the ear.

Chuck grinned.

"Young Master, please wait a moment. I'll get you all some chips first," Betty said.

"Alright."

The casino was exactly like the ones in the movies that Chuck used to watch. It was filled with large crowds and well-dressed beauties with good figures, which were satisfying to look at.

Chuck was wondering which game should he start playing first. Anyway, his mother had already told him to play casually, but he still had to find something fun to play with.

What if he could win some money?

"Honey, what do you want to play?" Chuck asked.

Yvette did not know anything about gambling, so she let

him decide and said, "Hubby, it's up to you. I'll be your interpreter."

"Okay, I'll give you all the money if we win," Chuck commented with a smile.

"No, hubby, you can keep it for yourself. You've already given me a lot, I don't need so much money." Yvette was moved.

Although she let her mother take over the Allen family business, she knew that she would take charge of it one day. Then, all the money would belong to Chuck too.

"Please," Yvette batted her eyelids at him. Chuck sighed. Yvette was his wife, so it was a commitment for him to take care of her financially.

"I will teach you later at night, alright? I'll teach you anything that you wish to learn." Yvette had to compromise since she knew that Chuck would not force her into doing something that she disliked.

Chuck understood and flashed her a smile.

Yvette blushed and remarked, "You are really so bad... Honey, look, what are we playing?"

After thinking about it for a while, Chuck thought of playing something related to dice. After all, he had good hearing. No matter how rich his mother was, it was impossible for him to only want to lose. He had a desire to win once he set foot in the casino.

At this time, Betty brought over the chips.

"Young Master."

"How much do they cost?" Chuck was puzzled.

"Fifty million dollars. Master, feel free to play. If it's not enough, I'll get you more," Betty laughed.

"Well, let's go there then."

Chuck headed to a table. Betty and Yvette had no

objections and followed him.

This was the sic bo table. Chuck took a look at it first. After all, he was clueless about the rules.

Betty was familiar with the rules and she explained it to Chuck. He found it interesting and was eager to give it a shot.

He was thinking of trying his luck first. Chuck then took ten thousand dollars worth of chips and placed them on the table.

Other guests had placed their bets on the casino gaming table as well. The dealer revealed the dice and Chuck did not win anything. He shrugged his shoulders helplessly.

"Hubby, it's okay. This is merely the beginning," Yvette said, trying to comfort Chuck. The feeling of losing was not gratifying although ten thousand dollars was nothing to him.

"I'm fine," Chuck replied with a smirk. This was just the starting point.

A few people mocked him for solely placing a ten thousand dollar bet in one-shot.

Was this man unwilling to gamble?

"Good then. Take it easy, I'll be with you," Yvette mentioned with a wee smile. She did not want to see Chuck getting anxious.

Chuck shrugged and continued to bet. This time, he placed a bet that was worth one million dollars.

He felt good being able to bet so much at one go.

On the contrary, he did not win again and the other people at the table guffawed and started to gossip about him.

"He's such a fool. How can he play like that?"

Betty remained expressionless. This small amount of

money was not a big deal. She was just here to keep Chuck company.

Chuck felt impotent. Why couldn't he win? He had good hearing, so perhaps he wasn't used to it yet. He continued to listen to the rolling dice attentively.

Yvette was afraid that Chuck would feel uneasy, so she secretly kissed Chuck and comforted him, "Hubby, don't be angry. Take your time."

Chuck smiled and responded, "I won't, don't worry. Let's play together."

"Okay," Yvette took ten thousand dollars worth of chips and began to stare at the dealer. She was paying close attention to him with her killer instinct.

Her sixth sense told her that she would win this round.

She placed her bet and so did Chuck. However, none of them won.

Yvette's fighting spirit was ignited. She asked, "Hubby, can I carry on playing?"

"Haha, as you wish," Chuck commented happily.

Yvette took out another ten thousand dollars worth of chips. Although Chuck asked her to bet more, she was unwilling to. Ten thousand dollars was already excessive. What if she lost again? Yvette was reluctant to spend Chuck's money in this way.

Chuck didn't want to force her, so he just played along.

At the same time, in the security control room of the casino.

The supervisor was a woman from the United States. She was holding a red wine glass and was staring occasionally at the monitor. She suddenly caught sight of a foreign woman in the monitor. She was gorgeous and had an amazing figure similar to that of

women in the United States.

Not only that, her figure was possibly even more curvy and attractive!

She stared at the foreign woman for a few seconds and was immediately reminded of someone. The woman was the target of the kill order executed by her boss in the killer organization.

Was that blood leopard?

She frowned and said, "Zoom in on her face."

"Here you go, Natasha."

The supervisor, Natasha was astonished to see the woman's enlarged picture. She exclaimed, "I can't believe that it's really her. I didn't expect Blood Leopard to be so beautiful. Gee, unfortunately, she's in the kill list and must die!"

"Natasha, do we need to inform the organization?"
Someone asked.

"No, this is a golden opportunity for me to contribute to the organization. The reward is worth ten million dollars! I won't allow others to snatch it. Summon the rest and wait for my orders!"

Anyone from the killer organization could attempt to kill Blood Leopard. After all, one would be eligible for a reward of ten million dollars. Most importantly, they would have the chance to mingle with the superiors of the killer organization.

That was far more important than the ten million dollar reward.

"Alright." Someone left the room to make preparations.

"Haha, interesting. You clearly know that you are being hunted, yet you are daring enough to gamble here. Have you overestimated your capability? I have several killers

with me and you're just a fledgling female killer! How many people can you defeat?" Natasha laughed mockingly. Only one order from her was needed and the Blood Leopard would not be able to get out of the casino alive.

"Find out the identity of the man and woman standing next to her," She instructed.

"Noted."

She walked to the front of the monitor and observed Chuck and Yvette placing their bets. She found their way of gambling ridiculous, and could foresee them losing a lot of money.

Well, it's good enough for Yvette to contribute to her own business before she died.

Natasha questioned, "Any news?"

"The man has never set foot here before this. He should be a child from a wealthy family who's here for vacation."

"What about that woman?" Natasha looked down on this man as he was born with a silver spoon in his mouth. He was a nobody in the United States.

"As for that woman, I haven't found anything about her yet. All information about her has been blocked."

"Blocked? That's something worth investigating. Continue to look up her identity." Natasha shot Betty a cold stare.

 [Watch Ads to Get 15 Vouchers](#)

Chapter 514

"Hubby, are we out of luck?"

Yvette was literally lost for words. They had fifty million dollars worth of chips and they lost everything within this short period of time.

Should they have not gambled at all?

"Why don't we place a smaller bet?" Yvette felt bad for losing this much money. After all, it was fifty million dollars.

If Yvette had not accepted the Allen family, she would not be able to witness stacks of money. She was not a fan of luxury goods, so she had always been living a simple life. She couldn't stand losing an enormous sum of money in less than an hour like this.

No matter how calm she tried to be, she was still distressed from losing so badly.

Chuck smiled and replied, "It's no biggie. Mother told us to have fun."

He clearly knew that fifty million dollars was nothing compared to the wealth Karen had. Ultimately, his mother was a big wheel.

Yvette sighed, "Well, hubby, you can carry on then."

Karen was indeed wealthy, and fifty million dollars was nothing to her.

"Hey loser, buzz off. Shame on you for still being here. If you feel sorry for your money, go and cry somewhere else. Don't stand in my way, we still want to play." Several guests chased them out impatiently.

"That's right. You've already lost all of your chips. Do you still plan to win it back? Who do you think you are?"

"F*ck off! You're just wasting my time!"

They continued to pressure Chuck to leave. After all, they were all big figures!

They were here to have some fun, but it turned out they were interrupted by these people who were sticking around despite losing everything.

Yvette was cold-eyed but Chuck was not bothered by their sarcastic comments at all. He ordered, "Betty, go and get us more chips!"

"Yes, Young Master." Betty immediately left the table.

Chuck had lost badly, yet he managed to gain some experience. He had always been very calm because his mother was filthy rich. He was just testing out his listening skills to see if it really worked out.

He was very confident. The fifty million dollar bet was a good way to test the waters. Now, it was his time to start earning money.

The dealer knew about his motive and smiled in a scornful manner. Indeed, this man didn't know how to play the game.

He would lose no matter how much money he had!

It was really rare to see someone losing fifty million dollars in less than an hour.

"Aren't you going to get out of my way?" A fat man reprimanded.

He had a chip of five million dollars with him. Initially, he thought of gambling for a while and having some fun after earning some money. He didn't expect to be interrupted by some random strangers.

He was not in a good mood.

This person had lost all his money, but he was reluctant to leave. Was he trying to cause a scene after losing?

What a foolish act!

Yvette was provoked by all these people. She hated it when people commented about Chuck in such a manner.

"It's merely five million dollars. Why are you so anxious?" Chuck commented.

"Haha, just five million dollars? Are you kidding me? Can you show me five million dollars worth of chips now?" The fat man mocked stormily.

Five million dollars was a great deal. How could such a brat pretend to disregard this sum of money?

The man was infuriated to the point that he almost beat him up!

"Of course I can," Chuck mentioned lightly.

Five million dollars was merely a matter of numbers to him.

As for Karen, it was solely a drop in the ocean.

"Show me then!" The fat man ridiculed him.

He was not convinced that Chuck would be able to show him five million dollars on the spot.

His plate of chips was already vacant. Perhaps it was time for him to scam to the casino's entrance to beg for money.

Chuck glared at him.

"Boss, don't be mad, both of you are from the same country!" There was a stunning interpreter next to the fat man. She had a seductive figure.

"Same country? I don't know any poor man from where I come from!"

The fat man did not want to be associated with Chuck by all means.

He didn't want Chuck to ruin his status, and thought that he should just leave after losing. He felt sheepish about Chuck's shameless act of lingering in the casino after losing a large sum of money!

"Boss, he doesn't seem poor at all," The beautiful interpreter said charmingly.

In particular, Yvette stood beside him. How could he possibly be a poor man being accompanied by such an attractive woman?

If she had the figure and appearance like Yvette's, she would have joined the entertainment industry for a long time. Why would she stick with an ordinary individual if he wasn't rich?

"Dude, he's just a country bumpkin! Look at his face, it's probably his first time traveling overseas! He must have been saving a lot to travel abroad, and yet he's still playing such expensive games. Do you have the money to play, boy?" The fat man sneered.

However, when he saw Yvette beside him, he was envious. Was she an interpreter as well? How could there be such an attractive interpreter!

Why didn't he manage to find someone like her when he entered a while ago?

He was only jealous of Chuck for being able to meet such a gorgeous interpreter.

She giggled. A country bumpkin? True, he did look a bit like it now!

"I do have the money to play. As a matter of fact, I have more than you," Chuck mentioned boastfully.

"Haha, such a poser! You have more than me? Do you know who I am? I've been in the United States for five years. Do you know how much money I've earned in these five years? I'm afraid that you won't be able to

reach even one tenth of my wealth!" The fat man taunted.

"Try shaming my husband again!" Yvette's eyes were cold and lifeless as she stared at the fat man. If Chuck had not told her that the casino was owned by the owner of the killer organization, she would have taken action long ago.

"Beauty, he's your husband? Why do you look so poor? Follow me and you'll live a good life." The fat man desired to have such a beautiful woman like her.

"My husband is not poor at all. He is very much richer than you!" Yvette uttered coldly.

"Hehe, really? Show it to me if you have the money!" The fat man put his arm around the interpreter's waist, teasing them like a jerk.

In his point of view, Chuck was just a poor country bumpkin.

Even if he had some money, he had lost all of them a short time ago. He was already a pauper. How could he still have money?

Yvette was extremely mad at the fat man. She whispered to Chuck, "Hubby, can I beat him up?"

This visit was not just for the sake of having fun.

Yvette did not want to ruin Karen's plan. After all, it was not easy to deal with the killer organization!

A little mistake could mess things up, so Yvette didn't want to react impulsively.

"Haha," Chuck smiled faintly. Yvette was indeed lovely when she made such requests.

She could only behave in such a manner in front of him.

"Hubby, I won't hit him, but I'm very angry at him for making stupid comments like this."

"In that case, I'll kiss you," Chuck replied with a gentle smile.

"I don't want it now. Let's save it for tonight." Yvette blushed shyly.

Yvette felt uneasy doing this in front of a huge crowd anyways.

Chuck laughed and turned towards the fat man, "Since you are that rich, then let's have a bet."

"Hmph, what makes you think that you can beat me? Do you think I will lower my standards to play with you? What a joke!" The fat man derided.

The beautiful interpreter thought that if the fat man won, she would be able to make a lot of money.

It was the right choice for her to follow such a boss.

Thank goodness she did not choose to work for Chuck just now. He was a nobody!

"It's not that I'm not qualified. You're the one that's not qualified to play with me. Do you understand?" Chuck scoffed indifferently.

"What a joke! I didn't..." The fat man sneered at Chuck, a smug look plastered on his face. Suddenly, he stopped dead in his words.

"Young Master, here's fifty million dollars worth of chips!" Betty handed over the chips as she approached Chuck.

When the crowd saw him having so many chips again, they were dumbfounded!

He had lost tens of millions of dollars just a moment ago, and now he had fifty million dollars worth of chips again. It was a total of hundred million dollars!

Was this plain-looking foreigner from a super rich family?

The fat man was dumbstruck with terror. He solely had five million dollars worth of chips. Nevertheless, he didn't expect for Chuck to get himself fifty million dollars worth of chips in an instant!

It was tenfold of what he had!

