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"Nothing much," Yvette answered. She wasn't going to tell him what she saw.

After all, Chuck had just said that he really respected Willa.

Since he didn't think of Willa that way, she didn't want to embarrass him by telling him what she had just seen.

"Alright then," Chuck said eventually. He didn't think it was anything to worry about anyway.

Willa and Yvette had a good relationship with each other. There shouldn't be any bad blood between them.

However, Chuck thought he saw a trace of sadness in Willa's eyes just now. What was the reason for that?

Soon, he assumed that he must have been mistaken. Willa should have nothing to be sad about, right?

She had a successful career, a good personality and she was also beautiful.

Chuck wasn't going to overthink too much and changed the topic, "Honey, it's been a while since we've..."

"Naughty, your mind's in the gutter again. Hold on a moment," Yvette said, smiling faintly. It was true, it had been some time since they'd been together.

Thud!

There was a knock on the door.

"Young Master, President Lee is back. She's requested both of you to get downstairs. We're heading back to the United States now," Betty spoke from the outside.

"Okay, we'll be right out," Chuck replied.

"Honey, let's continue our chat when we get home," He said while standing up.

"Alright, whatever you say. When we get back, we can do whatever you want," Yvette replied softly.

She had been scared out of her wits this time round.

When she had laid on Chuck's chest, she listened closely to the steady beating of his heart. It was proof that he was indeed alive and well.

Chuck smiled and teased, "Really? Anything I want?"

"That's right. But you do know what's off limits right?" Yvette said.

Yvette would never be able to fully commit her body to Chuck since

things were still so uncertain between them. She liked him a lot and would do anything he asked, except from that.

She honestly didn't know when she had become like this.

"Of course. Come on, let's head back," Chuck said as they both left together.

"Where's Auntie Logan?" Chuck asked Betty when they finally reached outside.

"She's waiting downstairs."

"So... You met with that woman right? What did she want?" Chuck asked. He was particularly concerned about this matter.

Eventually, Betty told him everything she knew. She also told him what she thought about Adriana. Yvette hadn't known about this before, but after finding out how Adriana demanded Chuck to marry into another family, she was furious.

"What? She wants Chuck to marry into her family?!" Yvette hissed, her eyes cold and deadly.

"Yep, that's what she said," Betty was also angry.

Chuck himself already had Karen Lee as his mother. How could he just marry into another family and renounce his name?

"Honey, what happened between the both of you?" Yvette was a little jealous. She was fine with Willa just a while ago, but she couldn't stand this obnoxious woman.

How could she try to steal Chuck from her, and in such an underhanded and derogatory way too?!

"Nothing! I just saved her from the village. That's all," Chuck explained.

He couldn't even figure out what Adriana thought of him.

It was more likely that she thought of him as a plaything to amuse and entertain her!

It had to be!

"Nothing happened? I don't believe you, tell me the truth!" Yvette's tone turned solemn. It was the exact same tone she used when she had been a teacher.

Betty was also curious and thought that Yvette might be on to something. The two of them had only interacted with each other for a few days, so something must've happened for Adriana to take an interest in him!

"I'm telling the truth! Her foot was injured, so I just carried her for a few days, that's all!"

"A few days? Hubby, how can you do such a thing?!" Yvette was



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Betty couldn't help but smile at the couple's exchange.

She was secretly amused at how Yvette grew envious of Chuck's simple action of carrying Adriana.

"I'm sorry," Chuck apologised.

He had really done it this time. He shouldn't have saved that woman. He should've just saved himself and left her there to fend for herself.

Who knew that woman would repay him like this?! She even called to trouble his mother. This was indeed aggravating and unbecoming of her.

Chuck regretted saving her.

Why did he have to meddle that time?

"Hmph, I don't care. Don't even think about touching me today, I can't stand to even look at you right now," Yvette shook her head.

She had to punish Chuck.

If she didn't, who knew how many women he would end up hooking up with?

Now, there was already Willa and Zelda in line for him. The more Yvette thought about it, the more upset she felt.

"Honey..." Chuck trailed off. He held her hand in his gently to show her how sorry he was.

His words softened her heart, but she remained grave.

