

Chapter 366

"Hubby, do you like her?" Yvette asked, looking at Chuck.

"I don't like her," Chuck answered with a shrug. He did not like Frieda at all.

This woman was a little too confident. Just because someone had looked at her, she thought they fancied her and were on a mission of pursuit. The nerve!

"How could such a woman exist?" he wondered.

Hearing this, Frieda was angry and said, "How could you bring yourself to say that? I'm the prettiest girl on campus! You..." Frieda was cut off abruptly.

"So what if you're the campus belle? I've been the campus belle for as long as I've been in school, but that doesn't mean anything. Even now, I'm the prettiest teacher in the university, but what significance does it have? Just because you're prettiest on campus does not mean my husband likes you, alright? Why would he even like you? Do you think you're prettier than me?" Yvette asked with fire.

"You..." Frieda couldn't even finish her sentence, her face felt flaming hot as if slapped.

If Yvette didn't have plastic surgery, then for the first time in her life, Frieda felt that she couldn't compare herself with a woman. Yvette's eyes and nose were too good-looking to compete with.

"Do you have a better figure than me?" Yvette continued. She had thought her own figure was alright. Chuck had

always looked at her with lustful eyes whenever her back was turned towards him, she knew this. So she thought she must be pretty fit to warrant such a reaction.

"I..." Frieda blushed, unable to speak. Yvette's perfect figure had her feeling ashamed of her own body.

"Right, so now that we've established that, why do you think my husband would like you?" Yvette questioned again.

Chuck couldn't help but look at Yvette's figure as he processed her words. Yvette felt Chuck's gaze and she turned back to look at him. "Hubby, I'll present myself to you later, you can stare however long you like," Yvette told Chuck cheekily.

Chuck was excited. Yvette was a very understanding woman. However, would that mean he and Yvette would eventually get together in the end?

As soon as Chuck thought of this, his desire had dampened slightly.

"So, tell me. Why would my husband like you?" Yvette continued to ask Frieda.

Frieda was speechless. "I am younger than you. Of course, he'd prefer younger girls!" Frieda answered eventually.

Frieda had regained her composure. "So what if she looked better than me? She's still old, who doesn't find youth attractive?" Frieda thought.

"Yes, you are younger than me, but my husband likes older women," Yvette looked at Chuck as she said this. This was what she felt was true. After all, Chuck did

have that complicated relationship with Zelda.

"Does he like women in their thirties?" Yvette thought to herself, feeling disheartened as she didn't think she should be included in the list.

Chuck smiled. Yvette really understood him. Indeed, he preferred older women. He had lived with Yvette who was a few years older than him since he was a child. Plus, he had lost his virginity to Zelda, so mature women really hit a bit differently to Chuck.

Frieda blushed at that, her heart beating out of her chest. She was enraged. "Even if he doesn't like me, can you guarantee that he won't like anyone else?" She said, grasping at straws now.

"Why should I let him promise me such a thing? I'm alright as long as he likes me. Besides, my husband won't ever end up liking you, you know that, right?" Yvette sneered in response.

Frieda was so ready to bury herself in a hole out of shame. Chuck hadn't actually liked her, then?

"Well, he'll regret it eventually. My charm is irresistible, he would fall in love with me either way! And when that time comes, I will refuse his feelings, serving a tight slap to his annoying face!" Frieda thought to herself.

Frieda couldn't stand there any longer. Yvette's words had hurt her, she let out a huff in rage, ready to leave. However, Yvette had gone over and slapped her, startling Frieda silly.

"Why did you hit me?" Frieda was angry now, her eyes rimmed with tears.

"Stay away from my husband, do you hear me? Also, you really aren't as irresistible as you think, you need to realize that!" Yvette warned her.

Frieda burst into tears at that. Yvette's words cut her deep, she felt a bit suffocated by the insult. Then, Frieda ran out of the place while crying.

Chuck was glad. That foolish woman needed a good wake-up call like this, a good beating in tow. As Frieda ran outside, she gave the couple a hateful stare and muttered, "Just you wait, Chuck Cannon. I'll have you falling head over heels for me one day and you'll be a slave to me for the rest of your life!"

"Hubby, you weren't lying to me, were you?" Yvette looked back at Chuck, tone suspicious.

Chuck was confused now and asked, "What are you talking about?"

"You really don't like her, then?" Yvette asked back.

Chuck eventually explained the entirety of the Frieda situation to Yvette, about how she had looked down on him which incited Yvette's anger. "I should've slapped her a few more times! How dare she accuse you like that? A thief? Honestly!" she muttered with angry exasperation.

"Honey, I'll be okay once you comfort me," Chuck assured as he approached her.

