

## Chapter 376

"What? Are you scared now? You wanted to teach me a lesson, didn't you? What rubbish!" Chuck sneered. They were no match for him.

They had thought that Chuck was an easy victim to bully. They didn't think he would resist or defend himself. If Chuck had minded the bullying, they would have all been expelled by now!

After all, with just a phone call, Chuck could turn everyone into beggars. If they were poor, how ever would they afford to study here by then?

Lara's eyes were glowing in admiration. Chuck was just so muscular!

She felt herself start to get shy, thinking about how good Chuck's body looked. Her ex- boyfriend, Conrad, had been a skinny fellow. "Compared to him, Chuck really takes the ball!" Lara thought.

Abigail, the teacher, blinked a few times to snap out of her daze. She didn't expect a sophomore to have such an amazing figure.

The other students though, were furious. They felt that Chuck was shamelessly showing off.

"Hey Chuck, don't you think you're being a bit shameless right now? You've learned martial arts, haven't you?" a student asked.

"No wonder I was beaten by you. You really are insidious. We're all classmates here, of course, conflicts would be inevitable! How could you punch us for real?"

"Do you even think of us as your classmates?" a boy spoke up.

"Chuck, go to H\*ll!" some other students yelled at Chuck.

"You're going to pay for what you did!" One of the students who had been beaten up yelled out.

His friend also said, "Yeah, pay up! I'll call the police if you don't, I'll send your sorry self to jail! I didn't even plan to hit you, but now you've crossed the line!"

"You'll get what you deserve!" Another student quickly added.

The students who were beaten up stood up from the ground, glaring at Chuck. They had lost all their dignity and they had to do something to gain their reputation back.

"You've all gone too far!" Lara couldn't help but burst out in anger. "You were the ones who started to gang up on Chuck! How can you demand him to pay for defending himself?" she continued.

"Lara, you're such a fool. You've been speaking up for Chuck these days. Could it be that you have slept with Chuck as well? You're really easy to get with, aren't you?" One of the classmates sneered and said.

Lara's face turned red at that. "What are you talking about? It was obviously your fault! You've lost the fight and yet, you want the other party to compensate for your loss? That is just downright shameful!" she refuted.

"Shut up, you fool! Is this how you should treat your classmates? My head is still dizzy from Chuck's punch! I

might even have a concussion because of it! Why shouldn't he compensate me for hitting me?" the beaten students complained.

Lara was angry now. She started to head over their direction, planning to fight them.

Chuck pulled her back before she could even start. Lara felt thrown at that. It was so unfair! "Chuck! They..." she started.

Chuck shrugged at her, effectively cutting her off.

"How much do you want?" Chuck asked without an expression.

"Don't be so pretentious. You don't even have the money to pay us. Well, since you've asked, I demand you pay me 1,000 dollars! You punched me, so that would do!" a student said.

"1,000 dollars?" Chuck felt that the amount was a little strange, it was a lot smaller than he had thought.

"Why, do you not have a thousand dollars? Well, I don't care. Give me the money, or I'll call the police!" the classmate threatened while he took his phone out, ready to do the latter.

Chuck had to pay him on this day!

"Yes, you punched me just now too! My face is swollen, so now you owe me two thousand dollars!" another student said.

"Then, you'll have to pay me three thousand! You made me bleed!" another one added.

These students were beaten up and were asking for compensation. The money they demanded had added

up to ten thousand dollars by the time they were all done speaking. The other classmates in the class were watching on, anticipating Chuck's move. They were waiting for Chuck to make a fool out of himself.

These people were impatient and they demanded, "Hurry up, do you hear me? Don't pretend to be deaf now. Cough up the money!"

Just then, Chuck took out his mobile phone and made a call, saying, "Betty, get me some cash. Now."

In less than half a minute, Betty came into the classroom with a bag in her hand. She walked towards Chuck, sparing a glance at the students there. She put the bag down and left straight after.

The people in the class frowned at the bag then. "How much is in the large bag? There must be only a few dollars!" they thought.

"Here you go," Chuck said as he took out 10,000 dollars from his bag. He threw the stack of cash at the classmate who had first demanded the money.

The student caught it, feeling a bit suspicious. Was this fake money? He tried to identify any flaws on the money print but did not find any. It was real. How in the world did Chuck get this much money? Did he just find it somehow? Goodness, how could someone be so lucky?

The other students in the class were stunned as well. How could Chuck be so generous? Ten thousand dollars? Didn't this classmate only demand one thousand dollars?

He was trying to show off again, wasn't he?