She wanted to break free from his grasp, but no matter how much she willed herself, it was useless. Whatever, she had already made her mind up. She was going to sleep in a separate bed tonight no matter what.

However, she hadn't been able to sleep properly for a long while now. She only felt safe enough to sleep with Chuck. So, maybe a night wouldn't hurt...

"No," Yvette told herself firmly. She wasn't going to be swayed.

Eventually, the three of them made their way downstairs.

The car was ready for them to head straight to the airport.

Chuck thought about getting a good night's rest as he got into the car. Karen was driving.

Willa was looking out the window. When Chuck greeted her, all she did was give him a barely audible reply.

Chuck thought this was odd. What was up with her today?

He didn't probe her for answers. He assumed it was probably the

fatigue that got to her after spending so much time searching for him.

When they arrived at the airport, Chuck got on the private jet and departed to the United States.

On the plane, he was still apologising profusely to Yvette.

"Stop it, I'm not going to entertain you today, that's final!" Yvette remarked sternly.

Chuck couldn't do anything more after that.

Though, she could not bear to see that dejected expression on her husband's face. Eventually, she sighed, "Honey, come here. But don't touch me."

Chuck smiled and scooped over to Yvette, leaning his head on her shoulder.

Yvette was at a loss now. She gave up and said, "Hubby, I have something for you."

"What is it?" Chuck asked, perking up a little.

"Look at this. When I was in the Amazon forest, I saw this by the river when I was getting some water to drink," Yvette took out a transparent stone the size of an eyeball from her pocket as she explained. The stone was tinted slightly in red.

"Is this a diamond?" Chuck asked in surprise.

"I think it's a blood diamond. It's pretty heavy, so should be worth quite some money. Keep it safe, alright? Don't mess about in the future anymore. Do you understand?" Yvette said.

She felt like a teacher giving her student a prize as consolation.

Yvette found this metaphor quite funny herself.

"Honey, you should be the one to carry this with you," Chuck said. What use did he have for a diamond anyways?

"I'm giving it to you regardless. In the future, you have to be obedient. Don't do anything else with other women, alright? If you make me angry next time, I won't be so quick to forgive you anymore, do you understand?" Yvette frowned.

Of course Chuck knew that. He wouldn't do anything to hurt Yvette. However, he had already wronged her before with Zelda, Queenie and Quinn.

Speaking of which, he honestly didn't know how they were doing these days.

Those encounters with them were his darkest secrets.

"Alright, I understand," Chuck nodded, putting the diamond away. If he was short on money, he could have it sold. After all, this diamond was very big. He had never seen a diamond this size before, so it should be

quite valuable.

"Are you sure?" Yvette smiled.

Chuck nodded fervently.

"I wish I believed you. Well, just try your best to stick to that promise, alright?" Yvette knew Chuck was popular with other women. With his status, how could he not be?

She wanted Chuck all to herself, but she knew that she couldn't stop other women from desiring him as well. She would have to count on Chuck's own self-control. She didn't want to police Chuck's life too much either since it wouldn't feel right.

"I know, Honey. So about tonight...?" Chuck asked hopefully.

"No. It's your punishment. Have a good night's sleep tonight and don't think too much about other things, alright? No matter whatever requests you have, I won't entertain them," Yvette reprimanded him sternly.

Knowing that he was already threading on thin ice, Chuck dropped the topic. Never mind then, at least she allowed him to lean on her for now...

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"May I ask who you're looking for?"

A stern man asked as he stood in front of Regine. He was the bodyguard of Karen's villa. He had already noticed this girl watching and pacing about the area for the past few days.

Was she looking for someone?

"I..." Regine bit her lip in nervousness. She really didn't know why she came here.

She hadn't been able to get in touch with Chuck in a long while. She could only try loitering around here to see if she could catch him. After all, Chuck did tell her that he lived here.

"Miss, who are you looking for?" The bodyguard, Martin, repeated once more, this time, louder.

"I'm looking for Chuck Cannon," Regine said anxiously. She had already asked around. This villa belonged to a woman named Karen Lee.

She knew that this was a place where only the super rich could stay in. For instance, people like Karen Lee, who owned the entire villa. Logically, no one would be able to stay in her premises.

Did Chuck lie about staying here?

"Oh, you're looking for the Young Master?" Martin asked in surprise.

