

## Chapter 418

After Betty had thrown out so many hints, would they realize who Chuck was now?

Leonardo was stunned. He still didn't know who Chuck was exactly. He genuinely didn't know much because he wasn't sure who ran the company that manufactured the piece of alloy in his hand. Therefore, how could he know which family Chuck belonged to?

While he may not have known who they were, he knew that Chuck's parents were definitely a force to be reckoned with.

He knew that by running such a huge company, the rewards must be limitless. Furthermore, the technology they developed had paved the way for the development of the future.

Frankly, Chuck's parents were so much more capable than the Allen family.

"Grandpa..." Some of the Allen family members were still confused at their grandfather's silence.

What was happening?

What had rendered Leonardo into such a trance? This had never happened before.

After all, the Allen family was very powerful. There was little that could faze the master of their family.

"Grandpa, what's that?" someone asked, walking over. He was really curious!

He muttered, "Isn't it just a piece of scrap? Doesn't look like anything impressive to me at all."

How could it cause Leonardo to react like this?

Leonardo eventually glanced up at Chuck, whose face was devoid of any emotions. Then, he got out of his chair and started to walk up to him slowly, sending the Allen family's descendants into frozen shock.

What was he doing?

Had he just gotten out of his chair for these strangers?

This was something that none of the other three families had managed to do.

All the Allen family's descendants were taken aback by it.

"Are his parents the owners of this piece of alloy?" Leonardo asked. He really couldn't bear to hear the answer if it was an affirmative one. If that were so, Chuck's parents' fortune must be through the roof. It would be impossible to estimate just how many assets they actually



had.

Leonardo knew that his family had invested a lot of money in the United States tech company. However, his company in comparison to Chuck's was nothing but a speck of dust. He had a deep understanding of the numerous difficulties tech companies had to face. If anyone had invested in such a tech company that was listed as one of the top three in America, they would have at least made more than all of the Allen family's wealth combined.

It was simply astounding.

This meant that Chuck's parents were wealthy.

"You're right," Betty answered faintly.

Leonardo inhaled sharply at the answer.

It had suddenly dawned on him. So, that was why the people Chuck brought in could overwhelm his family's guards so easily. Chuck's family was so much more capable than his!

He also understood why Chuck had the audacity to even bring his people to the Allen family's household and why he wasn't afraid to beat Landon up. He didn't even look fazed when he had been attacked by hundreds of people just now...

It was clear to Leonardo now. Chuck's family was definitely richer, and therefore more powerful than the Allen family. It was a simple conclusion.

"Grandpa, help me! It hurts so much," Landon cried out. He had been slapped by Betty several times in front of so many members of the Allen family. She had singlehandedly taken away his dignity.

When Leonardo finally made his way over to them, he raised his boney arm in preparation for a slap.

"Thwack!"

The smack landed hard on Landon's already bruised face.

Landon and the rest of the Allen family at the scene were stupefied by this, their mouths gaped open in disbelief.

What had happened? Why did Leonardo hit his own grandson?

"Grandpa, why did you hit me?" Landon questioned in shock. He felt like he was in a dream, but the searing pain that he could clearly feel all over his face told him otherwise.

"You b\*stard, what have you done?" Leonardo scolded him loudly.

"Swish!" He hit Landon once more.

Every member of the Allen family was astounded by this development.

What was wrong with Leonardo? Was he not going to protect his own



family in front of strangers?

"Grandpa..." Landon could not help but feel wronged. Leonardo had just slapped him in front of so many people! How could he do this?

"Smack!"

Leonardo slapped him again and yelled, "You still can't keep your mouth shut?!"

"Grandpa, what are you doing? Stop hitting me! What about them? Get people to beat them up instead!" Landon wept as he pointed at Chuck and Betty.

"Whack!"

"You b\*stard!"

Leonardo was almost out of breath himself after the fierce berating.

The hall had fallen extremely quiet.

"What's the point of prolonging the fight? You obviously know how this will end," Betty said.

Leonardo bit down on his tongue and asked, "Then, what do you want?"

"First, I want you to sign this contract," Betty said as she handed it over.

