

## **The Girl CB 1111**

Chapter 1111 Isn't this funny?

Sampson took a look at him. "Why? Do you want us to gamble on them?"

Yates raised his eyebrows. "I don't have a problem with that. We can gamble on the result of their competition. But we don't have to make it bid. Whoever loses pay for everyone's drinks for one month."

"Okay." Sampson readily agreed, "Who are you going to bet on to win?"

Yates seriously considered it for a while. "I'll bet on Harrell."

In the car racing field, he thinks Harrell is more professional and skilled.

It's more promising to bet on Harrell.

"Since you bet on Harrell, I'll bet on Nikita." Sampson picked up a smile. "You'd better get the money for our drinks prepared."

"Why do you have so much faith on Niky?" Yates also picked up a smile and said. "I think you underestimate Harrell. When you were in abroad in the last two years, his car racing skills improved a lot. I think you will be the one who lose the bet this time."

"Really?" Sampson smiled meaningfully. Let's wait and see."

Rosa stood beside the two people. Hearing their conversation, she sneered with some disdain.

"Miss Garrett, what are you laughing at?" Yates turned to look at her.

Rosa's eyes looked very cold. And there were irony and contempt showing in her eyes. "I am laughing at your gambling."

"Laughing at our gambling?" Yates looked puzzled. "What's funny about that?"

"Of course, it's funny." Rosa sneered. "The result is clear at a glance and has no suspense. Why would someone like to gamble on this? Isn't this funny?"

Yates was stunned.

Sampson turned around and narrowed his brown eyes under his glasses with gold wire frames. And he picked up a subtle smile. "Oh? The result is clear at a glance and has no suspense? I'd like to hear Miss Garrett's opinion on this. Why is the result so predictable?"

Rosa and Sampson have a good relationship. And they can be considered as friends who have known each other for many years.

But after knowing the relationship between Sampson and Nikita, Rosa was somewhat dissatisfied with him. She looked at Sampson and sneered. "Is it really necessary to bet on this? Of course, Harrell will win."

The expression on Sampson's face didn't change much. But there was a subtle smile showing in his eyes. "Since you have so much faith in Harrell, how about we take a bet too? If Harrell wins, you win the bet. And you can tell me what you want. I'll give it to you as a gift.

"On the contrary, if Nikita wins, you have to give me something."

"Okay." Rosa promised and smiled ironically. "If you lose, I want that inscription you got at the auction."

"Deal." Sampson nodded to agree.

Rosa smiled: "Then I will wait for you to send the inscription to my home."

Sampson picked up a smile and didn't say anything else.

Seeing them like this, Yates just stood aside as an onlooker and didn't say anything either.

Obviously, Rosa joined them in this bet because of Nikita.

She has had a crush on Sheehan for so many years that she couldn't give up so easily.

Sheehan walked to the camera which was placed opposite to him and sat down, watching the real-time video of the car race on the track.

The man stared at the camera intently and didn't hear what several people were saying opposite him.

Corley also walked over. He held his arms in front of his chest and stood aside to watch the game for a while. Although he looked quite calm, he was actually feeling a little worried about Nikita in his heart.

In the video played in real time, the sports car driven by Nikita was overtaken by Harrell's sports car several times. And Nikita almost drove out of the track once.

Chapter 1112 Nice Try

From the video, Nikita's driving skills were quite good.

But compared with Harrell, she was just fine.

Maybe Harrell would win the match.

Sheehan was staring at the video. Corley looked at Sheehan, who was silent, and ridiculed, "Mr. Lambert, who do you think will win the match?"

Sheehan didn't lift his head and ignored him.

Corley didn't mind it. He touched his chin and said to himself, "I think Niky is hard to win. It is the last lap, and Harrell is now ahead of her. Basically she won't have the opportunity to overtake him."

They entered the last lap of the match.

In the video, the black sports car was far from the silver-gray sports car.

In this case, it was very difficult for Nikita to overtake him.

Corley watched the two cars that were farther and farther away from each other in the video, he sighed sadly.

