

Chapter 360

This was an embarrassing situation. In fact, Lisa did not dare open her eyes, she quite literally wanted to kill herself. Technically, she hadn't been physically violated but Chuck and that man had already seen her bare- it was all the same to her.

Lisa, who had been cocky before, had really wanted to end herself right then.

While Yvette cried, Lisa couldn't be bothered to do anything else. Since she still felt a little dizzy, she went straight to sleep, waking up much sooner than she had wanted to.

The car soon arrived at the hotel.

Chuck was the first to leave the car as Yvette had to help her mother into her clothes, she cried as she was doing so. With much difficulty, Yvette managed to help Lisa out of the car.

Eventually, the four of them took the elevator up to the top floor.

When they arrived at the top floor, Yvette stayed in a room with Lisa to take better care of her.

Chuck stayed in the room beside theirs. He wanted to be close just in case Yvette needed his help.

Of course, Betty had still been guarding Chuck very closely.

Meanwhile, in another room, Damon was cursing in anger, "How much time do they need to get back?!"

Something must've happened to them, they're all a bunch of fools! Absolutely useless!"

The intense anger that radiated off of him filled the house uncomfortably.

Yvette had, in fact, been taking care of her mother at that time. She called, "Mom, Mom..."

Yvette was exhausted, but how could she fall asleep right now? Lisa wasn't well and she felt distressed.

Lisa had woken up to Yvette's gentle prodding. When she finally squinted her eyes open, Yvette let out a surprised yelp. "Mom, you're awake!" Yvette exclaimed.

Lisa nodded at that. Yvette then helped her up a little and let her lean against the bed's frame board for her comfort.

"Mom, are you alright?" Yvette asked. She thought it was best not to bring up the former incident in front of her mother. If Lisa remembered, she would be devastated. She might even kill herself.

"I'm fine," Lisa replied as she shook her head. How could she confront what had just happened? Surely, the next best option to admittance right now was avoidance, pretending as if she did not remember.

Otherwise, she really couldn't imagine what the matter would snowball into. However, Lisa already had a deep hatred for the person who did that to her, she wanted to carve the man up like a pumpkin on Halloween.

Yvette breathed a sigh of relief as she heard her response. Lisa miraculously did not remember what had happened just now. It was better like this. Otherwise,

Yvette wouldn't know how to comfort her from that trauma.

Yvette had Lisa cradled against her and soothed, "Mom, get some rest, okay? Everything's alright."

Lisa nodded and had a lie down once more. Yvette tucked her in with a quilt. "Mom, rest please. I'll go get a shower first, is that okay?" she asked.

"Yes, alright," Lisa replied.

Yvette went to the bathroom then. She felt disgusting all over, scrubbing herself clean from head to toe was a necessity right now.

Lisa stared vacantly at the ceiling and then climbed out of the bed. As she did so, she felt tears slipping down her cheeks, feeling disgusted at herself all over again. She walked into the bathroom and showered for what felt like hours, squatting in the bathroom. She continued to cry.

When Yvette's father had died, Lisa hadn't even shed a single tear. But now, this kind of violation had taken harsh blows onto Lisa's self-esteem, her dignity had shattered. She felt like she would fall apart at any moment.

The sound of the shower had disguised Lisa's cries.

At that moment, she was just a woman tending to her own wounds.

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At that point, Chuck had already fallen asleep. He had taken a number of blows to his stomach and chest, it was beyond painful. He didn't think he could fall asleep

that night due to the intensity of the pain. But as long as Yvette was fine, Chuck would be willing to suffer like this ten times over.

If Yvette had been met with any harm, Chuck was sure he'd never be able to fall asleep, ever. A moment later, Chuck thought to ask Betty about how she was doing.

"I'm fine, Young Master. You should rest early," Betty responded. It was true that Betty was fine. She had been trained to handle such situations. It wasn't a big deal for her to suffer a minor scrape or two.

Just as they were both ready to fall asleep, someone knocked on their door.

Chuck blinked his eyes open and listened closely to the noises outside. It sounded like Frieda's voice out there. Although the manager had warned her about not to disturb him, she kept knocking insistently.

Betty frowned.

Chuck proceeded to get out of his bed and walked over to the door. Through the peephole, he saw Frieda loitering outside his door.

"Thank you for helping," Frieda said.

She and her manager were relieved. Because when the manager heard about Frieda checking the state of her hymen, she realized it looked to have not been touched in the slightest. Thus, it was a wonder what Aaron had done with her last night.

