

## Chapter 386

"Next up, we have a painting up for auction. It is called 'Life', the work of a famous oil painter..." The auctioneer excitedly introduced the painting. She had seen the intense competition initiated between some people in the audience for this particular item.

The price of the painting was much higher than that of the Aurora Italia Necklace from before which was sold for 400 million dollars.

She believed that the painting would definitely garner an even higher price!

It might be 500, 700 or even up to 800 million dollars. If that were so, this could be the highest bid she had ever witnessed throughout her career!

"The starting price is 30 million dollars! Each raise shall not be less than three million. With that in mind, let's start!" the auctioneer initiated.

The lady from before, Ms. Allen, laughed at both Quinn and Chuck. She raised her bidding sign proudly and challenged, "50 million! Are you both willing to take this on?"

She was mocking them with her sarcastic tone now.

Everyone else gawked at her boldness.

They could tell that this woman wanted to take on the two other people!

Quinn closed her eyes. She wasn't interested in oil paintings, what was the point for her to bid for it?

She would not get things that she didn't like just for the sake of her reputation.

She had already shown her hand before, anyway. She was satisfied with that.

Chuck, on the other hand, did not speak a word. Quinn wondered if he was not bidding anymore. Was he ignoring the woman? It didn't seem like that was something he would do. Quinn let out a quiet huff.

Whatever, she wouldn't care about this or about him. It didn't matter to her if he wanted to bid or not. It was none of her business.

"Well, is there anyone else who wants to raise the bid?" The auctioneer was a bit underwhelmed because no one seemed to be willing to do so.

Ms. Allen's bid had made everyone speechless.

A heavy silence filled the room.

The painting was exquisite though, how could anyone not want to bid more for it?

Everyone generally knew the character of this noblewoman. She would fight for the things she liked and persevere towards the end. Thus, they couldn't be bothered to compete with her.

The auctioneer couldn't understand what was going on. "Well, 50 million, going once. Is there really no one else?" she asked again.

Ms. Allen laughed, especially at Chuck. "You don't have the money, do you? I knew it! I guess you were just pretending to be rich, am I right?" she mocked.

Other people were also curious. Why did Quinn and Chuck, who had just bid to H\*ll and back with the woman suddenly stopped bidding now?

"Young Master, I think this might be a good one to bid on," Betty reminded Chuck that this painting would be worth it. If Karen were here, she would definitely buy this painting.

Chuck nodded at that and raised the price. "60 million!" he announced.

Quinn opened her eyes at his voice and she thought, "Why is he bidding? Does he like paintings?"

Ms. Allen did not back down and she yelled, "80 million!"

"90 million!" Chuck countered flatly.

"100 million!" Ms. Allen yelled again with a huff. She was getting a little angry and feeling very resentful. She genuinely did like the painting, and she had to get it! She

did not plan on backing down in the slightest!

"Wow, wonderful. We're back to 100 million dollars again," someone in the audience said.

"Everyone here is giving their all today!" another added.

Everyone on the scene chattered on about the situation. The prices were too high!

The auctioneer was excited, the thrill was back once more.

"Come on, don't be shy! Outbid me! Why did you stop?!" Ms. Allen inquired mockingly. She then thought in disdain, "Do you even have the money for this?"

Chuck glanced at her and asked Betty for her opinion. "What's the highest value you reckon this painting garners? I don't want to buy it for any amount more than its worth," he told her.

"Young Master, 200 million dollars should be enough," Betty estimated.

Chuck nodded. He was too lazy to shout back and forth, so he decided to raise the bid in that instant. "200 million!" he let out.

The audience roared in excitement.

"Who is this young man?" someone asked.

"I don't know, but the price he just bid is crazy! It's doubled!" another person cut in.

The people present at the scene were rich, but only a few people could raise the price by 100 million dollars just like that!

After all, Chuck was not familiar to them. Many people wanted to know who Chuck's parents really were for him to be so extravagant.

Quinn let out a soft snort at that. "What is he doing? Is he addicted to the thrill? Whatever, he can do what he likes," she muttered under her breath.

Ms. Allen's face had slackened. She glared at Chuck threateningly and wanted to kill him. Her face felt like it was on fire, like Chuck had slapped her in the face. She

was mortified.

"What? The young man at table number 9 just bid 200 million!" the auctioneer screamed excitedly.

It was a very high price!

"200 million, going once! Anyone else wants to bid higher than this gentleman?" the auctioneer tried to hype the crowd up.

Everyone's eyes were fixed on Ms. Allen. Among every there, she was perhaps the only one who had the ability to bid that high.

"300 million!" she yelled out as she ground her teeth. She fixed Chuck with a hateful glare and thought in her head, "Go on! Bid against me! If you dare bid against me once more, I'll let you buy it!"