It was obvious that Nikita was also good at racing. She was quite professional in all aspects.

However, her opponent was Harrell.

Harrell specialized in racing. He has been racing for ten years since he was a teenager.

Nikita might lose because she was too young, and she was not so experienced.

Originally, she could be close to Harrell at the beginning, but when it came to several intersections with large curves, the technical gaps were obvious.

When she passed the third turning, she suddenly fell behind for a long distance.

"Well, how about that?" "As I said, this is a match without suspense." Rosa and Yates also came over and looked at the two cars in tandem in the video. Rosa smiled with some pride.

She would like to see Nikita's absolute failure!

She said those confident words before the match, and now she must be regretful.

She pretended to be skillful, and she deserved the failure!

Yates saw the situation in the video and felt that the result of this match should be no suspense.

It was impossible for Nikita to have the opportunity to overtake Harrell again.

If the distance was not huge, there was still a chance, but Harrell had a large distance from her. No one believed that Nikita would win.

Nikita's medical skills were quite excellent.

She was also good at writing songs and playing games.

But in racing, her skills were just ordinary.

"Although Niky will lose the game, I think she is still very good." Yates looked at Sheehan, who said nothing from the beginning to the end, and said, "Racing is not suitable for girls, and there are basically no girls in professional racers."

"Niky is quite good in this field." "At least she is better than me." "Her opponent is so great. If I were her opponent, I will definitely lose the match."

Yates was telling the truth.

Nikita was actually quite powerful, she failed to win, just because Harrell is more powerful than her.

For a girl, she was quite good at racing.

He admired her.

Rosa ironically smiled, "She is the loser. Why did you say these meaningless nonsense."

"Is she losing?" "The game is not over yet. Who told you that Nikita would lose?"

Sheehan, who has been watching the video and didn't speak, suddenly made a comment. He raised his head and looked at Rosa with cold eyes.

The man's eyes were cold and stern, and his look was sharp like a knife.

Chapter 1113 Turning Defeat into Victory

Rosa stunned and was a little afraid, but she still didn't want to make concessions, "Sheehan, even if you are partial to Nikita, you can't ignore the facts."

"Do you think she still has the chance of winning under such circumstances?"

Yates looked at the video and didn't speak.

In fact, he felt the same way.

Nikita...would lose the game.

Although the match was not over yet, the possibility of overtaking Harrell under such circumstances was tiny.

Unless there was a miracle.

But the possibility of a miracle was also negligible.

But Harrell couldn't say such words to him.

Yates didn't look at the camera anymore. He turned his head and looked at Sampson, who was still calm and didn't panic at all. His elbow gently hit Sampson and lowered his voice. "The red wine from your winery 50 years ago can be taken out."

He has been craving the treasured red wine in Sampson's winery for a long time.

Sampson treasured those wine most. No matter how he implored him, Sampson refused to take them out and let him take even one sip.

This time, he could make him give in.

Sampson heard him, but he didn't say anything, just laughed.

"What are you laughing at?" Yates hit him again. "You won't regret it, will you?" "Want to go back on your word?"

Sampson smiled and looked at him without saying a word.

"Really?" Yates raised his eyebrows and said, "do you think she has a chance to turn the tables?" "Harrell is winning!"

Sampson's voice was still confident, "The competition is not over yet. The winner or loser is still uncertain. Everything is possible."

"Do you really think so?" Yates smiled, "Well, it seems that you are really confident in Niky." "Now there is only one last circle left. We will see the result soon."

“Then wait until the game is over, and we will talk about drinking your wine.”

Sheehan gave a cold look to Rosa, and didn't pay more attention to her. He lowered his head and continued to look at the real-time broadcast in the video seriously.

Rosa looked at him coldly, clenched her lips, and her eyes turned red.

She came here today for Sheehan.

But she was treated like that.

Now, was Nikita the only one in his heart?

Their friendship for so many years and her dedication to him for so long was nothing in his eyes.

