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Frieda didn't even want to hear it. She didn't think much as she doubted that someone who would be a loser for the rest of his life could compensate much.

Elena went stammered, showing two fingers and then another five fingers.

"Two thousand and five hundred? Or twenty-five thousand?" Frieda asked impatiently, annoyed.

"No, no." Elena shook her head hastily.

Frieda frowned, "Then, was it two hundred and fifty thousand dollars? Hmm, it was out of my expectation. How did that person take out so much money? What? It wasn't? Then... 2.5 million dollars? Impossible! Where did he get so much money? I don't believe it, he even had to buy drinks on credit! ...What's wrong with you? Why are you shaking your head non-stop? Don't tell me that was 25 million dollars!"

Frieda was furious, what was wrong with Elena? She kept shaking her head like a fool.

Did she really turn into a fool after getting hit by Chuck?

"It's not 25 million dollars." Elena was still shaking her head. She couldn't seem to spit out the literal figure.

Because the number was too terrifying. If she saw that amount on someone else's phone, she would disdain it, it must be fake. But it was on Aaron's phone, it was different.

It was true, so true that it felt like a dream.

"How much exactly was it? Are you fooling with me? If it's not 25 million, would it be 250 million? Do you think I'm stupid enough to believe that?" Frieda was particularly angry. She felt that she was going to unfriend Elena as she was too ignorant.

"No, it was 2.5 billion dollars! That guy just gave 2.5 billion dollars to Aaron!!" Elena finally said it. She herself could not believe that it was true. She had clearly seen the number with her eyes just now, but when she said it now, she felt that it was unreal again.

Did Aaron worth so much? Why could he be compensated with

such a huge sum of money for just a few slaps?

"Humph!" Frieda sneered and turned to walk away.

2.5 billion dollars?

Frieda felt offended!

"Frieda, don't go. It's for real!" Elena was anxious. Why didn't Frieda believe her?

"Don't follow me anymore. Go home by yourself. Do you think I'm a fool?" Frieda didn't even want to look back at all. She felt that she had been greatly insulted!

How could it be possible? Frieda didn't even believe a compensation of twenty-five thousand dollars, let alone 2.5 billion dollars. Did Elena think she was stupid?

Why should she keep being friends with her?

Frieda decided to end their friendship!

"Hey, Frieda. Ouch..." When Elena was chasing after her, she tripped and fell to the ground. She was in great pain and was about to cry.

Frieda looked back at her disgustedly and spat, "Don't say that you know me. I don't have a friend like you!"

Frieda snorted and went back to the sports car store. Then, she drove her car and left. She didn't want to care about Elena anymore.

Such an ignorant friend, making those brainless jokes. She was sick of it.

Elena slowly got up with her hands holding her aching legs, shouting, "Frieda, I didn't lie. That sc*m had really transferred 2.5 billion dollars to Aaron!"

Elena felt wronged. She was slapped by Chuck twice. She was thinking about why Chuck didn't compensate her. He paid 2.5 billion dollars to Aaron, he should've paid her at least one hundred thousand dollars or one million dollars as well!

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Aaron waited anxiously by the roadside, "Why hasn't she come yet?"

He had just received a phone call from his sister, Patricia who asked him to wait there. He had been waiting for more than ten

minutes. Where was she?

He couldn't sit still!

After a while, there was a roar of engine noise coming from across the street. A red sports car was coming and it stopped in front of Aaron. The door opened, and there was a pair of beautiful slender legs. It was flawless, its skin glowing and healthy.

A charming woman exited from the car. She looked like Aaron. It could be said that she was perfect. That woman was too pretty. She had long slender legs and was wearing a perfectly fitted denim skirt. When she came out, she caught everyone's attention.

That was Aaron's sister, Patricia Dawson.

She walked over slowly and her brows slightly wrinkled, "What's going on? Did someone beat you up? Also, why did you have 2.5 billion dollars in your card for no reason?"