Chuck was a little confused. Of course, he hadn't known Frieda was still a virgin. He was curious as to why she

had come over to thank him.

"Can you come out? I'd like to thank you," Frieda spoke, her tone was sincere. If it hadn't been for this Young Master, she might have been taken advantage of by other people. That was something she would much rather not think about.

This young master's kindness had saved her.

Of course, Chuck couldn't be bothered to entertain her at that time. Fortunately, Frieda knew it was not convenient to hold a long conversation with him there. He didn't open his door, letting Frieda walk away after having expressed her gratitude.

"Is she crazy?" Chuck asked, turning towards Betty. As Betty looked up to meet his eyes, she felt awkward.

Chuck, too, felt uncomfortable. "Betty, you should get some rest soon," he said.

"Alright, Young Master. You too," Betty replied.

The next morning, Chuck went to knock on Yvette's door. When Yvette swung her door open. her face still looked a little pale. It was because of the anesthetic left in her system from before. Seeing it still presented an effect on her, Chuck could not help his heart from squeezing in distress. He reached out and tucked Yvette in his arms as soon as he saw her.

Yvette was moved. "Hubby, I have something to tell you," she whispered.

"Go ahead," Chuck motioned for her to speak. No matter what Yvette requested for now, Chuck would provide.

"Please don't tell my mother about what happened

yesterday. She doesn't remember," Yvette pleaded, worried that Chuck would accidentally spill the truth, destroying her mother.

Chuck was confused, did he hear her wrong? Lisa couldn't remember? That wasn't possible. After Lisa had woken up from her passed out state the day before, she had been yelling at Chuck.

Did she really forget? But needless to say, Chuck would not mention this matter. After all, Lisa was his mother-in-law.

Chuck was startled last night. Having looked at her for longer than just a second could only be attributed to shock. If he had known that it was Lisa, his eyes wouldn't have lingered for even a second.

"Alright, I understand. You two should rest up today," Chuck said. No matter if Lisa had been lying about forgetting that incident, it was clearly a matter that could never be mentioned again in the future.

"Thank you, Hubby. You'd better get to class now, or you'll be late," Yvette nagged. She cared about Chuck's studies.

"I want to accompany you. I won't go today," Chuck said.

"No, Hubby, you have to go to school," Yvette insisted. She felt that it was not appropriate for Chuck to be staying here. Her own mother was in her room, and she did not have time to spend alone with Chuck undisturbed, although she really wanted to.

Listening to her, Chuck could only agree and warned Yvette not to leave. He was only willing to leave for

school with Betty after Yvette had promised him she wouldn't.

Yvette sighed. Then, she received a phone call from Lisa's bodyguard. Yvette had felt a little relieved. She asked the bodyguard to first take a break and then asked her to help look for another place to stay. She really could not stay in this hotel any longer.

Lisa wouldn't have agreed with her either.

After having settled it all with the bodyguard, Yvette felt more at ease and went back to her room to take care of Lisa.

However, Yvette hadn't known that Lisa had stayed up all night. She couldn't sleep. She had felt her scalp tingle when she heard Chuck's voice just now. She wanted to leave here as soon as she could!

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At the university.

Aaron was in the parking lot when he saw Frieda drove over. He smiled. Frieda had changed her clothes, her long legs on display were enticing. His gaze never wavered as he watched her make her leave.

To be honest, he was very irritated.

When he was just about to sleep with Frieda, Patricia had kept calling his phone and eventually ended up video calling him. That had shocked Aaron for a moment but seeing as he feared Patricia's wrath if he were to ignore her, he had answered the call next door. They had talked half the night away.

That's right, Aaron fell asleep in the other room. When he

woke, he did so with a startle. It was six o'clock in the morning already.

He had then gone over to look for Freida. Realizing that he still had time to have his way with Frieda, he had started to remove Frieda's clothes. As he was almost done, Frieda had made a sound, moving a bit as if she had awoken. So, he had hurriedly hidden away.

Fortunately, Frieda at the time was just talking in her sleep. She had scared the life out of him.

That fright had dampened Aaron's desire. The sudden scare would be enough to frighten any man out of their desires. He had gotten angry then, deciding to just take pictures of Frieda's nude photos and left to return home at six that morning.

With Frieda's naked photos as blackmail, he was certain that Frieda would do anything he wanted. If not, he would show her nudes to everyone!