Chuck was clearly the one who was the richer one here!

It gave him a terrible shock. Was this true?

The beautiful interpreter was taken aback too. She immediately envied Yvette for finding such a wealthy husband.

Why didn't she have such luck?

"Since you're so rich, why don't you exchange fifty million dollars worth of chips too and let's play one round!" Chuck remarked.

"You... I..." The fat man was tongue-tied. Even if he had fifty million dollars, he wasn't willing to spend it in the casino!

Only billionaires could do such a thing, right?

Chuck retorted sharply, "You don't have money? Then, why were you being pretentious just now?"

The fat man's face turned red instantly. He was furious as Chuck actually made fun of him, and he couldn't stand it anymore. He shouted, "Well, let's see how rich you are today!"

 [Watch Ads to Get 15 Vouchers](#)

Chapter 515

"Alright," Chuck answered flatly.

He wanted to see who was richer? With Chuck's mother here, this man couldn't possibly compare.

The fat man stared at Chuck furiously. "I want another 45 million dollars of chips!" He demanded, chucking a card onto the table.

Did this fellow think fifty million dollars was a lot?

He had the money as well. He just wasn't showing it off!

Fifty million dollars was a walk in the park for him.

"Smack!"

The fat man slapped the beautiful interpreter in the face and yelled at her, "I'm speaking to you! Didn't you hear me?"

She yelped in pain.

There was a palm print on her face now. Her face contorted into shock. She covered her slapped cheek with her hands as tears welled up in her eyes. "Please wait a moment," she eventually got out.

She spared a look of longing at Chuck, feeling regretful. She should have just followed him and became his interpreter.

At the very least, a young man like him wouldn't hit her. He looked gentle.

She then took the card tossed at her and walked off to exchange money for more chips.

The fat man stared smugly at Chuck as she departed.

Chuck merely shrugged.

Soon, the beautiful interpreter got back with the

chips, "Sir, these are your chips."

"Good. Here's your reward," The fat man smirked as he stuffed a ten thousand dollar chip into her dress.

She thanked the man, feeling grateful.

"At least I hadn't gotten slapped for nothing," she thought.

The fat man retorted, "See, I have fifty million dollars worth of chips now as well. Are you still willing to bet with me?"

He was immensely pleased with himself as he had always lucked out in gambling. He might win a few million dollars today!

He was looking forward to seeing Chuck lose all his money.

"Is fifty million is a lot?" Chuck inquired nonchalantly.

The fat man mocked him, "Aren't you arrogant?"

Wasn't this man afraid of being laughed at by others in the casino?

Most of the people allowed to enter such a high-end casino were big bosses. However, only a selected few could throw out fifty million dollars just like that. A nobody like Chuck couldn't possibly do such a thing.

"Goodness, this person is really cocky. Fifty million dollars is still not a lot to him?" Someone whispered.

"Yeah, I think he's being too pretentious. I'm even embarrassed on his behalf," another said.

The crowd discussed this turnabout loudly, openly laughing at Chuck as they did.

How could this young man make such a comment? Did he really think he was that rich?

"Stop pretending, will you? How shameless!" The fat

man taunted.

Chuck merely eyed him and proceeded to call for Betty, "Betty, I think I'm feeling lucky tonight. Please get me another five hundred million dollars worth of chips."

Yvette was stunned by his bold demand. Five hundred million dollars converted into chips? Wouldn't it cost him six hundred million dollars in total then?

The fat man laughed at that and guffawed, "Are you still pretending to be rich? Well then, go ahead!"

The beautiful interpreter from before was also laughing at him. She didn't think that the young man had that much money.

"Yes, Young Master," Betty replied, heading to the counter straight away.

People started to crowd around them. Five hundred million dollars was a huge bet after all.

Chatter started up, gradually getting louder and louder.

They were all trying to figure out who Chuck was.

The fat man didn't take him seriously at all. Five hundred million dollars? Please, no one present in the casino had the ability to take out five hundred million dollars just like that.

How could it be possible for this guy then?

In the monitoring room, Natasha on the other hand was a little stunned.

Five hundred million in one go?

She had only encountered three people who had managed to do such a thing ever since the business started. One of them had even exchanged two billion dollars at one shot and lost all of it that same day.

Even so, five hundred million wasn't a small feat in the slightest.

However, this would be the biggest transaction the casino had in the past year. She was interested to see how this was going to end.

"Haven't you found anything?" Natasha inquired coldly.

There were a lot of people who could take out such a large amount of money at one go, but very few would use it to gamble.

Such a person must be someone with a pretty high status.

"I haven't," Came the reply.

Natasha narrowed her eyes and stared at the screen. It was Betty who went to exchange the chips at the counter. She looked a little familiar to her, but where exactly had she seen her before?

She couldn't remember in the slightest.

"Well, keep looking!" She ordered.

"Yes, Ma'am!"

She walked closer to the screen and looked at Betty's face carefully. "Where have I seen you before?" She thought.

.....

"Hiss!"

The fat man was shocked, his jaw nearly dropped to the floor as he watched Betty push a cart of chips towards them.

Did this fellow really exchange five hundred million dollars worth of chips?

Oh god!

Not only was the fat man shocked, but all the onlookers echoed his surprise as well. Who knew this man was so rich?

Who was he?

"Gosh, this man is so rich. This is incredible!" Someone exclaimed.

"This is such a surprise, I'm so jealous!" Another whined.

A woman echoed exaggeratedly, "Oh, I want to be his wife! I think I've fallen in love with him!"

Another woman added, "Me too! He's just so dreamy, My God..."

Everyone present was shocked. Most of them have never even seen this much money before in their lives.

This was too incredible!

The beautiful interpreter's eyes almost popped out. She regretted her decision before immensely. Her client was quite literally a poor man compared to him!

Would he be willing to let her be his interpreter?

"If you're rich enough, let's see you get more chips as well," Chuck said.

The fat man's face darkened at that and he proceeded to yell angrily, "So what if you're rich? Do you even have the guts to gamble it all away? If you plan to place a mere ten thousand per bet, forget it! You'll only make a fool out of yourself."

The man was not going to back down. He was used to placing huge amount of bets anyways.

"How much are you playing for?" Chuck asked indifferently.

"You can't afford to play my game!" The fat man laughed at him and he directed his gaze at the gambling table.

He placed a bet of three million dollars on the three-fold zone.

"Let's see you do this..." The fat man sneered.

Chuck shrugged and got his hands on a couple stacks of chips. He had just taken fifty million dollars out to bet alongside him.

The fat man was startled at that.

Fifty million dollars for one bet? This guy was nuts!

The onlookers were stunned speechless as well. Their jaws were agape with disbelief.

The beautiful interpreter was the same.

Meanwhile, Yvette looked really nervous, but Betty and Chuck looked indifferent.

Betty would sometimes follow Karen to social parties. In those private parties, a single bet would cost at least one billion dollars. Now that was much more astounding.

When Karen was bored, she would go out to gamble and put out ridiculously large bets. She was able to win a lot of money back every time.

If she mentioned the amount to Chuck, she knew even he would be shocked.

The dealer was amazed too. How could this guy place such a huge bet? Was he really that confident in winning?

"You idiot! You'll lose all your money soon," The fat man laughed.

Did he think that placing such a huge bet would guarantee him a win?

Sure enough, just as the game started, the fat man won in no time.

He laughed in delight as he taunted, "Ha! I was right. Boy, you are really my lucky star!!"

The three million dollars he had put down had turned into six million dollars in such a short period of time. It was easy money!

Yvette was disappointed. She bit her lips and looked at her husband in anticipation. She hoped that he would remain calm and collected throughout the whole ordeal.

Chuck's expression, on the hand, didn't change at all. The dealer scoffed silently as she soon realised that this guy clearly had no idea on how this game worked at all. He had lost fifty million too easily.

Soon, he would lose all five hundred million dollars as well.

"Do you still want to play, boy? Your heart must be aching, am I right?" He taunted.

The fat man sneered at him as he started to bet again. This time, he placed a five million dollar bet.

"Go on, then. I'd love to win some more!" The fat man mocked.

Chuck shrugged at that and said, "Betty, let's bet three million dollars this time."

Betty immediately followed his instructions.

"Oh, don't tell me you're getting cold feet now. Only three million dollars this time? How generous!" The fat man sneered at him.

"Why is he being so timid this time?" Someone inquired in the crowd.

"Oh, didn't you know? I've been keeping my eye on him from before. He had already lost a hundred million dollars in total. Of course he wouldn't dare to place such a huge bet again. If he loses again, all his chips will be gone in no time!"

"Really? When it comes to gambling, confidence is key,

isn't it? He must not feel all that confident now if that's the case. How is he going to win with that attitude?"

"I think so too. He's bound to lose!" Another agreed.

The crowd were exchanging their opinions to and fro. They determined that Chuck would not win this time as well.

Without confidence, it was impossible for anyone to win.

The fat man was still sneering at him. Seeing that this guy before him wasn't placing huge bets, he thought that he would only have to play a few more rounds at most. This guy was definitely going to exchange his remaining chips back into money after a while.

Soon enough, the dealer began to throw the dice into the wheel. Everyone watched as it spun and spun. Eventually, the dice fell on a number, shocking the onlookers.

 [Watch Ads to Get 15 Vouchers](#)

Chapter 516

Everyone was dumbfounded.

"How is this possible?" The fat man's eyes widened, his face filled with shock.

Unexpectedly, Chuck had won!

Not the fat man himself, but Chuck!

He had bet three million dollars, and his reward would be multiplied by fifty-six. So how much would that be...?

Oh goodness!

His face turned pale instantly.

"That's impossible! Am I mistaken?" Someone whispered.

"No, he really won! Oh my god, three million times fifty-six, how much is that?"

"He won back all the money he lost from previous bets just like that! It's incredible!"

"Dang, why didn't I place my bet on him just now?" Someone wailed regretfully.

"Me too. I thought he wouldn't be able to win at all!"

"Oh, guess we were wrong then," Someone said.

"I'll bet alongside him for the next one!"

Another added, "Me too!"

The onlookers were envious now. No one could have expected this!

"Wow, someone over there won almost a hundred and seventy million dollars!"

"What?! Amazing! Come and see!"

"Hurry up, everyone, come here! Someone won a lot of

money!"

All the people in the casino were excited now. They started to gather around to see what was going on.

All of a sudden, the table that Chuck was at was surrounded by people.

"Who was the one that placed the bet? The one with blue eyes?" Someone asked.

"No, it's that foreigner over there!" Another mentioned.

"Really? How is he so good?!"

"I've heard that people in his country know martial arts! Maybe that helped him!"

"Gosh, I wish I could be him now..."

Everyone had the same envious look in their eyes.

Yvette let out a sigh of relief and let out a smile.

Betty was not as excited, but she was pretty glad. She wasn't as affected as she had once witnessed Karen win eight billion dollars at once.

The dealer was stunned as well.

Fifty- six times three million dollars... that was one hundred and sixty-eight million.

Crash!

In the security room, Natasha had dropped the glass of red wine in her hand.

"What's going on? He actually won!" She exclaimed.

Natasha was raging.

That one single game had cost the casino too much!

Someone suggested weakly, "He was just lucky..."

"Lucky? Well, let's see how lucky he can get!" Natasha narrowed her eyes as she said.

The casino would not stand to go bankrupt from this.

He could continue on if he'd like! She strongly believed that he would lose every penny he had won today.

"You lost? How careless of you," Chuck lightly taunted.

The fat man was furious.

The dealer's face contorted a little painfully as she pushed the money towards Chuck.

Chuck breathed a sigh of relief. Just when everyone thought that he would surrender, his actions blew everyone away. He had decided to make his move at the very last second, taking everyone by surprise.

In an instant, he had placed all the money he had on one particular bet.

The thirty-times multiplier zone.

Goodness!

Everyone was astounded by him!

"I haven't gone blind, have I? It's okay if he still wants to keep playing, but how could he just place all his bets on one spot?"

"This man is so bold, he's so attractive," A beautiful woman with big blue eyes said as she stared dreamily at Chuck. She had never seen such a brave person before.

He was playing with fire now.

Both the fat man and dealer were stunned.

"Have you gone mad?" The fat man exclaimed in disbelief. He wiped his tears and thought the other man was foolish!

How could he bet so much on one game?

"Oh, so you're not betting?" Chuck asked flatly.

"This is it then, you're going to lose everything now!" The fat man sneered. What was the point of betting so much? People would only get lucky for once at most,

was this fellow hoping to get lucky twice?

The fat man then placed a bet of five million on this game. He was confident that he would win this round.

The dealer swallowed a little and started the game.

The dice started to spin while everyone stared at it in anticipation. This was a huge gamble!

This was definitely a rare scene in the casino.

"Dong! Dong! Dong!"

The dice stopped spinning eventually.

A pin-drop silence encompassed the casino.

Everyone's eyes drifted to look up at Chuck, including Yvette and Betty.

That was because... He had won again.

He had won thirty times of two hundred and sixty eight million dollars.

That was 8.4 billion dollars!

Everyone was rendered speechless. What else could they say?

It felt as if they were dreaming.

Was this reality? Was it possible for someone to win so much money?

Chuck heaved a sigh of relief when he saw that he had won.

The fat man fell to the ground with a flop from the sheer shock. 8.4 billion dollars already exceeded his family's entire fortune!

How could this man manage to get this amount of money in one game? How could he compare with Chuck? He was nowhere close to beating him now.

The interpreter's eyes widened. She was confused...