"Alright. I'll return the four billion dollars accordingly as well." Leonardo had never expected such words to come out of his own mouth.

"What? Grandpa, are you mad? Why are you doing this? This is absurd!" one of the members of the Allen family yelled out, startled.

This could only mean one thing. Their grandfather was actually surrendering to others!

They couldn't believe this.

"Grandpa..." Landon was bewildered at what he was seeing. He still thought that Chuck had come here in desperation. However, Leonardo's reaction to the situation had disrupted such thoughts. Could Chuck's family really be more powerful than his own?

It was impossible! The Allen family was one of the Four Greatest Households in the country!

Zelda was dumbfounded as well. As the Allen family's master, how could Leonardo surrender himself like that to Chuck? Was Chuck really that capable?

"Young Master, what do you think?" Betty asked Chuck. If Karen were here, she would definitely refuse to accept the money back.

"You don't have to return the money, just sign the contract. I've bought the hotel from you fair and square," Chuck said.



Betty was gratified by his answer. Karen would have made the same decision as well. He was indeed his mother's son.

"Fine," Leonardo spared a look at Chuck and signed it immediately.

After that, Betty put it away.

"Landon, you've made a fool out of my young master. You'll be getting what's coming to you now. Come, break his legs!" Betty ordered.

"What did you just say?" Leonardo yelled furiously at that.

"Thwack!"

Betty raised her hand and slapped him, Leonardo, the master of the Allen family!

The other members of the Allen family continued to watch on quietly in shock, along with the rest of the Allen family guards surrounding them.

"Grandpa! Hey, what the hell did you do?!"

The Allen family's descendants exclaimed as they could not believe the audacity of this woman!

Leonardo's face was still burning with pain. With a raise of his hand, he silenced the hall.

Betty glared and walked closer to him. "Leonardo, haven't you heard of Karen Lee when you were in the States?"

"What?" Leonardo gasped. He was confounded by the mention of Karen's name.

Of course, he had heard of her. When he was in the United States, he was aware of the Lee family. They were one of the Four Greatest Households in the world!

He had heard that the master of the Lee family had a daughter who was very charming. At the time, he had wanted to make his way into the Lee family and marry Karen. But she had ignored him, thus he couldn't do anything about it!

After all, the Four Greatest Households in this country compared to the Big Four in the whole world could hardly be compared to each other! It was no wonder that they had the money to invest in such a tech giant.

"You mean, he's a Lee..." Leonardo asked in a low voice.

"Yes, that's right. Tell me, what's the Allen family to them?" Betty asked.

Leonardo was at a loss of words, letting out a sigh in defeat. Yes, compared to a world-class family, his family was nothing.

He knew the limits of his own family. Aside from the other three influential families in the country, he didn't take any other families



seriously. He could do whatever he wanted, no matter the consequence. But now, the tables have turned. They were the ones who weren't taken seriously this time.

Leonardo's confidence had all but dissipated.

"I don't wish to repeat myself. Your grandson has offended my young master. So, he has to have his legs broken!" Betty scowled.

Leonardo was in a dilemma now. He glanced at Landon, who was still in a state of shock. He gritted his teeth and was ready to order one of his men to do the job but Betty shook her head at him. "No, you do it."

"Me?" he inquired out loud.

"Do you have a problem with that?"

Leonardo clenched his jaw and started to step towards Landon. Just as everyone was looking on in a daze, he picked up an iron bat and hit Landon's leg hard.

"Ah!" Landon shrieked.

He widened his eyes and looked down at his unnaturally bent legs. He promptly sank to the ground, his eyes slowly falling shut. He had passed out on the ground.

He couldn't believe his own grandfather had struck him.

The rest of the Allen family were completely flabbergasted by the absurdity of the situation.

"What happened? Grandpa's gone mad..."

They muttered among themselves, all confused by what they had just witnessed. How could Leonardo side with outsiders and beat up his own grandson in their territory?

"Not bad." Betty nodded at Leonardo then looked back at Chuck and asked, "Young Master, what do you think?"

"I think it's time to wrap up here," Chuck glanced at Landon as he said. He thought that this old fool should have already acknowledged just how capable he really was by now.


