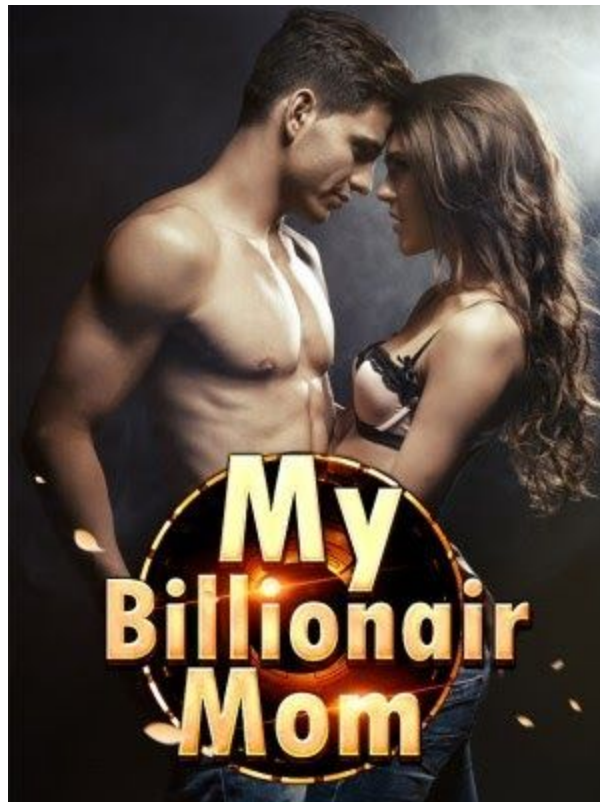


# My Billionaire Mom

## Chapter 1 - 12

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BookFromNovelCatACEFirst

GetNee

## Chapter 1

"Get up!"

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

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

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

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

"You useless piece of trash, your face even pisses

me off!" Yvette's beautiful face was full of disgust.

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

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

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

"No, I'm not. It was your grandfather who forced me to marry you. Did he ever ask me if I agreed? If I had a choice, how could I marry a good-for-nothing like you!"

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Chuck wanted to bury himself out of shame.

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

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

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

"You don't have money to ask your parents for it?"

Are you an orphan?"

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

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

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

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



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

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

"Hello." Chuck greeted.

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

"..." Chuck was stunned.

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

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

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

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

Chuck was dumbfounded. His mother, whom he

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

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

That was five million!

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

Chuck giggled and walked to the campus.

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

here stupidly?"

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

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

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

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

"You! Great! I'd like to see how brave you are. From

now on, if you dare to enter my house again, I'll break your legs!"

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

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

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

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

After pushing the door open and entering, the real-estate agency employees did not pay attention to Chuck who was dressed ordinarily. This kind of person was either looking for a part-time job, begging

for food, or the type who wasn't interested in buying anything but just trying to enjoy the air conditioned room.

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

"To buy a house."

"To buy a house?" Natalie Xavier's big eyes narrowed. She stared at Chuck carefully for a long time. She had been a real estate agent for so long, but she had rarely misjudged someone.

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

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

## Chapter 2

"Yes, ..."

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

"Well, I..."

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



Natalie immediately chose to leave Chuck aside and greeted the man with a smile.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"What's going on, Natalie?"

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

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

More importantly, he was too young to buy a house as he looked just 18 or 19 years old. No one would believe he had the ability to.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Sorry to keep you waiting."

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

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

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

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

What was going on? Generally speaking, only people who bought a house could enter this car. Didn't the next-door real-estate agency see that this

little rascal didn't have the ability to buy a house at all?

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

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

At this time, an employee next door came quickly. He pushed the door open and said with a smile, "Thank you. You sent such an important customer to our

company. We haven't run into any big business in the past two years. Today is a big day."

"Important customer?" The manager's face darkened and he hurriedly asked, "What did he buy?"

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

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

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

"How could it be possible! He is so poor, how could

he possibly afford to buy a house..."

"Smack!"

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

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

But now.

The manager trembled with anger when he thought of the commission of 300,000 dollars gone with the



wind. He kicked Natalie again and said, "Get out! You're fired! Get out!"

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

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

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

Thud!

The manager threw Natalie's personal belongings out of the door and yelled at her,

"Get out of here! Don't let me see you again!"

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

Three and a half million dollars was paid in a lump sum graciously. The salesman had not seen such a rich man for a long time, and his face was full of admiration and envy.

He then took the initiative to send Chuck back to

university. When he arrived at the gate, Chuck nodded and said, "You can drop me off here."