In the past, Rosa could find some excuses to go to his home, or his company to find Sheehan, and create opportunities for herself to get along with him.

But now, she went to the company to find him, and he refused to see her at all.

She went to his house, but Old Mr. Lambert said he moved out.

She couldn't even find a chance to meet him.

This time, she heard from Harrell that he would come to race today, so she came here specially.

She has never been so humble in front of any man. She was obviously the one who knew him best and loved him most in the world, but why wouldn't he look at her more and give her a chance?

“Damn, no!”



Rosa was still immersed in resentment and sadness, and suddenly Yates's shocked voice sounded in her ear, "This happened so fast that I didn't even see what was going on."

"Why does Niky surpass Harrell all of a sudden?" "It's... it's unbelievable."

Chapter 1114 Nikita Won

"Sampson, didn't I have a hallucination?" "Tell me, what happened just now." "Why does Niky surpass Harrell all of a sudden?" "It's impossible! How could it be possible?"

"What!!!"

Rosa looked up in consternation.

"Yates, what did you just say?" "Who had surpassed whom?" "What are you talking about?" "Rosa felt that she must have misheard. Just now, Yates said that Niky had surpassed Harrell?"

How could this be!

She must have misheard!

Yates was greatly shocked. He stared at the video with his eyes wide open, his mouth open, and he couldn't say a word.

Rosa clenched her lips and followed her eyes towards the screen.

She was stunned, then she opened her eyes with amazement, which were full of astonishment.

"How was that possible?" She was stunned for a few seconds, and sent out the same screaming as Yates. "Impossible, how was this possible, was there something wrong?"

Nikita's car, unexpectedly overtook Harrell.

One second ago, Harrell was far away from her, but on the lap, Nikita not only surpassed Harrell, but also left Harrell far behind her.

Harrell seemed to be surprised too. His car slowed down at once, and then he accelerated, trying to catch up with Nikita.

But there was no chance.

Harrell didn't have the time to catch up with Nikita. Nikita has reached the destination.

Then her car stopped steadily.

"Niky win..." Yates opened his eyes again, and he relentlessly gave incredible exclamation. "Niky actually win."

Corley also saw the scene that he didn't see clearly just now. His amazement was no less than Yates's, but he looked quite calm and didn't behave as excitedly as Yates.

He stared at the screen for a while, straightened up, and clapped his hands, smiled and said happily, "Wonderful, this game is really wonderful, we didn't come here in vain today."

He never thought Nikita could win.

He also thought that Nikita would lose this game.

Who would have thought that a girl who was so far behind Harrell would be able to overtake him in the next second.

It happened so quickly.

The audiences had no time to react.

Before they could react, an impossible thing happened under the nose of a group of people.

If he hadn't seen it with his own eyes, he wouldn't believe it.

However, although Corley was quite shocked, he felt that such a thing happened to Nikita seemed to be quite normal.

Nikita was an incredible girl.

She was a girl with many secrets and mysteries.

She was completely different from the girls of the same age.

Everything happened to her was impossible for others.

"Sampson, did you know that Niky would win earlier?"

Yates was shocked for a long time before he could recover. He turned his head and looked at Sampson, who was still calm, as if everything was within his expectation. Yates couldn't help but ask, "Niky used to race with people like that?"

Nikita's resounding recovery absolutely wasn't out of luck.

Yates himself raced too, so he knew it clearly.

Chapter 1115 Unique Courage of Nikita

On the field, if you want to win, you have to depend on your skills, and there was no luck at all.

Your opponent would never give you any chance to win.

Sampson stretched out his hand and took off the gold rimmed glasses on his nose. He pulled out a handkerchief from his bag and wiped it slowly for a while. After wearing the glasses back, he said in no hurry, "Nikita likes to play."

"Like to play?" Yates stunned, "What did you mean?"

Sampson smiled, and his voice was still calm, "From the beginning, she didn't show all her skills and was playing with Harrell."

"Otherwise, in the whole game, Harrell could only be left behind by her."

Yates: "..."