"Okay. Should we head home now?" Betty asked.

Chuck had no objections to that. He really wanted to go back to sleep. He turned to Zelda and said, "Sister Zelda, let's go."

"Okay," Zelda agreed mutely. She couldn't snap out of her daze at all. This all felt like a dream.

Someone had brought a whole group of people to the Allen family's household and managed to make the head of the family break his own grandson's leg. If news of this was spread, everyone in the country would be thrown into a shock!

Zelda followed behind Chuck with a blank look on her face. He

suddenly turned his head, sparing the speechless Allen family a look, and threatened, "Keep your eyes open and remember today. If any of you dare take me as a fool next time, I swear I'll wipe the Allen family off the face of this earth!" 

Chuck's fury was much to behold.



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Eventually, Chuck made his leave.

The only ones who remained in the hall were the members of the Allen family, and they were close to losing their minds.

Their house was in a mess!

The Allen family's guards nor the family themselves had expected such an incident to occur on this day, especially Landon and Leonardo.

The latter still felt as if he was in a dream.

"Someone, get Dr. Andrews here this instance!" Leonardo ordered, breaking the silence throughout the hall.

The people present looked at one another in dismay.

"Grandpa, who on earth was that?" someone asked. Their opinion of their own family had basically been subverted.

They couldn't believe someone better than them had existed.

The Allen family was already the best of the best, how could that be possible?

"None of you have to know who he is. What matters is that we stop provoking him from now onwards. Our family can't afford the consequences," Leonardo replied in a dignified tone.

At this time, he still had a palm print from Betty's slap imprinted on his face. It was very attention-grabbing.

Every member of the Allen family went stock-still at that admission.

What? Had they really met someone they couldn't afford to offend?

"Grandpa, is he from the other three families?" someone asked again.

"Idiot! What do you think? Do you think we can't trample the other three families by ourselves?" Leonardo yelled furiously. Why were his grandchildren so dimwitted?

How could they even think to form such a question with their mouths?

At that, the rest of the Allen family were at a loss. Who on earth was that man?

"If word of this gets out today, even a tiny snippet of what happened, I swear I'll hold every one of you accountable and kill you!" Leonardo said coldly.

What had happened to the Allen family on this day was nothing but shameful. However, there was nothing he could do about it.



He could only bear with it and swallow his rage. He mustn't let anyone get wind of this. Otherwise, the Allen family's pride would be in shambles.

Now, he only hoped that the other three families would also get on Chuck's bad side. If they did, the Allen family would be less undignified.

All of the guards merely looked at one another and could only nod. Anyhow, who would dare tell anyone else about this? The rest of the Allen family took this as a wake-up call, finally noticing that the world did not revolve around them. They had been living under a rock before this.

In this world, there was no wall that was impenetrable.

Meanwhile, in the Champ family's household.

Cheryl had heard gossip about the many cars that had shown up at the Allen family's household just the day before. No one knew what exactly had transpired but many had reported that they heard loud crashes.

What did this mean?

Did someone go up to the Allen family to cause trouble? Cheryl was a smart woman and she was gloating at their misfortune. Indeed, the Big Four families had always been fighting amongst themselves both in public and in private. If something bad had happened to the Allen family, it would greatly benefit the Champ family.

She really wanted to figure out the incident, but there was really no way for her to do so. She wondered if it could be the other two households that stirred up the trouble.

She didn't think so. The four families were almost identical in terms of power and capabilities. How could the other two families manage this? It was too quick of a turnabout.

Cheryl thought the whole situation was odd. Not long after, she received a call from her secretary.

"What is it?" she asked upon answering her phone.

"The hotel belonging to the Allen family on National Road has its sign taken down. It's changed into a different name," the secretary informed. They were very aware of every move the other families made. The hotel mentioned had just been renovated less than half a year ago, it was very new to begin with. Cheryl was confused as to how it could be under renovation again, much less a name-change.

This was just inconceivable!

"What is the new name?" Cheryl asked in surprise as she thought about the hotel in question was the one Chuck had wanted to



purchase.

