

## Rise Of The Student Billionaire Chapter 2

### **Betrayal**

Seeing Benjamin kicking Maverick, a group of students loyal to Maverick, quickly rushed forward and held Benjamin forcefully pulling him away.

Benjamin, still struggling to break free and continue hitting Maverick yelled, "Leave me, leave me!" But his protests fell on deaf ears as they held him in a firm grip.

A few students from Benjamin's department observed the spectacle, shaking their heads in dismay. One remarked, "So, this useless guy is back to cause trouble?"

Another inquired, "Do you know him?"

"Of course. He's a popular broke guy, poor as a church rat," came the reply.

Laughter rippled through the group. "I've seen people become popular for being rich, but never for being broke," one of them said.

"Haha, Benjamin isn't just broke; he's the epitome of poverty. Utterly useless and frankly,

quite repulsive," another chimed in, disdain evident in his tone.

"He's pushed it this time. Hitting Maverick? He won't get away with it," predicted another.

"Indeed. I bet he'll be left in a sorry state. The only question is, Will he have the funds for a

'wheelchair?" added one, the group erupting into laughter once again. The atmosphere was

charged with mockery, with everyone joining in the ridicule of Benjamin.

Marverick rose from the floor, anger coursing through him, though he winced at a twinge of pain. His voice turned frigid.

"You, this poor guy, dare touch my expensive clothes with your dirty hands? You dare hit me?" His eyes scanned the surroundings, searching for something, and they landed on a metal pipe nestled in a corner. In a swift motion, he snatched it up and charged toward Benjamin.

"Go to hell," he spat, poised to strike Benjamin's head, but Dorothy intervened, swiftly stepping in front of him.

Maverick's face contorted in frustration. "Why are you blocking me, Dorothy? I must finish this bastard."

Dorothy shook her head, her voice gentle but firm. "I don't want any part in this violence.

Please spare him. He's just ignorant. Don't waste your time on such people," she implored, taking the pipe from Marverick.

After taking the pipe, she took a step forward and whispered to Maverick. "You're rich, don't always do the filthy job. Get people to beat him up this night or another time, maybe tomorrow night, I know where he passes mostly after leaving for work." She said

Maverick hearing this smiled lightly and nodded, it was a good idea.

Benjamin who was still being held looked angry. He spat out his words, "Today, you call me ignorant, Dorothy? You scum and cheat. You'll rot in hell, trust me." He said

Marverick's eyes widened in astonishment as he turned to Dorothy. "Dorothy, do you know him?"

Dorothy nodded and said, "Of course, he's so poor, 90 percent of all the students on campus knows him."

Maverick shook his head and said, "He said you cheated on him, were you both in a relationship?"

Dorothy hearing Maverick's question hesitated, a fleeting moment of uncertainty clouding

her expression. She wasn't sure how to respond.

Benjamin couldn't contain his frustration. He spat out, "Why aren't you speaking?"

Why aren't

you telling him we are dating and then you shamelessly going to accept him

because he's

rich?"

Wow!"

A collective gasp swept through the onlookers, the statement spreading like wildfire, sending

shockwaves through the crowd.

"The popular broke guy claims he's dating the campus beauty, Dorothy Foster."

Laughter erupted, mingled with mocking comments.

"So this useless guy thinks he's dating Dorothy?"

Another voice chimed in, laughter dripping with scorn. "He probably thought he's man

enough to get someone like Dorothy."

"Look at him, thinking he stands a chance with Dorothy. What a delusional fool!"

"Does he even own a mirror to take a look at his clothes? He must be blind if he thinks he's

in Dorothy's league."

"Benjamin, you really have a wild imagination if you believe Dorothy would ever choose you."

"Someone needs to tell him he's not even a blip on Dorothy's radar. She deserves someone far better, and Marverick is the one."

The taunts continued, each one more cutting than the last.

Dorothy turned to Benjamin, her expression now seething with anger. She directed her gaze towards the guys restraining him and commanded, "Leave him." They obeyed, releasing their grip on Benjamin.

‘With a mocking chuckle, she addressed him, "Benjamin Haves, what makes you think I

‘would ever have any interest in you? Do you honestly believe you're someone a normal lady

‘would consider for a relationship? Take a good look at yourself. Do your clothes even add up

to \$20? You've been wearing the same shoes since you set foot on this campus.

Aren't you embarrassed?’”

Her words elicited uproarious laughter from the crowd. Benjamin, stung by the harsh words,

was left speechless and dazed.

Dorothy continued, her tone cutting. "What gives you the audacity? Can you even afford my

skincare cream? Are you out of your mind, trying to disgrace me?"

Benjamin nodded, his lips curling slightly, a cold stare fixed on Dorothy. He mustered the

strength to respond,

"Didn't you tell me you accepted my proposal? Were we not in a relationship?"

"Proposal? Relationship?" Dorothy scoffed. "Have you kissed me before? Have you even touched me deeply like a man does to his woman before?" She asked angrily. She then turned to face the crowd and raised her voice.

"Listen, everyone. A month ago, this guy somehow got my number and started bombarding me with messages, wanting to be 'friends.'" Despite his lack of charm and means, I decided to give him a chance. But a week later, he started professing his feelings for me. Since he 'wouldn't stop bothering me, I reluctantly agreed to 'give him a chance' just to be left alone. Now, it seems this fool has convinced himself we're dating."

"Oh, so that's the case."

Laughter erupted, echoing through the crowd. The mocking words flowed freely:

"Wow, Benjamin really has a vivid imagination, doesn't he?"

"I guess he mistook Dorothy's kindness for something more. What a joke!"

"He must be living in a fantasy world if he thinks Dorothy would ever date him."

The ridicule continued, each remark driving the point home. Benjamin stood there, humiliated.

Benjamin fought to rein in his emotions. He nodded and spoke out, his voice laced with frustration.

"Dorothy, you cheated and tricked me. Remember, every time I earned, you'd ask for something, and I would buy it for you. I've spent money on you thinking I was doing it for

the lady who loved me."

Dorothy chuckled, her tone dismissive. "You must be dreaming, weren't you sensible to know that the reason I asked you to keep our relationship as a secret was because I never liked you? Talking of spending, I think the most expensive thing you bought for me was a pizza, right?"

Laughter rippled through the crowd, amplifying Benjamin's agitation. His body trembled, his eyes reddening. Dorothy asked him to keep their relationship on a low so as not to cause attention on campus but it seemed there was another motive.

"Fine, you cheat. I'll go my own way. It's my fault for being fooled. I didn't force a relationship on you. I simply asked you out a month after we started talking, not a week, and the first time you said we should talk about it later. Later, I asked again, and you told me to give you a week to think. So a week later, I asked once more, and you accepted. Was that my fault? Couldn't you have just told me you weren't interested in me?" He asked with a reddened eye.

A voice from the crowd jeered, proclaiming, "That's how fools should be treated." In a fast chilling turn, Benjamin faced the crowd and issued a challenge. "The person who said that, if you have the courage, say it again. If you are a man with balls or a heavy-chested lady, just repeat yourself." Benjamin's words were so cold that no one repeated them.

Dorothy interjected. "Hey, don't take your frustrations out on someone else, address it here

you poor wretched young man."

Benjamin let out a pain-laced chuckle. "Forget it, no need to talk about this. Just remember,

last two weeks, you asked me to loan you a thousand dollars to pay for a course. I worked

hard and skipped meals to get it for you. Pay me back that money, and I'll leave."

He said