

Chapter 197

After Yvette finished her story, she breathed a sigh of relief. Her classmate had already promised to help her, which was relatively easy for a lawyer.

She felt like attending this class reunion was worth it. Then, she thanked her classmate and returned to the private room.

After Yvette left, her classmate sneered, "You are so poor that you need to borrow a loan? No wonder you were cheated..."

She snorted and went into the bathroom...

Shortly, Yvette returned to the room and heard noises coming from inside. She felt puzzled: what was going on? The minute she stepped inside, she was immediately enraged by what she saw.

"What are you guys doing?"

She saw her classmates forcing Chuck to drink. He had already drunk a little earlier, and they were about to finish their meal, However, they were forcing him to drink now!

"Hubby, don't drink!" Yvette walked over to Chuck and glared at the class monitor,

Lincoln.

How irritating! How could they bully him while she was away.

Yvette felt really annoyed.

The corners of Chuck's lips curled into a smirk. He never planned to drink this wine anyways.

"Yvette, this is a drink between men. Don't interrupt us," Lincoln frowned.

He was nice to her at school, so why didn't she save him some face here?

"Yes, we're all men, so it's fine if we drink here. If you don't allow your little husband to drink, that means he isn't a man," Another classmate jeered.

"Don't spoil the fun. There's still wine in the glass, so don't waste it. If you can't learn to have fun, don't come out at all. Don't waste Matthew's money."

"That's right. It's just a glass of wine. Don't come here just to eat and drink. You husband will probably never have the chance to taste such expensive wine if it weren't for Matthew."

Everyone started to feel a little unhappy. What was the point of coming to the reunion if they

didn't have some fun?

It would be a waste if they left without drinking a glass of wine!

"You guys want to drink, right?" Yvette's gaze was cold. She took the wine bottle and began pouring wine into the other classmates' glasses. Then, she said, "If you like to drink so much, you should have more. Don't waste it."

Bang!

Someone threw the glass on the table and snorted, "Yvette, what do you mean?"

"Didn't you just say that it was just a fun drink? Why don't you drink then?" Yvette stared at him coldly.

The student was so angry that his face turned red and he screamed, "If you can't learn to enjoy yourself, don't bring him here. It's embarrassing!"

"That's right. We're at a class reunion. Why did you bring him along if he doesn't know how to drink at all?"

"We don't know how to enjoy ourselves? This is you bullying my husband! It's none of your business if my husband doesn't want to drink. If you want to drink, drink it yourself!"

Yvette said coldly.

"But it is definitely Matthew's business. This wine is worth more than a thousand dollars, and it's in your husband's glass now. It'd be a waste if he doesn't finish it," Lincoln snorted.

Yvette glared at him and filled up Lincoln's glass for him. He scowled, "What are you trying to do? Can't you see that I've drank a lot?"

"I'll pay for this bottle of wine, so it's none of your business if my husband doesn't drink it. You can drink it now! Don't waste it!" Yvette glared at him.

Lincoln was fuming and retorted sharply, "Hey, Yvette, that's enough!"

"Enough? You bullied my husband when I was not around. Haven't you guys had enough?" Yvette's voice was particularly aloof.

The class monitor's face turned red with anger, and the other students sat down with a snort. What else could they say if Yvette had already stood up? However, all of them looked at Chuck with contempt. They looked down at him for hiding behind a woman. He couldn't call himself a man if he had his wife protect him like this.

Chuck laughed and thought of how amazing his wife was.

"Hubby, are you okay?" Yvette asked with concern. She knew that he was already uncomfortable being here. Now that he was bullied, he must feel even more uneasy. She felt very guilty for what had happened.

It was probably tough for him to attend such events. When they got home, she would need to find a way to comfort him properly.

"I'm fine." Chuck shook his head. In fact, he was more than fine. He had already prepared to teach those guys a lesson, but Yvette had walked in before he could do so.

"Matthew, say something!" Lincoln had no choice but to divert the attention to Matthew.

He had not spoken for a long time. After all, he was the one who paid for all the expenses today. Now that things had gotten out of control, they needed him to order Yvette and her husband to leave.

Everyone glanced over at Matthew, waiting for him to speak.

Matthew smiled slightly and said, "Carry on. Let's finish the meal and head over to the bar."