"Nine Days Hotel," the secretary answered.

What? Cheryl was too astounded to even respond. Did this mean it wasn't the Allen family's hotel anymore? Did that other guy buy the hotel for real? How was it possible?

After that, Cheryl headed out and drove towards the vicinity of the hotel. She was so shocked to see that indeed, the hotel had its name changed. She couldn't figure out why the Allen family would sell it away.

Who bought it? Cheryl really didn't think it was Chuck. But if not him, who was the buyer?

She was extremely curious.

She got out of her car and walked up to the hotel. Sure enough, the front desk had undergone some changes. It was manned by a completely different batch of people.

There was a particularly beautiful woman behind the front desk clad in a professional uniform. This was Yolanda, who came over and had started to manage the hotel for a few days now. Cheryl walked up to her and asked, "Who's your boss now?"

Yolanda was caught off guard to see Cheryl. To her, this woman looked really classy and was wearing designer clothes. Yolanda wondered who she was.

"I apologize, our boss keeps a low profile," Yolanda answered with a slight smile.

"If that's the case, that means the ownership is transferred, right?" Cheryl questioned, feeling shocked. How did that person do it?

"Yes, it is," Yolanda replied.

It was really difficult for Cheryl to fathom this. If the hotel had belonged to her, she would never think to sell it. The Allen family wasn't short of funds, so why did they decide to sell it anyway?

This was too bizarre.

Eventually, Cheryl left and got back into her car. She was eager to know whether a new challenger had emerged within the country. Did they intend on killing off the Four Greatest Households?

After she had spread the word on WhatsApp, the other two families were taken by surprise having received the news as well. "Did something happen to the Allen family?" they all thought.

If that weren't the case, why would they sell their hotel?

In no time, the news spread like wildfire to the public. It was a hot topic for discussion. When Leonardo heard about it, he was enraged



and wanted to know who the hell had broken the news.

He thought that whoever they are, they must have a death wish!

Meanwhile...

Patricia thought about Landon's threat for three days but she really couldn't bring herself to cross her own boundaries. She decided to talk to Landon again. It didn't matter if she would end up getting beaten up or tortured. She refused to give her body away like that.

She called Landon's number, riddled with nerves but no one had answered.

Two days after the given deadline, it was still the same. She felt both afraid and uneasy. Had Landon changed his mind and planned to just go for her family straight on?

Patricia was working herself into a state of panic, until her friend who worked at the hospital heard from the orthopedic surgeon that Landon's leg had been broken and that he was getting treated for it. She was shocked.

No wonder he hadn't picked up any of her calls. However, who in their right mind would dare to break Landon's leg?

Patricia contemplated it. A person came to her mind as she did, Chuck. Was he the one who had beaten him up?

But wasn't that impossible? Chuck's status was definitely not up to par with the Allen family's. How would he have the guts to...

All of a sudden, Patricia snapped out of her thoughts when she saw a familiar figure driving towards a hotel. The driver looked a lot like Chuck...

But hadn't he offended Landon? How did he come out of it unscathed?

Patricia couldn't believe it. After all, Landon was infamous for being ruthless. How could he let Chuck get away with it?

A thought skirted Patricia's mind. Could it be that Landon had really gotten beaten up by Chuck?

Patricia started to tail him, following him into the car park. However, she was shocked to find that the hotel had changed its sign.

What was going on?

She watched as Chuck got out of his car, heading towards the entrance. The doorman had been particularly respectful towards him which had taken Patricia by surprise. Did Chuck really buy this hotel? How was this possible?

On a whim, she decided to get out of her car and speak to him. "Mr. Cannon..."



Chuck, who had just entered the hotel, looked back and saw Patricia. She looked very beautiful with her tall stature and perfect curves. He wondered why she had come here.

"Yes?" he asked.

"I'd like to ask you something. Is this hotel..." Patricia's heart throbbed painfully in anticipation. If Chuck really had bought it, it meant that he was more powerful than the Allen family.

"Yes, it's mine now. I've bought it," Chuck replied bluntly. There was nothing to hide from her as she was present when he had directly transferred the money to Landon.