Yvette was a bit embarrassed by that. "What comfort could I possibly bring you?" she asked as she bit her lip.

Yvette would agree to whatever Chuck was about to suggest.

Chuck whispered in Yvette's ears, turning her face instantly red. "Don't think about anything else inappropriate," Yvette warned.

"You just said that you would let me look at you, however I pleased. Honey, you..." Chuck felt a bit cheated.

"How about we give it a while?" Yvette asked a bit helplessly. She really was horrible at denying Chuck's requests.

Chuck wanted to speak more, but Betty had returned with the bag in tow.

Yvette had specially come here for this bag. As Yvette had the bag handed to her, Chuck offered to send her back which she eventually accepted as she did not have a ride at the moment. However, she was a little surprised to see that Betty was driving instead of Chuck. Betty's gaze had not wavered from Chuck's person in the slightest. Was this also part of his protection?

There was deep vigilance in Betty's eyes. Was Chuck in some sort of trouble that warranted such a look?

Thinking of this, Yvette got worried.

They drove to a residential area in the suburbs, a place where Yvette had found. It was better there in fact, with so many people around them, they could hide themselves among the crowd easily.

Betty waited in the car as the two got off.

"Honey, let me see your mom," Chuck said as he felt that he had to ease the relationship him and Lisa.

"I don't... my mother will not agree to it," Yvette

stated. Lisa had become even more resistant to Chuck's meetings ever since the incident, it was curious.

Yvette could not understand why that was so.

When she came over before, just the mention of Chuck's name had Lisa's face darkening.

"Alright then," Chuck said, surrendering. Suddenly, Yvette heard the sound of smashing. In a panic, she ran up the stairs, Chuck at her heel as she did so.

"Mom!" Yvette yelled once she stumbled upon Lisa. She was washing the dishes, and it looked like she had broken a bowl.

When Lisa saw Chuck, the shame she felt in her heart appeared to multiply tenfold, her face darkened. "Why did you let him in?" Lisa asked Yvette with an ugly frown.

"Did Lisa misunderstand something? I didn't do anything to her that day," Chuck muttered to himself. Chuck honestly couldn't even recall what Lisa had even looked like naked because the panic at the time had overwhelmed him.

Yvette felt a bit hurt by that. "Mom, my husband, Chuck..." she tried to explain.

Chuck felt that he needed to have a private chat with Lisa first before anything else. "Honey, why don't you let me talk to her alone?" Chuck suggested to Yvette.

"Hubby, are you sure?" Yvette was worried that Lisa would suddenly attack Chuck. If anything were to happen, there'd be no use for regrets.

Chuck nodded, feeling sure of himself.

"Well, Mom, if it's alright, please have a chat with Chuck,"

Yvette told her mother, walking over to Lisa's bodyguard and both women then walked outside.

Soon, Chuck and Lisa were left alone in the room.

Lisa felt shameful. She was compelled to either kill Chuck or perhaps commit suicide right in front of him. Chuck had seen something he wasn't supposed to, and both of them knew that.

"Auntie, I think that both you and Yvette are in a dangerous situation right now. Yvette has not learned much of martial arts. If anything were to happen, both of you would be in immense danger. I think it'd be better for you both to stay at my mother's hotel," Chuck suggested gently.

Chuck thought that was the best way to keep them safe.

"Do you think I would go there? I really want to kill you, do you know that?" Lisa stated in anger.

"Why do you want to kill me?" Chuck refuted.

"Why are you pretending? You saw me that day..." Lisa suddenly stopped talking. It was hard for her to put what had happened into words. She would rather die than to speak about it.

"Auntie, you're thinking too much. I really didn't see anything that day. I just want to be with Yvette," Chuck was serious. Though Chuck did understand. After all, all Lisa had known before she passed out was that he was gazing over her body. She didn't know that he had practically forgotten about what he'd seen anyway.

Lisa stared at Chuck, the shame in her heart really pushing her to just kill him and be done with it.

"That better be the case, you having not seen anything. If my daughter finds out about this, I will kill you myself!" Lisa warned.

Chuck heaved a sigh of relief. "Auntie, Yvette and I..." he tried to continue.

"It's impossible. The two of you together will never work!" Lisa scolded. If she couldn't get over the incident, Yvette couldn't either.

It was downright impossible for them to be together!

Well, unless...

"Unless..." Lisa started to suggest, her eyes narrowed.

"Unless what?" Chuck was pleasantly surprised. Was he being given a chance right now? This was great!

"Unless your mother, Karen, dies!" Lisa said, her tone going cold. If Chuck could make that happen, Lisa felt that she could let Yvette and Chuck be together. But could he do it?

Chuck was stunned by that. Lisa wished for his mother's death?