"Since you gave me this much, I'll have to take it," the student said, stashing the money away hurriedly.

The other students who were beaten up were excited now. Chuck had actually given him 10,000 dollars! They wondered how much Chuck would compensate them.

Chuck started to walk over to the student that had received the cash. This student was feeling a bit cautious as he looked at Chuck. "You've already given the money to me, you can't take it back!" he sputtered.

"Oh, I know," Chuck said.

"Then, what are you doing now? Don't worry, I won't call the police," the student promised.

"Didn't you say that a punch costs 1,000 dollars? Since I gave you 10,000 dollars, You still owe me nine punches," Chuck smirked as he answered. Hearing this, the other guy was shocked. As he went to step back, it was too late. Chuck had already landed a punch on him.

"Ouch!" he exclaimed. How could he possibly bear Chuck's punch? He hit the ground at once, Chuck followed that up with another punch and the student let out a faint scream and then he lay unconscious.

The whole class was shocked at that.

"My, aren't you weak? It was only two punches!" Chuck shrugged his shoulders.

He looked up at the other students who were beaten up earlier and walked back over to the bag filled with money. He took out 20,000 dollars cash and threw it at the one with the swollen face. "You wanted three thousand a punch, right? Well, here's twenty," he said.

"Huh? Oh no, I don't want it anymore," the classmate quickly refused as he was scared. He was afraid that he would die if Chuck hit him again.

"What, you don't want it anymore? Well, you can't refuse it now, can you?" Chuck didn't wait for him to speak, aiming a punch at him straight away.

After two punches, the student fainted with a nose bleed.

The whole class was dead silent now.

After that, Chuck took out another 30,000 dollars and threw it at another student. "This is yours," he said.

The whole class was stunned. How much was there in Chuck's bag? Was it filled entirely with money? No way! How could he have so much money? There must be a few more thousands in there, surely!

How could Chuck have so much money? Did he just happen to pick the money up from somewhere?

Many people had thought so. However, who was lucky enough to pick up such a huge sum of money?

Everyone dismissed that idea very fast. So if that wasn't it, then... Was Chuck actually rich?

"Was he from a rich family?" they all thought at the same time.

When these people came up with this idea, they were really taken aback.

"Ah! I don't want it! I don't want it anymore! Hey, we're buddies, right? We're classmates! Don't hit me! Ah!" the third student screamed and was then knocked unconscious. Chuck casually threw the stack of 20,000

dollars cash on his body.

There were three more people. They were frightened. Was Chuck just paying to hit people now? Was he actually a rich second generation?

They ran away hurriedly. They did not want to be pummeled again!

"Chuck, stop messing around! I'm calling the police!" a classmate yelled at him.

"Report as you wish. You guys were the ones willing to let me do this," Chuck shrugged. He didn't really care at this point. Chuck really had nothing to be afraid of, he proceeded to walk over and hit the rest of the students who had challenged him before, knocking them out one by one.

After dropping tens of thousands of dollars on the unconscious bodies, Chuck returned to his seat with his bag. This was too much. Chuck had just given that much money to those students like it was nothing. He hadn't even exhibited any traces of heartache.

The whole class was bewildered for a while before finally coming to their senses. "Is this really the class loser, Chuck?" they thought in disbelief.

"Chuck, where did you get so much money? Are you actually rich?" a classmate asked incredulously. His face was twisted in disbelief, but the truth was right in front of his eyes.

Chuck shrugged in response.

This was simply too unpredictable. The class was still silent as complicated emotions surfaced in them. They

couldn't believe that they didn't realize that there was such a rich student in their class.

This was beyond everyone's expectations.

Abigail felt there was nothing abnormal about this. If Chuck wasn't rich, how could the school spend so much money just to get her here to teach him?

Abigail decided to get the school doctor right away.

After all, they couldn't continue their class without dealing with the injured students. When Abigail left to get the doctor, the class remained silent. "Chuck, how much money does your family actually have?" someone spoke up.

"Yeah, tell us. We're all mates here," another student said.

One of the girls then mentioned, "By the way, we won't treat you horribly in the future anymore. I hope you don't mind the previous incidents. You should have just told us you were rich!"

The students in the class were trying to flatter him. If there was such a rich person in the class, it would be a good thing for them. They won't have to pay for the class outings themselves now, Chuck could do it.

"Who said anything about being mates?" Chuck replied calmly. The whole class was rendered silent at that and their faces turned red with shame. Chuck was kind enough not to beat each and every one of them up, and they still expected there to be no bad blood between them anymore? What nonsense!