

## Chapter 483

It was an elegant voice.

Stunned, Yvette turned around and was greeted by a handsome man in a suit, holding a glass of red wine.

Unfortunately, Yvette did not feel much for such a man at all.

However, when the others heard his voice, they subconsciously stepped aside for him to pass. They did not dare get in his way.

Even Allison, who had just mocked Yvette, did not dare to speak.

"It's Young Master Evans!" someone exclaimed softly.

The security guards of the hotel trembled. This was the young master of the Evans family from the Four Greatest Households.

"She's my friend," the man declared as he walked over.

He flashed Yvette a friendly smile.

"Huh? Oh, my. I'm sorry, Young Master Evan. We didn't know," the security guards apologised instantly.

They backed away from Yvette immediately.

"Were you the one who said she had snuck in?" the man asked, glancing at Allison.

Allison trembled under his gaze and apologised hurriedly, "I'm sorry. I didn't know. It was rude of me to judge her."

She was considered rich in Central City. However, compared to the Four Greatest Households, she was nothing.

She did not dare cross this man.

She really didn't expect this woman to be a friend of Young Master Evans. Why on earth was she dressed like this anyway?

"Why were you so rude to her?" the man asked.

"I'm sorry. I was ignorant, please don't mind me..." Allison said, her face turning pale.

"Well then, away with you. If I catch you looking down on others again..." the man trailed off.

"Don't worry, Young Master Evans. I definitely won't do it again," Allison promised and scurried away. She was afraid. What if that b\*tch forced her to apologise? She would not stand for that.

"Everyone, you can quit your staring now. There's nothing here to look at, is there?" the man quirked as he looked around.

The onlookers dispersed quickly at that, along with the security guards.



Eventually, the man came over to Yvette with a smile and greeted, "Hello."

"Thank you for doing that but I'm not your friend. I don't even know you," Yvette said, with no hint of warmth.

"My name is Kaiden Evans," the man introduced himself with an air of grace.

"Right. Thank you," Yvette said gratefully without any exaggerated expression.

"So, what's your name?" Kaiden asked.

"Thank you again," Yvette replied dismissively. She didn't want to speak anymore than she had to. Her goal was to come look for Chuck anyway, she hated being hit on like this.

"Oh, none of that... You're absolutely welcome," the man said as he shook his head.

Trying to escape his attention, she started to walk into the crowd. Surprisingly, the man followed her as she did. Turning around, Yvette met his gaze and asked, "Is there anything else?"

"Here, take this. No one would dare drive you out of here if you have this," Kaiden said, handing her a card.

It was the VVIP card of the hotel.

His name was printed on it.

"Thank you, but it's alright. When I locate my husband, he'll make sure I don't get driven out of here," Yvette said. She wasn't planning on taking it.

If Chuck was with her, no one would dare kick her out of here.

"You have a husband already?" he asked, a little surprised.

"Yes, I do. Thank you for your help," she replied.

Yvette proceeded to walk into the crowd without saying anything else.

Kaiden squinted his eyes as the corners of his mouth curled up. He found Yvette interesting. This woman knew of him and yet had managed to remain calm. Was she pretending? Someone had done the same thing to him once. Was it the same with this woman... she was so beautiful...

He was a little intrigued. Watching Yvette walk into the crowd, he smirked and thought, "You have a husband? Right, I don't believe that!"

As a young master of the Evans family, he had seen his fair share of people.

Yvette's walking posture told him that there was a high chance that Yvette was still untouched. How could she be married?

His judgements on women were pretty spot on.



Yvette didn't know that such a conclusion was made by Kaiden just by watching her walk. Otherwise, she would have fumed and killed him for it.

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Amidst the crowd, Chuck and Willa were drinking in a small corner. Willa did not entertain anyone. She was going to take him back home as soon as the wedding ended.

Even though Black Rose hadn't made an appearance yet, Willa felt that she had to be cautious.

Chuck was already feeling a little famished at that point so he told Willa about it. She replied to him with a smile, "There are some snacks over there. You can eat that first and then wait for the banquet to start."

Willa felt happy and relaxed interacting with Chuck like this.

She enjoyed being around him a lot.

At this time, someone came over to greet Willa. They were all her friends in business and were all very beautiful women.

Willa introduced them to Chuck.

Chuck praised those beautiful women, they giggled. One of them whispered in Willa's ear, "President Logan, is this your..."

"I'm his aunt," Willa said earnestly.

She hated gossip.

"Well then do we have a chance to get with him? What a young hunk," the beautiful woman said with a smile.

With a serious tone, Willa replied, "Don't joke around. He isn't ready."

In Willa's heart, Chuck had always been pure and innocent.

"I can tell," the woman replied. She knew Willa had meant what she said and so she did not dare to joke about it anymore.

After all, birds of a feather flock together. A friend of Willa's would know when to stop.

"Does Chuck have a girlfriend? I can introduce my niece to him," the beautiful woman continued.

"He... has a wife," Willa replied directly. Her heart filled with disappointment at the thought.

Chuck did have a wife, and it was Yvette. A woman who was younger than her.

"Really?! At such a young age? He's only twenty years old?" The beautiful women were surprised.

"Yes, they grew up together," Willa explained.



"Ah, that makes sense. They're childhood sweethearts!" The beauty understood in an instant.

Chuck was much more pleasing to the eye at the moment. The fact that he was married to his childhood sweetheart made him seem really pure. After all, most men weren't very faithful. It was rare to meet someone like him.

"Yes," Willa said, her gaze softened as she looked at him.

Chuck was still eating. He wasn't interested in their gossip anyway.

"Auntie Logan, I'm going to the washroom," Chuck said after drinking.

"I'll come with you," she replied.

"No, Auntie Logan, that won't be necessary. I'll be right back. Chat with your friends in the meantime," Chuck shrugged and said. The washroom was right next to them after all.

Plus, Willa couldn't enter the men's washroom anyway.

"Okay, just yell if there's anything," Willa reminded him.

Chuck nodded in acknowledgement.

Chuck made his way to the toilet.

"You really care about him, don't you? You even want to follow him to the washroom!" one of her friends exclaimed in surprise.

"My Chucky is in danger. I have to watch him closely," Willa kept her gaze fixed on Chuck until he disappeared into the washroom. She did not feel at ease leaving him alone. To be honest, she wanted to follow him in. It did not matter to her even if it was the men's washroom.

"How dreadful. Well, he's lucky to have such a good aunt like you," one of them said.

"Yeah, he really is!" another continued.

Willa on the other hand felt a little disappointed by the word 'Aunt'. Better than nothing, she thought.

Willa looked in his direction unwaveringly and was caught by surprise to see a familiar silhouette. "Why is she here?" she thought out loud.

"Who?" her friend inquired.

"It's Chucky's... wife," Willa said, feeling a little uncomfortable.

"Is it? Oh, I really want to see what his wife looks like!" her friend said.

"She must be as pretty as President Logan!" another added.

The beautiful women chuckled.

After Chuck finished using the washroom, he washed his hands and was struck by surprise at the voice that came from behind him, "Hubby, don't move..."

He turned his head and saw Yvette, wearing a cap, and standing



behind him.

Moments ago, she had seen Chuck enter the washroom, so she followed him in.

"Honey, why are you here?" Chuck asked. He really couldn't describe his feelings at the moment. He was pleasantly surprised.

He hadn't seen Yvette in a long while. Even though she was wearing a cap, he could still make out her beautiful features.

"I... I'm here to finish a job. Hubby, let's talk outside, we're in the gents..." Yvette replied tentatively.

Yvette was embarrassed at the moment. She thought it would be alright before but now, she thought it was too awkward to continue talking there. She stared mutely at Chuck for a second. He looked so handsome today.

She was a little obsessed with him. She thought that Chuck was the most handsome man she had ever laid her eyes on! That man from before was incomparable to Chuck.

Chuck smiled at her and asked, "What are you doing here?"

"Hubby, can we continue this conversation outside?" Yvette replied.