"I've won, now give me the chips!"

Chuck spoke up to the dealer.

Betty was a little surprised. Could a talent for gambling be inherited as well?

Gambling depended a lot on luck and psychoanalysis. Karen possessed both qualities, so she often won money.

However, Karen didn't gamble much. She would only gamble when she had no choice or when she was feeling particularly bored.

The dealer was too shocked to even speak.

She had been in this casino for a long time. However, she had never seen anyone winning this much money in one go!

Even if some had won five hundred million, they wouldn't be able to walk away with the money just like that. The casino would never allow someone to win such a huge amount of money.

"Hubby, you're amazing," Yvette said dreamily.

Chuck smiled as she whispered in his ear, "I'll kiss the life out of you when I get home tonight."

"Honey, you must keep your word," He murmured back.

"Of course, when have I ever lied to you?" Yvette said with a smile.

She was curious. Why was Chuck so confident in the game just now?

"I..." The dealer stammered. She was rendered speechless at this point. She couldn't believe that she had caused the casino to lose so much money.

At this moment, someone walked down from upstairs. It was Natasha.

She could no longer bear it any longer after witnessing someone win such a huge amount of money in the casino.

"Wow, isn't that the Goddess of Gamblers?"

"Yes, it is! Who would have thought that she worked here?"

"Oh, she's coming over. She's going to come bet with the foreigner!"

"How exciting!"

Everyone was buzzing. They all knew that the casino would send someone in during moments like these, but they had never expected that person to be a retired pro gambler!

This casino must be pretty capable to be able to hire her.

"Congratulations to the gentleman over here!" Natasha smiled as she said.

She then walked towards the dealer whose face was getting paler by the hour.

The dealer started to leave, her legs trembled as she spoke, "Miss, I..."

"Stand down!" Natasha replied coldly.

The dealer shut her mouth at that and stepped aside.

"Thank you. If you don't mind, I'd like to collect the chips that I've won," Chuck said.

"Why of course, sir. Our casino has integrity after all. Come, someone get this gentleman his chips!" Natasha said lightly.

A staff member came eventually, carrying tonnes of chips.

Chuck eyed the pile of chips a few times and nodded with satisfaction.

Natasha said with a smile, "What's your plan, sir? I think you should continue betting, today seems like your lucky day!"

She had come down to win all the money back from Chuck on the casino's behalf.

This would be an easy task for her.

"Oh, I do intend to continue," Chuck had already planned to keep this up. He was feeling lucky today, so why not?

He was actually feeling quite glad to have won so much money.

"I'll bet as well, is that alright?" Natasha spoke confidently.

Chuck was a little confused. He had heard people fussing about this woman just now, but he couldn't understand what they were saying.

"Honey, who is she?" He whispered to Yvette.

"Someone said that she's the Goddess of Gamblers. Hubby, I don't think it's a good idea to play against her," she replied.

Chuck nodded. While he was confident, he knew he wouldn't be able to beat a pro gambler.

He knew the limits of his abilities.

"No, I don't want to play with you," Chuck spoke up eventually.

"Oh my, I didn't expect you to be so timid. Are all you foreigners cowards?" Natasha sneered.

She had to make him play the game, or she wouldn't be able to get the money back.

Yvette's eyes turned cold at that. Chuck frowned and scowled, "What did you just say?"

"If you have the guts, then bet against me!! If you don't,

then you're nothing but a coward!" Natasha taunted. She would never allow someone to win this much money in this casino under her management.

 [Watch Ads to Get 15 Vouchers](#)

Chapter 517

The onlookers in the casino laughed out loud as they listened in on the conversation. Natasha was the Goddess of Gamblers after all, so she had the right to challenge him like this.

"Will the foreigner take her up on this?" Someone whispered.

"Definitely not. Luck is one thing, but when you encounter skilled people like her, it's useless!"

"I think so too. If it were me, I wouldn't play either..." A man muttered.

"Oh, so you admit to being a coward then?" Someone sneered at him.

"It doesn't matter what anyone else thinks, to be honest. It's billions of dollars on the line here! Who would agree to willingly lose so much money to her? I'd take the money over my dignity any day, thank you very much!"

Everyone had their own take on the situation. They were waiting for the final showdown.

"Sir, so what do you say?" Natasha taunted Chuck.

She loved to mock people like him.

Especially those who wanted to leave right after winning some money.

"Why don't we take this to your office?" Chuck said.

"You hooligan..." Yvette muttered. She didn't feel good about Chuck speaking like that to other women.

Natasha's eyes narrowed at that, her gaze ran cold. Had he actually flirted with her?

"Man, this guy really has guts! How dare he flirt with her! Doesn't he know who her partner is?" Someone in

the crowd whispered.

"Shut up, are you trying to catch your death?" Another hissed.

The onlookers thought this young man was pretty foolish. Didn't he know who this woman was?

How could he flirt with her in public like that?

"You don't want to bet with me, do you?" Natasha glared at Chuck.

This man's teasing was causing everyone to make fun of her.

She was very annoyed. She would have asked her subordinates to barge in already if it weren't for the presence of so many guests here.

"Why should I bet with you?" Chuck retorted.

"If you don't, that means you're a coward! That would mean everyone from your country is the same as well," Natasha said coldly.

How could this man still be so calm? He didn't even seem affected by her provocations at all!

"Oh, that's weird. Just because I won't gamble with you, that makes me a coward? How about this, I want you to jump off a building. By your rationality, if you don't jump, you'd be a coward too," he scoffed.

She was a pro-gambler. In no way was Chuck going to lose all his money to her!

He knew that his gambling abilities could not compare to hers.

"You better watch your mouth," Natasha growled lowly. She had not expected such a reply from him.

"I don't care. I'm not betting with you either way," Chuck said. He didn't want to lose his lucky streak just like that.

He had won more than eight billion dollars just now. It was the most money he himself had ever seen!

He still wanted to continue winning. It would be great if he could win tens of billions of dollars. He could use the money to make a couple of investments when he returned home.

Natasha's eyes glared fiercely at him. The temperature in the room seemed to drop several degrees as gradual silence filled it.

"Hubby, whatever you do, you can't bet with her!" Yvette warned once more.

"I know, I'm not stupid," Chuck replied.

"I know that..." Yvette said in a low voice.

Chuck smiled smugly as he looked at the flustered supervisor. He'd like to see her try to force him into betting with all these people around them.

He'd make sure to close down the casino's business if she did.

The tension in the room was high.

Meanwhile, Betty walked aside to make a call to Karen.

"Hey, I'm almost there," Karen said once she picked up.

She was already on her way over.

"President Lee, Young Master..." Betty trailed off, still a bit taken by surprise.

"What's wrong? Did he lose a lot of money? It's okay, let him be. As long as he's fine, let him have as many chips as he likes," Karen said. She knew that her son knew his own limits. He would not lose too much.

As her only son, his happiness came first before anything else.

"Actually... Young Master just won," Betty said. She still

could not believe that Chuck had won so much money in just two rounds.

"Did he?" Karen replied, shocked.

"Yes. In fact, quite a lot of it..."

"Oh, how much did Chucky win?" Karen smiled as she inquired. This was really an unexpected surprise.

Psychoanalysis was particularly important when it came to gambling. As Karen had mastered it, she would always win big while betting.

"About eight billion dollars..." Betty answered.

"What?!" Karen exclaimed. She was not surprised by the figure that was mentioned. After all, eight billion wasn't a big deal to her. It was just that winning such an amount in casinos was unheard of.

"How did he win?" Karen asked, curious.

Eventually, Betty told her the full story. "How interesting. I didn't expect Chucky to be so talented... I had honestly asked him to go there just so he could lose some money. That way I'd be able to negotiate a deal with someone there. I really didn't expect him to win at all..." Karen trailed off.

Karen didn't know how to react now. Chuck had unwittingly foiled her plans.

"Well, do you think Young Master should bet with the Goddess of Gamblers? I think she's never lost a game before and with his inexperience..." Betty started to fret as she spoke.

"Ask him to go ahead then, why not? Tell Chucky to gamble with her. I'll be there soon," she said. She was already close.

"I'll tell the young master right away. Alright, President Lee, I'll see you soon," Betty replied.

"Yes... Oh, by the way, how's Yvette?" Karen inquired.

"She was injured when she got here," Betty answered.

"It wasn't too bad, was it?"

"It was pretty serious, but she can still bear it. President Lee, if she goes on like this, she may..."

"Surpass me? And then kill me?" Karen stated, a smile on her face. She didn't feel an inkling of fear.

"Well... You're already one of the top three combat experts in today's world. You'll soon surpass the top one. Even if she practiced for another twenty years, she might not be able to even garner half of your skills, but... Yvette is young. Twenty years later, she would only be in her forties and you would already be in your sixties..." This was Betty's main concern.

It was inevitable that people would grow old and die. Once Karen hit sixty, her skills would eventually go downhill. At that time, Yvette would be at the peak of her abilities.

It was going to be a close fight.

Even if Karen had maintained her physical strength, her age was still a major factor to be taken into consideration. Yvette would have a twenty-year advantage over her no matter what.

"It's okay. The better Yvette is, the more reassured I am. This means that Chucky will be safe. Besides, I may be just as strong when I'm sixty, you know," Karen said, optimistically.

After all, she was still training herself every day. She had increased the weight of her special bracelets recently. They were about eighty pounds now. If she kept this up, she would still be confident in her physical fitness even once she hit her sixties.

"Well, I think that Yvette has great potential," Betty

started.

"That's good. Right, let's not talk about this now. Get Chucky to continue playing, alright?" Karen reminded.

"Noted, President Lee, I think someone from the casino has come to stop us. They will probably make their move soon," Betty said in alert.

She had been following Karen for a long while, so she was incredibly vigilant. When she came in, she could sense that something was off right off the bat.

"Alright, I know. I'll get there as soon as I can."

"Okay."

After Betty hung up the phone, she walked to Chuck's side and relayed the information, "Young Master, President Lee wants you to bet with her."

Chuck was taken aback and asked, "Did she really say that?"

Yvette was a little bit nervous. This must mean that the woman who killed her father was on her way here now. How should she face her?

"That's right. She did," Betty confirmed.

"Well, since Mom said so, I will do as she wishes," Chuck said.

"It'll be fine. President Lee was surprised to hear that you won just now, you know," Betty continued.

"Really?" He laughed as he said. Not long after, he directed his gaze back at Natasha, "Okay, I'll bet with you!"

Since his mother was coming over soon, he was not afraid in the slightest.

"Glad that you've finally come to your senses," Natasha sneered. She was going to make him lose all the money that he had won just now.

Chuck shrugged nonchalantly at that. The crowd started up again as they watched the interaction.

"Wow, really? He actually agreed?"

"This is incredible!"

"Oh boy, he better prepare himself for the big loss that's coming."

"He's going to lose everything for sure. She's the Goddess of Gamblers, for Christ's sake!"

The onlookers crowded around them, waiting for the game to start in anticipation. This foreigner would be betting with eight billion dollars! Everyone thought he was bound to lose. After all, he was a nobody and wasn't as skilled at this like Natasha was.

He was going to lose big time!

 [Watch Ads to Get 15 Vouchers](#)

Chapter 518

"I've agreed to play, but I should be the one to decide what to bet on. Since you're the Goddess of Gamblers, you wouldn't mind me picking, would you?" Chuck said.

Yvette had translated the comments from the onlookers to him. He didn't really care about what they said.

He could gamble with her. However, he knew that other than his good hearing, he didn't have any other skills that would help him win.

"Sure, as long as it's a bet," Natasha laughed.

As a pro gambler, she was well versed in anything that was related to gambling. Even if Chuck was the one who decided on what game to bet on, the outcome would still be the same. She would still end up winning back all the money he had won.

She would go ahead and entertain his request. She only hoped that it would be a fun one.

"Alright, let's play dice then," Chuck said.

His ears would be useful if they played this.

"No problem. Get me the dice!" Natasha smirked. Was this man mad? Why would he pick a simple dice game like this? She was a pro at this!

He was going to lose for sure!

The crowd that was invested in them before had suddenly lost their interest after hearing Chuck's proposal.

Was he trying to dig his own grave?

Playing a simple dice game with the Goddess of Gamblers? Only a fool would make that suggestion!

Any other card game would literally be better than dice

shaking!

This game depended greatly on skill, which he didn't seem to even possess.

How did someone like this win eight billion dollars just now?

Everyone was dumbfounded.

Eventually, a dealer came over with the dice.

"How are we playing the game? How much do you wanna play for?" Chuck asked.

"Don't you have nearly nine billion dollars now? I will bet six billion with you! If you win two out of three games, I will give you six billion. If you lose, then you'll have to pay me six billion dollars!" Natasha said with a sneer.

"That's a bit too much, isn't it?" Chuck muttered lowly. Couldn't they just play for five hundred million per game?

Winning two out of three rounds was a test of psyche!

Yvette was worried. The bet was indeed huge.

Betty on the other hand didn't feel much of anything. After all, she had witnessed how Karen gambled before.

"That's right. Why, are you refusing now?" Natasha smirked.

Chuck had fallen hook, line and sinker for the bet. He couldn't possibly step down from this now.

She would never allow him to back out at this point.

It was impossible.

"Why would I refuse?" Chuck scoffed. He didn't care either way. The money he was betting with wasn't his own anyways.

"Alright then. Let's begin!"

Natasha picked up the dice cup.

"Hold on a minute. We haven't agreed on the rules of the game yet. Let's make a guess each time: either big or small," Chuck said.

