

Charming Lady Hard To Chase After Being Dumped

Chapter 195

Jimmy thought for a while. His head still hurt a little, but when he thought of the discomfort he had felt when they were checking

his stomach just now to find out why he had thrown up, he blanked out for a moment.

Then, he shook his head and replied, "It doesn't hurt anymore, Mommy: Jimmy's mother heaved a sigh of relief at once.

The woman, who had been rather flustered deep down just now, finally put her heart at ease.

She said, "It's fine as long as it doesn't hurt anymore. Your classmate's mother doesn't seem like a good person. I bet she doesn't

even have a doctor's license, right? Yet she kept spouting nonsense. Serves them right that her child can't attend classes in school anymore!"

After saying that, she bent down, picked up Jimmy, and went home.

In a gym somewhere.

Jordan found all of Cherry's information in no time.

He frowned as he stared at Nora's name in the field listing the name of the child's mother, and asked his subordinate ,
Doesn't

she have a father? I don't hit women

The man answered, "No, she doesn't."

Jordan fell silent for a moment.

Then, he let out a 'hmp' and said, "People who can send their kids to that kindergarten aren't from ordinary families, either. Find

out which family they belong to. If they are just ordinary people...then inform my wife to drop it, lest they say we're using our

power to bully them!"

"Okay" After his subordinate left, someone walked in and said, "Mr. Hoffman, that Anderson kid is here again."

Jordan's

expression immediately turned cold.

"He actually has the guts to come again? Tsk! Let him in!"

At the door.

A limping Logan stood there with his eyes downcast.

The dark basement was dim and messy.

The young man with an untamed look on his countenance stuck out like a sore thumb in the noisy environment.

He waited until someone summoned him before he finally stepped forward and limped into the room.

After going in, Logan lowered his head at once and said, "Mr. Hoffman."

Jordan let out an icy snort and said, "Our sportsbook isn't a joke"

Logan kept his eyes down.

Their car races weren't actual competitions.

The bets and gambling were all underground transactions.

The car racing sportsbook operated solely with Jordan's name as a guarantee.

All the money that Logan had earned over the years came from them.

He had always been the top car racer in New York.

A great number of the wealthy placed their bets there whenever they wanted to bet on car racing.

Logan, however, shifted his weak and limp foot and said,

"The next race is in three days, but I'm afraid my foot won't be

recovering in time for it."

"What does that have to do with me?"

Jordan got off the gym equipment and walked over.

He picked up a bottle of iced water, unscrewed the cap, and gulped it all down in one breath.

Logan shifted his foot again.

He said, "I'll definitely lose if I participate in the race. I'm sure the players would feel very strongly about this, so I'd like to ask

Mr. Hoffman for help in postponing the race for a month so that I can go for an operation and recover"

Jordan sneered.

"As they say, it takes a hundred days for bone fractures and muscle tears to heal. Are you sure you'll be fine in just a month?"

"Yes, I am."

Logan gritted his teeth and said, "Even if I'm not, I can still participate in the race'

Jordan said, "You should have already known when you first came here that no one can change their bets in our sportsbook. For

racers like you, your bodies are also a type of gamble, yet you have the audacity to allow yourself to get hurt? You lost the last

race, right? I heard that you've even sold your sports car.

Are the Andersons unable to fork out that money?"

Logan said stubbornly, 'I'll answer for my own actions. The Andersons and I are separate entities."

Jordan stood and said, "Good! I admire young men like you! Alright, I, Jordan, will help you out this time and personally go to the players to explain things to them. I'm sure they will relent on account of that"

Logan breathed a sigh of relief.

"Thank you!"

Logan had only managed to pay off the huge losses from the last race by selling his sports car.

Should he lose again, the bookies who had seen potential in him, as well as the people who had placed bets worth millions of

dollars on him, would probably kill him! At this point, someone suddenly stepped forward and said " I've found the information,

Mr. Hoffman"

The man handed his cell phone with Nora's profile displayed to Jordan.

His eyes widened when he saw the word 'Anderson'.

He let out a cold laugh and handed the phone back to his subordinate.

Then, he suddenly lashed out at Logan and said, "I take back my words."

Logan, who was about to leave, was puzzled.

His eyes widened abruptly and he looked back at him.

Everyone in the underworld was afraid of Jordan.

They found him boorish and unreasonable, but to be honest, after interacting with him for some time, Logan felt that he was

actually a righteous and loyal man.

It was just that he was a little protective of his own.

He was only unreasonable when people he considered his own were involved.

That was why he had come over to beg him for help.

He asked hesitantly, "Mr. Hoffman?"

Jordan asked, "How is Nora Smith related to you?"

Logan clenched his jaw and answered, "She's my cousin."

"Oh."

Jordan said very straightforwardly, "She has offended me.

To be more precise, her daughter bullied my son. Therefore,

I won't be

helping you anymore."

Logan was bewildered.

He wanted to say something, but Jordan instead waved and ordered, "Get out."

A few of Jordan's men immediately walked toward Logan.

He would be doing him a favor by helping him out, but he wasn't obligated to.

Logan didn't fall out with him just because he suddenly decided not to help him.

Instead, he nodded, turned around, and walked out of the room without needing anyone to take him out.

When he reached the door, he heard Jordan at the back

slowly say, "Don't hold it against me. They scared my son so badly that

he threw up. I have to let out my frustrations somewhere

after all. If I don't vent them on you, that woman named

Nora Smith

would have to suffer my wrath instead. Of course, you can choose to either let my wife beat her up to vent her anger, or choose

to accept this situation” Logan clenched his fists.

Jordan looked at the investigation report.

He said, "Judging from my investigation results, you're probably not that close to her. You're in a pretty miserable situation right

now if you lose the upcoming race, not only will you lose everything you have, but the bookies that will make huge losses

probably won't let you off, either.

Based on my calculations, unless you fork out 50 million dollars to pay them back, you won't be able to quell their anger.

The Andersons probably won't be able to repay a debt like that! Logan immediately said, "I told you, Mr. Hoffman. The Andersons

and I are separate entities!"

Jordan casually took a seat.

His muscles shook a little, and his voice was rough as he said, "That may work on me, but do you think it'll also work on others when you're an Anderson?"

Logan broke into a frown.

Gambling in the underworld didn't operate on the usual rules.

Jordan went on and asked, "Do you remember that boxing champion in the black market three years ago? He disappeared after he lost a match. Do you know where he is now? "

"He died after someone secretly beat him up. His body was thrown into the sewer and eaten by rats after he died. On top of that,

those people even went to his home. It's said that his wife and children are begging on the streets even now.' Logan clenched his fists.

Jordan smiled and said, "Of course, this won't happen if you can get your foot injury healed within three days, or if you can find a racer who is even more skilled than you to help you win the race."

"However, a racer like that doesn't seem to exist in the States. As for the international scene, Vanci is the only one who can do that.' While the two were chatting, Jimmy's mother came over with Jimmy.

As soon as they entered the gym, the hot and stuffy atmosphere in the room immediately made Jimmy's head hurt as if great

tidal waves were churning in his head.