Aaron smiled perversely. He took out his mobile phone and admired Frieda's nudes. There were so many of them, he chuckled.

Aaron proceeded to get out of his car. He felt that it was the day to blackmail Frieda. He'd have Frieda in his car, or perhaps the bathroom. Wherever it may be, he would enjoy it. He headed for Frieda then, running at her with a face full of smiles. His handsome face twisted into a perverse delight.

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No matter what, Aaron felt rather confident because he had Frieda's nudes. He was going to mess with her until he got tired of her. Only then would he consider temporarily letting her go.

He wondered, "Wouldn't it be more exciting if I threatened Frieda after she got married?"

Aaron laughed like a pervert at that thought. The more he thought about it, the more excited he seemed to get.

Frieda who was striding ahead with her long legs had heard the footsteps sounding behind her. She looked back and frowned at who she saw. Why was Aaron coming over to her? Hadn't he ghosted her twice already?

Frieda did not want to give him any more chances to redeem himself.

She walked even faster, leaving no chance for Aaron to catch up with her. Aaron let out a cold laugh and yelled, "Frieda!"

"What is it?!" Frieda yelled back, irritated.

She was raging now. Who did he think he was? A prince? She still held the ghosting against him.

"Nothing much. How have you been recently?" Aaron asked, smiling brightly. He had wanted to threaten Frieda since the day before, but seeing as she was not around, he had thought something bad might have happened to her.

"Why do you care? What's it to you?" Frieda shrieked, getting more annoyed by the second.

"Of course, it's my business," Aaron replied matter-of-factly. He took out his mobile phone, preparing it to show Frieda her own nudes. She was sure to burst into tears in an instant!

"You will be my slave from now on!" Aaron thought wickedly.

"Don't come anywhere near me ever again. If it weren't for the Young Master of Hotel Luna, I might've been in huge trouble! You're so irresponsible!" Frieda spat at him, thinking back made her spit fire.

"What are you talking about?" Aaron asked, feeling out of sorts. He didn't understand what was going on.

Of course, he knew who the Young Master Frieda mentioned was. It was Chuck. Did Chuck get Frieda after he had left? Had Chuck had his way with her before she even woke up?

Aaron was furious at the thought. After all the trouble he'd been through, did he actually end up helping Chuck get into bed with Frieda?

How could it be acceptable for Chuck to get her before he did?

At this moment, Aaron was furious enough to have instantly killed Chuck!

"Are you deaf? Don't come near me again!" Frieda yelled at him in fury.

"Frieda, what did the Young Master do to you?" Aaron asked, gnashing his teeth in anger.

"Get lost!" Frieda was impatient now and turned to leave, but as she did so, her eyes fell upon another irritating fellow.

Aaron saw that man as well. His eyes shooting flames at the other.

"Go to H*ll, Chuck!" He thought in his heart.

Chuck was stopped by Lara again. When they were headed to the classroom, Chuck had turned back and saw Frieda and Aaron. He couldn't be less bothered about what they were doing and went straight to the classroom with Lara.

Seeing Chuck leave, Aaron sputtered angrily.

Frieda let out a loud grunt of displeasure. She couldn't be bothered to look at Chuck anyway, Aaron was also being a pain in the neck. She decided to return to the classroom by herself.

Aaron turned on his mobile phone and looked at the photos again. He didn't want to sleep with a woman who Chuck had slept with. He felt sick just thinking about it. However, he wouldn't just let both of them go just like that.

An idea suddenly formed in his head, and a perverted smile appeared on his face again. "Frieda's body is just too perfect to resist!" he thought.

When Frieda reached her classroom, her best friend, Elena, came over with a look of intense concern. Frieda wasn't at school the day before. They were both good friends, so she went over to her and asked.

Frieda ignored her and pretended to not acknowledge

her existence. Elena curled her lips at that and asked, "Frieda, what did you do yesterday?"

Frieda did not answer.

Elena continued on a bit helplessly, "Frieda, Chuck is really..."

"Don't mention him in front of me ever again, do you hear me?" Frieda demanded, anger plain in her voice. "Why did Elena even mention that disgusting man?" she thought.

Elena was frightened because Frieda was rarely angry.

She dared not speak of Chuck anymore. "Okay, I won't mention Chuck again. Please don't get angry," Elena pleaded.

Frieda huffed, still angry. She hadn't calmed down, she had already been angry before, now she was livid. "I'm going to force Chuck out of here!" she blurted angrily.