"No," Chuck joked. After all, it was not easy for him to be with her alone these days.

"Alright then," Yvette said.

"So, what is your job?" Chuck asked again.

"Me? Well... Hubby, come closer, I'll tell you," Yvette whispered.

Chuck smiled at that. Yvette was being coy. Fortunately, no one came in to interrupt them.

When Chuck got close enough, Yvette was about to whisper her intention to kill him in his ear. However, if she did, he would surely know about her job. And so...

"Hubby, I've missed you. I'm here to see you," Yvette said instead.



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Chuck smiled at Yvette's statement and teased, "You missed me?"

"Yes... I really missed you," she replied, kissing him on the lips.

Chuck smiled at that. "Why did Yvette dress up like this though?" He wondered.

Why was she wearing a cap like that?

Chuck reached for her cap and took it off. He let her smooth, black hair down and her look absolutely stunning. However, even with a cap, she looked valiant and cool.

Yvette did not feel uncomfortable wearing the cap at all. After she became an assassin, she would always have her cap on. She never let anyone touch her hat, but this was Chuck. She made an exception.

"Isn't my wife just beautiful?" Chuck was in awe.

Chuck had no words for Yvette's beauty. Her gaze might look dull to others but whenever she directed her gaze at him, she would always look a little shy.

Yvette was glad to hear that. "Hubby, you haven't called me..."

When she was on mission sometimes, it could get really boring. If Chuck had even thought to call her, she would have felt much better about it.

"I'm sorry," he apologised. He had been training recently so after his dinner every day, he would go to bed straight away. Therefore, he did not call her.

"It's alright, I was just saying," Yvette said and quickly covered his mouth to stop his further protests.

"Honey, you showed up here so suddenly. Are you alright? Do you have stuff to do here?" he asked.

"No, I don't. I just missed you," Yvette shook her head as she answered. She really didn't know how to talk about this. The reason why she took this mission was to buy more time for Chuck.

If someone else had taken the job, they would have done away with Chuck immediately.

Yvette certainly would not kill Chuck, he was her husband! She was going to protect him.

However, Yvette was also conflicted. If she ended up not killing him, she would be hunted by the organisation afterwards and her hopes of becoming the top killer would be ruined.

It didn't matter anymore. She would prioritise Chuck's safety either



way.

"Then let's get out of here, I bet you haven't eaten yet. We'll eat at the banquet later," he said.

"Well, now that you mentioned it, I do feel a bit hungry..." She had come all the way here with an empty stomach.

Chuck took Yvette's hand, ready to walk outside with her. Biting her lip, she hugged him and asked, "Hubby, let's stay here a bit longer. It's been too long since I've last seen you, could we talk here?"

"Well, of course. But... you do realise this is the washroom?" Chuck was willing to do so. However, he was worried that Yvette would feel embarrassed by their current setting. What if someone were to come in? Yvette was a shy person.

Yvette snorted and said, "Hubby, back then, you... Well, are you unwilling to stay here with me?"

A little embarrassed, Chuck agreed to stay.

He wanted to ask about her anyway. He wasn't sure what she was doing recently. He gazed at Yvette.....

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What was Chucky doing in the washroom? He'd been in there for ages.

Willa's gaze had never left the washroom's door ever since Chuck got in.

"What else can they be doing? Two young people together in a small enclosed space... They probably couldn't help themselves," said Emily, one of Willa's friends.

Really?

Willa was a little taken aback by that. She let out a little sigh.

She usually wouldn't think about such things as she always kept her mind calm. She thought they must've been talking to each other inside the washroom. However, her friend could be right. That would explain why they've been in there for so long.

Willa wanted to look away from the door but she couldn't. She was still worried about him. No matter what Chuck was doing inside, she had to protect him.

She had been in the same room with Chuck these few days. He would occasionally sleep on the sofa and rest his head on her lap.

Willa felt that she seemed to have gotten used to Chuck's company.

Although there was an additional male presence in the room, she felt particularly harmonious. Willa enjoyed this kind of spiritual connection immensely.



She really liked chatting with Chuck and listening to his snores after he had fallen asleep.

Now that Yvette was here, it wouldn't be appropriate for her to share a room with Chuck. So where exactly should she sleep?

By the door?

If she were to do that, Chuck and Yvette would certainly feel pressured and disturbed.

Besides, she would get upset if she heard anything coming from Chuck and Yvette in the room.

Willa had admitted to herself that she had fallen for him. However, she knew that she couldn't do anything but act indifferent when Chuck was with another woman.

She would bury her feelings silently. She would not disturb Chuck nor bother him. What she wanted was for him to be happy.

Willa sometimes thought about confessing her feelings to Chuck.

How would Chuck react? She wondered.

Could she actually do it?

Willa let out a long sigh. She had thought a lot about it, but she did not have the guts to actually do it.

If she wasn't going to sleep at the door, should she go sleep in her own room?

What if something happened in the middle of the night?

What if Black Rose came for Chuck and she couldn't stop her in time?

Willa was in a dilemma. What should she do?

"President Logan, what are you thinking about?" Emily inquired.

"Nothing important," Willa shook her head. The women exchanged looks with each other. "Willa Logan!!" Emily suddenly raised her voice.

"Yes? What's wrong?" Willa looked at her friend in surprise. Why was she so serious?

"What's wrong? Willa, we are your friends, we know you. You've kept too much to yourself, it's time to expand your horizons!" Emily said solemnly.

Willa was taken aback by that.

"Look at us. We're all the same age and none of us are married but we're all different from you. At least we try to date. Look, Daisy here even dated three guys at the same time just last month! What about you? Don't you think you're really out of your depth?" said Emily.

The other woman nodded in agreement.

Willa was speechless. She already knew what her friend was going to



say, this topic had come up many times.

"You really have to think about this, alright? You don't have to date many men like us, but at least, try to start a relationship," Emily advised.

"I've known you for a long time, Willa. However, I've never seen you with other men. I thought this young hunk would finally be it for you but... Oh Willa, are you shying away on purpose?" another friend said.

"That's not it," Willa said, shaking her head.

"Well then you should date someone. We can find you a man, if you want," Daisy piped up.

"No thanks," Willa said, shaking her head. Her friends had brought this topic up tirelessly. She knew that they meant her well but she really wasn't interested.

"Hey Willa, are you going to stay single forever? Normally, people live until they're about seventy years old. Not to mention we're rich as well. We can get good doctors to look after us and take all sorts of medicine so that we might live longer! You're already thirty now, what are you waiting for?" Emily sighed, feeling distressed for her. Willa was always alone.

However, their anxiety for her was of no use.

Willa knew she was already thirty years old. Age was a great hurdle for her at the moment. If she were in her twenties, would she have the courage to tell Chuck that she liked him? Would he accept her?

If he would, then Willa was willing to give up all her wealth for that one miracle.

However, it was impossible.

"Willa, you haven't had a boyfriend, have you? Don't you feel... lonely at night?" Emily asked as her other friends stared at her.

Willa shook her head at that and replied, "No, of course not. I usually read and watch a lot of TV and movies at night. I don't feel lonely at all."

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"My goodness, Willa. Don't you feel lonely? You've lived life alone like this for a whole thirty years?" Willa's friends were astonished.

They were really taken aback.

It was natural for both men and women to have a s\*x drive. However, how could that not cross Willa's mind? She had even spent every night watching movies and reading books!

"Do you really not do anything else?" Emily hinted with a 'you-know-what-I-mean' expression.

Willa did not seem to understand what she had meant but she nodded anyway.

A few of her friends exchanged glances and smiled. They were women after all, so talking about this topic shouldn't be a problem.

It seemed to them that Willa did have other ways of relieving her boredom.

"What are you all laughing about? Why are you smiling like that..."

Willa was dumbfounded. A moment later, she finally understood what they were implying and quickly spoke up to correct them, "Hold on, no! I don't do whatever it is you're all thinking about right now, okay? I swear I only read books or watch TV shows. Either that or I would continue training myself."

