

Chapter 352

"So, how much did he transfer to you back then?" Frieda asked.

"Him? How much do you think he can transfer to me?" Aaron sneered and his face was full of sarcasm. He had also spotted Chuck at the school gate.

"I don't think he transferred a penny to you because people like him are definitely penniless," Frieda replied. This was without question, how could Chuck have the money?

"That's right, if I didn't have something else to do that day, I would have definitely beaten him up," Aaron tried to find an excuse to save his face.

"Well, don't mention him anymore, he is so disgusting and it's all a waste of time to talk about him," Frieda snorted. She felt that Chuck was disgusting and she did not even want to look at him.

"Yes, it's just a waste of our time," Aaron smiled. He thought in his heart, "Chuck, you're such a loser. Obviously, you could've gotten in touch with Frieda but you let that chance slip away. If that's the case, I'll have to go ahead."

Vroom!

As Aaron stepped on the gas pedal, the car roared on the street. Chuck, who was walking, could not help but look back. Lara also saw it and said, "Chuck, your sports car is much better than that Ferrari. It's way prettier than this."

Chuck glanced at Lara. A few days ago, he was free and he had checked online for the price. He found out that the Ferrari Aaron drove was still a little more expensive than his Porsche.

It was very new and was probably bought in the past few days.

"It's true. I think your car is much more beautiful than this one," Lara added because Chuck was eyeing her suspiciously.

What she said was true. However, Lara had never been in Chuck's sports car yet.

Chuck's sports car was sent for maintenance because he had scratched it the other day. The previous day, the technician phoned him to say that he could collect his car. But Chuck didn't

have the time to do it.

"That Ferrari is much more expensive than mine," Chuck said straightforwardly.

"I know, but I think that yours is prettier. It has nothing to do with the price. Yours is much better- looking," Lara whispered and her face was flushed red.

Chuck was speechless. Was Lara trying to flatter him?

"Get in the car," Chuck said as he opened Betty's car door and Lara sat in cautiously.

Chuck sat next to her and said, "Betty, let's go."

"Yes, Young Master," Betty replied and drove off.

It was the first time for Lara to sit in Chuck's car. She was a little nervous and she did not know what to say. Therefore, she mumbled, "Chuck, your car is very comfortable."

Betty, who was driving, glanced at Lara in the rearview mirror.

"This is not my car," Chuck replied.

"It's still comfortable even if it's not yours," Lara said and blushed.

Chuck was speechless. Soon, they arrived at the plaza. Lara got out of the car and said that she would bring him a cup of coffee. However, Chuck was not thirsty, but Lara had run away before he could say anything. Following that, Lara quickly came back with three cups of coffee. They were for him, Betty, and Yolanda.

Chuck accepted it and Lara blushed as she went to her cafe.

Betty gave Lara, who was walking away, a strange look and accepted the coffee from Chuck before heading upstairs with him.

Chuck had come over to ask about the land but Yolanda was not in the plaza. He tried calling her number and found out that she had gone to the land he bought and he had just missed her. Since Chuck had nothing to do, he let Betty take him back to the hotel to rest and asked Betty to teach him how to fight.

Of course, Betty agreed and she drove Chuck back to Hotel Luna.

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"The food at this hotel is very delicious. You must have heard of it, haven't you?" Aaron said. He had arrived at the destination with Frieda and in front of him was a very large building, a five-star hotel.

Naturally, Frieda had heard of Hotel Luna. This was the best hotel she had come across after she had come here to study. She had also heard that the food here were particularly delicious.

"It's good that you've heard of it," Aaron said. With the help of the smiling security guard, Aaron parked his new sports car in the designated parking space and they both got out of it.

Following that, Aaron and Frieda entered the hotel restaurant on the first floor. Immediately, the pretty lady at the front desk greeted them politely with a smile and asked, "Sir, have you made a reservation?"

"Yes," Aaron replied and took out his mobile phone. The lady at the front desk took a look at it and she said with a smile, "Hello, Mr. Dawson. You have booked a VIP table. Please let me show you to your seat."

Aaron nodded while Frieda felt that this hotel was not bad. The environment was much better than most of the hotels she had been to and the dishes here would surely be delectable.