"Huh? Frieda, what are you going to do? Frieda, Chuck's a baller! You'd better not do anything to provoke him or he might..." Elena hadn't even finished her sentence when she felt a slap against her face. Frieda had slapped her out of anger. The whole class had gone silent upon seeing this.

"I told you not to mention him again!" Frieda screamed, fleeing out of the classroom.

Elena covered her burning cheek with her hands, her eyes brimming with tears. Why wouldn't Frieda believe anything she said?

Frieda couldn't hold it in any longer. She was going to the principal's office. She was going to see if she could

get the principal to expel Chuck!

The principal was surprised when she saw Frieda. She was the campus belle, after all.

"Frieda, is something the matter?" the principal asked kindly.

"Principal, I want to report a student for improper conduct!" Frieda said.

"Let me hear it then," the principal said as he took this very seriously. Nothing bad was allowed to happen on school grounds, he had to be vigilant. He must be careful. After all, Willa's standards were very high!

"Do you know of a student named Chuck Cannon? I think you should know that he's recently been treating everyone on campus to a cup of coffee," Frieda said.

"Are you reporting Chuck right now?" The principal was shocked. This girl must be a fool. How dare she report someone under the care of Willa? Didn't Freida know that with just a word from Willa, she could be expelled?

"Yes, he's riddled with attitude problems. He likes to lie too, did you know that, Principal? He owes other students a lot of money, and I saw him stealing things a few days ago. I am worried that he will hurt our classmates, so I came to report him," Frieda said. She thought of Chuck's wandering around the residential area where she had lived. He must have wanted to steal money.

"You can stop speaking now. Leave!" the principal commanded sternly.

"Principal, are you...?" Frieda was taken aback.

"Leave! Don't talk to me about Chuck anymore! Get out!" the principal scolded.

Frieda was startled but she left anyway in a huff. "Humph, I will definitely find proof of Chuck's stealing endeavours. Now that he's lacking money, he's sure to do something bad!" She thought.

When Frieda managed to get out of the office, she was livid. She felt wronged and angry. She had to drive Chuck out of campus, no matter the consequence! She needed to vent, she didn't want to feel so angry anymore. With someone like Chuck roaming the school, she thought the entire school would basically become a trash dumpsite.

She was prideful. How could she maintain her identity here if people like him soiled the school? Frieda had grown fond of this school already, so there mustn't be any delinquents like Chuck here to taint it!

Eventually, she worked out an idea, "Yes!" she thought.

Then, Frieda took out her wallet.

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When class ended, Chuck couldn't wait to let Betty drive him back to the hotel. Chuck had missed Yvette and he wanted to see her so badly!

Yvette had promised that she would not leave, but what about Lisa? How could she stay in Karen's hotel?

Chuck was afraid that Lisa would ask Yvette to leave with her.

If that were to happen, where would he go to look for Yvette? Betty had been waiting for him at the parking place, but Chuck was stopped short by a wallet left lying

on the ground. Chuck picked it up doubtfully and was ready to open it. Of course, Chuck would not want this money. He clearly knew that a wallet was important for a student.

He had to give it back to that student. However, right at this moment, Frieda ran at him, coming out of nowhere.

She grabbed Chuck's hand. "You thief!!" she yelled.

Frieda had caught Chuck red-handed. She had waited at the side and purposely threw the wallet on the ground so that Chuck would pick it up. She knew Chuck would pick it up. After all, he needed the money, so why wouldn't he?

Sure enough, after picking up the wallet, he went to open it. Did he want to pocket the cash he had found? There was no doubt about it, of course he was!

Chuck frowned at that. "I didn't steal it. I just picked it up off the ground," he explained.

Chuck shook off her hand and opened the wallet. He found that there were photos in it. It was Frieda's.

Seeing this, Chuck was annoyed. If he had known that it was hers, he would not have picked it up. He might have even thrown it into the trash can.

"It's yours? Then, go and pick it up," Chuck said as he casually threw the wallet into the trash can. Frieda was baffled. This wallet of hers was worth around forty thousand dollars! How could he just throw it away just like that? It was disgusting!

"Hey!" Frieda raged, having no choice but to sift through the trash can for her wallet. The rotten smell made

Frieda yell out of spite, "B*stard!"

Chuck didn't want to talk to her. This evil woman had just said that he stole her money. If Chuck hadn't been in a hurry to see Yvette, he would have slapped her in the face.