Willa was speaking the truth. Whenever she was alone at home, she was nothing but productive. Her favorite thing to do was learning and she liked martial arts.

Training, running, punching... She loved all kinds of martial arts. They allowed her to stay young.

Her friends were rendered speechless. It would be unbelievable if these words were uttered by any other person, but this was Willa. She would not lie to them.

They knew Willa's personality very well.

While some of them were the same age as Willa, one of them was three years younger than her.

However, Willa looked much younger than them. Her constant exercising had made her stay youthful.

Exercising gave her a smooth and perfect skin complexion, and she didn't have any wrinkles at all. She even looked beautiful without any make-up.

Some of her friends didn't dare compare themselves to her beauty.



One could not achieve her standard without strong determination.

So, this was Willa's life. If she wasn't reading books, she would be training.

This was how she had always lived.

"Willa, I really admire you. A few of us would feel really uncomfortable if we don't get some affection from our boyfriends every day. Compared to us, you're like a saint!" Willa's friends felt sorry for her. They couldn't fathom how she could stand it.

"Willa, how do you do it?"

"Yeah, how? Do tell us!"

Her friends chattered away.

"Just be in a state of calm. If you don't have anything that needs getting done, just go to bed," Willa replied with a smile.

Her friends looked at each other in dismay.

"Willa, I'm sorry but I have to ask. Are you... Are you still the same as you were when you were younger? You know what I mean, that is..." Emily trailed off.

Willa was startled by her audacity. "I refuse to answer that," she managed to get out eventually.

"Tsk, you must still be a virgin then," one of them said.

"Yeah, that much is clear," another added.

Willa felt a little overwhelmed by their comments and she spoke up, "Let's not talk about that. Yes, okay. I'm still a virgin."

It was true. After all, Willa had never had a boyfriend.

Her friends were stunned by this information. She had no boyfriend and no nightlife? How could she spend her nights like this?

"Willa, you're thirty now and still don't have a boyfriend. You must fancy someone, right?" Emily asked.

"That's right. It's impossible for you to not like someone. You must be really loyal to him if that's the case."

Willa's friends looked at her expectantly.

All of a sudden, Willa fell silent.

Who did she like?

She had already admitted to herself that she had fallen for Chuck, hadn't she?

"Jackpot! Willa finally has someone in mind! Tell us! We want to know who this lucky man is," Emily squealed in excitement.

"Who is it?" one of them probed.

"Are you okay, Willa? Why aren't you speaking?" another friend



asked upon noticing her silence.

Someone interjected, "Oh no, it can't be, can it?"

"What?"

"I have never seen Willa with other men before. I think she might be hiding her feelings for this man! She must be secretly crushing on them!"

"That's impossible. Why would she need to do that? People are queueing miles just to get together with her!"

Her friends started to discuss.

In their minds, Willa was the most beautiful woman they had ever laid eyes on. She was so perfect that anyone would be lucky to have her! There was no need for her to hide her feelings.

How lovely must the man be to make a woman like Willa have a secret crush on him?

This was unexpected.

"Willa, are we right? Do you really have a crush on someone? Don't worry. We won't tell anyone," her friends asked, tone cautious.

Willa looked at them and contemplated her answer. Although they have pretty messy private lives, they were still nice people. She was silent for a while before confirming their guesses, "You're right."

They exchanged looks with each other and did not speak for a long time.

This really was shocking news.

"Willa, who is this person?"

"I don't want to tell you all," Willa replied as she shook her head in distress. Telling them would be no use anyway.

When Karen had brought her and Chuck together, Willa hadn't thought about the possibility of getting together with Chuck. Now that she was finally starting to think in that direction, there was no chance left. She had missed her opportunity.

"Hey, Willa, does this man like you back?" Emily asked.

Willa shook her head and answered, "No, he doesn't."

Even though Chuck was with her every day during these few days, she knew that he hadn't thought of her in a romantic light at all.

Did he actually like her?

She didn't think so.

Whenever Chuck looked at her, there was not even a sign of romantic attraction in his eyes. Instead, they shined with respect. Thinking of this, Willa felt solemn, blaming her age as the cause of that.



It might be that Chuck had always regarded her as his senior, so he had never thought to think in that direction at all.

Yeah, that was probably it.

"How could that be? Any man would fall in love with you if you want, right? You know, when my boyfriend saw you last time, he was so entranced by you..." Emily said as she was feeling confused.

"Willa, have you told him your feelings?" another friend asked.

"No, I haven't," Willa said, shaking her head.

"Why not? Just do it! If you like him, tell him!"

"That's right, Willa. Tell him that you are basically a goddess in our eyes! If you told him that, he might even be moved to tears!"

This was absolutely true. How could one not be moved when a gorgeous being like Willa had a crush on them?

"No, I won't," Willa sighed as she shook her head sadly. She would never.

She knew it wouldn't end well. Even if she had confessed, she knew Chuck only had Yvette in his heart. He would never like her back.

If she had confessed, it would only make her relationship with him awkward.

"Why not?" Emily asked.

"He doesn't like me," Willa answered miserably.

Her friends exchanged glances at that.

"How can that be? Come on, Willa, don't be sad. You are so beautiful. I'm sure he will definitely like you back," one of her friends reassured.

"Yeah, Willa. You have to believe in yourself. We all know a lot of people who like you, you know. You can take your pick and choose a boyfriend to your liking. I'm sure he will fall desperately in love with you one day!"

Her friends comforted her for a long while.

Willa nodded her head in thanks at their concern and thought deeply about what they were saying.

She knew Chuck respected her a lot. However, would he be able to look past that and think about her in another way? He was still really naive... Wasn't he?

The more Willa thought about it, the sadder she felt. At this moment, she felt ready to combust. She really wanted to reveal to Chuck that she was the woman whom he had kissed and then profess her feelings towards him.

However, Willa was a rational person. She would not do something so



impulsive.

"Let's not talk about it," Willa said and saw that Chuck and Yvette had finally walked out. Her friends stopped talking immediately when they saw Yvette. They were amazed.

Compared to Willa, Yvette was definitely equally goddess-like.

Her figure, appearance, and temperament...

No wonder when they had asked if they could introduce Chuck a girlfriend, Willa had said that there was no need for it. That was indeed true. Yvette was too alluring, too gorgeous. Who could top her?

That was unless Willa came forward herself. But how could it be possible? Willa had a crush on someone else already. Moreover, she was Chuck's senior.


If only they knew that Willa's crush was Chuck...

"Oh my, Chuck's girlfriend really is beautiful!" Emily gushed out.

"Yeah, her figure is gorgeous. I'm afraid that only Willa can compare to her. It's perfect!"

"Look at the way they look at each other. They're so in love, truly an ideal match!"

Several of her friends expressed their high opinions in surprise. However, they weren't aware that their words were as though needles piercing into Willa's heart. She was glum, but she agreed with them. Chuck and Yvette made a perfect match indeed.

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Chuck and Yvette walked over soon enough.

Curious, a few of Willa's friends asked for Yvette's name and so naturally, Chuck introduced them. Yvette was nothing but composed now ever since she had become an assassin.

She smiled at each and every one of them and nodded at Willa to show her gratitude. Although Willa knew of her status as a killer, she had agreed to conceal the truth from Chuck for her.

She was grateful for this. Willa smiled back in acknowledgement as well.

She really did like Yvette.

If it weren't for Yvette's and Karen's conflict, she would be happy to personally teach Yvette all kinds of martial art skills and assassination methods. After all, she was the love of Chuck's life.

It was a worthwhile reason.

They might even become close friends. However, Willa knew she couldn't do so. If she did, Yvette would eventually use those skills to kill Karen in the end.

She did not want that to happen.

Unless if Yvette and Karen call a truce.

"The banquet has begun. Let's go get dinner, I'm starving!" someone mentioned.

Soon, everyone found a place to settle down.

It was uncommon for Chuck and Yvette to have dinner together due to their differing schedules. The way they complimented each other by sitting close was envy-inducing.

Some of Willa's friends were gushing about how adorable the couple looked.

