

Chapter 151

"Sister Zelda, drop it. I did nothing to her," Chuck Cannon denied.

He couldn't bear to listen any longer. He felt his face burning up.

"You did nothing?" Zelda Maine was even more surprised. Still, for Chuck to go out and exercise at this hour, it must be to train his body.

"Yes, I really did nothing," Chuck said seriously.

Zelda looked at his red but serious face, which amused her even more. How could he be so cute?

She held back her laughter and said, "Chuck, I looked it up on the Internet. Don't stress yourself too much. The more nervous you are, the more...otherwise..."

Chuck nodded, for men always want to show their strongest side in front of women. What's more, his wife was so gorgeous and her body was perfect. How could he not be nervous and excited?

He didn't want to see Yvette's disappointed look.

"Say, if I help you, would you be nervous?" Zelda asked.

Chuck thought for a moment, shook his head and said, "I was just nervous during the first time..."

Zelda smiled. "Take it easy. Don't worry."

Chuck agreed with her. Besides, he had to exercise to start off. Only when he reached his goal he could do it with Yvette.

He wanted to show his strongest side in front of Yvette.

"Sister Zelda, do you jog? Why don't we jog together?" Chuck invited Zelda.

"I...well, wait for me for a while. I'll go change my clothes," Zelda thought for a while and nodded. She herself hadn't worked out these few days as she was busier lately.

"Oh, Sister Zelda," Chuck called out to her.

"Anything?" Zelda said.

"Sister Zelda, don't wear something too sexy. I need to control myself." Chuck was stern. Zelda's figure was not far less sexy than Yvette's. If she changed into a pair of tight-fitting yoga pants, she would absolutely be too hot to handle. Chuck would definitely go back to the bathroom to do it again that night.

Zelda was stunned and grinned. "Then I'll wear a puffer jacket?"

"That's not necessary." Chuck was embarrassed.

"Alright, give me a moment." Zelda went into the house. In less than five or six minutes, Zelda came out in a tracksuit. Chuck breathed a sigh of relief. Zelda had contemplated what to wear and decided

on something loose but still didn't cover too much of her curves.

Though, this was better than wearing tight-fitting yoga pants.

"Sister Zelda, do you have yoga pants?" Chuck asked oddly.

"Yes, you want to see it? Then I'll go back and change," answered Zelda.

"No, that's fine. Let's go down and run," Chuck said.

"Right." Zelda beamed. She didn't intend to change again. She wanted Chuck to be more self-confident. She felt that Chuck was particularly serious about this, so she couldn't let him have any other ideas.

They took the lift down. Chuck was thinking if he could get the car by early morning tomorrow, so he took out his phone and called Charlotte Yates to ask.

However, Charlotte's answer made Chuck feel helpless. "Apologies, your car's very high-end to begin with. You ordered the original tyres too. They're arriving only the day after tomorrow, so for tomorrow..."

"Alright then, rest early," Chuck had no choice but to say so.

"Okay, good night." Charlotte hung up the phone.

She was curious. Didn't Chuck have a sports car? Why did he suddenly need this car?

Her mind was full of doubts but she went to the bed and then picked up a small bottle. It was a pink bottle bought from the black market. There was the word 'aphrodisiac' on it.

Charlotte held the bottle in her hand, looking forward to it. When could she use it on Chuck? Otherwise, he wouldn't touch her...

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"You want to use my car? Don't you have the Porsche?" Zelda was bewildered. She knew that Chuck's other car had been stolen and its wheels had been removed.

"I'm going to fetch Yvette tomorrow and another classmate of mine, as well as her younger sister. All of us can't fit into the Porsche." Chuck couldn't do anything.

Fetch her? Zelda sighed deep down, feeling a little disappointed. She said, "Then you may drive my car."

"Well..." Chuck began.

"Don't worry. I still have a few cars. They're all parked in the building. Feel free to use whichever one you like."

Chuck hesitated but this was his only option. In the end, he had already said that he would, so he had

to drive and fetch Yvette.

"Okay, thank you," Chuck said.

"It's fine. Let's run. I'll see just how great you are," Zelda said. Chuck blushed and the two of them immediately ran around the basketball court.