"Stop, don't move! Can you hear me? I told you to stop, you thief!" Frieda screamed again. Chuck frowned at that and turned to look at her. This evil woman was really looking to fight, wasn't she?

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"I'm sure I haven't done anything to offend her," Chuck thought. He did not think he deserved this animosity from Frieda.

They hadn't even known each other firsthand, but this Frieda girl had just shown up suddenly and antagonized him every chance she got. He had ignored her then, and now here she was, escalating the situation by accusing him of theft.

Chuck couldn't stand her any longer and thought, "This foolish woman has gone too far!"

"Could it be that Aaron had managed to turn her crazy by drugging her two days ago?" Chuck wondered. It wasn't implausible. She had slept a whole 24 hours that day, having been drugged heavily. Who knew how long Aaron had played with her unconscious body?

Aaron must be a freak to enjoy sleeping with women in that state. He might have even secretly recorded a video of his endeavours.

"Say that again," Chuck threatened, glaring as he walked over to her.

Chuck didn't want to hit a woman, but if this woman crossed any more lines, he would not hesitate.

He did not give a toss if she was the campus belle or not.

"You. Are. A. Thief," Frieda repeated her earlier accusation word by word. "This is the moneymaker," she thought. This would finally be the one method to drive

Chuck out of the school that might work.

She had recorded a video earlier when Chuck had stopped to pick up the wallet. "I could edit it and create an illusion that Chuck had stolen money," Frieda schemed.

"I'm telling the principal on you, you're going to get expelled, just you wait! You're a thief, a degenerate! I'm not allowing trash like you to stay here and jeopardize our school! Get ready to pack up and leave, you b*stard!" Frieda yelled. She swiftly turned around and walked away.

Chuck frowned and stared at her retreating back for a few seconds. She was indeed a beautiful woman. But why was she so cruel, so heartless, so out of her mind?

Why was she so foolish?

Chuck didn't bother with her after that, it was not like he'd chase her down and give her a beating. He was a gentleman after all.

However, "Didn't she say something about making the principal expel him?" he wondered.

Chuck shrugged his shoulders as he thought. That was the least of his worries.

Chuck then walked over to Betty's parking spot. Of course, Betty had paid attention to the entire situation with Frieda just now. "Young Master, do you need me to deal with her?" she inquired.

There was so much power in that one sentence. Regardless of Frieda's family background or whether she was rich or if she had any important influences at all, his

answer would determine her fate.

If Chuck wanted to buy this entire school, all he had to do was give Karen a call, a short demand of "Buy it!" would make it happen, the school would be his to own just like that.

"She's just an idiot, let her be," Chuck said. He was still looking forward to seeing what other sorts of ways Frieda would try to drive him out!

"Understood," Betty answered and then drove Chuck back to the hotel.

Frieda went to the principal's office again. She had just edited the video and created the illusion that Chuck had stolen her money. She had done it very subtly. Although the video she had taken was Chuck picking up her wallet, she was able to edit it into what she wanted to fabricate.

It was an easy job.

Frieda knocked on the principal's door.

"Come in," the principal answered.

Frieda went in at that. When the principal saw that it was Frieda again, he frowned and said, "Frieda, what are you doing here again?"

"Principal, I'm here to show you a video," Frieda said and walked over as if dejected. She was playing the part of a theft victim really well, exhibiting fear in her every move.

The principal nodded impatiently. Frieda turned on her cell phone and played the edited video for him. The video showed Chuck stealing a wallet, opening it as if to take money from it... then it cut off.

The principal was shaken by that video. Willa's own blood had actually been stealing? How was that possible?

The principal rewatched the video, looking more and more terrible by the second.

Seeing the principal's expression, Frieda smiled. "Principal, it was pure luck that I caught this all on video when I was playing with my phone. Chuck had just stolen my wallet! Look at his face, surely this wasn't his first time! Who knows how many people had had theirs stolen as well, this is abominable! How can we secure the safety of students if he remains here? He's stealing money now, but what if it escalates? What if he ends up stealing from the girls' dorms or even decides to sexually assault them? You have to do something about this! If you don't, our school's reputation would know no glory," Frieda told the principal.

This would work, Freda knew it in her gut. "The days of seeing Chuck Cannon roaming around campus will be no more," she thought happily.

The principal would definitely expel Chuck after watching this video.

He looked at Frieda seriously and asked, "What is your WhatsApp number?"