Willa, on the other hand, ate in silence. When Chuck looked at her, she would raise her head and respond with a gentle smile. Other than that, her head remained lowered. She didn't have that much of an appetite but she had to make do.

If she didn't eat, Chuck would worry.

Willa buried all her emotions deep in her heart. Her friends and Yvette did not sense that anything was out of the ordinary...

After dinner, Willa went to bid farewell to the bride and groom with a few of her friends before leaving the scene.

Meanwhile, Chuck went to the bathroom while Yvette waited for him



outside.

"Hey, Gorgeous, was that your husband?" a charming voice asked.

Yvette frowned. Turning around, she watched as Young Master Evans approached her.

"What's he trying to do?" she thought.

"Yes," Yvette answered coldly.

Due to the massive crowd and that he was mingling at another side, Kaiden hadn't seen Chuck, Yvette, and Willa together before this.

"You're a liar," Kaiden teased with a smile, not believing her.

When he had walked over just now, he couldn't take his eyes off her figure. She looked absolutely delectable.

How could the man who had just entered the bathroom be the husband of this beautiful woman? They don't seem to be intimate at all. They must just be mere acquaintances.

"She must be pretending so she would catch my attention... Well played," he thought to himself.

"Excuse me? Did you just call me a liar?!" Yvette scowled.

Chuck truly was her husband. She didn't lie about that!

Kaiden merely smiled at her and continued, "No matter. Still, can I get to know you?"

"I'm not interested. While I am grateful for your help just now, I'm more than willing to pay you in compensation. How much do you want?" Yvette asked. She was in control of the Allen family's fortune now, so money wasn't an issue.

She didn't want to have anything to do with other men other than Chuck.

"Money? You think I'm short of money?" Kaiden teased.

He was from one of the Four Greatest Households.

Why would he ask for money from others?

He found this woman to be interesting. Did this mean she wasn't here to catch his attention nor for his money?

"How refreshing!"

Kaiden thought in his heart in glee.

"You might not be but this is the only way I can think of to thank you," Yvette replied.

"You don't need to thank me. You can treat me to a meal, I'm not picky," he answered.

"No, I won't. Just tell me your bank account details. I'll have the money transferred to you as my gratitude," she said firmly.



Kaiden chortled at that and thought, "She is still playing hard-to-get!"

"That won't be necessary. Let's count this as you owing me a favor," he said with a smile.

Yvette frowned and deliberated about it. Indeed, this man had helped her. That was undeniable. However, she found him incredibly infuriating.

"Are you not going to speak?" Kaiden probed.

"You're right. I do owe you a favor but I can only return it with money, so state your price. It has to be less than five million dollars," Yvette answered callously.

"Five million dollars? Forget it. Well, just remember that you owe me a favor anyway. I'm leaving for now," he chuckled, turning to walk away.

Soon enough, he started to head towards the exit.

"Hold on!" Yvette shouted at him suddenly.

Kaiden stopped at that, turned his head to look at her and asked, "What is it? Changed your mind about treating me to a meal, have you?"

"Just a fair warning. You can ask me for money any time but don't think about asking me for anything else. Or else, you'll regret it," Yvette stated, making sure she was clear. This man's gaze on her made her feel rather uncomfortable.

"Regret? My, aren't you interesting," he chuckled.

"No, I'm not. I'm just reminding you to not mess with me!"

"Why? Because of your husband?" Kaiden mocked.

"That's right!"

Yvette nodded as she answered. When she was still single in school back then, men were chasing after her from left and right but she had not cared for their attention at all. However, now that she was in a relationship with Chuck, her sole focus was on him and would always be him.

Diverting that focus towards other men was simply impossible.

"If my husband finds out, you'll regret it even more," she warned him.

"Aren't you a comedian! Whatever, Gorgeous. Let's just end our conversation here. Remember, you are still indebted to me!" Kaiden reminded her once more, leaving with a smile.

Once he got into his car, his driver asked, "Young Master, that woman..."

"She seems interesting," Kaiden finished off.

"Young Master, do you need to call someone to track her then?" the driver asked warily.



"No, she's definitely just playing hard-to-get now. She will come to me by herself soon enough," Kaiden responded confidently.

The driver kept silent after that. It was a reasonable conclusion after all. Young Master Evans was charming and women often offered themselves to him. No one would be able to resist his charm. This woman was no exception.

"Start the car," Kaiden ordered.

He then looked out the window to see Chuck and Yvette walking together. Closing his eyes, the corners of his mouth turned up a little into a slight smile...

.....

"Honey, why are you in a bad mood? Did something happen?" Chuck asked when he came out of the toilet and saw Yvette's stoic face.

"It's nothing, Hubby." Yvette shook her head. There was no reason for her to get angry at that man.

Chuck leaned close to whisper something that made Yvette's ears go red. Blushing, Yvette replied, "Alright, I'll go home with you. You're the boss tonight, I'll do whatever you want me to, you hooligan..."

Someone other than Black Rose was trying to kill Chuck. How could she not be worried about him? She had intentionally made her way to Central City so she could be with him. Needless to say, she would follow him back home.

Chuck's heart was buzzed with joy.

"Chucky, we can leave now," Willa informed him when they met up. She had just finished bidding her farewells to Miss Yarbrough.

"Alright, Auntie Logan," Chuck replied with no objection. The three of them got into a car after that.

Willa drove them home eventually.

They arrived in no time.

"Chucky, you two have a pleasant night's rest, alright? I'll be sleeping in my room today so just yell if you need anything, okay?" Willa said.

She felt a bit upset. She really liked it whenever Chuck fell asleep on her lap because she thought it was fascinating to watch him sleep. However, she knew she couldn't do that now.

"Okay, I understand," Chuck replied. Willa had been protecting him so fiercely these days, she must be tired. He thought it would be best for her to have a good rest on this night.

Willa smiled gently as she watched Chuck and Yvette enter their room together. Her eyes dimmed once they were out of sight. With a sigh, she started to make her daily rounds outside to check that everything




was safe and secure before returning to her room.

Her mind was in a mess. She couldn't stop herself from thinking about what the couple was getting up to next door. No matter how hard she tried, she couldn't fall asleep or even focus enough to read a book or watch a movie.

Interestingly, she did not feel particularly jealous or angry. She just felt upset as she held the well-kept cat mask in her hands. Looking at it, she smiled and started to reminisce about what had happened outside the bar that day.

That kiss with Chuck had sent her soaring.

Willa smiled at the thought. When she finally came back to her senses, she could feel her heart break slowly...

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## Chapter 487

Willa sat in her room, dazed.

Meanwhile, Yvette was snuggled into Chuck's chest and asked, "Hubby, what have you been doing recently?"

Yvette had to inform Chuck about the assassination.

Hearing such a question coming from her, Chuck started to tell her about what had transpired recently with the Champ Family, shocking Yvette. This meant that the Champ family was off her list of suspects. Then, who could it be?

"Hubby, there's no easy way to put this but, you're in danger. I need to follow you around to make sure you're safe," Yvette told him with a solemn tone. She had no idea who it was that wanted Chuck killed.

"Follow me around?" Chuck questioned. He was glad to hear that Yvette would be around him more often now, but wouldn't that be more dangerous for her?

After all, Black Rose and Brayden were lying in wait, waiting for the right opportunity to kill him.

"Yes," Yvette confirmed, looking at Chuck earnestly.

She had to!

Chuck was moved by that and couldn't help whisper sweet nothings into her ear. Flushing, Yvette reprimanded softly, "Alright, I'm yours and yours only. I'll do whatever you want me to do tonight, okay? You know I cannot give my all to you until we've settled the conflict between your mom and me, right? Could you wait until then?"

She had to avenge her father's death no matter what. It was unfortunate that Karen, her father's murderer, was Chuck's mother. Chuck was someone she had grown up with and it dreaded her to even think of hurting him. But she was in a dilemma.

What should she do?

Chuck hugged her closely as if sensing her thoughts. Of course, he knew how hard this was for her. That was why he had never officially gotten married to her all this while.