He was surprised, "So, Niky is actually...playing with Harrell?"

"You are right."

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Looking at Yates's surprising appearance, Sampson sneered, "When you think you have hope to win, it is cruel to suddenly give you a fatal blow, right?"

"Nikita has always loved to play like this, but it is a bit unkind." Sampson shook his head and sighed, but his tone was quite intimate. "However, she is the only one who dares to play like this."

When it comes to the field, who doesn't go all out?

Who dares to hold the slightest thought of playing?

Unless you don't want to win.

People who don't want to win won't get on the field.

Anyway, Sampson never met the second people who dared to play in professional competitions like Nikita.

Nikita also had such skills.

If it were someone else, he wouldn't dare to..

Yates: "..."

No wonder Sampson was not in a panic from the beginning to the end with steady winning confidence.

It seemed that he couldn't drink the red wine in Sampson's wine cellar for now!

Rosa also heard Sampson's words.

Her face turned green.

Turning his head to look at her, he smiled and said, "I won our bet." "You should keep your promise.""

Rosa took a deep breath and endured her anger, "What do you want?"

"I don't need anything else." Sampson thought carefully for a few seconds, and his voice was light, "The piano in your home is good, so give it to me."

"When do you think it is convenient, I will arrange people to get it."

"What? You want that piano?" Rosa's face darkened all of a sudden, "No, everything is okay except for the piano." "You can choose another one!"

Chapter 1116 Venting Nikita's Anger

That piano is Rosa's beloved thing.

When she participated a competition before, she specially airlifted the piano abroad, and won the prize in the competition with that piano.

That was the piano she has used for more than ten years, which meant a lot to her.

Sampson took a fancy to her piano, but he didn't want anything else. Didn't he know how important that piano was to her?

With a graceful and gentle smile, he said, "I'm not interested in anything else except the piano." "Well, you don't want to give it to me?" "If you don't want to give it to me, you can say that you can't do it in front of everyone. If you can't afford it, our bet will be invalid."

Rosa's face suddenly became particularly ugly.

Biting her lips, she suppressed her anger and clenched her fists, "Did you do it on purpose?" "You know how important that piano is to me, but why did you ask me to give it to you?"

"I can give you anything at the same price, or anything more expensive than that piano, you..."

Before she could finish her words, Sampson interrupted her with a smile.

The man still looked like a gentle scum, and his voice was soft. He had a good temper and was easygoing, but his words were not so gentle.

Looking at Rosa, who was livid, Sampson said with a smile, "Admit defeat for bet. As I said just now, you can go back on your word, as long as you can admit in front of everyone that you can't do it and

can't afford it."

"From now on, don't get involved in any gamble." "As long as you can do these two things, our bet will be invalid." "You can choose what to do."

"Sampson...!" Rosa's face turned from green to black, which was ugly.

She originally felt strange that Sampson was not interested in musical instruments, so why did he just take a fancy to her piano?

Moreover, she couldn't give other things instead.

Now, she finally knew.

Sampson was intentional to makes her awkward!

He wasn't really interested in that piano, he just wanted to upset her!

There was only one reason for him to do so, and that was for the sake of Nikita!

Even Yates and Corley saw that Sampson was intentional.

Corley's sister was angry, but Corley not only kept silent, but was ready to see what would happen next.

Yates didn't say a word. Anyway, this matter has nothing to do with him, so he didn't want to get involved.

Sampson did it for Nikita. Although he and Rosa didn't have a close relationship, they haven't had any conflicts before. There was no reason for him to provoke her.

At this time, Sheehan, who kept silent for a long time, stood up. He looked at her and his voice was indifferent, "If you can't afford to lose, don't be here."

"Sheehan, I..." Sheehan was finally willing to talk to her, but not to speak for her. Rosa was embarrassed and wronged, and her eyes suddenly turned red.

Without looking at her again, he turned to look at Corley without hesitation. He said coldly, "Have you forgotten our rules?" "Who let you bring her here?" "You brought her here. You should bring her back."