He couldn't play dice with her. Being a pro gambler, who knew what sort of tricks she had up her sleeves?

He would never be able to beat her.

Chuck did not have the skills to do it.

"Alright. I'll leave it up to you then," she said. The outcome would still be the same to her.

"You, come and shake the dice!" Natasha pointed to a beautiful dealer nearby.

Soon enough, the dealer made her way over.

"Hubby, I'll go shake the dice," Yvette suggested. She was afraid that the casino dealer would play tricks on the dice so she volunteered to do it instead.

"Who the hell knows how stuff like that works around here?" Yvette thought.

"Alright... Hey, hold on, my wife here wants to shake the dice," Chuck said loudly.

"No problem," Natasha answered, unbothered.

The onlookers were disappointed with Chuck's decisions. No matter how he much tried to change the rules, they knew that he would still be defeated in the end.

He was playing up against Natasha after all.

"Hubby, I believe in you! You got this!" Yvette quietly cheered for him.

"I will. I'll give the money to you if I win this," Chuck said.

"I don't want it. Keep it for yourself, go on!" Yvette shook her head and walked towards the table's centre to shake the cup of dice.

"I will start shaking, and then you and my husband have to make a guess," Yvette stared at Natasha as she said.

Natasha didn't expect Blood Leopard to be so well spoken. But what was the use anyways? Anyone who broke the rules of the killer organisation must die.

"Sure," she agreed. She had no objections and couldn't wait to win this.

Soon enough, Yvette began to shake the dice. Chuck listened to the dice rattling attentively until she stopped.

Chuck contemplated a few moments at that.

Yvette looked at him with a hint of worry. Her eyes were silently encouraging him.

"Big!" Came a yell.

There was a smug smile on Natasha's face as she said that. She had already known what the dice were displaying the moment Yvette stopped shaking the cup.

This was too simple. It was the basic skill of every pro gambler.

"Hubby, what about you?" Yvette looked at Chuck.

"I bet on big as well," said Chuck.

The onlookers guffawed in laughter immediately and started to voice out their opinions.

"Oh My God, it's the same as what she said. Does he not feel ashamed?!"

"Right?! How can people like that exist?"

"I'm leaving, I can't stand to look at him anymore!"

"Why are you following my call? If both of us are right, how do we decide who's the winner?" Natasha jeered.

Chuck fell silent at that. He knew he wasn't fast enough to keep up with her, she was a pro after all.

"Forget it then, I'll go for small," Chuck said eventually.

Natasha smirked at him at that.

"Hubby, are you sure?" Yvette asked, worried. She couldn't tell what was inside the cup, so she didn't know who was right or wrong.

"Uh-huh," he nodded.

"Then I'll open it," said Yvette as she opened up the cup. Looking down at the dice, her husband had guessed wrong.

Natasha smiled proudly at that. This was too easy! The crowd started to chatter amongst themselves again.

"I knew it. How could he compete with the Goddess of Gamblers? He must be mad!"

"That's for sure. Not anyone can just bet against her!"

They all looked down on Chuck. He had only been a bit lucky just now. In no time, he was going to lose all the money he won and return them to the casino.

Chuck's determination did not waver one bit.

"Hubby, it's okay," Yvette said, trying to comfort him. Chuck's first guess had been right after all. He was just not as fast compared to Natasha.

He nodded in acknowledgement at Yvette's reassurance.

"So, shall we continue?"

"Yes, let's move on," Chuck said. His attention was now completely focused on the dice cup.

Yvette began to shake for the second round and then stopped.

Right as the cup stopped shaking, Natasha already had the answer at the tip of her tongue. With a smile, she called out, "Big!"

Yvette was particularly anxious now. This woman

sounded so confident in her answer. Was she going to win again?

Wouldn't that mean Chuck had lost?

"Well, I have no choice then. I can only go for 'small'," Chuck said, feeling dejected.

He didn't have enough experience to beat Natasha, he was sure. He had determined that it was 'big' as well but she had beaten him to it.

Yvette's eyes filled with worry. Did her husband really lose again?

"Open it. I think this man will lose for sure," Natasha said confidently.

The crowd cheered.

Yvette's hands were cold and clammy. She didn't want her husband to lose, but it's not like she could do anything to stop this.

"Open it," Natasha urged on.

"It's alright, Honey. Just open it," Chuck said flatly.

Yvette nodded and conceded.

She was disappointed to see that Natasha was right.

They were playing for the best of three so there was no third round. She looked at Chuck with gentle eyes. trying to reassure him. After all, he was playing against the Goddess of Gamblers.

"As expected, he lost! How anticlimactic, he lost so quickly!" Someone said.

"Of course, he was up against a pro gambler after all!"

The crowd was openly mocking Chuck now. Previously, they were envious of him because he had won so much money in such a short time. How the mighty have fallen!

In the end, he still had to return all that money anyway.

The fat man from before was laughing merrily now. "Serves that punk right!" He thought.

Yvette walked over and said, "I'm sorry, Hubby. I couldn't help you..."

"It's alright," Chuck smiled.

He didn't expect to lose so quickly.

But it didn't matter. Most of the money he betted with wasn't his own anyway.

"Young Master, it's okay. It was just a little money," Betty said, trying to comfort him as well. He could easily get billions of dollars via a single call to Karen if he wanted to.

After all, he was Karen's only son.

"I know," Chuck felt at ease. It wasn't a big deal but he couldn't help but feel a little disappointed. If his hearing had been a little better and faster, he knew he could've won the game.

It was a pity that Natasha was too fast and more experienced compared to him.


"Take these chips then," Chuck said, willing to admit his loss. Natasha immediately ordered her subordinates to collect the chips. She then smiled and started to taunt him, "Sir, you can continue on if you want. You're not going to quit just because you've lost a little money now, are you?"

Chuck eyed her and asked, "Are you going to come bet with me again after I win a few more games?"

"Oh, that won't be necessary, Sir. Please, you can continue betting with me," she smirked. She was going to milk his pockets dry.

"Eager now, are we? Come on then, let me have a go," A

voice spoke up from outside, surprising Chuck. His mother was here!

 [Watch Ads to Get 15 Vouchers](#)

Chapter 519

Karen walked in just then.

When she heard Natasha speak the way she did to her son, she was mad. She herself had never raised her voice at him, so she wasn't going to let anyone else do it either.

Betty breathed a sigh of relief when she saw her.

Yvette on the other hand, lowered her head and did not dare look up at Karen.

Everyone turned to stare at the newcomer. How dare she challenge the Goddess of Gamblers?

Was she another fool here to give the casino more money?

Once Karen made her appearance at the door, she effectively captured everyone's attention.

"Why does she have such a good temperament?"

"Yeah... She really is something! How rare."

"Have you ever seen this woman before?"

"I haven't, do you suppose she's married?"

"At that age, she must be!"

"Ah, a pity then."

Everyone started to talk about her as she walked in.

Indeed, the way she walked into the casino calmly and coolly left everyone in awe. She had a regal aura about her.

She was just so captivating.

Natasha frowned after hearing Karen's words. She thought that Karen looked familiar, like she had seen her somewhere else before. However, she couldn't

remember where. Karen laid low most of her life. She had lived quietly in the United States for many years that even her own family didn't know a lot of things about her.

Other people wouldn't know about her existence at all.

"You want to bet with me?" Natasha sneered.

"Yes, I do. What do you say?" Karen said as she walked to stand next to Chuck.

"Mom," Chuck greeted her. He was pleasantly surprised to see her.

"I'll help you win everything back, don't worry." Karen said. She wouldn't let other people look down on her son any longer.

Chuck nodded eagerly at that. To be honest, he didn't know that his mother knew how to gamble until now.

Karen then moved her gaze away from her son to look at Yvette.

At this moment, Yvette had her head down. She was biting her lip, staying silent as she didn't know what to say.

"Oh, she's that foreigner's mother! Wow, she's so young and pretty! Is she from a noble family or something?"

"No idea. I've never seen such a woman before!"

"I haven't got the slightest clue, either..."

The crowd was still having discussions about her. Her having shown up was an expected surprise.

"Why, of course! But let me tell you, I don't do small bets!" Natasha said arrogantly.

She wanted Karen to place larger bets. She herself was a pro gambler and she would win regardless, so why not make a little more money for the casino?

No matter how rich this woman was, she would make sure that she lost all her money.

"How much do you think the bet should be?" Karen inquired, a faint smile on her lips.

"Ten billion!" Came her reply.

"Ten billion?" Karen wanted to confirm.

"Do you think it's too much?" Natasha laughed at her. Ten billion was not a sum ordinary people could afford.

"No, I think that it's too little. How about fifty billion from both sides? Best of three wins," Karen suggested.

As soon as she finished her words, the whole crowd burst into an uproar.

"What? Fifty billion dollars! Oh my god! Really?"

"Did she actually say fifty billion?"

Who was this woman? How could she utter out such an amount so carefreely? Everyone was dumbfounded.

Chuck on the other hand was scared out of his wits. Was his mother for real? Fifty billion?!

Yvette was also astonished. Meanwhile, Betty was the only one who felt that this was normal. Karen had gambled several times and Betty was usually next to her whenever she did. She remembered that there was a time when Karen had even won a hundred billion dollars in a game.

It was a shocking number, wasn't it?

It was. But to Karen, money like that was merely icing on the cake.

"You're sure you can afford to lose that much?" Natasha questioned.

"Go ahead and check," Karen said, taking out her card for further inspection.

Natasha snapped her fingers for someone to verify the other woman's claims. A few minutes of silent anticipation, the person concluded his check. Nodding, he informed Natasha, "She does."

"You're absolutely certain?" She turned to Karen.

"Of course! Why? Are you not willing to? If you refuse, it's okay. You just need to apologise to my son," Karen said.

"Haha, why would I? Sorry, but I'm afraid that you will go bankrupt tonight," Natasha laughed out loud. She was indeed confident in this.

Karen's face on the other hand remained impassive.

"How do you want to play? Feel free to pick any game you want!" Natasha said with a wicked smile. She was going to strike gold soon.

"My son lost to you in dice, right? Well then. Let's play that then. The one with the larger score wins."

"Alright, no problem. Someone get her some dice now!" Natasha ordered.

She thought these people were stupid. How could they expect to win by playing such a simple game with her?!

She could already feel fifty billion dollars going into her pockets.

Soon enough, someone came over with the dice.

Everyone watched on in anticipation. Many hoped that Karen would win because they were fascinated by Karen's temperament. They didn't think a woman like her would lose. However, they knew that this might very well be wistful thinking. It was really difficult to beat the Goddess of Gamblers.

How could anyone beat Natasha?

It was impossible to do so, everyone at the casino knew it.

Chuck and Yvette looked on in excitement as well.

"Then, let's begin!"

Natasha began to shake the dice in her cup.

Karen grabbed hers and did the same.

The sound of the dice was very loud, echoing throughout the casino.

"Smack!"

Natasha and Karen stopped shaking their dice at the same time.

The crowd fell dead silent.

"Swoosh!"

Natasha revealed her dice. It was three sixes!

"Holy sh*t, that's eighteen! Ah, that woman's bound to lose now!"

"Yeah, what's wrong with her? Why would she agree to gamble with the Goddess of Gamblers? Didn't she know that she was giving money out for free like that?"

Everyone was astounded by Natasha's abilities.

Karen was bound to lose, they were sure of it.

Chuck was nervous. Admittedly, Natasha was really amazing. No wonder she was so revered!

"Well, what are you waiting for? Show us," Natasha smiled smugly. She had never once lost to anyone in this game before.

She could get three sixes or three ones casually. It depended on her mood.

All the people present fixed their eyes on Karen, a permanent smirk imprinted itself on Natasha's face.

Soon, Karen finally revealed her dice. Everyone was shocked, another uproar stirred.

"Am I dreaming? It's three sixes as well!"

"You're really not! Oh my, she's really good!"

Who knew that this woman was also so skilled?

Chuck and Yvette were both stunned. Chuck couldn't believe that he had just known about his mother's gambling talent.

"Young Master, President Lee is not only good at gambling. She's honestly the very best at everything she does. She runs a casino as well, Young Master," Betty said.

This was the first time he had heard of such a thing.

Chuck was stunned.

Natasha's face darkened as she said, "You just got lucky! Let's go for another round!"

She was confident that Karen was just being lucky. She just needed to put in more effort when shaking her dice now.

She knew she would still win the game in the end.

"Okay, let's move on then," Karen replied.

She shook her dice with a smile.

Natasha scoffed and began at the same time. The casino was silent, everyone was holding their breath. The tension was high now that they knew Karen was skilled.

"Smack!"

The two stopped and revealed their dice at the same time!

The people in the casino roared again.

"I can't believe it's another three sixes from both of them!"

"It's incredible! Is this woman the Goddess of Gamblers

in her country as well?"

"I don't know about that. Either way, I still admire her. She's amazing!"

"That's impossible. How could anyone else get three sixes two times in a row?" Natasha exclaimed. Her eyes were almost bugging out of her head.

She wasn't dreaming, was she?

How could this be possible?

Natasha was so confused.

"Nothing is impossible. Come on then. Let's decide the winner in the third round!" Karen said.

"Alright. I've got to give it to you, you're pretty good. You might even be a worthy opponent!" Natasha muttered.

She wasn't going to lose to her now, was she?

Whatever, it would be fine. She would still end up winning anyway. She was the Goddess of Gamblers after all.

She had never lost at anything before.