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

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

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

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

There were not many classes in the afternoon, but Chuck had already been absent for a whole class

because he had been held up outside for a while.

Seeing Chuck walking into the classroom, Lara Jean sneered, "Oh, who is this? Isn't this Chuck, the beggar of our class? I'm telling you, don't lend your money to such a person. When you lend him money, he acts as though you're his savior and bows to you. However, when you try to get the money back from him, he acts shamelessly like a scam trying to cheat off your money. Speaking of which, he hasn't even paid me back until now."

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

The whole class burst into laughter...

## Chapter 3

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

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

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

Chuck's expression was indifferent. He looked at Lara and took out 400 dollars from his bag saying,

"I'll return you the money now. I was really grateful when you were willing to lend me some money when I was starving, but you just slandered me. Let's call it even now."

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

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

"I earned it myself," Chuck said calmly.

"You?" Lara sneered and said, "Why don't you look in the mirror before saying something so outrageous? How can you earn yourself 400 dollars in the morning? Did you sell your body or something?"

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

Seeing as so many students laughed at him in the classroom, Chuck sighed and sat back in his seat.

"Lara, you should be easier on people."

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

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

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

The other students also asked with jealousy,

"Hey, how much did you pick up?"

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

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

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

All the students were surprised and envied him very much. If they had his luck and picked up two thousand dollars, their lives would be much more comfortable and easier.

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



"Such a embarrassment for our class!"

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

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

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

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

Chuck said with a wry smile, "I just want to tell you

that I'm going to move out today."

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

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

But he had been timid since he was a child, even insisting to use her as his body pillow when sleeping. If it weren't for the death of his grandfather, god knows how much longer she would've have to be hugged by him to sleep.

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

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

Chuck said seriously.

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

"I won't."

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Yvette was very conflicted. She didn't want to go, but

she didn't want to waste this opportunity either. Just when she had wanted to negotiate, he hung up all of a sudden.

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

She decided to take the risk!

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

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

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

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

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

Yvette sneered impatiently.

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

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

Yvette was also absent-minded for a moment. She didn't expect that this man, whom she looked down upon the most, would say such comforting words today. It was as though in a trance, she had found

someone to rely upon.

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

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

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

Chuck did not defend himself. He left with his



suitcase.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

come to such a high-end hotel.

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

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

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

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

Chuck frowned slightly and ignored them, dragging

his luggage into the hotel.

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

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

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

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

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

Conrad probed carefully, "The presidential suite?"

How much is that?"

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

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

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

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

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

"This rubbish really thinks that he is rich after picking

up 2,000 dollars. Just look at his beggar-looking clothes? How dare he try to book a room in this kind of place?" Lara sneered.

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

However...

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"He is really good at spending money! Picking up



20,000 dollars and spending half of it lavishly, such a spendthrift!" Lara was bitter, and her face was full of discontent.

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

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

Conrad was puzzled. "But how?"

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

## Chapter 4

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

"Where are you going?" Lara asked.

Chuck replied, "To get something to eat."

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

Although Chuck was disgusted by Lara's words, he

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

"Thanking you is what I should do."

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

Chuck nodded. "Okay."

He took the bait!

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Chuck said casually, "Well, you can order whatever you like."

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

So pretentious!

Lara, of course was more than happy to hear so. She

took the menu and pointed at whatever she liked.

She ordered a total of seven dishes, and at this point even the waiter's expression was a little strange. These dishes were all Triumph Hotel's expensive recommended dishes, costing them around four to five thousand dollars in total. Judging that they were students, how could they afford such expensive dishes? He confirmed once more, "Are you sure you want to order so much?"

Each dish in Triumph Hotel is not only of high quality, but also of great quantity. Generally speaking, four or five dishes should be enough for three people."

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

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

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

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

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

Lara looked at Chuck's calm face and sneered in her heart. At this time, he still pretended to be generous.



"Since there's going to be more people later, it'll be alright if we add on a few more dishes, right?"

Chuck nodded.

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

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

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

The two of them rushed over after hearing Lara claiming that there was an idiot treating them to food at Triumph Hotel. When they came and realized that

the idiot was Chuck Cannon, their faces were full of surprise.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Conrad and the others were full of bitterness, but

even if he was lucky, what could he do? Today, they would force him to spend everything!

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

Everyone was stunned and puzzled!

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

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

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

## Chapter 5

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

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

"You've lent me some money, so it's reasonable for

me to treat you. Now that I've treated you, you should settle the rest by yourself. I don't know these people, and I don't have the interests of treating strangers." Chuck stood up.

Lara was so angry that she was going crazy!