He knew better than to further aggravate the situation. He didn't want to anger Yvette even further.

A man should keep his cool.

He thought that it would be easy to win Yvette. Based on his experience, as long as he could make her think that her husband was useless, she would not want to be with him anymore.

If she figured out that her husband was a loser, then she would want to look for someone better. That person could be him.

"Go ahead. We won't be joining you." Yvette shook her head. She didn't want Chuck to be bullied anymore. Anyways, she had already accomplished her objective of attending the reunion.

"Here is the money for the wine, and this is for our portion of the meal. Thank you for your hospitality today." Yvette took out more than 4,000 dollars from her bag. She really didn't want to take advantage of others.

"Yvette, that's not right. Matthew has already said that he is responsible for all the expenses today. What are you trying to prove by paying it for yourself? Are you looking down on Matthew?" Lincoln said in a strange

tone.

"That's right. Since it's Matthew's treat, why would you pay him halfway through the meal? If you're so rich, why don't you cover all the expenses?" The other classmates chided disdainfully.

"You guys drank so much today. Why should I pay for your meal?" Yvette frowned.

Lincoln smirked, "We're all classmates. It wouldn't hurt to pay for a meal, right?"

"Then why don't you pay for it?" Yvette shot back at him.

"Well, I wasn't the one who wanted to pay. You were the one who tried to show off and took the money out," Lincoln smirked.

"You!" Yvette gritted her teeth.

"Paying means showing off?" Chuck smirked and said, "So you're saying that Matthew is showing off? After all, he was the one who paid for the meal."

The class monitor glowered, "Who do you think you are? How dare you say that about Matthew!"

"Exactly. Do you know how much he's earning? You wouldn't be able to earn that amount of money for the rest of your life.

You're such a loser. You couldn't even be here without Yvette, let alone meet Matthew!"

The other students sneered and ridiculed Chuck, "Are you kidding me? Matthew is from a rich family, and he had just earned tens of millions of dollars. You wouldn't be able to make that much money even if you tried."

How could Chuck say that Matthew was a show-off? It was clear that Matthew was rich and affluent.

"You don't have the right to know who I am." Chuck shook his head and refused to answer.

"Ridiculous! I don't have the right to know? Since you're so cool, why don't you pay the bill today?!" The class monitor sneered.

A mocking smile appeared at the corner of Matthew's mouth. The expenses today wasn't just a few thousand dollars. They had bought 10 bottles of wine costing over a thousand dollars per bottle. Apart from that, there were also around 5 dishes that cost 3000 dollars per dish, amounting to around 50 to 60 thousand dollars in total.

"One cannot just pretend to be rich," Matthew thought as he observed Chuck, and concluded that he was a useless man.

"You don't have the right to ask my husband to treat you to this meal." Yvette could no longer hold it in. The four thousand dollars she paid was more than enough for the two of them.

Lincoln scoffed, "He said it himself. If he is that capable, why can't he afford this meal?"

"My husband never said that, but you've been pestering him." Yvette's voice was cold, and she had the urge to hit someone. Chuck must be feeling pretty wronged and out of place now. She could not stop worrying about him, and wanted to hug him tightly in her arms.

"Pester? Why didn't I pester Matthew then? He said he wanted to pay, so are you going to stand up for him now that he's unable to do that?" The class monitor shook his head.

Everyone started to look down on Chuck and thought of him as a weakling.

"That's unnecessary. I'll pay with my card." Matthew smiled as he took out his credit card. He figured that it was the right time to end things since he didn't think Chuck would have enough money to pay for the bill. No ordinary man could simply afford a meal worth 50 to 60 thousand dollars.

The manager walked over and took the card.

Then, he glowered at Chuck and said, "Hmph! Stop pretending if you don't have the money! Where did you get the courage to do so? Look, Matthew eventually still paid for the meal."

The other students joined in and ridiculed him.

"Wait, you're the manager here, aren't you? Come here, swipe my card instead!" Chuck took out his card.

"Matthew already said that he would pay the bill. Why are you still pretending? I can't stand it anymore. I've never seen anyone like you before!"

Everyone in the private room sneered at Chuck.