"If you bring unrelated people again, you will not be welcomed."

"I didn't want to take her here. She heard that someone was here and insisted on coming with me." Corley shrugged his shoulders and said innocently, "Okay, I won't bring her here next time."

Chapter 1117 Louis Taught Me

After Corley finished his words, he turned his head and shrugged his shoulders at Rosa. He spread his hand and said, "You see, it's not that I don't want to bring you here, it's that I can't bring you here."

"I told you that our small group has relevant regulations, but you still don't believe it. You still said that I didn't want to bring you here. Now you should believe me." "Now you should believe me."

Rosa pinched her fists, bit her lips, and lowered her eyes without saying a word.

After a while, Nikita and Harrell drove over.



After the cars stopped, Nikita got out the car first.

Sheehan took a bottle of water in the rest area and walked towards her.

As soon as Nikita got out, her hand was held. The man handed over the water bottle that was opened and changed the cold attitude just now. His voice was low and firm, but he was very gentle, "Drink some water to moisten your throat."

Nikita took the water, took a sip, looked down at the hand held by him, and struggled slightly. "My hands are full of sweat."

Sheehan didn't let go, but held it tighter.

Nikita: "..."

Come on, forget it.

"You won." He pinched her palm and rubbed her head, and his eyes full of affection. "You are so good at racing?" "When did you learn that?" "Why didn't you tell me before?"

Raising her head to look into his eyes, she raised her eyebrows and said, "Maybe when I was thirteen years old?" "It seemed to be very interesting, so I found someone to teach me."

"As for why I didn't tell you..." The girl shrugged, "You didn't ask me."

"Okay, I'll ask you in advance when take you to play next time." "You just said that you had found someone to teach you. I guess the person who taught you should not be ordinary."

Nikita did not hide anything, she nodded and said, "Louis taught me."

“Louis?” Sheehan was a little surprised. “Louis, the god of racing?”

“Hmm.” Nikita drank some water again, and the tone was quite calm. “That’s him.”

Although Sheehan has guessed that the identity of the person who taught Nikita was definitely unusual, but he still didn’t expect that it would be the famous god of racing-Louis.

Louis was like a god in the racing world.

He couldn’t count all kinds of trophies he has won..

Although he has retired now, no one could achieve the great achievements he has created.

His position in the racing field was still unshakable.

It was well known that Louis never had any disciples in his life.

But Nikita’s racing skills were unexpectedly learned from Louis?!!

And Nikita knew Louis when she was only thirteen years old.

They talked for a while and Harrell also got out the car to join them.

Harrell’s expression was not good. It was really out of his expectation that he would lose this game. In the last lap, he was completely stunned, and he still couldn’t figure out how he lost until now.

However, his losing was a fact, and he was not a man who couldn’t afford to lose.

He walked to Niky unhappily and said in a low voice, “Nikita, I lost.” “Give me the address, and I’ll ask someone to send the car there.”

Harrell was in a bad mood, not because he lost the car.

But he thought he would win, but at the last minute, Nikita reversed the situation, and he became a loser instead.

Chapter 1118 Not Convinced?

This huge psychological gap was unacceptable to him for now.

Sheehan half narrowed his eyes and looked at him, "Unconvinced?"

Harrell lowered his head and his expression on his face was a little upset, and he looked unconvinced. He said in a low voice, "I didn't play well in that game just now. If I compete again, I will definitely win it back!"

Harrell felt that he lost the game just now because he underestimated the enemy and didn't go all out.

He thought if he used all his skills then he would definitely win!

Hearing his words, Nikita looked up at him, the corners of her mouth slightly raised, "Do you want another round?"

Harrell raised his head at once, "If possible, I want to compete with you again." "Of course, there is a bet in this round. If I lose, you can tell me whatever you want."

Nikita narrowed her eyes, and her eyes were somewhat lazy. She looked at Harrell's face and hooked her lips, "I can play with you for another round. If you lose this time, you should donate 300 million dollars to charity."