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"You say you don't want to treat everyone here because you don't know them. Then, why should I treat your friends to a meal? Do I know them?" Chuck retorted sharply.

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

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



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

However, she was immediately shocked by her own words!

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Moon and Tia were even more dumbfounded. 8000

dollars was their living expenses for two months. How could he just give it away like that?

## Chapter 6

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

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

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

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

Lara was so angry that she gnashed her teeth in

annoyance. She glared at them, took out a credit card while gritting her teeth, and squeezed out three words from her mouth, "pay by card!"

Moon and Tia heaved a sigh of relief.

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

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

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

a dog when he runs out of money. At that time, don't lend him a cent even if he kneels to you!" Conrad Lee said coldly.

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

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

Tia said added.

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

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

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

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

Chuck took the elevator back to his room. In fact, he didn't feel good deep down because Yvette Jordan was also in this hotel now.

Although she had been scolding him all the time, Chuck had been sleeping with her for more than ten years. Moreover, after grandpa died, she had spent money to raise him, and Chuck still had feelings for

her. He wanted to find out which room Yvette was in, but unfortunately, he couldn't find her.

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

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

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

"Haha, I can't wait any longer. This bitch was still

pretending just now. Continue pretending while you still can, I'll give you the time of your life in just a moment." The other man smirked lecherously as he also pulled Yvette into the room.

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

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

"Say no more, just drag her in!"

Chuck clenched his fists. No matter what happened, Yvette was still his wife.



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

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

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

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

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

The two men left quickly!

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

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

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

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

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

## Chapter 7

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

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

would not mind transferring it to her.

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

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

"My head hurts!"

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

It must be so!

Yvette gave a sigh of relief. She put on her clothes and sat on the bed. Sighing again, she decided it was probably time to transfer the ownership of her company to someone else. She didn't want to go through last night's incident again.

Ding!

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

Is it really a baller?

"Are you awake?"

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

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

"Well, sort of."

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

"No."

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

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

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

The man didn't reply for twenty seconds and Yvette

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

Ding!

The baller transferred one hundred thousand dollars!

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

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

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



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

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

Ding!

The baller transferred one hundred thousand dollars!  
Again!

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

Yvette felt puzzled and clicked on the his profile. She wanted to see his album, but she didn't find anything. Who was this guy?

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

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

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

She was full of doubts.

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

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

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

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

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

Then, he could help her.

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

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

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

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

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

With only a few words, the employee had Yvette sign some documents before driving off in her car.

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

"She wanted to sell her house!"

He was speechless. *Was Yvette really selling her*

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

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

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

could be a discount up to fifty thousand dollars!"

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

"Are you interested, Mr. Cannon?" The employee's eyes lit up. It was not a big deal for a person who could pay up three million dollars at once to buy another house.

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

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

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

"Mom, I'm using it to buy a house. I didn't have

enough money, so that why..." Chuck explained hesitantly.

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

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

"Thank you, mom."

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

The call ended in less than ten minutes, Chuck received a message on his mobile phone, indicating that he had just received 10 million dollars! Together with with the remaining money in his account, he now



had about 11.3 million dollars. Chuck took a deep breath and walked up to the employee before announcing, "Call her now and say that someone wants to buy her house!"

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## Chapter 8

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

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

Yvette felt like she received a gift from heaven. Despite repeated confirmation, she was surprised. Her house was really sold in one morning. When she bought this house, she only bought it for six thousand dollars. In just one morning, she had already made hundreds of thousands of dollars! She thought that it would take <sup>90</sup> at least a month to

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sell the house, but she didn't expect it to be sold so fast.

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

"No problem. See you tomorrow morning."

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

"Very pleased!" The agent smiled and said. He was even more polite to Chuck. Chuck, who looked extremely normal and low-profiled, had bought two houses in his agency in two days. He would be a big customer in the future, so he couldn't afford to offend him.

"That's great. Please help me complete the transfer procedure tomorrow," Chuck replied. He couldn't let Yvette know that he was the

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one who bought her house, or she might not want to sell it.

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

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

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

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

"Okay." Chuck gave him a deposit of 100,000 dollars and went out. 92

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

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

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

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

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

"Who knows?"

.....

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

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Maybe!

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

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

He took a taxi to the 4S Automobile Store.

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

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

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

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

Chuck was a little distraught, and could only try to open the car door and take a look inside

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himself. However, he felt awkward as that door was locked so he could only have a look outside.

