

Charming Lady Hard To Chase After Being Dumped

Chapter 190

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Cherry: "???"

Were they asking her if she had ever played it before?

Kiddo, are you sure you aren't joking? she thought.

She looked down at the cell phone in her hands—it was her brother's.

In order to prevent anyone from discovering that they had switched places, they would always switch cell phones with each other, too.

In order to play her game, she had prepared two cell phones for herself.

The one that she had brought with her here was her brother's, so the game wasn't installed in it.

She said, "Gimme a moment, I have to download the game first!"

Fatty nodded.

"Okay, hurry up.'

Cherry nodded and stretched out her chubby little finger.

She pressed a few times nimbly on the phone and started the download.

On the other side, Chester panicked.

He was on his little nephew's side, after all! Thus, he came over hastily and said, "What are you guys playing?

I'll carry you

guys!"

Fatty knew that this uncle of his was great at games, and even live-streamed.

If he carried them in the game, it definitely wouldn't highlight Pete's stupidity.

Fatty's eyes swiveled around.

Then, he grinned and said, "Pete has never played this game before, so he'll definitely have a hard time getting started. Why

don't we have a PvP battle with each other first? This way, he can also familiarize himself with the game!"

PvP battles referred to one-on-one, player-versus-player battles in the game.

Once a player lost all of their HP their character would die.

Fatty felt that Pete definitely wouldn't be familiar with the game, since this was his first time playing it.

Wouldn't he be able to easily trash the other party and take several of his lives, then? If he could get a kill ratio of zero to several

dozen, Daddy and Grandpa would definitely praise him! He could also take the opportunity to show everyone present that he, Fatty, was the most outstanding child in this generation of the Hunts.

Chester was usually quite the dimwit, but he nevertheless instantly understood the seven to eight-year-old boy's intentions.

He said anxiously, "No, that won't do!"

"Why not?" asked Fatty.

Chester coughed and said, "Who would ask for a PvP battle right off the bat? I don't think this is fair to Pete."

Fatty argued for his case and said, "It isn't unfair. This would also allow us to see Pete's level, after all. Are you scared to have a

PvP battle with me, Pete?"

Cherry, who was currently downloading the game, looked up with her big round eyes when she heard him. She blinked and replied, "Sure, no problem!"

Her young, tender voice could practically make one melt. Her voice made Mrs. Hunt feel as if someone had just coated her heart in honey.

She beckoned to her and said, "We won't play with him if you don't want to, Pete! Come over to Great-Grandma instead!"

Cherry tilted her head and looked at Mrs. Hunt.

When she saw the elderly lady's kind eyes, she smiled sweetly and said, "It'll be fine, Great-Grandma!"

Mrs. Hunt shook her head and said earnestly, "It's not good to immerse yourself in games. Take a look at Chester; weren't all of

you opposed to him playing games ?'

Raymond laughed and said, "It's not like Fatty is playing it as a profession. He's just cultivating the mind and spirit.

Besides, I

heard that playing games can also train a child's ability to focus, so it's not necessarily all bad. Clever children will always master

everything at one go, no matter what they do."

A smiling Roger also said, "Don't worry, Grandma. Pete has always been smart ever since he was a baby. He has a very high IQ,

so a bit of gaming won't be any trouble for him at all."

Then, Roger looked at Fatty and said, "Show your younger cousin some mercy."

Fatty grinned and replied, "No problem, Daddy!"

At the sight of his confidence, Roger suddenly suggested,

"It certainly isn't quite appropriate to just focus on playing games. Why

don't we have a bet?"

Raymond immediately spoke in favor of the suggestion.

He said, "That's a good idea! Otherwise, the children won't be motivated to win, either! Why don't we have a bet? If Fatty loses, I'll give up 1% of my shares in the company. How does that sound?"

1% of his shares? Now, that was going a little too far! The Hunts' assets were worth trillions of dollars.

Even though he only owned 20% of the company's shares, 1% of that 20% was still worth several millions of dollars! Mrs. Hunt's expression darkened.

"The children are just fooling around. The stakes are too high, Raymond!"

"What's the big deal?"

Raymond walked over to Mrs. Hunt with a smile and took her arm.

The man was already in his fifties, yet he was behaving like a child.

He said, "We're just having fun, Mom! Besides, we are a family. It's the same no matter who owns the shares! I'm sure Justin will rise up to the challenge, right?"

Justin cast his eyes down and said, "Are you talking about 1% of the company's shares, or 1% of your shares in the company, Uncle Raymond?"

Raymond was taken aback for a moment.

Justin sneered, "Since you want to have some fun, then let 's up the stakes. What say you to 1% of the company's shares?"

Given how profitable the Hunt Corporation's shares were, 1% of the company's shares would involve a transfer of billions of dollars' worth of profits! The stakes were too high! Who would gamble dozens of billions of dollars on a one-time bet? Raymond's expression darkened.

He subconsciously looked at Roger.

Roger smiled and said, "Since Justin has said so, then let's do just that.

Raymond wanted to say something, but Roger tugged on his sleeve, lowered his voice, and said, "Justin must have suddenly

raised the stakes because he thinks you won't bear to part with that much money, so you definitely won't dare to continue with the bet!"

Raymond immediately understood what Roger meant! So, Justin was waging psychological warfare with him! He let out a cold laugh and exchanged a look with Roger.

Then, he lowered his voice and asked, "Are you sure Pete has never played that game before?"

Roger nodded.

"He is always studying every day, so how would he possibly have any time to play games? He only downloaded it once in

California and played it for an afternoon there, but he uninstalled it after that. I'm sure he can't play it"

Raymond looked at his little grandson again.

Fatty was seven to eight years old this year, and he was very good at games.

The Hunts were all very smart.

Wouldn't it be a cinch for Fatty to bully a five-year-old? Besides, no matter how clever a child was, they would still have to

familiarize themselves with the game's workings before they could become adept at any game.

This pocket of time Pete would need, signified that victory was pretty much in the bag for Fatty! Thus, Raymond immediately

smiled and said, "Sure, Justin .I'll bet 1% of the company's shares. How about you?"

Justin was about to speak when Raymond suddenly added, "You're the head of the Hunt Corporation, so I can't possibly ask for

your shares, either, right? How about this —if Fatty is lucky enough to win, then you'll give me that ring that Mom gave Pete just

now! This request isn't too much, is it?"

At first glance, when one compared shares worth billions of dollars to a ring worth millions of dollars, it seemed like Raymond

was losing out in the deal.

However, one could earn billions of dollars, but the ring was priceless! Moreover, that wasn't just a mere ring—it was also

something that symbolized the wife of the next head of the family! Raymond had certainly got it all figured out!

Mrs. Hunt became infuriated at once.

She said, "How can you gamble with each other when the children are just playing some games at home?

Besides, that's a gift

from me. How can it be transferred to someone else?"

Raymond looked at her and said, "How can you be so biased, Mom? Why didn't you say that we're going too far when I offered

my shares worth billions of dollars? Or is it

because...Justin doesn't dare to take up the bet with me?"

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