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Everyone in the private room was laughing at Chuck. Matthew had offered to foot the bill, so why would he still pretend to be rich?

"Are you out of your mind? Matthew already agreed to pay the bill, so you can stop faking it. Why are you still putting on a show? Don't force yourself," The manager said scornfully.

"Seriously! How can a person be so disgusting?" The other students were full of disdain.

This meal probably cost fifty to sixty thousand dollars. Could he even afford it? He would probably be berated by Yvette when they got back for putting on airs.

"Hubby..." Yvette blurted with a surprised expression. She bit her lip and whispered, "Hubby, I have money in my card. Take mine..."

Yvette knew that Chuck had been wronged. She felt sorry for him, so she decided to pay for the meal.

"It's fine. Take my card." Chuck refused and insisted on paying.

"Are you sure? This meal is worth a little over sixty thousand dollars." The manager frowned as he approached Chuck.

"If he wants to pay the bill, let him do it. It's just a meal anyway, so it probably means nothing to him," Lincoln sneered.

"Yes, if he is as generous as he claims to be, let him pay the bill. Quick, take the card in case he regrets it," Another classmate said on purpose.

Matthew sneered and figured that he was probably faking it.

The manager fetched the card and looked at Chuck playfully, "I'm going to swipe the card, so don't regret it."

He turned around and was about to return the card to Matthew when Chuck interrupted him, "Wait, you're not going to ask me what I want to order? You're so unprofessional."

"What? What did you say?" The manager frowned and turned his head. The other students were equally shocked. What did Chuck just say?

What he wanted to order? Did he even know what he was saying?

"You're such an unprofessional manager. I

asked you to take my card, but I haven't even ordered anything. How are you going to know how much to charge?" Chuck said calmly.

The manager sneered, "What do you mean? Do you want something else? This meal is already more than sixty thousand dollars, so what else would you like to order? Do you really have so much money?"

"You don't have the right to know how much money I have. I'll like to reorder all the dishes that were served earlier," Chuck said.

Suddenly, there was an uproar in the private room. Everything? That would amount to a total of over 100,000 dollars!

"What kind of game is he playing?"

"I don't know. This boy must be out of his mind, right?"

Everyone discussed among themselves as they blurted sarcastic remarks about Chuck.

Another order? It's not a matter of hundreds or thousands of dollars now. They were talking about 100,000 dollars here!

"Would you like to treat us to more? Fine, as you wish!" The manager mocked. He figured that they had nothing to lose if someone was going to treat them to a good meal.

Matthew was stunned, and the sneer on his face became more obvious. 100,000 dollars? Could Chuck really afford it?"

Did he think he was at the same level as Matthew?

"No, I think you're mistaken. I'm asking you to place a new order for every dish we ordered just now, but I didn't ask you to eat it. Also, I'm not planning to pay for the meal just now. Take my card. I'm paying for what I just ordered." Chuck shook his head.

The manager was fuming, "What do you mean?"

The other students were also a little angry.

Matthew's expression suddenly darkened.

"My wife has already paid for the dishes just now, and you still want me to pay for your meal? What makes you think you have the right to do that?" Chuck said as he glanced at the crowd.

"You!" The manager gritted his teeth, "Are you kidding me?"

"Yeah, what do you mean by that? Just pay for everything if you're going to foot the bill."

There were voices of reproach in the private room, and everyone was looking down on

them.

"Why would he order the food and not allow us to eat it?" The class monitor's face turned red with anger.

"You don't understand what I mean? You're not qualified to be a manager. I want to see your boss," Chuck said, stunning Yvette. Watching at his confident expression, her heart pounded faster than ever.

"You!" The manager stared at Chuck and roared, "You're looking for trouble, aren't you?"

"I was simply ordering some dishes, so how is that looking for trouble? Do you still want to be a manager here or not?" Chuck taunted as he narrowed his eyes.

The manager's face twitched. Of course he was afraid that his boss would overhear this conversation. He didn't want to bear the consequences. He worked hard for the promotion, and he wasn't going to let anything jeopardise his job.

"Do as he said," Matthew interrupted his thoughts. He stared at Chuck and sneered, thinking, "You're so pretentious. A sixty-thousand dollar meal? I feel so sorry for you."