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

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

The manager pointed to Chuck, who was examining the car. "Go serve the man who just walked in. This sort of person is just taking a look at cars, they will never have the ability to buy the cars. You can practice serving him so that your communication skills can improve. After all, we can't let you, an intern, to greet guests with the ability to purchase cars. It's best to practice on such a person with no money as it won't cause any loss to the store. Go!"



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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"Are you sure?" Charlotte subconsciously rose her voice, which immediately attracted the other salespeople in the store. What

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happened? Could it be, this guy damaged the car?

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

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

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

The manager was stunned, his eyebrows knotting themselves further. Not a bit glad, he examined Chuck from head to toe for a few times. Unsatisfied although he had let this person come in to take a look, and even trying

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to make a joke? He was unhappy as he thought that this had gotten too far.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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"Yes." Charlotte nodded in reflex.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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## Chapter 9

"What?"

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

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

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



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turned out real!

"Oh gosh!"

The manager was shocked!

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

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

"Sigh, if I had known that this person was so rich, I should have answered him properly when he asked me the price of the car just now. Then the commission of this car will be mine, sigh..."

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

The manager's attitude took a 360 degree

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turn and he and smiled politely at Chuck.  
"May I know your surname, sir?"

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

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

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

Charlotte nodded and brought Chuck to finish up the necessary procedures. Since the money had been paid, the rest would be

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quick. An hour later, Chuck drove out of the 4S Automobile Store slowly. He planned to go to the car management office the day after tomorrow to install the car plate. Before he left, he also added Charlotte's WeChat account. Chuck didn't think too much since it was the first time he had bought a car. He could get her help on WeChat if he had run into any problems while maneuvering the car.

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

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

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when he became more comfortable with his car.

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

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

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

"Huh?"

"Are you deaf?"

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

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

10:22 ■

replied coldly.

"All right."

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

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

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

"Are you free?" Chuck replied.

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

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

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

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

"Sorry, I would not be free recently."

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

"Yep."

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

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

10:22 ■

easy girl?

Yvette sighed helplessly.

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

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

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

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"How many times do I have to tell you? You should be observant and knowledgeable, why are you leaning so close to other people's car? This kind of car pretty sure costs at least a million dollars onwards, if you scratch it you'll never be able to pay for the compensation!" Yvette scolded sharply. He had only picked up two thousand dollars and he probably only had a few hundred dollars left. How could he be able to pay back the owner of this car if he damaged it?

Chuck smiled dryly and didn't say anything.

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

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



10:22 ■

loaded and he dragged it downstairs.

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

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

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

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

"Sort of? I think you can only live luxuriously for a few more days with the money you picked up." Yvette didn't want to talk too much, so she followed him downstairs.

She planned to go out for some food and see if there were any houses for rent. She wanted to buy a smaller house, but it was not

10:22 ■

something that she could get in such a short time. She could only rent a house first.

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

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

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

Chuck was startled when he saw that the man was looking for a number to call. However, he

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remembered that fortunately, there was no mobile phone number displayed on the car. He didn't have the time to do that.

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

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

Chuck heaved a sigh of relief when he heard the last sentence being yelled out. It was

10:22 ■

likely that the man wanted the owner of the car to hear it.

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

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

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

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

"Whatever. But let me give you one last word of advice, you'll never have a good future if you continue acting like this." Yvette was too lazy to say anything else to him and drove away. Chuck scratched his nose and thought to himself, future? Now that he was a rich

10:22 ■

guy, he already had a wonderful future right ahead of him.

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

10:28 ■

## Chapter 10

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

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

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

She had been living in this area for a long

10:28 ■

time, and she knew almost all the cars. Someone must've bought a new car. However, such an extravagant car cost a lot, so who could afford it?

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

"Still taking a taxi in such a money-lacking situation? Hopeless of him." Yvette shook her head coldly...

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

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

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

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



10:28 ■

bicycle.

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

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

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

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

10:28 ■

remove it with tissue, but I can't. What should I do? What should I do?"

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

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

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

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

"It's just a small matter, people won't notice it. It's okay. Let's go," Chuck said.

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

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

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

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

"Thank you."

"It's okay."

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

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

"Oh..."

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

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

"How I wish the owner of this car was someone I knew! I would be able to ask him to let me pay in installments. But now, this is a stranger, I'm afraid he won't agree..."

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

"I hope so..."

Chuck waited with Queenie until ten o'clock in the evening and the shops nearby were all

10:28 ■

closed. As it was already dark, she was even more afraid. Chuck could only say, "The owner has not come after a long time. I don't think he will come. Let's go back."

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

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

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

"Thank you for waiting with me for so long, let

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

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

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

"Well, it's up to you."