"If you think it's okay, we'll have another round."

“OK!”

Harrell promised without thinking: “I lost, I donated 300 million dollars to charity.”

“Similarly, if I lose, I would donate 300 million dollars.” Nikita stuffed the water bottle to Sheehan and turned back to the sports car. She looked at Harrell who also came over and smiled, “It’s still not late for you to go back on your word now.”

“What are you talking about!” “I don’t believe that I will lose again!” Harrell opened the door, sat in, swept away the previous frustration and unwillingness, and regained confidence in his eyes.

He must win this time!

The previous round was purely an accident!

He wouldn’t let that happen again!

“He wanted to compete again, and you just agree?” Sheehan’s spoiled tone showed his disapprove. “Why did you do that? If he loses again, and let you play with him again. Will you still play with him?”

Nikita opened the door with one hand, looked at the handsome man with delicate and sharp facial features in front of him, and resisted the impulse to reach out and touch his face. Her voice was lazy, “Someone wants to give out his money, we should seize the chance.” “This is the last round.”

Besides, it was a lot of money.

It was 300 million dollars!

Sheehan smiled, “He gives it to you, and you will donate it, and you can’t spend it yourself.”

Nikita nodded and said, “Well, it’s the same for others to use it for me.”

At that moment, Sheehan didn't know what to say.

Nikita seemed to have made a lot of money.

But she didn't seem to have much money.

Probably because all the money she earned was donated.

Over there.

Seeing that Nikita and Harrell's sports cars were on the track again, Yates said excitedly. "There is one more race between them." The bet was so big that the loser had to donate three hundred million dollars.

"Bro, who will win this time?"

Sampson got a chair to sit down, and his slender legs overlapped. He chuckled, "Shall we gamble again?"

"Forget it." Yates gave immediately.

At the beginning of the second round, the red sports car and the black sports car sped out at the moment when the gunfire rang out.

Harrell did not dare to underestimate the enemy anymore. From the very beginning, she showed all his strength and tried his best to win.

It was just that this round ended much faster than he thought.

Nikita tried to end the game and no longer played with him like before. In less than ten minutes, she reached the destination and ended the game.

#### Chapter 1119 Humiliation

After Nikita arrived at the finish line, she waited for two minutes before Harrell's car drove over.

After Harrell came over, Nikita took off her sunglasses, opened the door and got out of the car.

The girl held her sunglasses in one hand, held her arms, and leaned lazily on the door.

After a while, Harrell also got out of the car.

"Another round?" Nikita looked at Harrell, who was very upset, and asked with a friendly tone.

Harrell: "..."

This time, he was convinced.

After this round, he realized that Nikita really didn't show all her strength in the last round.

This had nothing to do with his underestimation of her.

Because even if he did his best, he still lost miserably.

From the beginning to the end, he was left far behind by her, and no matter how hard he tried, he couldn't catch up with her.

This round let Harrell clearly realize the huge gaps between him and Nikita.

“Niky, I don’t want to have another round.” It seemed that she had a clear understanding of himself, “I’m already defeated by you.” “I will donate three hundred million dollars to the charity as I promised.”

Harrell dialed a phone number to ask a person to prepare 300 million dollars as soon as possible and donate to the charity Nikita designated.

“Niky, I asked them to prepare the money.” “I will send you the bank transfer notification after the donation is finished.”

Nikita nodded and turned back to the car.

Harrell stood still and stared blankly. When Nikita’s car left, he recovered himself and turned around. He looked disappointed and returned to his car.

Yates, Corley and Rosa, who hasn’t left yet, witnessed the wonderful and exciting match just now, which was not a game but cruel humiliation.

Harrell was badly humiliated, and he didn’t even have the chance to fight back.

“Apart from Louis, the god of racing, I have never seen a faster racer than Niky.” Yates was stunned, and his chin almost fell to the ground. “I believe Sampson’s words that Niky was just playing with Harrell.”

Otherwise, Harrell would have no chance to catch up with Nikita in the last round.