"Okay, keep faking it!" The manager gritted his

teeth and nodded.

"Don't prepare the dishes yet though. Ask the kitchen to start preparing it at 9pm," Chuck ordered.

The manager snorted and went out with the card.

"We're having a lot of fun, aren't we? Let's go to the bar! Since you're so rich, you won't turn me down, will you?" Matthew asked Chuck.

Everyone else stared at Chuck. Their faces were burning hot, as if they had been slapped several times. They felt uncomfortable and angry.

"Honey, would you like to go?" Chuck asked with a smile.

"Hubby, I'll go wherever you go," Yvette said in a low voice. She suddenly felt a great sense of security when she saw Chuck's nonchalant behaviour.

Her husband had really changed.

"Okay, let's go to the bar!" Chuck agreed. He was ready for a showdown with Matthew.

Matthew sneered.

"But what about the dishes you ordered?" Yvette's heart ached. After all, it was worth several tens of thousands.

"Someone will eat it," Chuck said. He ordered them to start cooking at 9pm so that Yolanda Lane and the other employees could come and enjoy it. After all, they worked hard at the plaza and it was time for a reward.

"I'll just give Yolanda a call. They would definitely come for the food," Chuck thought.

"Hubby, I'll pay for this. I'll transfer the money to you later, okay?" Yvette said softly.

"It's fine." Chuck smiled warmly.

"Alright." Yvette nodded.

Soon, the manager walked into the room with the card in his hand. Everyone glanced at him and was curious if he really swiped Chuck's card.

Lincoln asked, "Did you really charge his card?"

The manager nodded and said, "Yes."

He didn't think that Chuck had enough money on his card at first, but surprisingly the bill went through. However, there was probably not much money in it anymore.

The class monitor and the other students stared at Chuck. Chuck must feel so stressed out now.

Chuck and Matthew both fetched their own cards. Then, Matthew said, "Let's go. I know a pretty decent bar."

Everyone stared at Chuck for a few seconds and went out unhappily. At this moment, the classmate who went to the bathroom returned and asked curiously, "What's wrong?"

One of the classmates said, "We're going to a bar."

"Okay, that's good." She followed the other classmates downstairs and felt a little excited since she wasn't the person paying for it. Then, she turned to look at Yvette and secretly scoffed.

Chuck and Yvette followed suit. When everyone arrived at the parking lot, the class monitor said, "Matthew, I'll go with you. I haven't been in your Land Rover before."

"Me too! I've never been in a car worth over three million dollars before."

"Me too."

Several classmates gathered around Matthew, and when he unlocked his car, they hurried into the car together. However, how could the car fit more than 20 people? He

could only have 3 passengers.

"Go with someone else who has a car," Matthew said.

"Walker, I'll take your car." A classmate went to take another student's car.

In the end, the other three people had no choice but to walk impatiently to Yvette's car and said, "Unlock the car, we'll go with you."

Yvette did not refuse. After all, they were all classmates. She unlocked the car, and the three ex-classmates went inside.

The class monitor Lincoln, who was sitting in the Land Rover, smirked, "I thought he would at least drive a Porsche, but he's using only his wife's Benz. He's really a nobody. All the money he just spent probably belonged to Yvette!"

"Are you out of your mind?" Yvette was annoyed.

"No. I just think that if he is really that great, he shouldn't be sitting in a car worth only thirty million dollars. It doesn't match his profile at all!"

"That's right. He should drive a car worth over a few hundred million dollars!" Someone else chimed in.

"I do own a car like that, but I didn't drive it here today," Chuck said.

"You do?" The class monitor scoffed, "Why didn't you drive it then?"

If he had such a car, he would have driven it today to show off.

"That's right. Drive it here now if you have it. Otherwise, stop talking nonsense!"

Yvette wasn't ashamed of her classmate's public shaming. Instead, she was curious over what her husband said. What did he just say? She remembered that he told her he had a car, but she didn't really know the details of the car he bought.

"What car do you drive?" Matthew chuckled.

"One that is slightly more expensive than yours," Chuck replied.

"What a show off. Do you know how much this car is worth? I was with Matthew when he bought it. It costs more than four million dollars," The class monitor sneered.

"Only four million? Then mine is definitely more expensive than yours," Chuck smirked.