He wanted to respect Yvette's choices and not give her any additional pressure.

Chuck let out a sigh as he thought about his uncertain future with Yvette.

He was perplexed as well. He wanted both his mother and Yvette to not get hurt either way. But he knew it was impossible.



He knew that it was a selfish thought but he couldn't help himself.

Both of them were silent for a while. Yvette did not want Chuck to be unhappy, so she whispered lowly, "Hubby, what do you need from me?"

He merely looked at her and sighed.

"I swear that before I do anything to your mom, I will let you know beforehand. I promise, okay?" she said gently.

Of course, Chuck believed her. He sighed quietly and forced a smile at that.

Seeing him smile, Yvette kissed him on the lips and said, "That's what I like to see, Hubby."

Yvette blushed as she gazed at him. Only he could make her behave like this. She could not be bothered to even glance at other men.

Chuck hadn't been with her for a long while now. Moreover, she was acting so submissive today. As long as he wanted, she would do anything for him.

What more could he ask for when he had her for a wife?

The night passed.

The wafting scent of breakfast woke both of them up in the next morning. It seemed like Willa was making breakfast. Chuck felt blessed last night, thinking that his wife was the best.

When both of them finally came out of their room, Willa saw their spirits were high and thought, "They must have had a good time last night."

She felt glum since last night but wasn't the least tempted to act on any desires, although Chuck and Yvette were together.

She couldn't sleep last night so she had ended up watching movies. She usually read books whenever she got bored and trained after that. However, she never once felt that a night could be so hard to endure.

Nevertheless, Willa only felt sad and did not have any other negative feelings like jealousy. Willa was someone who would not get envious of others nor do anything that would hurt anyone else's relationship just because it suited her. She wasn't that kind of person.

She was more inclined to bury the sadness deep in her heart and let it be.

After they had finished eating breakfast, Willa cleaned up, maintaining her smile all the while. When she finally got back to the kitchen, leaving Chuck and Yvette's presence behind, her eyes started to dim.

At this moment, Yvette entered and greeted her, "Auntie Logan."

She greeted Willa like how Chuck would.

"Yvette, what's the matter?" Willa asked, smiling slightly.



Yvette closed the door of the kitchen and then looked at her. Willa was taken aback by that and put down the bowl in her hand, suddenly aware of the solemn tone the conversation was going to head towards. She questioned, "You're not just here to visit, are you?"

"You're right, I'm not. I... received a job with a reward of 100 million dollars," Yvette stated bluntly. Willa knew that she was an assassin, so she had no reason to hide this from her.

"100 million dollars? That sounds great. Hold on, who's your target?" Willa asked, surprised.

Yvette fell silent at that.

Willa seemed to understand something from her silence and added, "It's Chuck, isn't it? Are you here to kill him? No, that's absurd. You're here to protect him, aren't you?"

Yvette nodded in affirmation.

"So, someone is paying 100 million dollars to kill Chucky? And you accepted this mission?" Willa asked again.

"Yes, I did," Yvette confirmed.

There was a cold gleam in Willa's eyes. She knew the rules of the assassin's organization. It was inevitable that Yvette would not be able to get additional information on the client. But why was there someone out there paying such a low price to kill Chuck?

100 million dollars for his life was too low.

Just then, Willa seemed to realize something and asked, "So you've basically broken the assassin's rules, right?"

"My husband is more important than anything else," Yvette replied firmly.

Willa looked at Yvette again and felt a little relieved. At the very least, even if Yvette had a grudge against Karen, she still knew that Chuck was innocent.

"I see," Willa answered. She would be more vigilant now. However, she knew there was a time limit for Yvette to kill someone set by the organization. This meant that Chuck would be safe for now.

They could focus on getting rid of Black Rose now.

Yvette felt somewhat relieved also and said, "Auntie Logan, thank you for taking care of Chuck during this period."

"You don't have to thank me," Willa smiled as she replied.

Once Yvette had left, Willa started to think about possible culprits but came up empty.

In the next few days, Yvette and Chuck were still stuck together like glue. It was not until last night when Willa finally fell asleep due to



exhaustion. She dreamt of the kiss outside the bar and what would have happened if they had continued...

.....

Cheryl was stunned to receive a message from an unknown number. The stranger had sent her a smiley emoji and she was confused.

Not a moment later, she received a series of photos. They were all of her!

She was infuriated. She couldn't believe Frieda!

To give her a piece of her mind, she called Frieda angrily. The moment the line connected, Frieda laughed wickedly into her ear.

"What do you want?" Cheryl bellowed. This was the last thing she had wanted to happen. Frieda had too many of her nudes and she even had a video...

Cheryl had been ordering people to track Frieda for days, but she was never found. Her panic heightened when she thought about the photos being spread.

Cheryl was a nervous wreck right now.

She knew Frieda was sending these pictures to taunt her, to blackmail her.

"Why are you so mad, Cheryl? Don't you think these photos look artistic? I sure think so! You have the most perfect figure. How do you maintain it? What do you eat?" Frieda mocked. However, she was genuinely envious of Cheryl's figure.

"You're shameless! What do you want? Just tell me!" Cheryl yelled, outraged. How could someone take such photos of her? She regretted not strangling Frieda that day.

"Oh, I don't want anything. I just think it's such a shame that only I got to admire your gorgeous figure. So, I decided I want to let more people admire it as well, like those from the Four Greatest Households. What do you think about that?" Frieda sneered.

"Revenge is too sweet," she thought gleefully.

"How much money do you want?!" Cheryl roared.

"Well, aren't you generous? Since you've asked... I want one trillion dollars!" Frieda said excitedly.

"What?" Cheryl was fuming as she thought, "A trillion? How could Frieda say such a figure out loud?"


Because of Chuck, many businesses under the Champ Family needed plenty of cash to pay off their debts. In the past, one trillion dollars would have certainly been easy to take out. But under such circumstances, the Champ Family couldn't afford to pay that sum



now.

How dare Frieda demand such an obscene amount of money! This woman was too ambitious!

"Why do you sound so angry? How frightening! Now that you've done it, I'm going to spread your photos around to teach you a lesson. I'm sure many would appreciate them..." Frieda snickered out loud.

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## Chapter 488

"Don't!"

Cheryl yelled. She was all at once furious, ashamed, and distressed.

She had always been conservative with her body. If these photos were spread out, she wouldn't be able to live with herself.

What would become of the Champ family's reputation?

Cheryl had gone through bitter hardships before. It wasn't easy for her to gain Chuck's forgiveness. She had thought that those agonizing times were gone and past but they were back again.

Cheryl was more than upset.

"What was that? You don't want me to spread the photos? Well then, hand over the one trillion dollars," Frieda cackled on the other end of the line.

One's confidence was echoed by one's capabilities.

Frieda had improved tremendously after going through a period of Black Rose's training. One could even say that she was much more merciless compared to Black Rose herself.

She was cruel and had strong potential. This was why she had become confident enough to demand such an exorbitant price.

"Do you think I have that much money on hand right now?" Cheryl asked coldly.

"That's your problem to solve. My price still stands, one trillion dollars, not even a penny less!"

"With the current situation that the Champ Family is facing right now, it's impossible for me to withdraw that much money!" argued Cheryl.

Frieda snorted, "Are you deaf or dumb? I just told you, didn't I? That's your business to settle, I don't care either way. That's the price you have to pay." She was feeling joyful. If the Champ Family went bankrupt, she would be on cloud nine!

Cheryl had beaten her up last time.

She deserved this!

Frieda was going to crush her to pieces!

"You!" Cheryl choked out. She was infuriated to the point where her whole body was shaking.

"You know, I took a lot of photos of you that night. Come, let me show you more. How do you feel when you look at yourself? Haha!" Frieda mocked again.

But as Frieda was sending the photos to Cheryl, she accidentally



selected a photo of Black Rose and sent that as well.

Cheryl watched as the photos were sent to her one by one. She was extremely mortified.