Aaron's card was linked to hers, so she was clear of all the fund transfer. Just two hours ago, she had received a text message and found out that her brother's account actually had an extra 500 million dollars. She was shocked, Aaron wasn't doing any business, how could he have received so much money?

During that time, in less than a minute before she could ask him, another billion dollars had been transferred. Patricia was startled. When she was about to make a call to ask what was going on, she had received yet another notification, it was 2.5 billion dollars in total!

How did Aaron get that money? Who gave it to him? It was so astonishing that Patricia got angry. Was he doing something illegal? Where did such a huge amount of money come from?

Thus, she had called him immediately and asked where he was. She then stopped her work and drove over instantly.

"I... someone transferred it to me," Aaron hemmed and hawed. He was honest as his sister was being too oppressive.

"Who? Make it clear!" Patricia narrowed her beautiful eyes, showing a brutal look.

"I-I don't know how to say it. He's just a student, a sophomore. He owns a plaza and has some money. I met him when I went

to buy a car. We had an argument, and he... he hit me, so he compensated me," Aaron said.

Clap!

Patricia slapped him in the face and his face turned red. "Sister, what are you doing? Why did you hit me?"

"What did you say? Repeat it! How dare you lie to me?" Patricia barked as her face was expressionless. She felt insulted. Who was the person who had hit Aaron? How was it possible that whoever it was had compensated 2.5 billion dollars?

"Sister, I'm not lying. It's true," Aaron said helplessly. He felt like breaking down mentally.

"Stop it! Tell me the truth!" Patricia stared at him and said in an indifferent tone.

"I swear, it's true. Sister, why would I lie? It was really a compensation. Why do I have to lie to you?" Aaron felt wronged.

Patricia frowned, "You aren't lying to me?"

"No," Aaron replied.

"What's going on? Break it to me. If you ever lie, I'll beat you up," Patricia said coldly.

Of course, Aaron told the truth. Patricia frowned upon hearing the story, "I don't believe what you said. It's possible that he slapped you and compensated a few million, but 2.5 billion dollars? That's not possible!"

"Sister, don't hit me. It's true. If I am lying, I'd get hit by a car and die immediately," Aaron quickly said.

"Shut up!" Patricia snorted, "If you ever say that again, I wouldn't let you off the hook!"

She was wondering if it was the truth. How could she not believe it when her brother had sworn?

"What's his name?" she then asked.

"Chuck Cannon, he owned a small plaza. That plaza is very lousy," Aaron answered unpleasantly.

"Can you shut up? If the plaza is lousy, how was it possible for him to transfer 2.5 billion dollars to you? Think about it." Patricia snorted. How could Chuck have so much money if the plaza was lousy?

"If he was able to pay so much for compensation, he isn't an ordinary person," she analyzed.

"I understand. Perhaps he has a similar background to our family. What's there to be afraid of? Do you think I'd be afraid of him?" Aaron was confident, his sister was very powerful and she had never been defeated.

"Similar to our family? If you hit someone, would you give that person 2.5 billion dollars?" Patricia scoffed as she squinted her eyes.

"I..." Aaron did not answer. Of course, he would not. If that ever happened, his father wouldn't stop cursing.

"This person must be more powerful than our family. You can't take that money. Give it back to him," Patricia analyzed and said. No matter what, it must be returned!

"Why should I give it back to him? That was considered my hard-earned money. I'm not going to return it!" Aaron refused as he was excited. He could buy a lot of cars or even a private plane with that money.

He wouldn't return it!

"Repeat it," Patricia uttered coldly.

"Sister, it's 2.5 billion dollars! That idiot had transferred it to me, I'm not going to give it back no matter what. Why would the Dawson family be afraid of him?" Aaron was very sure of this fact. What was so great about 2.5 billion dollars? It was Chuck who'd paid him, Aaron wouldn't return it.

Clap!

Patricia gave him another slap in the face, "Did you lose your mind? Do you think he wouldn't demand a 5 billion, or even 10 billion dollars from you just because he gave you 2.5 billion dollars?"