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Regine was truly stunned.

She had asked around. This villa belonged to Karen Lee, a super-rich person from the United States. She was told that she owned everything on this piece of land. If so, how could Chuck actually reside here?

Hold on, did that man just refer to Chuck as 'Young Master'?

"Is Chuck your Young Master? Who is he to Karen Lee?" Regine asked anyway. She wanted to confirm her assumptions anyway even though it was obvious at this point.

"Her son, of course. And you are?" Martin stared hard at Regine as he asked.

She looked about the same age as Chuck. Could she be his classmate?

Regine didn't know what to say. She knew that Chuck was rich, but she did not expect him to be this wealthy!

She found it all unbelievable.

"His classmate. I'm his classmate," Regine muttered.

She thought about how ridiculous this situation was. When she was in their home country, she had looked down on Chuck. Looking at the villa in front of her now, her previous actions were simply absurd.

In addition, when Chuck told her that he lived here, she still didn't believe him.

Why did she have to act so high and mighty?

Regine couldn't understand herself at all.

"Is he in now?" Regine asked.

"No," Martin answered, shaking his head. The news about Chuck's abduction had spread throughout the country already.

"Where is he now?"

Martin was silent for a second before revealing, "Something... bad happened to him."

"What? What on earth happened?" Regine immediately panicked.

No wonder she couldn't get through to Chuck's phone at all!

"He was kidnapped," Martin said.

"What?"

Regine was stunned, "By who?!"

"I'm not too sure myself..."

"How could this happen? I'm going to look for him," Regine immediately took off in her car.

Martin watched in dismay as the car sped away.

Forget it, she could do whatever she wants.

Not a moment later, another car stopped by.

It was Karen's car. She had brought Chuck and the others back.

Chuck's heart was at ease now since he was finally home.

"Young Master, there was a girl looking for you just now. She said she was your classmate," Martin said as he walked over to greet them.

"A classmate?" Chuck scratched his nose. It must've been Regine, right?

Was she still in the United States? It'd been a few days now.

He thought she would have left the country by now.

To make sure, he asked the bodyguard to describe her appearance and figure.

After that, Chuck was pretty sure that the person who came by was Regine. Whatever, he would contact her when he had the time.

Of course, Chuck had not forgotten about the two people who owed him money.

He had to find them and get his money back.

When he turned to look at Yvette, she found her glaring at him coldly.

Having known her all too well, he started to explain himself before she even opened her mouth, "She's just a classmate!"

"I'm not listening to you anymore," Yvette snorted and walked in.

Chuck stared after her helplessly. She must have misunderstood again, but there was nothing he could do!

Nothing had happened between him and Regine after all.

He felt a bit wronged.

Eventually, everyone made their way into the villa. Chuck's mind wandered and he suddenly thought of Patricia. Where did that woman go?

"Get to the airport now and pick up a woman named Patricia for me," Chuck ordered Martin.

"Yes, Young Master," Martin responded and left promptly.

Once they were inside, Karen put on an apron to cook them all a meal. Chuck was famished since he really didn't have anything to eat in the Amazon. Meanwhile, she had already asked Betty to call a doctor in to check on her son.

She wanted Chuck to have a full body check-up right after dinner.

She wanted to know if he was injured in any way. She needed to make sure he was okay.

She wouldn't be able to rest easy if she left him unchecked.

And so, Karen, Willa, Yvette, Chuck and Betty all had dinner together.

Yvette and Willa ate with their heads lowered.

Karen ate as usual, each and every one of them finished their food in silence. After that, the doctor finally came over, and everyone accompanied Chuck for his examination.

The check-up didn't take very long at all. However, for Karen and the others who were waiting, it felt like a lifetime.

Not long after, the doctor finally came out of the room.

Karen asked nervously, "How is my son?"

Yvette, Willa and Betty waited for the doctor's answer nervously as well.

The atmosphere was tense.

The doctor was quiet for a few seconds and said, "Hmm, let's see. Well, first off, he's been knocked on the head by a heavy object, so that's going to affect his brain directly. Fortunately, the Young Master's physical condition is very much undisturbed. It's just his memories that may be affected."

The four of them looked at each other in dismay.