She wasn't going to lose this time round!

"Swoosh!"

The two of them started to shake their dice, stopping at the same time.

Everyone had started to hold in their breaths. This was a battle between two pro gamblers!

"Smack!"

When Natasha revealed her dice, a smile appeared on her face. She was confident in herself, she knew she had gotten three sixes this time as well.

"Ah? Why are there only two sixes?" The crowd started to mumble. Only two of her dice were sixes, the other one was four.

Did she make a mistake?

Even Natasha herself was shocked. She was never mistaken!

This must be an illusion!

But it wasn't, she had indeed missed. Natasha stared at Karen angrily, "Well, even if I only have two sixes, I will still beat you!"

If even the Goddess of Gamblers had missed it, ordinary people like Karen would as well!

It was absolutely impossible for Karen to get another three sixes again! Even if she only had two sixes, she would still be able to win against her. Her overall score was already high enough.

Chuck was nervous, he desperately hoped that his mother would win. Yvette and Betty were as well.

All the people present were staring at the dice in her hand. Karen chuckled and lifted the dice cup gently.

 [Watch Ads to Get 15 Vouchers](#)

Chapter 520

When Karen revealed her dice, a pin-drop silence echoed in the casino.

Everyone looked at each other, their faces filled with disbelief.

After seeing the results, Chuck smiled proudly. His mother had won!

Yvette on the other hand was stunned, along with everyone else in the room.

"Three sixes... That's amazing!"

"Who on earth is this foreigner? How did she do it?"

"It's incredible! She's amazing!"

Everyone was overwhelmed by her victory.

The only person whose face went alarmingly pale was Natasha.

She couldn't believe that Karen managed to get three sixes again.

She really was amazing.

"You..." Natasha stammered in disbelief.

She was the Goddess of Gamblers, how could she lose?

She couldn't fathom this!

Natasha refused to believe what had just happened!

"You lost," Karen said flatly.

Fifty billion dollars wasn't a big bet to her. However, this was the fastest she had won.

She had only been playing for a few minutes.

"You cheated!" Natasha yelled.

She was filled with hatred.

It was simply impossible for her to lose. The only reason she would was that this woman must be cheating!

However, how did she manage to cheat in front of so many people though?

As soon as she said that, the whole casino started to chatter noisily.

They discussed and gossiped with each other loudly.

"What? Did she? How though?"

"I think Natasha's wrong... This foreign lady seems really classy, why would she do such a shameless thing?"

"I don't think she cheated..."

"Me too!"

"Well... That's not necessarily true. She's never lost before but was beaten by this woman so suddenly. You have to admit that this is a very odd situation!"

Most people chose to support Karen, but there were some who chose to stand by Natasha as well.

After all, Natasha was the Goddess of Gamblers.

Chuck was furious when he understood what was being debated. His mother was so righteous! How could she cheat in such a game?

Yvette was furious as well.

This was pure slander!

Betty frowned at the thought.

Only Karen was a little surprised by the accusation. "You're quite something, aren't you? Ask these people to leave, let's settle this in private," she said with a smile.

"That's exactly what I was thinking! Security, clear everyone out!" Natasha ordered with a sneer.

She had just lost a bet worth fifty billion dollars. To be honest, she didn't think she was allowed to bet so

much.

Natasha had thought that she would definitely win. She didn't expect that she would lose at all!

She didn't have fifty billion dollars to cash out!

Since Blood Leopard was here, she could deal with her here. Then, she would go to the killer organisation's headquarters to receive the bounty!

Eventually, the security guards came in and quickly drove all the guests out. Silence filled the room when it was only them who were left.

Karen, Chuck, Yvette, and Betty stood together, calm and collected.

The sound of feet shuffling was deafening.

Suddenly, a bunch of people barged in. Each of them was dressed like a mercenary and looked deadly.

They had surrounded the four of them. None of them could escape now.

The atmosphere was tense and scary. Any ordinary person would have been scared to death, but the four of them remained nonchalant.

Chuck had nothing to be afraid of. With his mother by his side, he could essentially conquer the world.

"You shouldn't have defeated me!" Natasha glared at Karen as she yelled.

She was about to unleash hell onto her.

Karen didn't care either way, "But I have!"

"So what if you've beaten me? You'll only be the winner if you walk away with the money, no? I'm the one in charge here so I'll decide if you'll win or not! So guess what, I'm declaring you a loser right here, right now!" Natasha mocked.

The scene was full of mercenaries, they can't possibly escape without a scratch.

Holding four people down was an easy task to them.

How dare that woman declare herself a winner?! How ignorant, how foolish!

"She will regret her words soon," Natasha thought.

"How interesting," Karen said, smiling a little.

"Interesting?! Are you mad?" Natasha exclaimed, feeling out of sorts.

"No, that's just what I was thinking," Karen said.

"Well then, you want interesting? I'll give you interesting soon!" She snickered.

"Are you really? Odd... I've never met anyone who would refuse my prize. I won that bet fair and square, you know," Karen said indifferently.

Previously, she had won all sorts of things, a hundred billion dollars, an island and even a state! No one would go back on their bets with her.

This lady was really interesting indeed.

"Well, what are you gonna do? I'm not giving you the money no matter what," Natasha spat.

"Oh, simple," Karen smiled calmly.

"Is that so? Well, get in line, I'll come back to you in a bit... You there! You're Blood Leopard!" Natasha pointed at Yvette and said coldly.

Yvette's eyes narrowed at that.

"It's not as if you didn't know the rules of the organisation. How dare you appear here when there's a bounty on your head! Today marks the end of your life. Guards, capture them at once!" Natasha gave the order.

She had not expected Blood Leopard to die in her hands.

She had been on the run since ages ago.

And all she had to do was give out orders!

The guards surrounding them immediately sprung into action.

They were all well-trained and their joint attack was amazing. No one could escape from them, no matter how hard they've tried.

They pounced at them like eagles, their imposing figures full of strength.

This was a terrifying siege. Anyone else would be scampering away in fear now.

However, as soon as they started to surround the four, a miserable cry sounded in no time.

Crash!

A man was tossed upwards and fell to the ground a couple feet away. Before he could even let out another scream, he had passed out.

Everyone looked at him astounded.

What was going on?

Chuck and Yvette were both shocked. It happened so fast that Yvette could only watch in admiration.

Yes, Karen had landed that punch. The strength of her punches were amazing. No one could withstand her!

So what if these men were strong mercenaries?

Karen could send all of them flying with one punch!

Natasha was astounded. How did she do that?!

"I hate people who break their promises, you know," Karen narrowed her eyes slightly at Natasha as she said.

The strength she had exerted could only come from a combat expert.

She was a force to be reckoned with. Every time she threw a punch, a man would scream, fly out and fall to the ground motionless.

There were thirty guards on the scene initially, but in less than three minutes, all of them were now laying on the ground.

They were all unconscious. None of them escaped Karen's wrath.

The tense atmosphere had been broken up by her just like that!

Natasha gaped at her and stammered, "Who... who are you?"

She was shocked, and her jaw was about to dislocate. Was it all an illusion? How could one person deal with so many people all at once?

How was that possible?

It must be a dream, but Karen's stern gaze directed towards her told her it wasn't.

"Don't... Don't come over! Let me tell you, our boss is the boss behind the killer organisation! If you beat me up, your whole family will be dead!" Natasha yelled, fear lacing her voice.

Fear was clouding her mind.

Her gaze on Karen was unwavering.

"Oh, you think so? I don't think she would say that. I know her, you know," Karen said.

"What? You know our boss?" Natasha trembled as she asked. Was that possible? She herself had never seen her boss in person. How could other people know her?

"I do."

"Impossible! How could you possibly know each other? You're lying!"

All of a sudden, she seemed to remember why Betty and Karen looked familiar to her. As it turned out, it seems like she had met them before...

"Is.. Is your surname Lee?" Natasha trembled.

There were four powerful families in the world and the Lee family was one of them.

She remembered a name: Karen Lee.

"Yes, it is. My name's Karen."

"What? You mean... You're Karen Lee?"

Fear spread over Natasha's face. She finally knew why she had lost, it made sense. She had heard that Karen was really skilled in gambling and that she had never lost before. She felt insignificant before her.

"Why'd you think I thought you were odd? Let me tell you again, no one has ever gone back on their bets with me," Karen said.

 [Watch Ads to Get 15 Vouchers](#)

Chapter 521

"Wait, wait! Please, don't kill me!" Natasha yelled in fear. She had lost her footing in the midst of her panic. She was trembling now.

Even in the upper class society in the United States, saying the name 'Karen Lee' was enough to freak someone out.

Words like rich, powerful, beautiful...

All these were befitting of the lady right in front of her now.

"I won't kill you, but are you still going to own up to your loss? I want to give that money to my son," Karen said.

Yvette was still in shock. How could Karen finish off so many people in a matter of minutes?

To say it was frightening would be undermining the scenario. There were no words for it.

Yvette suddenly felt a little helpless. "When would I be able to train up to Karen's level?" She thought.

Her skills could not even compare to Karen's. Did this really mean she had to wait until Karen was old and weak to take her down?

Yvette was disheartened. Her eyes dimmed at the thought.

"I... I don't have the right to use that much money. I'm sorry but I really don't," Natasha cried.

Fifty billion dollars was a huge amount. How could she possibly cash out that much?!

"Oh, so integrity doesn't have a place in your casino, does it? How could you lose a bet and refuse to pay the winner?" Karen asked.

"I..." Natasha crawled over and knelt before her.

How could she have the ability to fight Karen when she had single-handedly taken down all of her men?

She was scared out of her wits.

"I admit that I've lost. You can hit me and call me names, anything... I don't have the money to pay you, I don't..." Natasha cried and begged.

She was arrogant just now but in less than ten minutes, she was rendered a crying mess.

"You don't? That means your casino doesn't care about integrity, am I right?" Karen said.

"I..." Natasha's voice shook.

"Karen, stop talking nonsense. If my casino has lost, then let it be. I can easily afford fifty billion!" A voice suddenly sounded in the casino.

"Boss!" Natasha yelled out in surprise. She recognised her voice.

It was the voice of the boss behind the killer organisation. She had seen her in real life, but she had heard her voice before.

Chuck was surprised that the boss of this killer organisation had finally shown up. Did that mean Yvette was safe now?

There was an indiscernible expression on Yvette's face. Her mind was still riddled with thoughts of her own incompetence compared to them both.

She simply could not let the boss of this killer organisation show up, but Karen could.

"I've told you many times over. When it comes to business, we need to keep our integrity intact. We pay whenever we lose. This rule has been set and enforced so many times, no one can change it! How dare you

break my rules!" The voice hissed menacingly.

"No, no, that's..." Natasha screeched in fear.

She really felt that fifty billion was too much. She knew she wasn't allowed to bet with so much money.

That's why she wanted to go back on her words.

"Those who break my rules end up dead, you know. No one can be excused!" The cold voice sounded again.

Natasha let out a frightened yelp at that.

"No, please don't kill me, don't..." She started to beg frantically.

She was shrouded in absolute fear that she was going to pass out from it. She started to make her escape, deciding to run upstairs and outside to get away from here.

The fear fixed permanently on her face as she ran. Could she really get away?

It was impossible.

Chuck was worried. The implication behind her words were obvious, no one could break the rules set by her, not even Karen.

What's more, there was some history between Karen and the boss behind the scenes.

"Mom," Chuck whispered in alarm.

"Don't worry, Chucky. It'll be fine," Karen reassured. She looked at Yvette at the same time.

She looked like a child who had done something wrong, biting her lips with her head lowered.

"Fine? Karen, aren't you a little too optimistic?" The voice mocked.

Karen went silent at that.

"I've already sent someone to transfer fifty billion dollars

into your account. It doesn't matter how much I lose, I am one for keeping my promises. Have a look at your account, will you?"

"Hold on, where are you? I want to see you!" Karen said.

"Me? Why would you want to see me? I sure as hell don't want to see you!"

"But I want to though, can I?" Karen said helplessly.

"You're begging me now, aren't you?"

"Okay, fine. Yes, let's count this as me begging," Karen nodded.

Betty was anxious while Chuck started to get angry. His mother...

Yvette's bit down on her lips even harder. Was Karen actually begging someone?

"My, Karen, you really spark joy in me. Well, just because you've asked me so kindly... Hold on, could you beg once more? I want to hear it again," the voice said with a hinted smile.

"I'm... begging you," Karen managed to say between gritted teeth.

"Thank you very much. I've recorded your voice now. Whenever I feel upset, I'm going to play this! Well, you know where I am, just come on over and find me. I'll only wait for half an hour!"

The voice stopped abruptly.

Karen took a deep breath and thought of the place mentioned by the boss, "Let's get in the car!"

After she said that, she went out with Betty trailing after her.

"Honey, let's go," Chuck pulled Yvette along.

"I..." Yvette didn't know how to describe it. Was Karen

begging other people for her? But... she was her enemy! She was the one who killed her father!

"Let's go," Chuck insisted once more, pulling at her.

"Hubby, I'm sorry," Yvette's eyes started to tear up.

"What kind of nonsense are you spouting? Come on, I know you've only done this for my sake," Chuck's heart ached for her. She had done a lot of foolish things for him.

If it weren't for her accepting the task to kill him, she would have been fine now. She might have even completed several tasks by now.

Yvette nodded at that and followed along eventually.

Eventually, the four of them got into the car.

Karen and Betty sat up front while Chuck and Yvette sat in the back seat.

Chuck held Yvette closely in his arms.