However, the last photo caught her eye. She paused and tapped it open to get a better look because she didn't think that was her in the photo.

This beautiful lady was a foreigner with an excellent figure. Did Frieda also take her photos secretly?

Yes, this woman seemed to be unconscious and her eyes were closed. What's more, there were injuries littered all over her body, and she was holding a gun.

Who was she?

Cheryl was confused and disgusted at Frieda's sadistic behavior. How could she take photos of an injured woman?!

How many photos did she take?

Cheryl saved the photo anyway. She thought that it might be useful to her in the long run. If she could find the woman in this photo.

"Oh cr\*p, I sent the wrong photo!" Frieda thought in panic.

She hurriedly deleted the photo of Black Rose, letting out a sigh of relief when she did. However, she didn't know that Cheryl had already saved the photo.

"I'll give you a day to think about it! Otherwise, every man in the world will see these photos. They would be so grateful to see them..." Frieda trailed off, hanging up the call.

"Bang!"

Black Rose knocked on the door and called for her, "Are you still not getting up? It's training time!"

"Okay, right away, right away!" Frieda put away her phone and hurriedly put on her clothes, rushing out the door.

She watched Black Rose's stoic nature in silence. Frieda was going to make sure her capabilities surpass Black Rose's. She planned to use the same method to blackmail her into giving her money. Frieda would threaten to expose her nudes to the whole world as well.

She willingly followed Black Rose during training. In fact, Frieda had been training hard by herself ever since she had returned. She had to improve herself in order to stamp out all the men.

On the other hand, Cheryl sat on the floor in dismay. "One trillion dollars," She thought in distress. She couldn't possibly conjure up that much money in such a short time. Moreover, even if she had managed to get it, what if Frieda played dirty?



Didn't it mean that she would be extorted endlessly?

Cheryl felt hopeless. She didn't know what to do.

The Champ family couldn't afford to take out so much money.

When she thought about the consequences, she was disheartened and embarrassed. She cried silently, her tears gut-wrenching.

"Mom, what's wrong?" Her daughter noticed her tears, running to her.

"I'm fine. Go on and play by yourself over there, Dear," Cheryl said as she wiped her face but the tears kept coming.

She had no clue what else to do.

She had searched far and wide for Frieda but still came up empty-handed.

"Mom, are you in trouble? You can always ask that uncle to help you, you know," her daughter said with a serious note.

"Chuck?"

Cheryl's heart soured at the thought. How on earth could he help her with this?

"Yes, him. He will help you! That uncle is a good man," her daughter declared.

Cheryl knew that Chuck was a good person, but he had literally just forgiven her. How could she just go up to him for a favor so suddenly?

"Alright, Dear. Go and play now," she patted her daughter's head as she said.

Her daughter obediently went about her business. Soon enough, Cheryl came up to hug her and reminded, "Be good. I'm going out for a while. Take care of yourself, alright?"

"Yes, Mom. I will," her daughter replied. She was well-behaved.

Cheryl parted with her reluctantly.

Soon, Cheryl left in a daze. She would die before letting her family on the situation she was in right now. She drove around aimlessly, her mind racing as she tried to think of solutions to her problem.

She was so close to breaking down into tears again.

Without realizing where she was going, she had subconsciously driven to a particular spot and stopped there. She was surprised by herself. Why did she come here?

She sighed and was ready to leave the area when suddenly, she saw a car drive out of the building. It was Willa with Chuck and Yvette.

Cheryl lowered her head, not daring to make eye contact with any of them. She burst into tears instantly, feeling pathetic.



"Chucky, Cheryl's car is over there," Willa informed when she noticed.

Chuck glanced at the direction she was indicating and wondered to himself, "What is she doing here?"

Hadn't he already forgiven her?

Yvette looked over and asked, "Hey, why is she crying?"

She turned to look at him.

"Honey, what are you looking at me for?" he questioned in confusion.

"You little rascal, what do you think?" Yvette leaned into his ear and said. The implication was obvious.

Chuck was on the brink of a breakdown now.

At this moment, Cheryl had managed to brave herself to come out of her car. She had no choice now. She needed to speak to Chuck.

Her eyes were red and swollen as she walked over. "President Logan, I'm terribly sorry, but can I speak to Mr. Cannon privately for a moment?" she asked tentatively.

She saw Yvette sitting in the car and thought strangely, "Who is this woman? She's beautiful."

To be honest, Willa was unwilling to do so because Cheryl was an infamous man-eater. She did not wish Chuck to have too much contact with Cheryl. However, Cheryl looked like she had been crying her eyes out. Willa pitied her and wanted to show her some compassion.

"Chucky, would that be okay?" Willa asked Chuck.

He glanced at Cheryl a few times before eventually getting out of the car. If he didn't, Cheryl would only delay everyone's time. They walked to the side as Cheryl stuttered with a sob, "Thank you for giving me a chance, Mr. Cannon."

"What is it? I'm on a schedule, you know?" Chuck said a little impatiently.

"I-I..." she started to stammer.

"Just tell me!" He said coldly.

Cheryl cried as if someone had wronged her and she pleaded him, "Mr. Cannon, I'm sorry to ask this of you but can you please help me?"

"Why should I help you?" Chuck asked, glaring at her.

"I know, I know, but I really don't have any other choice anymore," Cheryl shed more tears as she explained, looking even more pitiful.

Chuck didn't say a word and merely looked at her.

"Frieda has... photos of me. She's using them to blackmail me into giving her money that I don't have," Cheryl sobbed.



"So, do you want me to pay so that you can retrieve those photos?" Chuck asked indifferently.

This woman was strange. Why did Cheryl think he would help her in the first place?

"It's not that. Mr. Cannon, you're a powerful man. I just need your help to find out her whereabouts. Is that okay? Please, I beg of you," Cheryl continued pleading.

Chuck's expression was dismissive. He didn't expect Frieda to be bold enough to blackmail Cheryl. Was she stupid?


"How much did she blackmail you for?"

"One trillion dollars," Cheryl answered as she bawled harder.

Chuck was stunned by the alarming sum. He rubbed his nose as he contemplated her request.

"Mr. Cannon, Frieda also took many pictures of other women. I know she's planning something," Cheryl continued.

"What? She even took pictures of other people? Who?" Chuck asked as he was suddenly interested. In addition to Cheryl's photos, how had Frieda managed to take photos of other people as well? It was simply astounding.

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## Chapter 489

"I don't know her."

Cheryl had no idea who the person was. She had never heard of the assassination organization before, let alone even seen Black Rose.

Chuck raised an eyebrow and asked, "Then how did you know?"

"When Frieda sent me those photos, she accidentally sent one that wasn't mine. Here, Mr. Cannon, take a look."

She took out her phone and found the most recent photo she saved before handing it to him.

Chuck glanced at it and was taken aback.

The woman in the photo was Black Rose! What was going on?

Had Frieda been with her all this time?

How was this possible?

Chuck was somewhat baffled as he silently admired Frieda's cunningness. How did she manage to take photos of Black Rose in this state?

He knew for sure that Black Rose couldn't have consented to this. If so, then how did she... It was only then that he noticed some bruises on her skin in the picture.

Did Frieda take these photos when Black Rose was injured and unconscious?

If he shared this photo with Willa and Yvette, both of them would definitely be shocked.

Chuck secretly chuckled to himself. Black Rose, the top assassin, having her photos taken by a woman like Frieda. Simply hilarious.

If she knew about this matter, she would definitely despair, wouldn't she?

Cheryl was confused by Chuck's sudden glee. What was he smiling about? Was it because the woman in the picture was a foreigner?

It couldn't be. He must have had his fair chance at seeing pretty foreigners since he was so capable.

Maybe Chuck knew her. That was the only reason she could think of.

"Send me this photo first," Chuck requested.

She agreed and sent the photo to him through WhatsApp.

After making sure he had received the photo on his phone, he quickly put the phone away.

Cheryl pleaded, "Mr. Cannon, so... Can I ask you to help me find Frieda,



please? I beg you." She had no other alternatives left than to seek for Chuck's help.