Patricia was bewildered and she asked, "How did the Allen family agree to it?"

There was no doubt that the hotel was under new management, even the signboard had been changed.

"I just went up to their house and the guy named Leonardo agreed," Chuck explained with a shrug.

Oh, Gosh. Patricia couldn't process this information. Suddenly, she had an epiphany. She could ask Chuck for help!

Landon's leg had been broken but after he recovered, he would certainly find her to threaten her again. If Chuck was as powerful as the Allen family and she had his protection, wouldn't that mean Landon would not dare touch her?

"May I chat with you?" Patricia asked, her stomach filled with nervous butterflies. This was a great opportunity.

"Chat? I don't seem to have anything to talk to you about. Aaron hasn't done anything to me."

"Actually, this isn't about my brother, it's about me. I really need your help with something," Patricia bit her lip as she pleaded.

"You? You're asking me for help?" Chuck questioned as he felt slightly surprised. What was happening? Wasn't Patricia seeing Landon? Why would she approach him for help?

"Yeah, do you have the time?" Patricia asked.

"Just tell me what you need. I'll think about it," Chuck answered. He was unfamiliar with this woman. Although she looked gorgeous, he wasn't very well-acquainted with her. What did she have to say?

"It's between me and Landon..." Patricia mustered up the courage and told Chuck about her encounter with Landon and the threats he had made. Chuck had not expected to hear something like that. What was the meaning of this? How could Landon force her into such a thing?



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However, Chuck thought it was normal for men to have such feelings for women like Patricia. At the very least, Patricia was tall, slender, and had legs that went on for miles. Who wouldn't like her?

At the same time, Chuck didn't think Landon was right to force Patricia into accompanying him like this.

"So Mr. Cannon, would you be willing to help me?" Patricia asked, having plucked up her courage.

If she let someone violent like Landon take her, wouldn't she eventually be tortured to death? He might even hit her!

Looking at Chuck, she felt that he was different. At least he had a better temper and he didn't look to be tempted by her at the moment.

Chuck glanced at her a few times and asked, "Give me a good reason then. Why should I help you?"

He wasn't some sort of lapdog. What made her think she could order him to help her?

They did not know each other well either, having only met several times. Although this woman was smart, it didn't mean that Chuck had to assist her.

Chuck didn't like meddling in other people's business. There were so many intelligent people in the world. It didn't mean that Chuck had to help all of them.

"I..." Patricia bit her lip as she pondered over it. A reason?

She really couldn't think of one.

She was losing her confidence now. She wasn't familiar with Chuck in the slightest. They had only met because of Aaron's ignorance.

"Cat got your tongue? Tell me, what is your reason?" Chuck looked at her expectantly as he repeated.

When he was with the Allen family last time, Chuck had left a lasting impression on them. To help her, it was just a matter of exchanging a few words.

However, why had Chuck even asked her this in the first place?

"I..." Patricia couldn't get any words out.

Indeed, why should he help her? There was no concrete reason. Unless...

Was he trying to imply something?

Patricia eyed Chuck suspiciously but his gaze didn't appear to harbor any kind of desire towards her. He probably wasn't suggesting... that.



She was just thinking too much.

"It's fine if you can't think of anything. Sorry, but I've got something else to tend to," Chuck said, waving her away as he walked over to Yolanda to inquire about the hotel's progress.

"Mr. Cannon, can you give me a few days to come up with a reason?" Patricia pleaded desperately. She had witnessed the struggle between family feuds first hand. It was a horrible thing, for a larger family to gobble up a medium-sized family like hers.

"Let me ask you. Do you think your family is important?" Chuck asked.

"Yes," Patricia answered with no hesitance.

"Then you've already made your choice now, haven't you? You want to protect your family but you want to protect your innocence at the same time. It is impossible to have both. It should be very clear which one you should choose," Chuck said.

"I..." Patricia would usually give Chuck a slap to the face at this point but she couldn't. She was asking for his help.

She wasn't brave enough to do so anyhow. After all, he had managed to cripple Landon for a moment. After so many days, Landon had been quiet and didn't bother her. She couldn't get angry with Chuck for this.