Yvette bowed her head and looked down, she did not dare look at Karen.

Karen, who was driving, watched her from the rearview mirror. She stayed silent and sighed in her heart.

She knew that Yvette really loved Chuck.

However, no matter what, Willa would still remain her most ideal daughter-in-law.

Willa's gentleness, tolerance and understanding suited Chuck the best.

She hoped that Chuck would get married with Willa and have a child with her eventually. She knew he would be happy if that happened.

However, she would not force her ideals onto him. She would grant him the freedom to choose whoever he liked.

Even when the entire Lee family had been against her choosing to be with Chuck's father, she had gone with it anyway.

Love was a type of freedom.

Karen was open-minded regarding matters like this.

She hated it when her family interfered in her love life. She was determined not to do the same to her son.

As long as Chuck was happy, it was enough. She would not try to interfere with the relationship between Chuck and Yvette.

Twenty minutes passed.

The car eventually arrived at a luxurious bar.

Chuck was not surprised to see the many luxury cars outside. Was this bar also owned by the boss of the assassin's organisation?

It probably was.

"Chucky, hold on," Karen stopped an excitable Chuck.

"What's wrong, Mom?" Chuck asked anxiously. The half and hour time limit was almost up!

"I want to talk to the both of you about something," Karen said seriously.

"Alright Mom, go ahead," Chuck replied.

Yvette was still acting like a reprimanded child. Her head was still hung low and she remained silent.

"Her personality is a bit... strange. Her mood swings are a bit difficult to fathom. To be honest, I really don't want to meet her. She's a real wicked woman," Karen admitted.

The boss was five years younger than her.

But she had done too many horrors that made even Karen speechless. They were too horrid to mention to

anyone.

It was revolting.

Chuck looked at her mother anxiously. How horrible was this woman that it made his mother uncomfortable by the thought of meeting her?

"Be careful. I'll do the talking, I know how she works. Just keep quiet when you're in there," she warned the couple.

"Mom, is she more powerful than you are?" Chuck couldn't help but ask.

Karen was dismayed. She replied with a cocked eyebrow, "What do you think?"

"I think my mother is the best," Chuck really thought so.

The boss of this killer organisation had been ecstatic when she heard Karen begging to meet up. This meant that they must think of Karen as a big deal.

"Come on, let's go," Karen smiled and got out of the car. She was happy to have been praised by her own son.

 [Watch Ads to Get 15 Vouchers](#)

Chapter 522

Chuck, Yvette and Betty trailed after Karen and entered the bar.

This was the first time Chuck had been to a bar abroad. There were so many beautiful women here, it was spectacular!

They all wore clothes that revealed a bit too much. Could it be that bars here were all like this?

Even so, he didn't spare them a second look. After all, it wasn't the right time to do so.

He walked in with his mother, passing through a crowd of beautiful women and came to a stop at a long corridor. He and Yvette were surprised to see that there were a bunch of men in black there. It was a bit intimidating.

"Were they all bodyguards? This boss must really be high-profile!" He thought.

To be honest, it was pretty normal for everyone else. The lady was the boss of the killer organisation after all. She was rich and could afford to hire these people to protect her all year round.

"Karen?" Someone came over and asked.

"Yeah, that's me. Is she inside?" Karen asked.

"Yes, but you know the rules," The leader took out a metal detector and scanned Karen, Chuck, Yvette and Betty respectively.

After he was done, he glared at Yvette menacingly.

She had no choice but to take out her dagger and pass it to him.

"You can go in now," he said.

Karen went inside, followed by the other three.

It was a large private room with all kinds of expensive wine propped on the table.

But there was only one woman inside, Alexandrina Middleton.

This woman had a pair of cold blue eyes, a high nose, and brilliant facial features. She was really pretty.

She had a perfect figure as well, looking like a work of art as she sat leisurely on the sofa.

Was this woman the boss of the killer organisation?!

Chuck was rendered speechless. When he heard the voice just now, he had thought that she would be some kind of charming woman. He didn't expect the real person to look so indifferent.

Sure enough, Karen was right. This woman's moods were difficult to pin down.

Yvette glared at her at once.

This was the person who had issued the kill order.

"Karen, you've gotten a bit slower than before, just on time. You used to be so quick... Especially when you were a killer..." Alexandrina said, holding a cup of red wine in her hand gracefully.

She looked like a royal princess.

"What?" Chuck questioned, thoroughly stunned. His mother was once a killer? How could this be possible?

Yvette was also surprised. She didn't know this. In that case, what was Karen's codename?

"Don't you think you were slow?" Alexandrina asked, her tone laced with mockery.

"If that's what you think, sure," Karen didn't care.

Karen knew this woman all too well. She would turn

against anyone at any time. Karen didn't fear anyone, so she didn't really mind the consequences.

Karen had once promised that she wouldn't hurt her.

She wasn't one to break promises.

"Since when have you become so accommodating? Come on over here, let's have a drink," Alexandrina smiled, pouring some wine for Karen.

Chuck couldn't bear to watch his mother get insulted like this, so he walked over.

"Little punk, stop right there. You have no right to even speak here, only Karen is allowed. Do you know why?" Alexandrina said.

"No, I don't."

"Did Karen teach you nothing? God, you're so rude," she muttered.

Chuck was irritated. But he knew she was right. His mother and Alexandrina were the seniors in this room.

He had to respect them both.

"I'm sorry, Auntie," Chuck surrendered.

She was the one who had issued the bounty on Yvette's head. Chuck had better be careful.

"Auntie? Who are you calling Auntie? Gosh, you're really rude," she slammed the table.

"Are you done? Stop harassing my son," Karen walked over and took the wine of glass.

"If he wasn't your son, I would have asked someone to cut him into little pieces already, you know," Alexandrina replied.

Chuck felt a tremble pass through his body. This woman was really vicious.

Karen shrugged and started to sip some wine.

"That's more like it. Right, you've had your wine and you've already met me. You can go now," Alexandrina scowled as she said.

"You know what I'm here for," Karen said firmly.

"I know, I know! You're here to break my rules which you already know, is punishable by death. Look, I've even bought you a drink, can you not bring that up? What else do you want to do?" She asked coldly.

"What do you want in exchange? Can't you just withdraw the kill order and let her go?" Karen said, straight to the point.

There was no need to beat around the bush with this woman.

"I don't want anything else, I just want her dead!" Alexandrina narrowed her eyes as she looked at Yvette.

Yvette was not afraid. She felt that even if Karen could not solve this problem, she would find a way out of this herself.

"Is there no room for negotiation?" Karen asked, still remaining calm and collected.

"What do you think? My rules have been set. No one can break them, not even you!" Alexandrina said in total finality.

The rules had remained like this forever. To put it bluntly, it had never changed and would not change for anyone. If it did, her killer organisation would not have become the largest one in the world.

What she relied on was hard rules!

"Can't we talk it out?" Karen asked as she sat down.

"Chucky, Yvette, Betty, have a seat," Karen looked at them.

The three of them prepared to sit down, but were

abruptly interrupted.

"You two can sit, but you can't. My sofa is not for the dead!" Alexandrina pointed at Yvette.

Yvette did not move an inch.

Chuck stood up, so did Betty.

"Blood Leopard, ever since you broke my rules, you should have known that you would die a tragic death!" Alexandrina said in an icy tone.

Yvette did not feel an ounce of fear. She stared right back at her.

"I have decided to kill you in the most painful way possible so that everyone will know what sort of horrible outcome will befall upon them if anyone else were to break my rules!" Her voice was as cold as ice water.

Even the temperature in the room had dropped.

It was too domineering, so devoid of emotion.

"That's enough. I know what you want to do. Just tell me what you want from me," Karen sighed.

Karen knew Alexandrina well. She was going to force herself to compromise just this once.

A cunning look appeared on Alexandrina's face. With a smile, she gushed, "Karen, you know me so well!"

"So, what do you want?" Karen asked straightforwardly.

"Well, you know how hard it is to keep the rules so strict. If you break them, I'll be really upset. How do you plan to make it up to me? Let's hear what you have to offer," she said.

"Money?" Karen asked.

"Do I look like I need more money? Although I do not have as much money as you do, I'm also rich. I think I'll even give your son some pocket money later," she

smiled a little as she said.

Chuck had worked himself into a cold sweat. This woman's temper really was all over the place. She was definitely going to drive her future partner crazy in the future.

"No need, he's not short of money as well. If you don't want money, what do you want then?" Karen asked.

"I want a lot of things, will you be able to give me all of them? You have to give me something worthy to break these rules of mine, don't you think so?" Alexandrina said playfully.

"Go ahead then, name your price," Karen said directly. She came here with the intention of helping Yvette solve this matter. No matter how much it cost her, she would agree.

"Alright, I'll tell you. If you agree to these three conditions, I'll make an exception and let her go this time!" She said.

"Alright, go on."

"First of all, I want to have a shot at her. If she doesn't die after the first shot has been fired, I'll let you know what my second condition is," Alexandrina said as she kept her gaze on Yvette.

"No way! Your marksmanship is near perfect. If you shoot her, she will definitely die," Karen immediately refused.

This woman's marksmanship was terrifyingly brilliant. She had never missed a single shot.

It would be impossible for Yvette to dodge her bullets, much less survive them.

"Why are you like this? I just want to shoot at her once! If you won't even agree to such a simple request, there's no need to keep talking about this anymore. Let's call it a

day!" She suddenly became indifferent.

Her mood swings were freaky.

Karen was rendered silent. "Just tell me what your other conditions are, I'll think about them," she said.

"Really? You want to hear them?"

"Yes, I do."

"Well then, since you've asked. I think your son looks really good. I want him to..." Alexandrina moved her gaze to direct it at Chuck. A wicked smile slowly forming on her lips as she trailed her eyes all over him.

"No!" Karen refused immediately.

At this moment, Chuck finally knew why his mother had described this woman as someone with no tact.

 [Watch Ads to Get 15 Vouchers](#)

Chapter 523

This was exactly what Karen was worried about. Alexandrina really had no principles. How could she leer at her son like this?

This wasn't love at first sight or anything like that. She just wanted to play with her son.

What did it mean for his son if he was played by a woman?

It would mean that Chuck would become a toy.

This was something Karen absolutely could not tolerate.

Karen and her were almost of the same age. How could she request such a thing? It was disgusting!

Yvette was even taken aback. "So what if my husband's good-looking? What do you want with him?" She thought in defiance.

She turned her eyes at Chuck, feeling a little sorry for him.

Betty was stunned as well. Just what was going on?

However, she also understood why Alexandrina had made such a request. She just wanted to toy with Chuck to get on Karen's nerves. To be more precise, she wanted to see Karen in a dilemma.

Chuck was stunned. He did not see any trace of interest in him through the woman's eyes. The way she looked at him was similar to when a man would look at his sports car.

He was being looked at as a toy.

She was going to use him as a tool against his mother.

Of course Chuck would resist. However, it would be for the sake of Yvette... He didn't know what to think.

"What about your other conditions, let's hear them. I'm not pawning off my son no matter what," Karen said solemnly.

She would never allow that to happen.

Chuck was still young. If he got played with by this woman, where could he place his dignity?

She would not back off from this stance of hers no matter what.

"Well then, there's no need for us to continue now, don't you think? I do think your son is cute though. I really like him," Alexandrina said as she took a sip of wine. Her face was flushed from the wine and she looked charming.

"You do? You're not someone who falls in love at first sight," Karen frowned.

"People change, you know?" Alexandrina took another sip of red wine.

"No way! Let me warn you, if you do anything to my son, I'll turn against you!" Karen didn't care too much.

She had to make herself clear.

"Turn against me? How would you..." Before she even finished speaking, Karen put her hand on her shoulder.

She did it at the speed of light.

"If I turn against you, no matter how many people you have around you, you won't be able to hide from me," Karen warned lowly.

When Karen was a killer, no one she was tasked to kill could stay alive.

Even if that person was the boss of this killer organisation.

She wouldn't be able to escape either way.

Many would have trembled with fear when her name, Dark Firmament was mentioned.

She had never once failed any jobs she'd been tasked with. She would complete each and every one of those tasks with ease.

"I know," Alexandrina shrugged her shoulders and took another sip of wine leisurely. She was not afraid at all.

"You do know it's pointless to kill me, right?" She continued.

Karen lifted her hand away from her and said, "Don't mess with my son, or I'll revoke our entire history."

If Karen had done that, she would have already taken action by now and killed her. Instead, she chose to negotiate.

"I don't care. I like your son. Let me play with him for a few days, and then... I'll consider removing Blood Leopard's kill order," Alexandrina said calmly, still looking at Karen indifferently.

"Did I not make myself clear enough?"

"Not really. You don't have to worry too much, I won't really play with him. He'll just have to drink with me and do anything else I ask him to. As for what happens at night, that would be entirely up to him..." Her eyes fell on Chuck again, freaking him out.

She was either playing or torturing him at this point. He was being treated like a toy.

"Stop it. I won't let my husband do such a thing! Over my dead body!" Yvette said coldly.

Karen looked back at Yvette at that.

"Oh, he's your husband? That's interesting. I like him more now. I don't care, I want him," She smiled wickedly.

Yvette glared daggers at her.

"Chucky, Yvette, both of you can leave first," Karen said.

With a nod, Yvette walked up to Chuck and held his outstretched hand.

"No. How about all three of you women go out, and leave your precious son here to stay? If he doesn't, it wouldn't matter if you kneeled before me or even begged me again. You know how rich I am, the kill order will just amass more money so killing me would be useless as well!" Alexandrina said.