Chuck didn't want to meddle with other's business. After all, he was not a saint. He can't possibly help every woman who cried in front of him.

However, the fact that Frieda had this picture of Black Rose was indicative of something. If he could find her, it meant that he could track down Black Rose as well.

Chuck finally understood why the assassin had not appeared recently. Turned out, she was injured.

"Please, help," Cheryl continued to beg, tears streaming down her cheeks.

Chuck reprimanded, "What are you crying for?"

She apologized and forcefully bit back her tears.

She knew that Chuck was someone who could scare her out of her wits. If he didn't help her, she really wouldn't have anyone else to turn to anymore.

If that were the case, she wouldn't be able to fork out such a large sum of money to anyone. That would mean that her photos would be spread no matter what.

"Mr. Cannon, I know I'm forcing your hand here but I'm really desperate right now. If other people were to see my photos..."

Chuck said indifferently, "I've seen them before, you know."

"You... Well, that's okay."

She felt really ashamed but she had no choice since he had already seen them. She bit her lip and stammered, "But... other men might see them too and... Please, I don't want that to happen."

"All right, stop crying! Just wait here!" Chuck said and walked back to the car.

Cheryl nodded quietly and wiped away her tears.

She couldn't believe herself. Why was she crying in front of a man who was eight years younger than her?

Chuck went back over to Willa and Yvette and showed them the photo.

Both of them were taken aback.

"Hubby, where did you get these?" Yvette was flabbergasted. What on earth was happening?

It was a photo of Black Rose!

"Chucky, you..." Willa was surprised. She couldn't fathom how he got his hands on this.



Chuck explained, "Frieda is blackmailing Cheryl with her nudes. However, she must have accidentally sent her this photo of Black Rose too."

The two women looked at each other in dismay.

Both of them knew Frieda. How on earth did she manage all this? It just didn't make sense!

Yvette tried to deduce, "So what now? Are Frieda and Black Rose conspiring together now?"

"That must be the case. Otherwise, she wouldn't have gotten such a photo of her. But how could a woman do this to another woman? This is just despicable!" Willa was at loss, unable to describe what she was feeling now.

She couldn't bear to do such a thing. After all, they were all women. They should be supportive of each other instead of tearing each other down due to envy.

She didn't expect a young girl like Frieda to be so vicious.

Yvette, on the other hand, was speechless. Just how many people did Frieda take pictures of?

If she met her again, she'd definitely beat her up!

As a woman herself, she was astonished at Frieda's willingness to defame other women. This wasn't humane!

"I'm not sure about that, but stay cautious either way, especially the two of you," Chuck said solemnly.

If Frieda took pictures of Yvette and Willa, Chuck would be sure to end her.

Willa smiled gently. She wasn't stupid, her compassion and attitude would depend on how others treated her. She would never let anyone near enough to photograph her like that.

No one would be able to get close to her enough to do it, unless it was Chuck. However, this wasn't a possibility at all. Both of them weren't the sort of people to have such fetishes.

Yvette might have been naive enough to fall for her tricks before, but there was no way she would get tricked this time. She would only be more cautious now when someone like Frieda was close by.

"If a woman like Black Rose was photographed by her, Frieda must have more tricks up her sleeve," Chuck said.

Willa smiled and assured him, "That's true. Don't worry, we'll be sure to take care."

Yvette nodded and added, "Hubby, what are you planning to do now?"

"Well, Frieda blackmailed Cheryl for money, so that's one way we can



lure her in. Once she shows herself, it should not be too difficult to find Black Rose."

Yvette and Willa fell silent for a few seconds. Eventually, Willa nodded and said, "Well, that sounds like a plan. Get Cheryl to pass me her phone, I can track Frieda's location through that."

If Black Rose ever found this photo to be in Chuck's possession, what would she think?

Soon, he walked over to Cheryl. Her lips were already bleeding from her nervous biting. She called out softly, "Mr. Cannon."

She sounded so disheartened.

"Give me your phone. I'll ask Auntie Logan to help you locate her," Chuck said.

"Thank you, Mr. Cannon," Cheryl said as she scrambled to take out her phone.

Chuck took it and replied coldly, "You don't have to thank me, I'm not doing this for you."

To be honest, if she hadn't shown her that picture of Black Rose, he wouldn't have helped her at all.

"Is it because of that woman in the picture?" Cheryl asked. Most probably, her hunch was right. Chuck did know the foreign woman in the photo.

Chuck nodded.

"Thank you, Mr. Cannon. Thank you so much," Cheryl lowered her head as she continued to shower him with immense gratitude. She thanked the stars that she had saved this photo.

"That's enough, really." Chuck looked at her, his face impassive.

"I..."

Cheryl stopped and continued to bite her lip in shame. She offered sincerely, "Mr. Cannon, whatever demands you may have, I will try my best to fulfil them. I promise."

"There's no need for that, really," Chuck said, passing the phone to Willa with a shrug. He didn't need any of her gratitude. Even though Cheryl was beautiful, obedient and delicate, he didn't really need anything from her.

Cheryl lowered her head and sighed. She knew it was pointless to show him her gratitude. There was no way she could thank him properly, since he was someone who had everything.

She had honestly meant to work for Chuck if he asked her to. She hadn't thought about anything else inappropriate because she knew he wasn't interested.



When Willa turned Cheryl's phone on to scroll through Frieda's texts, she sighed upon seeing her nudes. How could Frieda do this while people were asleep? It was despicable.

She sent Frieda's Whatsapp account to another person and ordered them to track her location.

"Okay Chucky, you can give Cheryl her phone back now," Willa smiled and handed the phone to him.

With that, Chuck did as he was told.

"Thank you," Cheryl thanked, keeping her phone back into her pocket. "Frieda said she would give me a day to think about her offer," she continued nervously.

"Got it," Chuck replied. With Willa's capabilities, it would be easy enough to locate Frieda within a day.

"Go back home and wait for my update," Chuck said, ready to get in his car.

Cheryl bit her lip and called out urgently, "Hold on."

Chuck frowned.

"It's just... I want to let you know that I'm willing to work for you, Mr. Cannon," Cheryl said. She didn't think it was a big deal before, but Chuck had given her renewed hope this time round. She had to thank him.

Chuck questioned, "You want to work for me?" Now that he thought of it, she was pretty capable. It would be good if she were to work for him. However, he knew that Auntie Logan would definitely not agree.

"Yes, I do. I'm willing to do anything! I really do want to thank you for your help this time round," Cheryl knew that Patricia was asked to work for him as well, so she knew this would be a good way to repay him.

"No, I'd rather not keep in contact with you if possible. You seem to bring bad luck wherever you go," Chuck said bluntly.

Cheryl trembled at that statement. If other men had said that to her, she wouldn't have batted an eye. However, the fact that Chuck was the one saying this to her filled her eyes with tears.

"I... I haven't even touched a man! I swear! I'm not even married! Why does everyone not believe me?! Mr. Cannon, I'm really not what they say I am. I'm not a man-eater..." Cheryl choked again, on the edge of bursting into another fit of tears.

Chuck was rendered speechless. He shouldn't have said what he had just now, it was too cruel. He could only try to comfort her now, "Okay, all right. Please, stop crying."

Cheryl nodded and started to cease from her sobbing. Eventually, she



spoke up again, "Mr. Cannon, if you need anything, anything at all, call me okay? I'll be waiting for your update at home then."

Regardless of whether Chuck would need her or not, she had made this decision to repay his gratitude however she could.

"Alright," Chuck replied. He really couldn't stand it anymore. He felt that this woman was indeed a little pitiful. After all, she was a single mother. It must be difficult for her to take care of her daughter alone.

Cheryle nodded and turned to walk away.

When she got back to her car, she started crying from embarrassment again. She was ashamed to have cried like that in front of Chuck just now.

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## Chapter 490

Cheryl watched as Willa drove Chuck and Yvette away. She remained in the car for a while. After she stopped crying, she wiped away her tears. She was worried if her nudes would be leaked out.