After running for about half an hour, Chuck was doing well and so was Zelda. Her physical strength was not bad. It was very late at night and they were almost done. He sweated a lot, which made him feel much more comfortable. However, he was still beaten up today, so his body ached as well.

"Sister Zelda, let's go back up," Chuck said.

"Yeah," Zelda said.

Once they went upstairs, Zelda added, "I'll take you to see the cars tomorrow morning."

"Okay." As soon as Chuck entered the house, the phone in his pocket rang. He took it out and looked at it. It was his mother calling. Chuck accepted the call and answered, "Mum."

"Well, Chucky, are you alright?" Karen Lee was really distressed. Through the satellite imagery, she had seen Chuck being beaten up by many people.

"Yes, I'm alright," said Chuck.

"Chucky, I've decided to let you learn boxing. I've arranged a place for you. I'll send the address to you tomorrow. You'll train five times a week!

Understand?" Karen said.

Karen originally thought that when Chuck turned 21, she would teach him how to fight by herself, but when she had seen her son being beaten up, she decided to reconsider her choice. Instead, she wanted to teach him now, though when she thought that since Chuck didn't understand any of the basics, she couldn't do it. She had to lay a foundation for him and boxing would be the best for that. After all, fighting was a killing skill!

It was a killing skill forbidden by the army!

"Great. Mum, I have the same idea too." Chuck was shocked. If he, a wealthy kid, couldn't beat up a few people nicely, wouldn't it be too dangerous for him?

To continue training, he had to learn something. At least, he must beat seven or eight people up without any issues. After all, there would be some time where his mother couldn't watch over him.

"Well, get some sleep. By the way, do you like Yvette very much?" Karen asked out of curiosity.

"Yes, I do. Mum, can I take her to see you someday?" Chuck must let Yvette believe that he was rich.

"Well..." Karen sighed. She didn't really know Yvette's identity. She wasn't worried about what Yvette would do to her, but worried that her son would be entrapped deeper and deeper by Yvette.

If Yvette was really her enemy's daughter, then...

Karen changed the topic. "Right, let's not talk about it. I have something else to do. I'll send you the address tomorrow."

"Yeah. Mum, get some sleep too," said Chuck.

"Okay." After hanging up the phone, Karen reluctantly looked for a number and dialled it.

Someone picked up on the other end.

"Chucky does like that girl. If you don't want your son to get hurt, find out that girl's identity ASAP," Karen said. If it was true, then she wouldn't know how to deal with Yvette.

Kill her? No, absolutely not. Karen sighed. When Chuck brings Yvette over, how should she deal with her?

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Chuck got up early in the morning and knocked on the door to Zelda's room. She came out with three or four car keys in her hands.

When the two of them went down, Zelda took Chuck to see her cars. There was a Benz, a BMW and a Buick. It seemed that the Buick was used by Zelda when she first started her business.

"Just the Buick," Chuck said. This way, Yvette would finally believe him a little.

"Not the Benz? I bought it last year but I only drove

it a few times." Zelda was astounded.

"I'm afraid I can't afford the repair bill if I smash it," Chuck joked.

"Who says you have to pay up? Even if you hit all of them, I won't make you pay." Zelda meant what she said and just handed him the key to the Buick.

Chuck smirked and took the key. He opened the car door and went in. The oil was full.

"Well, Sister Zelda, I'll go first," Chuck said as he started the engine.

"Mm-hmm." Zelda watched as Chuck left the building and sighed. When would he come to pick her up?

This gave her a headache. Her mother had always wanted Chuck to go home with her. What should she do?

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Since the car was easy to control, Chuck drove comfortably throughout his journey to Yvette's place. When he arrived at the bottom of the building, Chuck called her. She said she would come down quickly.

Chuck hung up the phone and saw a message from his mother. It was the detailed address of where he was going to learn boxing. After the test, he should go try out the lessons.

Soon, Yvette came down with Queenie. Yvette

looked at Chuck sitting in a five year old Buick. She was amazed but suddenly grinned. Was this her husband's car, a second-hand one? If he really bought it himself, it looked so good to her.

Queenie was astonished. This car was quite spacious. It should be expensive.