"Mom, let me talk to her," Chuck made up his mind, he had to make her withdraw the kill order or Yvette would never get to live a peaceful life in the future.

"Chucky."

"Hubby."

"Young Master."

The three women called out to him in unison. Karen was worried that this woman was going to pull some tricks, and Yvette on the other hand felt distressed. This simply wouldn't do!

Betty also felt that this was a bad move.

"Oh, you want to be alone with me, do you? I'd like that. Quick, get them out of here," Alexandrina waved the others off with her hand, her smile charming.

"It's alright, I'll just have a short chat with her. I won't do anything rash, don't worry," Chuck certainly wouldn't do anything.

Karen thought about it for a bit and came to a decision, "Alright. But remember to keep your dignity intact, understand? Just yell for me if you need anything, okay?"

"Okay, Mom, don't worry," Chuck reassured.

"Let's go then," Karen said. Betty nodded in agreement.

However, Yvette was still worried. "Honey, please don't do anything else. I'd rather you be with any other woman but her. Can you promise me that?" She said.

Chuck smiled faintly at her and nodded.

Yvette was now finally at ease. She trusted Chuck. He had chosen to stay single for her own safety all this time, so she was moved.

Soon, Karen, Yvette, and Betty all went out.

"Remember to close the door behind you," Alexandrina said.

Karen looked back at her and closed the door.

Yvette lowered her head and fixed her eyes on the floor. She did not dare speak to Karen.

Karen, on the other hand, was talking to Betty. Betty was fussing slightly in worry, "Is the Young Master..."

"It'll be alright. Chucky knows what he's doing," Karen said calmly. She was confident in her son.

Now that she knew that her son was willing to stand up for Yvette, Karen was satisfied. She would pay close attention to the voices inside. If she thought something was going wrong in there, she would barge in immediately.

"But she..." Betty trailed off. She was worried about that woman. Alexandrina was a little abnormal.

She really thought so.

"She wouldn't dare!" Karen said slowly, narrowing her eyes...

.....

Meanwhile, in the private room.

Only Chuck and Alexandrina were left inside.

Even so, Chuck was not nervous at all. He just sat down

leisurely.

Alexandrina watched his movements as she poured him a glass of red wine, "Drink up. I like boys who listen to my instructions."

Chuck did not move an inch as he asked, "What's going to happen next if I do?"

"Well, you haven't been listening to me at all, have you? How do you suppose I continue talking to you? If you want me to release your wife, you have to be obedient. Do you understand?" She snapped.

With that, Chuck finished the glass in his hand in one gulp. It wasn't bad.

"You're not really interested in me, are you?" He asked directly.

"What are you talking about? Every woman of my age like young men. This is the same reason men tend to like younger women. Don't you like women who are younger than you?" She inquired.

Chuck shook his head. He had always liked older women. Yvette, Zelda and Quinn were all older than him...

"You're lying, that's not right," Alexandrina continued to pour Chuck another glass of wine.

"Really? I'm nineteen this year. What sort of women do you expect me to like?" Chuck shrugged.

Chuck was a bit too young. Perhaps it was because he had been charmed by Yvette ever since they were young, so he preferred older women.

A woman in her twenties was his preference.

"Only nineteen? You're so young! Let me calculate... Karen gave birth to you at the age of twenty-one?" She asked.

Chuck nodded at that.

"Well, now that you've grown up, you must have trained some martial arts, am I right?" She asked.

He grunted.

"How are your skills? Do you think you're good? How many people can you defeat at once?" She started to pester Chuck.

"Let's not talk about this anymore. Don't waste my time," Chuck didn't care.

He started to stretch his hand out.

Alexandrina's eyes immediately turned cold as she glared at him. "If you dare touch me, I'll kill you myself!" She threatened.

Chuck smiled at that and said, "Didn't you say you liked me?"

"How dare you trick me! Stay away from me, you hear me?" She demanded coldly.

Chuck was relieved. Sure enough, this woman had just been toying with him. He just needed to find a way to expose her.

 [Watch Ads to Get 15 Vouchers](#)

Chapter 524

Chuck didn't move an inch even after the warning. Alexandrina glared hotly at him and yelled, "Shouldn't you be further away from me?!"

Chuck smiled, shrugged and moved away a little. He picked up his wine glass and tried to make small talk, "Auntie, this wine is delicious."

"Do you know how precious this wine is? Even your mother wouldn't be able to get her hands on a bottle of it," she said coldly.

Chuck really liked it and managed to finish the entire glass in one shot.

"Auntie, could you get me another glass please," Chuck smiled.

He reached out with his empty wine glass.

"How crude! Do you even know how to drink wine properly?! How can you drink it like this? You need to taste it slowly!" Alexandrina was a little pissed off.

This bottle of wine was very precious, so she had been quite reluctant to drink it. She had only popped it open today because she wanted to show it off to Karen. However, Karen had not been surprised at all when she had a taste just now. She was already annoyed by that. Her heart ached to see Chuck waste her expensive wine just like that.

This bottle of wine was so precious that there were only three bottles of it left in the entire world.

"Auntie, please teach me how then," Chuck blinked hazily as he said.

"Stop trying to make it seem like we're close! I'm not your aunt, f*ck off!" She poured herself a glass of wine

and tasted it slowly. She felt better when she did.

Chuck looked at her with puppy eyes.

"Don't look at me like that! Do you know how much this wine cost me?" She muttered darkly.

"I'll just ask my mother to pay you back," he said. It didn't matter to Chuck anyways since it was just money. He had an extremely wealthy mother, hence money would never be a problem to him.

All he needed to do was tell his mother about it.

"Ask your mom to pay for the wine? Please, she'll only make fun of me," Alexandrina frowned. She didn't want to get mocked by Karen.

When Karen was still a killer back then, Alexandrina had thought that they could become good friends. She often invited her to go clubbing together but Karen refused every time. She disliked going to such places.

Of course, Karen's rejections had pissed her off. What's more, her sudden declaration to pull out of the organisation was even more annoying. After all this time, she still couldn't get over it!

She had been so kind to her, inviting her to clubs and to have fun. It was alright for Karen to refuse her invitations, but how could she just quit her job like that? She felt like she had been abandoned!

That was the main reason why she was angry.

But she knew that Karen treated her well in her own way. Because of the different priorities in life, Karen had never liked going to places like clubs or bars. But other than that, Karen had treated her as a friend...

"Auntie, what happened between you and my mother?"

Chuck had managed to take the bottle of wine and tried to pour it for himself. "Don't drink this one! It's wasted on

you. Drink that one," Alexandrina said and passed him another bottle.

Chuck shrugged and took the other bottle accordingly.

"I think your mother looks down on me," she said eventually.

"Look down on you? My mother is not that kind of person," Chuck didn't know what to say to that. His mother was the kindest person on earth. Even though she was rich, she didn't think she was in any way more superior than others.

That was a quality he adored the most about his mother.

He had inherited this personality. He was not one to act arrogantly, even if he had the ability to do so.

"It's just... I've always tried to invite her to have some fun at clubs, but she never comes," she admitted.

Chuck really didn't know what to say to that.

"Of course my mom wouldn't go!" He thought.

His mother would definitely laugh if she knew that this was the reason why Alexandrina disliked her.

"What else happened between you two?" Chuck asked as he breathed out a sigh of relief. There was still room for negotiation after all. He had initially thought that his mom had once killed one of her relatives or friends or something.

"Well, lots of other things. Your mom is very stubborn! We are all women, and I tried to introduce her to some guys but she refused! She never wants to go anywhere with me!" She said with a bitter tone.

"Oh Auntie, you can stop if it's getting too... painful to talk about," Chuck said.

"Why would I stop? Do you know why am I telling you

this?" Alexandrina teased.

"Not really. Why?"

"I want to let her know that if she looks down on me again, I will toy with her son," she declared happily, shocking Chuck.

What kind of childish logic was this?

"As you wish," Chuck said. He did not care much.

"What are you thinking? Do you really think that I'll let you touch me? I was just joking with you just now! Please, would you let a toy touch you if you were me? You are nothing in my eyes, I'll kick you if I want," she laughed.

"Do you think my mom will let that happen?" He retorted.

"It's all up to you. If you want me to withdraw the kill order, then you'll have to listen to me. There is no other way around this, do you understand?"

Chuck was still contemplating it. He would not agree to become her slave. His mother had told him not to give up his dignity as a man.

He had to refuse.

Chuck shook his head, "No."

"I'm not trying to force you but you do know that if you don't agree, your wife will die, right? The kill order that I've issued is very powerful," she taunted.

Chuck was at a loss for words. How could such a woman exist in real life?

"I can only promise you that I'll grant you particular favours. If you're thinking about humiliating me, forget it!" Chuck said.

"You won't, will you? Then what use are you if not for me to step on?" Alexandrina scoffed.

Chuck merely glared at her which made her frown, "Why are you glaring at me like that?"

He then got extremely close to her.

"F*ck off! You hear me?!" Alexandrina was furious.

Chuck didn't care in the least. "You'd better scream louder. My mom might hear and come in to save you. She'll laugh at you for getting so easily startled by me," he noted softly.

"Goodness! How did Karen give birth to such a shameless son?!" She exclaimed angrily. Although she did announce that she wanted Chuck's company, she would never in a million years allow him to touch her anywhere.

What would it mean if he touched her? Well, it would mean that she would be his toy instead of the other way round! This was something she could not accept!

Eventually, Chuck stopped inching closer and said, "Auntie, let's get straight to the point. Tell me, what do I have to do to make you withdraw the kill order?"

"I'm not withdrawing for anything, why should I?" Alexandrina smiled happily.

"Are you really not going to withdraw it?" Chuck asked again, his tone dark.

"Are you trying to threaten me now? If you weren't Karen's son, you would have been chopped up and fed to the dogs by now!" She snapped.

If he had really laid a hand on her just now, she would have hulked out already.

Knowing this, he didn't dare to do so.

In an instant, he stood up and walked towards the door. She frowned and sneered at him, "Are you going to ask your mother to come in? Let her in then.... Hold on, what

are you doing?"

Chuck had suddenly started to jog and jump around.

Alexandrina didn't quite understand what he was doing. However, she saw that his actions had slowly started to make him sweat and heave.

She immediately understood, got angry and yelled, "You rascal! How dare you set me up! Do you really want your mother to misunderstand me?!"

Chuck continued to jog, more sweat forming on his body.

Alexandrina took out a golden gun and threatened, "Stop this instance! I'll kill you if you take another step!"

Chuck remained unbothered and continued whatever he was doing. His mother was outside anyways, so why would he be afraid of her firing the gun?

Chuck was not afraid. In fact, there seemed to be no conflict between Alexandrina and his mother. This woman was just really narrow-minded and had a bad temper.

She would never shoot him, he was sure of this. If she did, his mother would definitely come in and kill her. Was she willing to exchange her own life for Chuck's?

Of course not!

Alexandrina narrowed her blue eyes at his audacity and said, "You piece of sh*t, stop! Stop it... Hey, I told you to stop! Look, I'll withdraw the kill order, alright?!"

Chuck heaved a sigh of relief hearing those words and stopped. "Thank you, Auntie."

"But I need you to agree to five conditions," she added.

"Five?!" Chuck was in a state of utter despair. This woman was really demanding.

"Yes, five!"

"Are you joking?"

"I'm really not. The five conditions are about some other matters," Alexandrina said, finally having cooled down.

She had only thought of one out of the five conditions so far, but she was confident that the other four he owed her would definitely come in handy.

Chuck was relieved and said, "Okay, I agree. But I will consider these five conditions before agreeing to them. You need to know that not everything can be done. What if you want me dead or even ask me to kill my mother? I cannot agree to anything."

Chuck was still rational.

"Are you stupid? Do you think I'll ask you to do such a thing? I hate Karen, but I hate you more. Even so, I don't want you to die so soon. Come over here, let me give you some pocket money," Alexandrina said. She really wanted to give Chuck some money.

Money? Chuck shook his head and answered, "No, I'm good. My mom has it."

"I don't want to hear that anymore," she said coldly. With a shrug, Chuck walked over and asked, "Well, how much are you going to give me?"

"Any amount you want," she replied.

"Well, how much money do you have?" Chuck asked after some contemplation.

"Why? Do you want it all?"

"No, a little something would be fine. One dollar is enough," Chuck answered.

 [Watch Ads to Get 15 Vouchers](#)

Chapter 525

"One dollar? Are you looking down on me?" Alexandrina took a sip of red wine.

"No, it's merely a small gift. Anyway, I'll be happy to have such a powerful individual as my auntie."

"You are such a glib talker. Little guy, be obedient. I promise no one in the world will dare to bully you. Don't count on your mother on this. She is far worse than me in this aspect," Alexandrina mentioned proudly.

Chuck trusted his mother even more though. However, he pretended to be flattered and said, "Thank you, Aunty."

"I wanted to shoot you just now," she continued.

Chuck smiled and replied, "Auntie, you're a good person. Why will you do so?"

"That may not be true."

"Auntie, what's your name?" Chuck asked curiously.

She had a superb figure. She was gorgeous and confident, yet at the same time cold and slightly shameless. A person like her would actually bring much joy to people around her.

"Are you starting to like me?" Her eyebrows twitched.

"My name is Chuck Cannon." He refused to answer that question, how would he even like her?

"Of course I know you're Chuck. Even your mother doesn't know my name. What makes you think I will tell you?"