Chuck should be able to find Frieda... right?

If that's the case...

Cheryl sighed. It'd be best for her to wait for news at home. When she was preparing to drive home, she was once again reminded of Chuck's unpleasant words and couldn't help crying aggrievedly once more.

It wasn't her choice to have been born with such bad luck!

It wasn't her fault, she was just born with it!

She remained in a daze until she received a call from home. She then wiped away her tears and drove back in a hurry.

After reaching home, she attended to a few matters related to the Champ family before meeting with her daughter in a worn-out state.

Her daughter asked sensibly, "Mom, did you go to find Uncle Chuck just now?"

"Yes, I went to look for him just now."

"Is he willing to help you?"

"Yes, he is," Cheryl answered while cuddling her daughter.

"I told you! Uncle is a nice man." Her daughter snuggled up to her in delight and whispered, "Mom, are you going to marry him?"

"Don't speak nonsense. It won't happen," Cheryl shook her head and mused. That wasn't possible!

Clearly, Cheryl knew that she did not have romantic feelings for him.

If there were any feelings between Chuck and her, it would just solely be gratitude. If they really got together, it would be nothing more than just a trade.

Although he was young, he could destroy the Allen Family with ease and even cause the Champ Family to fall into such a dire situation. She would not be a good match for him.

Furthermore, Cheryl clearly wasn't his type. She was always crying in front of him. To him, she was just an incessant crybaby.

Things were impossible between them.

Her daughter commented naively without a shred of knowledge about the situation, "Why not? Uncle is a man, and men have a soft spot for gorgeous ladies. Mom, you're a beauty. I'm sure uncle likes you a lot!"



Of course, she knew that her mother was beautiful. Since she was an extraordinary beauty, how could Chuck not like her?

"It's not like that. There are many pretty ladies around him, so I'm not the prettiest out there. Plus, I'm much older than him. I look more like his older sister!" Cheryl's embrace loosened slightly.

Even so, she was not qualified to be his elder sister!

"But I think Mom and Uncle are suitable for each other. I would really like to have Uncle Chuck as my father."

"Nonsense, dear." Cheryl shook her head. Her daughter was letting her imagination run wild.

This was out of the question.

"But it's true." Her daughter buried herself in Cheryl's arms.

Cheryl comforted her, "Don't think about it, sweetheart. Mom can take care of you all alone. You don't need a father." It was true. She was used to sleeping alone at night.

So what if she spent the rest of her life like this?

Occasionally, she would feel lonely and empty, but she managed to keep it in and continue moving forward. After all, it wasn't like she would live for another hundred years.

"Well, you actually like Uncle Chuck, right? Otherwise, you wouldn't have asked him for help," Her daughter added innocently.

Cheryl was speechless, "My goodness, be a good girl and stop talking gibberish, alright?" Her daughter was such a handful!

She had been left with no choice but to seek help from Chuck!

She caressed and kissed her daughter while lulling her daughter to sleep, "Don't talk nonsense. Let's go to bed."

"When will you let Uncle Chuck sleep next to you?"

Cheryl sighed just listening to her daughter's innocent words. If they were to sleep together, her daughter would have to sleep alone!

Sigh, her own thoughts were invaded by her daughter's gibberish now!

Cheryl held her daughter in her arms and started feeling anxious again. Would Chuck be able to find Frieda? What about her nudes?

.....

"Chucky, Frieda's specific location has been secured. I'll depart now," Willa said to Chuck.

She had her men locate Frieda's location, and found that it was around a hundred kilometers away from where they were now.

Chuck and Yvette exchanged urgent glances!

Prior to this, Black Rose got them into a miserable state, so they had



to capture her and take revenge. Needless to say, they wouldn't let her death be an easy one!

They had to make this woman pay for what she did! An easy death would not suit her.

"Okay, I'll prepare for a bit. Black Rose is pretty strong." Willa shot a glance at Yvette.

Yvette definitely knew the danger of going unprepared. If it weren't for Willa the last time, she would have died.

By all means, Willa's plan was to assemble as many guns as she had!

"You two, wait for me at home," Willa hesitated and finally decided not to let Chuck go. After all, it would be too dangerous.

If he was not being cautious, he would end up being killed by Black Rose instead.

Chuck was unwilling to just wait. Auntie Logan had taken good care of them, so he couldn't just let her face Black Rose alone. It didn't make sense for him to do so.

Willa sighed, unable to stand his puppy eyes. How could she refuse him? She turned away and compromised, "Fine, you two follow me then. But be careful!"

Chuck and Yvette nodded obediently.

They had to be on their toes!

Willa drove back home to assemble some firearms and ammo. She quickly loaded them onto the car and drove towards the marked location. Chuck's eyes narrowed, a cold glint appearing in his eyes. Just you wait, Black Rose!

.....

Frieda and Black Rose had finished their training today. Frieda returned to her room, feeling worn out as she continued to send threats to Cheryl, "There's not much time left. What's your decision? To give me the money, or have the whole world admire your naked body?"

Cheryl became panic-stricken. Had Chuck not found Frieda yet? If not, wasn't she doomed?

She dared not act rashly as she replied, "Let me think it over. Didn't you give me a day?"

"I did give you a day, but I changed my mind. I'll give you an hour to think about it. If you don't give me the money, I'll just have to show the whole world who you really are," Frieda sneered.

She found it fascinating to tease Cheryl.

"One trillion dollars, that's a lot, I have to think about it!"

"Nope, I won't give you too long. Let me guess, you probably asked



someone to sniff out my trail, right? Haha!" Frieda mocked as she sent out another message.

Cheryl was scared. Did she find out?

Frieda cackled, "It's a pity though, you'll never be able to find me!" She had been with Black Rose all this time. With such a vigilant lady with her, there was no way someone would be able to find her!

Cheryl breathed a sigh of relief, but began to panic as she could tell that Frieda was overjoyed. She was worried whether Chuck was able to locate Frieda since she must be hiding in a very isolated place.

She despaired at her dark thoughts.

"I'll make it clear. If you haven't answered me after an hour, I'll share your photos one by one." Frieda put away her phone and flashed a triumphant smile.

She took a shower and prepared to rest. Out of the blue, she was startled by a knock at the door. Frieda frowned and walked towards the door cautiously, asking, "Who is it?"

"It's me." It was Black Rose.

Frieda scoffed. Why was Black Rose here? She opened the door and Black Rose stepped in stoically. Frieda asked, "Is there anything I can..."

Slap!

Black Rose immediately gave her a slap on her face.

Frieda was stupefied. She covered her cheek with rage and shouted, "Black Rose, what are you doing?"

Slap!

Without any warning, Black Rose slapped her again!

Frieda glared at Black Rose viciously, screaming, "What are you doing? Why are you hitting me?"

"What have you done?" Black Rose responded coldly, her eyes sparkling with bloodlust!

"What do you mean? What are you talking about?" Frieda panicked. No way, did she find out that Frieda took her photo? There's no way, right? Black Rose didn't even manage to look at Frieda's phone, so she couldn't know, could she?

If it wasn't that, then what?

Slap!

Black Rose smacked Frieda again and Frieda fell to the ground. She backed off in fear, begging, "I didn't do anything. I swear!"

"Give me your phone!"



Frieda was petrified. She had undergone training during this period and her skills had increased greatly. Even so, she was still not a match for Black Rose. Frieda wasn't a fool. If she really wanted to turn against Black Rose, she would only do so when she was strong enough!

Now that Black Rose was threatening her to hand over her phone, didn't that mean she found out about the photos?

She was dead meat!

Frieda got up slowly and hobbled around her, pleading, "Don't hit me. There has to be a misunderstanding here! Why don't we talk it out?"

Black Rose yelled at her, "For the last time, give me your d\*mn phone!"

Frieda was trembling in panic. What could she do? Defend herself? She would definitely get into more trouble. With no choice left, Frieda burst into tears and knelt in front of Black Rose, apologizing, "I'm sorry. It's my fault..."

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