The two of them got in the car. Yvette felt it was not bad and asked, "Hub... Chuck, when did you buy this car?"

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Chuck Cannon shook his head and said that he didn't buy it. He borrowed it. After all, even if he said he bought it, Yvette Jordan wouldn't believe it either.

What's more, he said yesterday that he had a BMW. How could he suddenly buy another car?

Yvette froze and then her face fell. She was not disappointed that the car was not his, but that he borrowed it from Zelda Maine.

That should be the case.

This was indeed a woman's car. It was easy to see, it was spick and span, and in it was a trace and the scent of a woman. It was painfully obvious to a car owner like Yvette.

"Right. Start the car. Today's the test, we need to be there earlier," Yvette said, fastening her seat belt.

Chuck nodded naturally. As he drove to campus, he thought of the test and did not look forward to it at all. It seemed that he had to let Yvette tutor him during summer break.

Chuck's heart was filled with joy as he thought of this. Why did this resemble the plot of an adult movie?

"H-Hubby, what are you thinking about?" Yvette

whispered. She felt goose bumps all over her head. Why did Chuck smile so obscenely? Was he thinking about that again?

Queenie Carson, who was sitting behind Chuck, saw his expression through the rearview mirror. She immediately understood that Chuck was thinking nonsense. Just who was he fantasizing about?

Queenie thought, "Yvette or...herself during that night?"

"Nothing." Chuck didn't want to think about it but he couldn't contain his excitement. If his wifey wore a uniform to tutor him, then...

Yvette breathed a sigh of relief.

However, Chuck was embarrassed when he saw Queenie through the rearview mirror. They met each other's gaze, reminding Chuck of that thrilling night right away.

Yvette was sleeping, and they...

Chuck breathed a sigh under his breath. Queenie swiftly lowered her head and dared not look at Chuck again. It seemed that the two of them were thinking of the same thing.

The atmosphere of the car became awkward, but Yvette was entirely unaware of it.

When they arrived at the university's parking lot, Queenie knew that Chuck and Yvette were

together. Knowing this, she hastily made her way to the classroom first.

After she left, Chuck said, "Wifey, think about it. If you want a car, I'll buy you one."

"No, hubby. Do your best for today's test!" Yvette wanted to get off the car but Chuck stopped her.

Yvette was anxious. They were in the campus parking lot. What was he going to do?

"Hubby, we're in school now," Yvette said in a low voice.

"I'm taking a test today. Shouldn't you give you me a kiss? For encouragement?" What Chuck meant was, of course, to have Yvette kiss him first.

Yvette's face turned red. "You haven't passed the test and you still want encouragement? No way."

Yvette wanted Chuck to drive out but saw that there was no one around them. She said, "Hubby, all the best! If you can pass the exam, I'll give you some encouragement."

Chuck was speechless. Forget it. He didn't study properly. How could he pass the test? Though, he still wanted this encouragement.

"Give it your all. I'm going to the office. You go to the classroom and don't run away," Yvette said.

She turned around and walked to her office. Today, she was going to invigilate the exams. Chuck looked at Yvette's back. This pair of skinny jeans

was really perfect for her hips.

Chuck smiled. This was his wifey.

He opened the door to come down, but...

"Oh, look who's here. Chuck Cannon from our class also knows how to drive, but whose car did he borrow?" a discordant voice rang out.

Chuck glanced at the source of the voice. It was Francis Gellert, a classmate who also had a car. He drove a Volkswagen CC, worth about 300,000 dollars.

Chuck didn't bother to pay attention to him and started walking away.

Francis snorted softly and looked at the Buick a few more times. "Humph, poor man, can't you get a better one?"

When Chuck was on his way, he called Betty and asked her to contact a middle school. He had to let Queenie's sister continue her studies. Although she had already taken her finals, she could wait for school to reopen in half a year.

Betty asked for her name and told him to wait for a moment.

Chuck hung up the phone. When he came to the classroom, the classmates all looked at him disdainfully.

Francis's eyes were even more spiteful. He told the everyone that Chuck drove a second-hand car,

which garnered the sarcasm of the whole class.

"Look who's coming. Chuck, welcome to the Car Club!"