"My number?" Frieda was stunned. Why was the principal asking her this? Did he want to become WhatsApp friends?

"Tell me, I'll add you," said the principal.

Frieda nodded and complied, passing him her phone.

Right as the phone reached the principal, he had proceeded to delete the incriminating video, shocking Frieda. "Principal! Why did you delete that?" she sputtered, confused.

Frieda was very angry. She had spent so much energy on that edit! "How could the principal delete it just like that?" she thought.

"Ding!" her phone sounded.

The principal returned the phone to Frieda.

Frieda reached out and took it from him, looking at the screen reflexively and her eyes nearly bulged out of her skull. There was a notification notifying her that she had just received a 100,000 dollars transfer!

"What is the principal doing?" Frieda thought, confused.

Of course, 100,000 dollars didn't mean much to Frieda. Even her underwear would cost around fifty to sixty thousand dollars. What was a meagre 100,000 dollars to her? She was just confused as to why the principal did that.

"What is his reason?" she wondered.

"Just pretend that nothing happened today. You can keep the 100,000 dollars," said the principal.

"Principal? Are you..." Frieda came to a realization at that moment. The principal was buying her silence. She understood. If the video of Chuck stealing money was shared online, it would definitely destroy the university's reputation.

Therefore, the principal had deleted it and paid for her cooperation.

"Principal, I won't tell anyone, I promise. But I want you to fire Chuck, he's a thief!" Frieda insisted.

"Just forget it, Frieda," the principal was shut off now. If Willa knew about this situation, he would certainly be fired right then and there.

"Principal?" Frieda asked, she could not believe what was happening. What did this mean? Did it mean that she should just pretend that nothing had happened? Why?

"I'll give you two choices. Take the money and forget this matter, and don't mention it to anyone else. The alternate choice..." the principal said.

"Whatever the second choice is, I'm taking it! I'm not going to forget about this!" Frieda interrupted, her tone serious. She was definitely not short of 100,000 dollars. Why would she take the money anyway? She had spent so much time on that video editing, surely Chuck was going to be driven out!

"Are you sure?" the principal asked, his voice indifferent.

"Yes, I'm sure!" Frieda was absolutely sure. She would not consider the former choice at all!

"Alright then, start packing up. You're expelled!" the principal said coldly.

"What?" Frieda was stunned into disbelief. She must've heard him wrong, right? She thought, "Chuck was the thief, he was the one who stole. Why am I the one getting expelled?"

Frieda found it to be unreasonable.

The principal repeated, "Didn't you hear me? You've been

expelled! Leave!"

"Principal, I don't accept this. It's him who's stealing and done wrong, why am I the one getting in trouble for it?" Frieda was angry at the lack of logic here. This was just plain unfair!

"Because you're being a fool!" The principal said, "Chuck is not someone you can offend so easily. If you just take this money, stay quiet, everything will be okay."

Frieda laughed at him and said, "Principal, are you joking? I can't afford to offend Chuck? I think I know what's going on. He's your illegitimate son, isn't he?" Frieda sneered, manners having thrown out the window. She was going to say whatever came to her mind!

Frieda was not an easy woman to intimidate as it turns out.

Frieda thought that Chuck must be the illegitimate son of the principal. Otherwise, how could he be so biased towards a piece of trash like Chuck?

A loud slap echoed in the room.

The principal had slapped Frieda in the face. Her hand reaching up to rub at her reddening cheek. Did she really just get slapped?

"Principal, how could you?" Frieda was shocked. She had never received a beating, even when she was a child. How could she be beaten today? Frieda felt extremely humiliated!

"What are you talking about? How can Chuck be my illegitimate son?" the principal spat in fury. If Willa heard this, he would be doomed.

"If he's not, why are you protecting him like that? He's a thief!" Frieda shouted as she was angry.

The principal told Frieda, his tone cold, "I've just told you, you can't afford to offend him! Let me repeat myself. You either shut up and take the money or just get out of here!"

Frieda was going to go crazy with how angry she was feeling. How was it possible to be so difficult to drive a sc*mbag like Chuck out?

The principal then scolded, "If Chuck ever speaks up and mentions that you have to go, you go. Got it? Now, take the money and get out of my office!"

"You've been telling me repeatedly that I can't afford to offend Chuck. Well, let's hear it, tell me who he is. I'd like to know what the big deal with that trash of a person is," Frieda sneered.