Frieda was hungry as well and felt that she should be able to eat a lot.

The pretty lady then brought the two of them to their VIP seats. It was a very secluded area and the environment was great.

"Here is your menu," the waiter said and showed them the menu.

Aaron chivalrously let Frieda order. She browsed through the menu and she discovered many dishes that she wanted to eat, especially the yellow croaker. However, the price of this fish differs according to the season of the year and sizes.

"How much does this dish cost today?" Frieda asked. Aaron did not care as he could afford ten thousand dollars for a dish.

"Sorry, we don't have this dish today," the waiter apologized. In fact, there was one, but Betty had already ordered it. It was because Chuck had been living in the hotel recently, hence,

Betty had to arrange Chuck's food and had specially reserved the yellow croaker for him.

The one in the kitchen was prepared for Chuck and not for the other customers.

Frieda was disappointed. Nonetheless, she knew that it was not easy to catch this kind of fish and it was probably not available every day. They could only rely on luck if they wanted to eat this dish.

"Alright, I'll have this, this and this," Frieda casually ordered a few dishes.

The waiter smiled and nodded. "Wait a minute," Aaron stopped her to order some wine. After all, without wine, how could he bring Frieda up to the room later?

"Let's drink some red wine. I heard that the red wine here is pretty good," Aaron 'suggested'.

Frieda hesitated and finally said, "Alright, let's have a little."

"Okay, give me a bottle of your most expensive red wine please," Aaron ordered.

"Sure, please wait for a moment," the waiter took the menu and went away.

Aaron eyed Frieda's figure from head to toe. He could not wait. Later, he would let her drink a bit of wine and then he would be able to settle her, right?

Aaron was excited at the thought of it. After all, it had been a long time since he met such a woman with an excellent figure as Frieda.

Soon, the dishes were served and the wine was brought on their table. Frieda tried the food and she thought they tasted really good, praising, "The dishes here are very delicious. They are much tastier than a lot of other hotels."

This was Frieda's comment, Aaron nodded with a smile and added a few words. Yet, Frieda suddenly frowned. She stood up and said, "Waiter, stop!"

This was because she saw the waiter carrying a dish and she knew by the smell of it. It was the yellow croaker.

Didn't the waiter say that there was no yellow croaker on this

day? Why did they suddenly have it now?

The waiter, who was holding the dish, stopped and said politely, "Yes, what can I do for you?"

"I ordered this dish just now but your waiter said that there was no stock today. How is it that you have it now? What's going on? Give me an explanation," Frieda exclaimed unhappily. She felt like she had been fooled.

What kind of place was this? Aaron was also a little unhappy. Did he look like he did not have the money to afford it? Why did they say that was unavailable? It had been a long time since he last ate the dish.

"I'm sorry, but this dish is not open for the public today," the waiter explained apologetically.

"Not open for public? What do you mean? Is your boss having this?" Frieda said with a frown. She could see that this dish was of perfect color, aroma, and taste. She really wanted to eat it. After all, a person of stature deserved it.

"No, it's for our young..." the waiter shook her head and tried to speak. However, Frieda angrily interrupted her, "If it's not for the boss, why didn't you give it to us?"

She was already in a bad mood since morning. She was disgusted by both Elena and Chuck. How could the waiter lie to her now? What were they doing? Did they look down on her?

"Call your manager over now! Go!" Frieda barked furiously.

"Yes, call your manager! What's that attitude of yours? How can you give this dish to someone else when you told us that you don't have it just now? You are looking down on me, aren't you?" Aaron added lividly.

The waiter felt helpless. The guests were angry and she needed to ask for the manager. Fortunately, the manager was around so she immediately made contact through the walkies-talkie. Following that, a beautiful woman came over and asked, "What can I do for you?"

"Give me an explanation. Why is that dish offered to someone else when you said it was not available when I ordered it? Give me an explanation!" Frieda exclaimed angrily. She was particularly furious. How could she be looked down upon by

others over a meal?

The manager knew that Frieda was talking about the yellow croaker. After that, the manager said apologetically, "I'm so sorry that we did not make it clear just now. This dish is available today, but it's prepared for our young master."

Hearing this, Frieda frowned and asked, "Young master? Who is your young master?"