"You mean... My son will lose his memory?" Karen asked, panicked. How could this happen?

"Well, the probability of that happening is very low, I would say it's almost impossible. It mostly has to do with his future memories than his past ones. That's a much larger problem," The doctor sighed softly.

This was not something that could be treated by regular medication.

"Doctor, what you're saying is... He'll have trouble remembering things from now on?" Willa was anxious.

"You can say that."

"Then how should we treat him?" They sputtered out in odd unison.

This really was a serious problem. He was still young now so it was alright, but how about when he got older? It would definitely cause him a lot of problems in the future.

"Well, I'll have to do some research when I get back. Rest assured, President Lee. I will try my best!" The doctor tried to convince them.

"Alright, Dr. Lowe, I believe in you, but will my son really not lose his memory?" Karen asked carefully.

"Well, the chances of that happening is incredibly low. Even if that

happens, it would just be short-term amnesia. After all, the Young Master still managed to recognise all of you, right?"

Karen nodded, heaving a sigh of relief. Indeed, Chuck didn't seem to forget them just now.

He had remembered everyone.

Yvette, Willa and Betty had the same thoughts as well.

"Alright. I'll be on my way then. In terms of medicine, President Lee, you should mentally prepare yourself. It might be something incredibly rare," Dr. Lowe warned.

"It won't be a problem. As long as my son is fine, I don't care how much the medication costs."

"Great."

The doctor left soon after.

Meanwhile, Karen and the others went in to check up on Chuck.

"Mom, is there any problem with me?" Chuck asked, feeling slightly uncomfortable.

"Don't worry, it's nothing," Karen comforted him with a smile.

Chuck was relieved. He had taken a hard blow to the head, so he needed some time to rest up so he could recover from it. He should feel better in no time.

"Chucky, have a good rest, alright? Don't worry, I will avenge you tomorrow," Karen's eyes were cold.

If it weren't for the girl from the Lawrence family, Chuck never would have encountered such a tragedy.

"Mom, she's from the Lawrence family," Chuck reminded her.

"Yes, I know. Alright, rest up. We'll stop pestering you now," Karen said.

Willa wanted to stay longer, but she ended up making her way out with Karen as well.

"Honey," Chuck greeted Yvette who was the only one in the room now.

"You need to rest now, alright? We'll talk more tomorrow," Yvette was distressed. She gently cupped the back of Chuck's head. The hair on his wound had not grown back yet, so he must be in terrible pain.

"So... Nothing today?"

"Nope, I've already made up my mind," Yvette said as she shook her head sternly.

"Okay," Chuck said. His head hurt a lot. It would be better for him to sleep it off as well.

Just then, he felt something touch his lips for a moment.

Yvette had planted a quick kiss on him.

"Don't overthink things, alright? You're lucky you're all battered up now. Just go to sleep, we'll do whatever you want tomorrow, alright? I'm going to head out for a little while," Yvette said and left promptly.

Chuck smiled. His wife was such a nice person!

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"Trash, you're all trash!"

Elise was rampaging in the villa.

"Young Miss, Chuck really can't be found anywhere," One of the several mercenaries reported while kneeling before her. They had been looking for him in the Amazon forest for a long while now, but they still couldn't find him.

"I'll find him sooner or later but, dear God, this is frustrating! It's just one person! How about the person who saved me? Why haven't any of you found him yet? What am I paying you for?!" Elise yelled furiously.

"I'm sorry, Young Miss, but your descriptions are too vague. We honestly don't know who to look for. There's no face or anything, it's not easy," The mercenaries were helpless.

They had no leads at all! How could they possibly find him? She should at least describe his looks to them.

Even if this person didn't look human, they should have some other characteristics, right? Like tattoos, or maybe even a distinctive mole? But nothing was said to them.

"Oh, go to hell! You'll all die if you can't find him. Hurry up and start searching again!"

"Yes, Young Miss!"

The mercenaries left hurriedly, bitter expressions painting their faces.

Elise was still angry and upset. Not long after, her mother, Sophia, came in and asked, "Elise, why are you so angry?"

"These people are all trash! I asked them to find the person who saved me and they couldn't even do that!" Elise yelled in frustration.

She needed to know who it was that saved her so she could repay him.

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