“Niky is too awesome!” Yates’s eyes were full of worship. “She is good at medicine, writing songs, playing games, and even at racing cars.”

“Does she have any shortcoming?”

“Nikita is very great.” Corley also had appreciation in his eyes, “She is very professional in racing and definitely not an amateur.”

“Harrell can’t compare with her. I dare to say that none of us here can beat her.”

“Maybe, only Mr. Lambert can compete with her.”

Sheehan was also a professional racer.

Before he took over the Lambert Group, he also joined the professional racing team, participated in world-class racing competitions and won many awards in the competitions. Even Louis, the god of racing, praised him for his talent and said that he was the second talented racer he had ever met.

As for the first talented racer, Louis didn’t tell.

However, Corley felt that if Louis met Nikita, he would definitely feel that Nikita was the third talented racer.

“She is a genius, and I can’t compare with her.” Sheehan watched Nikita drive over, took a bottle of water, got up and walked towards her.

Rosa stood beside and heard that a group of people, including her own brother were boasting Nikita. She bit her lips, pinched fingers and lowered her eyes with hatred.

Chapter 1120 Don’t You Even Want Your Sister

Corley didn’t say who the others were, but it was obvious who he was talking about.

Rosa clenched her lips, stood still, and said with indignation in her voice, “Brother, do you want me to leave at once?” “Did I bother you?”

Corley was stunned and frowned, “Rosa, what did you mean?”

Rosa looked at him with resentment in her eyes and said, “If I stay here, I will make your sweetheart unhappy.” “You are afraid that she will hate you because of me.”



“Brother, you care much about her, but did she take you seriously?” “She is with Sheehan now. Do you think she will like you?” “Well, she hasn’t even looked at you. How can you please her? Is it useful? ”

Corley’s face darkened, “What are you talking? Nonsense!”

Rosa snorted, “Am I wrong?” “Are you sure you don’t have that kind of feelings to her?” “Brother, don’t blame me for not reminding you. No matter what you are thinking about, a woman of such identity can’t enter our family!”

“Grandpa will disagree first!”

Corley was annoyed, his face was ugly. He grabbed Rosa’s hand and couldn’t help getting angry, “Rosa, you are ridiculous!” “If you talk such nonsense again, I will be rude to you!”

“What do you want?” Rosa sneered, and her eyes turned red. Her voice choked, “Do you want to slap me again?” “Brother, you have never been angry with me before, and you would not hit me.” “You said you would love me and protect me all your life.”

“Now, for the sake of a woman, you don’t even want your sister?”

Corley froze, thinking of the slap before, and then looking at Rosa’s red eyes, he pressed his lips tightly, took a deep breath, and pressed down his anger.

“I’ll take you home.” Corley clutched her wrist and walked towards the sports car parked nearby. “If you have anything to say, go back, and we will talk about it.”

Sampson and Yates looked at the unhappy brother and sister, and looked at each other, they could only keep silent.

Rosa shouldn’t have come.

It was good for her to leave.

"I will drink with you another day." Corley let Rosa sit into the car. After greeting Yates, he was ready to leave.

"Wait a minute." Seeing that they were leaving, Sampson walked slowly to him and reached out to knock on the window.

Corley lowered the window and raised his eyebrows, "Something happened?"

Sampson looked at him, but didn't say anything. He looked over at Rosa, who was sitting in the passenger seat. He slightly raised the corner of his lips and said in a warm voice, "Miss Garrett, don't forget to send the piano." "You should know where my law firm is, right?" "If you don't know, I'll give you the address:"

Rosa gritted her teeth and stared at him.

"Don't keep me waiting for too long." Sampson looked at her with indifferent eyes. After leaving his words, she turned around and walked away. Harrell lost three games in succession in less than half a day, and more than one billion dollars was lost.

He was completely defeated.

He thought it was okay to be defeated by Sheehan.

What was this now?

Double kill from a couple?

"Forget it." Harrell was listless. "It's not fun at all. It's boring."

The others got out the car one after another.