"Do you think he has the ability to do that?" Aaron curled his lips and thought, Chuck definitely couldn't!

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Aaron felt that what Patricia had said was impossible. His family was not easy for ordinary people to deal with nor they could afford to provoke. Hence, he refused to let Chuck get back the 5 billion dollars or even 10 billion dollars.

It was easier said than done.

Even if Chuck had equal power as the Dawson family, or was perhaps even stronger, so what? Aaron firmly believed the Dawson family would not be afraid of him.

Thinking of this, he said, "Don't overthink. The 2.5 billion was compensated by that idiot, I won't give it back. How about I give you 500 million dollars? Or 1 billion?" Although Aaron was often beaten up by Patricia, he genuinely liked her from the bottom of his heart because he had been looking up to her since childhood.

As a result, he had always been obedient to her. But this time, it was 2.5 billion dollars! He really wanted to spend it recklessly, how could he possibly be willing to let go of it?

Although his family was wealthy, his father had never given him so much money!

"Shut up!" Patricia barked at him as she was unmoved. Now that she had graduated from college and took over half of the family's business, how would she care about the one billion dollars he had offered? In addition, even if it was Aaron's money, she would not want it either.

However, it was very dangerous to keep that money!

Patricia felt that it must be returned.

"Sister..." Aaron begged her.

"Do you still want to refuse? You're trying to challenge my patience, aren't you?" Patricia snorted. Aaron covered his cheek quickly and said aggrievedly, "Sister, you are the president of the company of our family now. Why are you being so timid?"

"It's not that I'm timid. It's because you're too young to understand some matters." Patricia spoke gently, "You know where that plaza is located, right? Bring me there, I want to find

out his background. But I'm warning you, you'd better bring along the money. There is no room for negotiation. Now, show me the way!"

Walking with her slender legs, Patricia then got into her car. Aaron had no choice but to listen to her and led the way.

Soon, Aaron took Patricia to City Square. After they entered the parking lot, both of them got out of the car. Patricia was looking around the plaza.

"Look, this plaza is lousy, isn't it? There is not even a compliment office building. Isn't it lousy?" Aaron said disdainfully. When Patricia was with him, he looked like a kid who had his parent by his side, which made him feel extra confident.

"Shut up, what are you looking at? The location of the plaza is very good, it has great prospects as well. It will definitely be a success in three to five years' time. Also, how do you know that there would be no office buildings? An office building could be built right over there," Patricia said as she pointed to an area ahead of them. Aaron shook his head, he didn't agree with her. It was not easy to build another office building.

She added, "Besides, did you notice that the plaza has strict management? They had their own way of managing, which is very comfortable. It's just a matter of time for this plaza to grow." Patricia could see that the plaza had bright prospects, its management was very unique as well, making it feel convenient for every customer. Additionally, they could enjoy the shopping experience over there. How could such a plaza not be able to grow?

"Sister, can you stop complimenting it?" Aaron curled his lips.

Patricia replied, "I'm not complimenting, but the person you're talking about has the ability and vision. He must be from a well-known family."

"Our Dawson family is famous too!" Aaron said as he felt unpleasant. Why was his sister always complimenting others?

"It's not the same. Our family has a long way to go from being one. You've no idea how a real well-known family could be," Patricia corrected him. She felt very helpless as Aaron couldn't

understand all of this, being only a student.

"I do. It's just like our Dawson family, great and powerful!" Aaron said proudly.

Patricia frowned, "Are you going to continue being stubborn?"

Hearing her tone, Aaron trembled, covering his cheek and stopped speaking.

"Ask that person out. I want to see him in person!" Patricia felt obliged to do so. She didn't want to add an unknown enemy to her family.

"Sister, is that necessary?" Aaron asked as he was getting unhappy. If they met in person, he'd have to return the 2.5 billion dollars to Chuck. He was not willing to do so!

"Do as I say!" Patricia ordered fiercely. Aaron was scared, nodding his head. But he didn't have Chuck's number, so he could only ask from someone. He rang his classmates to see if he could get Chuck's number.