"Haha, now that everyone has a car, what's the point of having a second-hand Buick? If it's been damaged before, you can get it for 30 to 40 grand."

"I say, it's borrowed. How can he afford it? Never mind 30 to 40 grand, buying an electric bike isn't cheap for him. It must be borrowed. But it'll cost him thousands if he got it damaged, right? How bold of him to risk everything, driving this car to show off and putting thousands of dollars on the line. "

These students all mocked Chuck. They found the chance to laugh at him. Who asked him to be smitten by Yolanda Lane, the campus belle? If they didn't despise Chuck, who else should they despise?

Chuck didn't say anything. He sat down, ready to take the test.

"Oh, he's not talking. I'll assume he borrowed it. Haha, just a bump here, a little scratch there, who knows if he can pay to fix it," Francis said hatefully.

"If he can't, is he going to just say that to the owner's face?"

"Haha, not a bad idea. I guess Chuck thought so when he borrowed the car."

The whole class spoke up and burst into laughter.

"God, are you guys done? He drives a BMW. Can't he freaking pay for a Buick?" Lara Jean was revising but she was disgusted by these scornful voices around her.

She didn't know why Chuck suddenly drove a Buick but she was angered. She thought in her heart, "Chuck pretended to be poor again. Just who was he dating this time?"

Chuck glanced at her. Lara hurriedly lowered her head and felt uneasy. Oh no, it was a slip of her tongue, would he get angry and send everyone her nudes?

Lara was panicking.

"A BMW? Haha, Chuck driving a BMW? Lara, are you kidding me?" Francis ridiculed Chuck even more.

"Isn't Chuck driving a Buick? Since when did he drive a BMW? Why didn't I see it? Let him show us the BMW!"

"Could it be an electric BMW bike? When I passed by an electric bike showroom a few days ago, I saw an electric 'BMW' knockoff. Its keys could be of any brand, even Rolls-Royce. Lara, don't you mean this kind of car?"

"Haha, I think so."

All the students in the class all said and looked at

Lara to jeer at her.

Queenie muttered to herself, "Chuck drives a BMW? What BMW?"

Lara's face turned red. She dared not say anything else and sneaked a glance at Chuck. She found him expressionless. Indeed, Chuck was infuriated. He wanted to speak, but Lara spoke first. "I'm talking nonsense. Don't believe me."

She thought that Chuck was upset with her, so she clarified in a hurry.

Chuck was speechless.

"Just as I said, does Chuck really have a BMW? That's no different from pigs flying. If Chuck has a BMW, I'll go eat sh*t at once!" a classmate said firmly.

Chuck glanced at him and thought, "Does this guy really want to eat sh*t that badly?"

The phone vibrated and Chuck opened it. It was a message from Lara. It read, "Chuck, I didn't mean it. I really didn't. Please don't send my nude photos."

Chuck looked at Lara who was in front of him. She turned back to give him a pleading look. He ignored her.

Lara was even more antsy. Her heart was restless. She thought, "Chuck, please don't do it."

At this moment...

"The test begins!" a voice proclaimed.

It belonged to Yvette , who was the invigilator of the test. She came in with test papers and all of the students began to look serious.

After receiving a test paper, Chuck glanced at it a few times. He looked up at Yvette with a confused expression. Yvette chuckled. Who told him to goof off?

All the students were busy working on the test. Only Chuck was racking his brains. It was really because he didn't normally study much. As half of the test time went by, Queenie, who was next to him, threw a note over. Chuck instinctively caught it and looked up at Yvette.

She stared at Chuck.

Chuck forced a bitter smile, knowing he had been caught by her.

He faintly heard Yvette's snort and saw her lowering her head, as if she didn't see him...

Chuck heaved a sigh of relief. Deep down, he was delighted to see his wife being so kind to him.

Chuck quickly finished copying off the note. Looks like he must work harder during next semester.

Sitting on the stage, Yvette checked her messages and discovered that "baller" actually refused the money and returned it to her account. Yvette was surprised, so she sent a message to ask him why

he didn't accept the money.

Chuck felt his phone vibrating, so he discreetly took it out to have a look. It was from Yvette, but... Chuck suddenly heard the clacking of high heels. He subconsciously looked up and found Yvette approaching him...