Chuck glanced at her and shrugged, saying, "That painting is yours now."

"What?" Ms. Allen was stunned.

Sputters of shock and disbelief echoed in the crowd when they heard that Chuck was not going to bid anymore. Quinn was shocked by that as well.

Eventually, the room had gotten quiet again. Everyone was staring at Chuck. Ms. Allen was fuming with rage, she was going to combust!

"Are you out of your mind?" she couldn't help but curse at him. "Was this br\*t messing with me?" she thought.

"Pardon?" Betty said with a frown. She stood up and glared at the woman. How dare she insult the Young Master like that!

"You're both out of your mind! Both of you are fools! What are you going to do about it? I said what I said, what can you do? Do you want to hit me? Do you have the guts to do that?" Ms. Allen continued to jeer at them. She did not believe that Betty would beat her up in front of so many people.

Slowly, Betty made her way through the crowd to get to the loud woman. As she was getting close, Ms. Allen started to raise her hand, preparing to slap Betty in the

face while thinking, "I'll show you, b\*tch!"

However, someone like her had no chance against Betty as their opponent.

Just as she was raising her hand, Betty had beat her to it. Ms. Allen was smacked unconscious in the blink of an eye.

"Slap!"

The crisp, sharp sound echoed in the room.

"Ah!" Ms. Allen screamed and fell to the ground. Everyone gasped in shock at that.

This was a fight!

Betty then turned back around and returned to her seat next to Chuck. Throughout the whole ordeal, her movements remained graceful.

Chuck looked at Betty as she sat back down. He didn't expect that she would smack the woman like that. But it wasn't anything too bad, it was just a small matter.

Standing in the corner, Duncan sneered silently at the scene.

The auctioneer was stunned. She didn't expect that to happen at the auction, it was her first time witnessing such an act. "How can you hit others like that?" she asked with a frown.

"Her mouth's rotten. She insulted my Young Master," Betty defended.

"But you can't just beat a person up like that! This is..." The auctioneer spoke, feeling anxious as security guards were coming their way. This sort of thing could not occur, it would disrupt the order of the auction!

"But I just did," Betty said plainly.

The auctioneer said solemnly, "This is wrong. The painting is hers. But you knocked her out, now..."

"Then, my Young Master will buy it," Betty cut her off.

Chuck agreed without much consideration.

The auctioneer frowned at that and wondered what she was going to say to the people backstage. A few

moments later, the situation seemed to have settled itself. "That's amenable. However, please note that the dispute between you and that woman has nothing to do with us," she reminded them.

This was something that she had to make absolutely clear. Otherwise, if the situation worsened or lengthened, the auction company would definitely be implicated.

"Alright," Betty said, calling someone over the phone at the same time. Soon, three people came in and carried Ms. Allen out. The crowd present looked at each other and wondered what was going on.

"You may continue. After the auction, my Young Master will pay for the painting," Betty said.

The auctioneer hesitated for a moment but continued on eventually. A little while later, Betty asked, "Young master, do you want to teach that woman a lesson?"

"Yes, I do," Chuck nodded as he replied. If it wasn't for Ms. Allen, the price wouldn't have gotten so high. He had to teach her a lesson!

The auction then proceeded.

Duncan smirked as he kept his gaze fixed on Chuck...

"Slap!"

In the car, a man had slapped Ms. Allen in the face. The woman woke up with a yelp and looked at the man in the car in horror. Where was she?

"What do you think you're doing?" Ms. Allen asked, panicked. However, these men did not exchange any words with her, they simply beat and kicked at her. She fainted after managing a few painful yelps. "Who had she offended to deserve this?" she thought desperately.

How could they hit her like that?

"Splash!"

When the water splashed onto her face, she woke again. "Stop, don't hit me anymore. Please, who are you?" she pleaded bitterly.

She couldn't recall what had happened before. What was going on? She had been knocked out by Betty, that she had remembered. But how did she end up in this car? Did Betty get someone to beat her up?

All of a sudden, Ms. Allen started to fume in rage.

Painful slaps echoed the small compartment in no time.

The men had resumed hitting her. "Stop it, please!" she continued to yell and beg.

However, the men did not stop despite her pleas. They continued to hit her until she had fainted once more.

As the auctioneer closed the auction up with a conclusion, Chuck breathed a sigh of relief. Quinn did not continue to bid for anything since there was not a single item she was interested in. Chuck assumed that she was feeling a bit upset by the previous bid. After all, it did cost her 400 million dollars.

When the auction ended, Chuck stood up from his seat and turned his head to fix Duncan with a determined glare. "Today, Duncan Lee, I'll show you what I'm really made of!" he thought.

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