"Then, how about noodles?" Queenie asked.

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

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

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

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

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

"Of course."

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

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

"How about your boyfriend?" Chuck asked.

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

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

"It's alright. It doesn't matter if you don't have time tonight. We can meet the day after



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tomorrow or tomorrow. Just let me know the time and I'll be there."

"We will see."

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

"Okay."

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

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

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

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

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

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

.....

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

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

Chuck used to live with Yvette. He didn't stay in the dormitory, but he knew that the gates of the school's dormitory was closed at

10:28 ■

eleven o'clock sharp. It was true that she couldn't access it now.

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

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

Would Queenie agree?

10:32 ■

## Chapter 11

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

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

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

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

10:32 ■

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

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

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

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

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

"Really? Where?" Queenie was surprised.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

10:32 ■

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

"Yep."

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

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

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

Queenie just felt embarrassed and thought, "This is the house of the owner. We just came here secretly for a night..."

The driver drove away and the two of them



10:33 ■

made her feel a little uncomfortable.

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

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

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

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

.....

When Chuck was still sleeping in the morning, he was awoken by a phone call from the real

10:32 ■

stood in silence. Queenie felt that she was doing something bad, so she was nervous. What if the owner came back?

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

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

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

10:32 ■

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

" 3,560,000."

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

"Yes," Chuck said with a smile.

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

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

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

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

10:32 ■

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

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

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

She had thought of countless countermeasures and waited anxiously. However, Chuck didn't come over, which also

10:33 ■

estate agent saying that Yvette Jordan was ready to leave as well. Everyone was going to gather at the Ministry of Housing to prepare for the transfer of ownership of the house.

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

After going out of the room, Chuck found that Queenie had been waiting for a long time. Seeing that she was tired, Chuck asked curiously, "Didn't sleep well last night?"

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

Chuck smiled and agreed. Queenie was curious. How could he be so calm after doing

10:33 ■

such a bad thing?

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

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

"Okay."

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

Queenie was perturbed. When would the owner call her? As the bus pulled further and further away from the BMW, she sighed. How

10:33 ■

nice would it be if the owner of the BMW was her friend? If so, they could discuss about the compensation of the car's damages in installments.

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

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

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

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

He was definitely rich for a reason.

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

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

Chuck looked back automatically and realized that it was Yvette, a puzzled look hanging on



10:33 ■

her face. He suddenly panicked. "Oh no, I can't let her know."

10:36 ■

## Chapter 12

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

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

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

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

10:36 ■

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

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

"Whatever," Yvette said coldly.

Chuck heaved a sigh of relief.

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

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

10:36 ■

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

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

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

Chuck hurriedly winked at the real-estate agent.

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

10:36 ■

will be immediately transferred to your account," the agent said.

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

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

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

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

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

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

Chuck was curious. Who did she think of?

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

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

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

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

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called Baller?"

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

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

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

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

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

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

Chuck walked over embarrassingly.

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

"Yes." Chuck could only nod.

The three of them entered the Ministry of Housing. When the real estate agent went to line up to process some documents, Chuck's mobile phone suddenly vibrated. He doubtfully took it out and looked at it. It turned out to be Yvette's WeChat message: Baller, are you nearby me?

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



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

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

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

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

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

As expected, during the transfer process, Yvette's expression was stoic all the time, but

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thankfully the process was quick. Two hours later, the transfer process was completed, and they headed to the bank

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

After that, Yvette drove away.

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

Just as he was about to rest for a while, the furniture he ordered had reached his doorstep. Chuck could only drive back as they had called him up. It was not until seven

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or eight o'clock in the evening that the furniture was placed according to his request.

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

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

Yvette had sent seven or eight messages:

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

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

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"Are you busy?"

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

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

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

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

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

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Chuck read these messages, the last one being sent just a few minutes ago. Her last message was filled with disappointment. Does

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that mean that Yvette has been waiting for him in the Modern Restaurant for more than an hour? Chuck was surprised. It was already 8 something in the event, so Yvette should have left, right? Chuck hesitated for a while, then he got up and drove to the restaurant.

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

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

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

"Well, I'll still wait for his call. I've found a new part-time job today. It's in a western restaurant, 15 dollars an hour. I need to make

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some money. Otherwise, if the owner calls me, I won't have the money to pay them back."

"Yep."

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

He drove into the car park. As the security guard noticed such a luxurious car swerving in, he immediately gave way and helped Chuck arrange for a parking space. There were too many luxury cars nearby, so Chuck had to be careful when parking. When he finally parked his car, he came out and saw that Yvette's car was still there. She was still waiting.

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