If she angered Chuck, she knew she would face worse consequences.

"You better have a nice think about it yourself," added Chuck.

"Excuse me, but did you break Landon's leg?" Patricia asked for it was very important to confirm this matter.

"No," Chuck replied simply.

"It wasn't you? Then, who did?" Patricia was taken aback.

"Leonardo," Chuck answered calmly.

Patricia let out a shocked gasp at that.

She was horrified to hear that but asked again after some consideration, "Did you order him to do it?"

He replied, "I guess I did." Technically, it was Betty's orders but she was working for him. So, it was almost the same.

Patricia was rendered speechless by her surprise. Was Chuck really that capable? To the point where Leonardo had been forced by him to personally break Landon's leg?

She couldn't believe that Chuck actually was capable enough to force even Leonardo to surrender to him.

"Could you please help me?" Patricia continued to plead even more desperately. If he could make Leonardo turn on his own family, then Chuck would be able to settle her matter in seconds.



"Again, why should I? You couldn't even explain that to yourself. I'm not a charitable person, you know," Chuck said flatly.

Patricia was completely at a loss for words. "Mr. Cannon, what happened that day, I'm..."

She thought that maybe he was holding a grudge against her from the other day. After all, she had not called Landon out for his rude behavior towards him.

"Well, we don't know each other that well anyway. Don't overthink too much. If you can't give me a good reason, I suggest you find yourself a bodyguard," Chuck said and proceeded to turn away, on his way to find Yolanda.

Patricia had intended to say something else but bit her lip to stop herself. In the end, she could only sigh.

She couldn't come up with an excuse for the time being but Chuck had a point. She could always get a bodyguard.

She had to protect herself, in case Landon wanted to vent out his frustrations over his broken leg on her.

She walked out of the hotel eventually. Where could she find a bodyguard?

She gave her assistant a call.

"Find me a bodyguard. A female one," Patricia said.

She hung up after that. Her assistant should be able to find someone for her.

As expected, in less than half an hour, she received a call from her assistant with the name of her new bodyguard. When Patricia looked at the bodyguard's name, she muttered to herself, "Blood Leopard?"

On the information sheet, it also stated that she was an assassin. One who had just debuted.

As far as the whole country was concerned, Blood Leopard was the cheapest help one could get and she was quite capable.

Patricia didn't much mind how much it would cost her. It was Blood Leopard's ability to protect her that was most important.

Patricia really didn't want this person to protect her. After all, she had just debuted, and so Patricia thought that she probably wasn't very competent. Patricia could not gamble with her own safety like this.

Just as she was about to ask the assistant to continue her search, her phone rang. It was a call from an unknown number.

Patricia answered anyway.

"I'm Blood Leopard. You can trust me to protect you with my life. Just relax."



The lady on the other end said in an emotionless tone.

Indeed.

Yvette was Blood Leopard.

She had finished her first job and felt that this industry was not bad. It could really help hone her physical and psychological skills.

Furthermore, she could even make a living off it.

When Yvette had seen this job offer pop up just now, she didn't hesitate to sign up. Her organization had also agreed. After all, headquarters had given her brownie points as they were quite impressed with Yvette's speed at completing the previous task.

It was wholly up to the client now.

Yvette had to fight for her own opportunities and so, she made the call.

"Let's say a man wants to do something to me, what would you do to him? I forbid murder," Patricia inquired. The cold voice on the other end had somewhat instilled some of her confidence in the assassin's abilities. Was Blood Leopard an expert who had just joined the assassin industry?

"I'll protect you until you manage to get away from him," Yvette replied simply.

"Alright, then. Where are you now?" Patricia asked.

"Ocean City."

"I'm on Hornbill Road in the neighboring city. There's a Nine Days Hotel here. I'll wait for you for an hour," Patricia said.

"No problem," Yvette answered.

Patricia hung up the phone then. She sat in the car and just waited for time to pass. About an hour later, Patricia, who was resting her eyes in the car heard the sound of someone knocking on her window.

She opened her eyes and rolled her windows down. She was surprised by who she was looking at.