"Forget it then." Chuck was heading out. He had to tell his mother about the five conditions.

"Why are you in such a hurry? Sing a song for me."

Alexandrina laid on the sofa casually.

She was not willing to let Chuck leave in such a manner. She was annoyed that this little boy had even tried to set her up not long ago.

"Then I'll sing you a nursery rhyme. Twinkle twinkle little star..."

"Get out!" Alexandrina yelled angrily.

.....

"I... I want to go in and have a look," Yvette, who had been lowering her head, finally uttered something.

She was too anxious. She worried that Chuck would suffer a lot of injustice for her sake. She would feel sorry for him.

"No, Chuck knows what to do."

Karen felt at ease instead. At the very least, her son had the capability to negotiate with others all alone.

"Okay." Yvette continued to lower her head and bit her lips to the extent that they got chapped.

The door opened and Chuck came out.

Yvette immediately ran over and commented, "Hubby, are you all right?"

"I'm fine." Chuck stared at his mother.

Karen was at ease, and Betty felt relieved.

"Mother, she agreed to withdraw the kill order, but only on five conditions," Chuck commented.

"Five conditions? What are the conditions?" Karen shot a glance at the private room.

"She hasn't told me yet."

Chuck was also not worried. There was not much conflict between her and his mother, thus she would not make things difficult for himself too.

"Well, let's make a move." Karen wanted to bring Chuck home.

"Okay," Chuck took Yvette's hand and agreed.

Yvette bit her lips coldly and mentioned, "I want to go in for a moment."

"Go in for what?" Chuck queried in surprise. Needless to say, he didn't want to go in again.

"I... I still want to be a killer," Yvette remarked while lowering her head.

Chuck sighed and answered, "Alright."

Yvette pushed the door open and went in alone.

"Mom, are we going home later?" Chuck asked. He was looking forward to meeting his elders as well as Brayden Lee.

Subsequently, Chuck could do something else to draw Black Rose out!

Anyways, he had so many photos of Black Rose in his hands. If he circulated those photos out, she would definitely take the initiative to look for him.

"Later... let's go back to my house first. We'll talk then." Karen didn't want to tell Chuck that she had been driven out by the Lee family.

"Well, mother, you make the call then. By the way, I need to find Black Rose."

"She has returned to the United States, even so, it's not easy to find her. It's hard to find a killer if she hides herself," Karen remarked. She knew that top serial killers like Black Rose would definitely have a plan B in mind.

Unless Karen spent time hunting Black Rose down, it would be very difficult to capture her. Nevertheless, Karen was occupied with other matters lately.

Chuck muttered softly that he had some photos in his

hand that could act as decoy.

Betty and Karen were dumbfounded, "What photos? How to draw her out?"

The idea never crossed Karen's mind.

"Well, see for yourself, mother." Chuck took out Frieda's mobile phone. After browsing through the photo, both Betty and Karen were lost for words.

"Where did you get this, Chuck? Why did you take such photos?" Karen questioned solemnly.

No matter what Black Rose did, he could murder her but never humiliate her.

This photo was indeed a great insult to a woman like her, who was especially careful in maintaining her appearance and status.

"You must not do this in the future! It's wrong to do this!" Karen threw a fit.

"Mother, I didn't take photos of her," Chuck tried to explain.

Karen was stunned once again. True, her son was not capable of doing so.

"If so, how did you get them?"

Chuck told Karen about Frieda. Karen and Betty stared at each other in dismay. Karen was dumbstruck as she exclaimed, "How could Frieda do this? She is a woman too. How could she behave in such a way?"

"Well, she may not be mentally stable, as she has been photographed by others too, so..."

"What kind of people are you in touch with, Chuck? You can't do such a thing. I'll get mad if you do it." Karen felt that it was necessary to teach Chuck the correct values in life.

Otherwise, Chuck might commit a lot of wrongdoings in

the future.

"Mother, I won't do that for sure. Now that I have the photos of the Black Rose. I want to circulate them out..." Chuck was being honest.

"No! You can't use this method!" Karen objected. She would never agree to use such a way to lure Black Rose out.

Betty commented as well, "Young Master, President Lee and I are both women. We know what this means to women. Please leave her with some dignity."

"Well, can I send them to Black Rose instead?" This should not be an issue. Since he won't be allowing others to have a look, he thought it would be fine to do so.

"Well..." Karen heaved a deep sigh, "Okay, but you can't send the photos to others, okay?"

"Okay. Mother, please give me Black Rose's mobile phone number."

"Alright. Betty, you check it out," Karen ordered.

"Yes." Betty nodded. She needed some time to investigate.

At this time, Yvette appeared and let out a sigh of relief. Alexandrina must have agreed to her request.

It was a good thing for Yvette, but not for Chuck.

Yvette glanced at Karen when she came out. She finally knew Karen's killer code. The person she had always wanted to surpass was apparently Karen!

She felt conflicted. She was in a dilemma!

"Let's go home," Karen commented.

"Honey, let's go home," Chuck said gently. Yvette lowered her head and bit her lips. She was distressed. How could she seek shelter at her enemy's place?

She couldn't do it. She would not cross the line.

"I... I don't want to go," Yvette whispered.

Chuck sighed and replied, "Let's go home first. It's okay."

Yvette remained silent. Karen mentioned, "There's no need to act like this. If you want to kill me, just find me. You are now going back to Chucky's home."

Everything she had belonged to Chuck, hence her house was Chuck's house as well.

When Chuck was ready, Karen would pass everything to Chuck.

Yvette bit her lips while lowering her head and agreed reluctantly. She was in a predicament, yet she was unable to decline the offer as Chuck was holding her hand tightly.

Chuck sighed and said, "Mother, let's go back."

Karen took them out.

In the private room, Alexandrina was drinking red wine and she smirked arrogantly. She already knew about the relationship between Karen and Yvette. She was so delighted and wanted to tease Karen at that time.

If that was the case, she would definitely agree to Yvette continuing with her job. She could predict that it would be such an interesting scene.

She drank up the red wine in the glass, took out her mobile phone and instructed, "Withdraw the Blood Leopard's kill order."

"Boss? What did you say?" The management was stupefied. Their boss made an exception? What had happened? She must have misheard her.

"Withdraw the Blood Leopard's kill order. Then, rank her in our top 100 killers list and assign her the most

dangerous task."

"Alright!"

After hanging up the phone, Alexandrina stood up and was ready to go back. However, the phone rang. She glanced at it and had a stunned look on her beautiful face. "Why is she calling me?"

Yes, it was Black Rose's number.

She answered the call.

Alexandrina asked, "What's the matter?"

"I want to see you." Black Rose's voice came from the phone.

 [Watch Ads to Get 15 Vouchers](#)

Chapter 526

"You want to see me?"

Alexandrina was taken aback. Black Rose was quite capable. Although there was still a huge gap between Black Rose and Karen, she was currently the most capable killer she had.

However, she was aware that Black Rose had not taken up any tasks recently. Alexandrina knew it the moment someone wanted to pay Black Rose to get rid of Karen. In fact she knew it all along.

Despite that, at the same time, she also knew that Black Rose could not kill Karen. Therefore, Black Rose and Karen became enemies. Additionally, she also came to know that Black Rose had been in her home country and only came back to the United States lately.

Black Rose's voice could be heard insisting, "Yes, I want to see you."

"Well, you know where to find me. I will only wait half an hour for you," Alexandrina was about to hang up the phone.

"Wait, I'm very far away. I may not be able to make it in half an hour."

"It's none of my business."

After hanging up the phone, Alexandrina started to drink while waiting for her. At the same time, she also called to inquire about the recent situation of Black Rose.

"Black Rose, you crossed the line this time. If Karen wants to kill you, you won't be able to survive no matter where you hide!" Alexandrina sneered while drinking her red wine.

Half an hour passed quickly and she stood up lazily. She

still had other places to go.

She wouldn't waste any more time here.

Just then, the door was pushed open.

Black Rose came in, and there was a person behind her. Yes, it was Frieda Olmedo!

Frieda caught sight of Alexandrina and she was amazed. What a beautiful and noble woman.

She was shocked when Black Rose told her that the boss of the largest killer organization in the world was actually a woman!

She aspired to become someone like Alexandrina.

When Frieda met her in person, a perverted idea immediately popped into her head. She wanted to take pictures of her.

Alexandrina was a big boss. If she managed to take photos of her, did it imply that she could do anything she liked in the future?

Even so, was there any way to do it? Frieda was in a dilemma. She had no chance at all!

"Who is she?" Alexandrina stared at Frieda lazily.

"I brought someone with me," Black Rose commented.

"With you? Is this your disciple?"

"Sort of."

"Only you can sit. She'll stand for all I care," Alexandrina ordered.

Frieda was not qualified to sit. She was furious, yet she couldn't show it.

Black Rose sat down.

"Why do you want to see me?" Alexandrina held the glass of red wine in her hand and took a sip.

"You and I have known each other for many years, I

think..." Black Rose seldom bowed to others, but Alexandrina was an exception.

"Just say it!" Alexandrina said impatiently.

"I feel something is wrong, but I have no idea what it is. I know you have a good relationship with Karen." Ever since Black Rose came to the United States, she had been feeling uneasy.

Indeed, just like now.

It was as if something she had was falling apart and into others' grasps.

Still, what could that be?

Black Rose was a killer and she would never allow others to know her weakness. She was always cautious and alert.

Be cautious and stay alert. This was the biggest reason why she was able to survive until present.

She felt uneasy, so she came to find Alexandrina.

"No, I have nothing to do with her," Alexandrina replied without hesitation.

Black Rose was stunned, her eyes darting around nervously as she said, "Then..."

"What do you want?"

"I want you to keep me safe for a while," Black Rose asked.

This was the first time Black Rose admitted defeat. She was determined to kill either Karen or Chuck someday.

This was the only safest way she could think of.

"Keep you safe? Why should I keep you safe?" Alexandrina raised an eyebrow at her.

Black Rose was her best female killer, and she had made a lot of money for her organization. Even so, there was

no other relationship between the two of them, not at all.

"Keep me safe for half a year. For the next three years, I'll accept 10 missions for you without asking for a penny," Black Rose offered.

"Oh, so that's it?"

"Five years!" Black Rose abruptly gave in.

"Five years? To keep you alive for half a year?"

"Yes, I'll merely need half a year."

"How will I know if you die in Karen's hands after half a year?" Alexandrina mentioned coldly.

"You won't lose out in this business. I promise."

Black Rose knew Alexandrina very well. Money was a temptation to her. She could do anything for the sake of money as long as it did not go against her rules.

"Oh, okay then! I'll only keep you alive for half a year," Alexandrina smiled.

The five-year deal was still a good deal. Even if Black Rose was murdered after two to three years, she would have made a lot of profit for her.

Black Rose felt a little relieved. She could finally recover at ease and plan for her revenge.

"You may follow my people outside," Alexandrina ordered.

They would bring Black Rose to a safer place.

"Yes. Frieda, let's go!" Black Rose instructed.

Frieda nodded but was stopped by Alexandrina, "She stays. I have something to tell her!"

Black Rose was stunned. She looked at Frieda and went out.

"What can I do for you?" Frieda walked over obediently

and politely. She looked extremely innocent with her pair of huge eyes.

"Stop faking yourself. When you first came in, you glanced at me and I found that there was something wrong with your gaze. Tell me, what were you thinking of?" Alexandrina was quick-witted and must have read her mind. Indeed, she saw through Frieda's wicked thoughts immediately just by one glimpse.

In spite of that, she didn't expect Frieda's thinking to be that corrupt and lecherous.

The reason she told Frieda to stay was that she took a fancy to Frieda's viciousness.

Wasn't that a killer's important trait?

Perhaps she could train Frieda a little.

"I... I think you are charming, and I want to be like you." Frieda dared not spill the beans.

She couldn't possibly tell her the truth.

If she did, she would die on the spot for sure.

"Why did you become a killer?"

Alexandrina refused to listen to her compliments.

Frieda answered, "I want to become stronger and trample all the men under my feet!"

Alexandrina was surprised to hear her answer.

She was indeed someone with great potential.

"Good, that's a good idea. Follow Black Rose and learn from her. I'll keep you alive too." Alexandrina was satisfied with her.

She was pleased with Frieda's cruelty.

Conversely, there was truly a difference between herself and Frieda.

Alexandrina had her own principles and rules. Once the

rules were made, she would follow them strictly.

On the other hand, Frieda was the exact opposite. She had no principles and integrity, and was willing to do anything to achieve her goal.

"Thank you so much," Frieda was truly surprised.

She felt much more at ease. After all, she had taken Black Rose's nudes. She would be in great trouble if she was caught.

"You can go out now," Alexandrina instructed.

Frieda lowered her head and walked outside.

Black Rose was waiting at the door, the wounds on her body no longer throbbing in pain. The only thing she needed currently was a good hiding place to restore her strength!

However, her phone rang out of the blue. She took it out and found that it was a stranger's number.

She frowned. There were only a few people who knew her number. Who was this person?

She answered the call.

"Black Rose?" It was a man's voice.

Somehow, it sounded familiar to her.

"Yes!" Black Rose replied coldly.

"Haha, I found you. Do you know who I am?" Betty had finally found Black Rose's number.

Once Betty found out, she gave it to Chuck. Of course, Chuck couldn't wait to find her.

As for Frieda, Chuck wanted her to be dead at once! It was her who shot Willa the last time.

If it weren't for her, Willa wouldn't have been injured as well.

Chuck hated her!