

Chapter 69 Obsessed

As planned, they made attempts to get Kervin addicted to gambling during the following week.

Under the guise of apologizing, Booker continued to take Kervin to the casino.

At the casino, he gave Kervin a friendly pat on the shoulder and said with a smile, "Kervin, I apologize for what I did earlier. Feel free to play as much as you want here. I'll cover any losses, and you can keep the winnings!"

"Haha, I'll hold you to your word!" Kervin laughed recklessly as he held the chips in his hand.

With Malcom's guidance, Kervin didn't lose a single game.

Standing off to the side, Booker watched as Kervin gambled with increasing amounts of money. He kept showering him with compliments. "Kervin, you're really talented at this! You haven't lost a single bit!"

As Kervin looked at the chips in front of him, he had lost all sense of rational thinking.

He chuckled and said, "You place your bets after me! I could be the best gambler in Ninverton!"

In the monitoring room, Klaus expressed concern. "He's



about to win one million. Are we going to take the money back?"

With a smile on his face, Malcom took a sip of his red wine and said casually, "Let him win a few more rounds first. Look at his expression and his flushed face. He's about to become addicted and lose money. That's exactly what we want, do you understand?"

As he gazed at the frenzied expression on Kervin's face on the monitor, Klaus nodded in agreement, not fully comprehending what Malcom had in mind.

"The time has come for you to appear. Remember what I told you." Malcom grinned.

Klaus rushed to Kervin and feigned to be indecisive.

"Kervin, if you continue to gamble here, I will go bankrupt. How about this? I'll take you out for dinner, and you can come back to gamble tomorrow."

Kervin's confidence in his gambling abilities and luck was reinforced when even Klaus attempted to dissuade him.

Late at night, inside a luxurious villa.

As he lay on the bed, Kervin was filled with excitement.

In just a single day, he had earned almost a month's worth of profits from his hotel!

Kervin was tossing and turning in bed, finding it difficult

to fall asleep.

The only thought in his mind was to do it again the following day.

As Malcom had anticipated, Kervin became entirely preoccupied with gambling in the next few days.

He stopped going to Von Merri Hotel and felt uneasy about missing the casino for even a day.

He spent his money extravagantly as it came in quickly.

He exchanged his Mercedes Benz for a million-dollar Maserati.

He looked crazy.

However, over the next few days, Kervin was left dumbfounded.

The top gambler in the country, Malcom, was sitting across from Kervin at a casino in Ninverton, where no one recognized him as the best in the business.

The casino was known for fun rather than high-stakes gambling, so no one realized that a world-class gambler like Malcom would play there.

It was difficult for anyone to believe that a gambler of such high caliber would be found in a modest casino in Ninverton.

Kervin and Malcom played cards all afternoon, and the outcome was predictable.



Kervin tightly squeezed the cards in his hand, which had turned out twisted.

Once more, he was defeated.

With bloodshot eyes and a wild, animated look, he fixated his gaze on the dealer as he dealt the cards.

"Damn it! Next round!"

Unconsciously, Kervin cursed and reached out to take the chips.

Unfortunately, it was empty.

The thrill of gambling swiftly dissipated from his mind, replaced by a sense of fear.

Only then did Kervin realize that he had depleted all the funds in his bank account in recent days.

The hotel's cash flow, employees' salaries, and the profits he had accumulated over the past few years had all vanished.

Observing that Kervin did not place a bet, the gamblers behind him cursed, "Damn it! If you don't have money, get out of here. You're a pauper!"

Enraged, Kervin shouted back, "You are the paupers! I am the owner of the Von Merri Hotel..."

However, as he spoke, his voice gradually trailed off, and eventually, he rose from his seat.

At that moment, Klaus, who had been waiting for a while,

feigned a casual pass by Kervin.

Kervin appeared to glimpse a glimmer of hope. He promptly seized Klaus's arm and, with an apologetic grin, said, "Klaus, luck isn't on my side today. Could you lend me some money? I promise to pay you back once I win it all back!"

Wearing a smile, Klaus draped his arm around Kervin's shoulder and responded, "No problem. How about this? I can lend you one million, and I won't charge you any interest as long as you pay me back today. How does that sound?"

"Absolutely no problem. Don't you know my gambling skills? I just experienced a run of bad luck earlier!"

At that moment, Kervin was focused on winning his money back and gave no thought to the interest.

Immediately after he received the chips, Kervin hurried back to the gambling table.

Kervin placed a bet and was issued some cards.

He continued playing.

He was entirely obsessed.

Kervin was akin to a machine, repetitively carrying out the same actions.

Throughout this time, Kervin intermittently won, yet shortly after, he lost more than his winnings.

Malcom had complete control over the entire game.

Kervin was similar to a mouse ensnared by a cat's trap, manipulated by Malcom, and unable to extricate himself.

After playing over ten rounds, Kervin had unwittingly lost all of the one million dollars he had borrowed.

Strangely, he felt neither pain nor remorse in his heart. Instead, he felt insufficiently stimulated.

Kervin rose to his feet and cursed, "Damn it! Why do I always have such terrible luck? No, I must win back my money!"

Kervin then borrowed another one million from Klaus.

Thus, Kervin became addicted to gambling, his mind consumed with the singular goal of winning back his money.

Kervin remained at Klaus's casino for a full ten days.

He only realized the severity of his situation once it was too late.

Sitting at the corner of the casino, Kervin appeared to be a completely different person compared to his former self.

His hair was unkempt, and he emitted an unpleasant stench similar to that of a homeless individual on the street.

Without any hesitation, Klaus and his subordinates threw

him out.

Crawling towards Klaus, Kervin pleaded, "Klaus, Klaus! Can you lend me more money? I promise I'll win! I can't quit now!"

Klaus took the contract from his subordinate, squatted down, and grinned as he patted Kervin's face.

"You already owe me a hundred million dollars. Do you have enough money to repay me? There is a hefty interest rate. I recommend that you repay the money within a week. Otherwise, you are aware of the implications."

Kervin's eyes welled up with tears. He whispered, as if he had just awoken from a dream, "I'm doomed... I'm really doomed..."

How could he repay a hundred million dollars?

Unless he sold the Von Merri Hotel, which he had worked for it his entire life.

Kervin dashed home and burst into tears when he saw his wife.

"What happened?" his wife said, clutching Kervin.

Kervin remained silent. He just cried and hugged his wife.


He wouldn't even admit to gambling, let alone owing someone a hundred million dollars!

The manager of his hotel contacted Kervin the following

morning when he was still numbly sleeping on the bed.

"I have horrible news for you, Mr. Baron!"



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