The assassin looked so charming. She was wearing a baseball cap and a simple denim jacket but they could barely conceal her good looks and figure.

Yvette had rushed over here in a hurry.

"Are you Blood Leopard?" Patricia inquired, taken aback. How could such a beautiful woman turn out to be an assassin?

She did not see that coming.

"I am," Yvette said, her tone icy.

The frost in her voice and gaze boosted the confidence Patricia had in



her. "Okay. You may get in."

Yvette had been carrying a backpack. She eventually settled in the car with Patricia.

First, she inquired about Patricia's situation. Patricia did not hide any details from her as she described all of her unfortunate encounters.

Yvette nodded and asked, "Understood. So who is this person you're talking about?"

Patricia was reluctant to tell her. If she said it out, would Yvette leave out of fear? Would she not accept this deal?

"Just tell me. I've already prepared myself mentally when I took on the job," Yvette said, feeling very sure of herself. This lady had taken such a huge risk to find an assassin for protection. She was certainly no ordinary woman.

"Someone from the Allen family," Patricia finally said.

"Which Allen family?" Yvette wondered aloud.

"The one from the Four Greatest Households," Patricia clarified.

Yvette was startled by this. She was born and bred in this country, so of course, she knew who the Allen family was.

So someone in the family had somehow taken a fancy to this woman?

"Are you scared?" Patricia asked and was a bit disappointed by Yvette's reaction. She must be afraid after hearing who her opponent was.

"There's nothing to be afraid of," Yvette replied casually. She was on a job, what use was fear?

"Are you sure?"

"I am," Yvette answered.

Patricia was satisfied with Yvette's answer and replied, "Alright. If you accept the job, you can start now until this matter is resolved."

"Oh? Do you have a plan?" Yvette was a tad surprised.

"I do," Patricia said firmly as she looked out of the window. Following her gaze, Yvette looked and saw that she was staring at a hotel called Nine Days Hotel. She had never heard of it before.

"Is the boss of this hotel helping you?" Yvette was quick-witted to catch on.

"He didn't agree to it, He wanted me to find him a good reason for his help."

"Reason?" Yvette echoed.

"I can't think of one for now but once I do, I think he'll help me," Patricia said but was still not very self-assured.



"Who's the boss? Is he strong enough to fight the Allen family?" Yvette was rather inquisitive. She knew of countless powerful people that hid themselves within the country.

"Mr. Cannon," Patricia answered.

"Mr. Cannon?" Yvette parroted back. She only knew of one person with that surname and muttered, "That's also my husband's surname."

"You have a husband?" Patricia asked in confusion. What was up with Yvette? How could her husband even allow her to be an assassin?

Was he living off of her?

"Yes, I do," Yvette answered.

"Well, that's... I hope you don't mind me asking, but does he depend on you financially?" Patricia asked.

"He used to be. But now, no. I'm the one depending on him now..." Yvette explained as her thoughts now filled with Chuck. They hadn't seen each other for a few days now.

To be honest, she didn't really know where he had been at all.

Patricia couldn't comprehend why someone would come out to work as an assassin if they had a husband out putting food on the table.

"You didn't tell your husband about this?" she asked.

"No, I don't have the guts to," Yvette's eyes softened as she replied. If she told Chuck this, he would be worried out of his mind. His anxiety would make her anxious in return which would affect the mental state she was in when she was on the job.

Plus, if she had told him, he would definitely forbid her from continuing. He might not tell her straight up but she knew he would give her the cold shoulder.

"But... why?" Patricia asked.

Yvette did not answer.

Patricia saw that Yvette didn't want to elaborate any more on that, so she didn't pry any further. Perhaps she was afraid that her husband would be worried about her. He was lucky to have a wife who was capable of earning so much money.

"Does Mr. Cannon have power over the person you mentioned?" Yvette asked to make sure before she could consider her next steps upon meeting Landon.

This was a very important question. If she killed him, it would spell nothing but trouble. If she didn't, Patricia would still be in danger.

"Yes, Mr. Cannon is very capable," Patricia responded. She was still extremely curious about him. Just what on earth was Chuck's story?