However, just then, Patricia suddenly saw a tall woman.

"Hey, such a beautiful woman!" Aaron also saw her. That woman was in a business suit, which outlined her perfect body.

"Sister, do you know her?" Aaron's eyes lit up as he asked. Although that woman looked like she was in her early thirties, which was much older than him, he was still attracted to her. She was even more attractive than the campus belle, Frieda, as her body shape was too charming.

"Yes, but I haven't met her before." Patricia frowned and looked at him, scolding, "Stop being a playboy. If you ever disrespect a woman, I will give you a lesson!"

"Sister, don't worry about me. Who is that beautiful woman?" Aaron asked curiously.

"Her name is Quinn Miller, and she is quite a well-known investor. She had an estimated net worth of 10 billion dollars," Patricia answered.

Yes, She was Quinn, who'd just come back from Floriland. She came to Chuck's plaza subconsciously. She didn't even know the reason she was here. She just wanted to look around and visit Chuck.

"Ten billion dollars?" Aaron was very surprised and he gasped, "What is she here for?"

"Perhaps she happens to know the Chuck who you mentioned," Patricia analyzed. Then, she said, "Why are you still staring at her? Why don't you contact that person? I'm warning you, if you ever use a penny of the 2.5 billion dollars, I'll break your leg!"

Aaron shivered with fear and did not dare to look at Quinn anymore. He was busy trying to get Chuck's number.

But then, he thought of that cafe and Lara, thinking that she should know Chuck's number. Thus, he said, "Sister, wait a minute, I'll ask someone for his number."

Aaron ran to Lara's cafe. Patricia looked back and continued staring at Quinn from a distance, muttering to herself, "Even a person like you shows up here. What kind of background Chuck has? 2.5 billion dollars... If he can take out 2.5 billion dollars in a few minutes, he must have an asset not less than 50 billion dollars. No, it would be more than 100 billion dollars. Who exactly are you. Chuck?"

After a while, Aaron ran back. He had just asked Lara for Chuck's number and she gave it to him, assuming that he was looking for Chuck for some reason.

"Sister, I got his phone number. You should make the call, I don't want to do it." Aaron gave the number to his sister distressfully. Patricia looked at the number and took out her phone. Aaron grabbed her hand and said, "Sister, think it over again. It's 2.5 billion dollars! Do you really want me to return it? Are you really so cruel?"

"Let go," Patricia glared at him and said with an overbearing tone.

Aaron hurriedly let go of her hand and put on a sour face.

Then, Patricia made the call.

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Before Heather came out of her trance, Chuck had already swiped his card and bought the Lincoln Navigator. It was really 2.5 billion dollars, he was too rich. Her colleagues were shocked too when she told them that event.

They'd misjudged him. Chuck looked very ordinary after all. Who

would have thought that such a person could not only transfer 2.5 billion dollars to others but also make a full payment for a car which cost more than one million dollars?

Heather informed him, "Mr. Cannon, please hold on for a moment. After the procedures are completed, you're free to take the car." That car was in stock and Chuck had paid in full amount, so he could take the car directly and get a car plate number after a few days.

Chuck shrugged in response.

Heather was jealous of Yolanda. He had bought the car in full payment and registered it under Yolanda's name. That was for Yolanda. It turned out that Chuck was, in fact, her boss.

Then, was she his secretary? Or something else?

"Do you want to have a look at other cars?" Heather asked eagerly. It was her first sale in that month. If she managed to sell another car, she would be elated.

"No need," Chuck replied as he didn't want to buy the same brand. Yolanda already had it, thus, he didn't have to buy another one for himself. He thought that it would be better to buy a Benz G-class.

Heather was a little disappointed. She felt that she should've been more polite to Chuck. After that, she went and served drinks for Chuck. When Chuck and Yolanda were waiting, Chuck's phone rang. He took it out and looked at it. It was from an unknown number. Who could it be?