

Chapter 381

Chuck handed his phone over to Frieda and she frowned, asking, "What are you doing? Did I say I want to look at your phone?"

Frieda hated this. What kind of rubbish mobile phone was that? Sure, Chuck was rich, but the phone he held in his hand right now looked ridiculously out of fashion. Couldn't he upgrade to a better one?

"This is such a cheap phone. Doesn't he think it's shameful to even use such garbage?" she thought.

When Frieda saw Chuck's mobile phone, she didn't even want to spare it a second glance.

"Just take a look," Chuck said as he pushed the phone toward her.

Then, a smash sounded.

Frieda had raised her hand in disgust and knocked Chuck's mobile phone to the ground.

The phone fell and the screen was cracked immediately upon impact. Chuck was angry and he yelled, "What the h*ll!"

Chuck picked up his phone and fixed an angry glare at Frieda.

"You should have bought a better version a long time ago. I can't believe you wanted me to look at it! Do you know how insulting that is to my eyes?" Frieda said arrogantly.

Usually, Frieda would never spare such lame phones another glance. If she came across such a phone on the ground, however, she would pick it up. Though, it wouldn't be to keep it for herself but to throw it into the trash can.

Chuck didn't bother trying to argue with her about the mobile phone as it was indeed worthless. He had been using it for more than two years now. He hadn't switched it out for a new one because he just couldn't be

bothered.

"I want to show you a picture," Chuck said as he handed the device over to her once again. Frieda frowned at that and said in annoyance, "I don't want to look at it. What do you want to show me? Your bank account? Or, your ownership certificate? Do you think I've never seen those things? You don't have anything to show off!"

Chuck let out a sudden laugh at that. "You have a mole on your leg, right?" he asked with a bit of mockery.

Aaron had sent him a lot of interesting photos, and Chuck had looked through them several times. It could be said that he knew the details of Frieda's body pretty well.

"How did you know that? Did you peep at me?" Frieda accused. She was furious upon hearing his shameless question.

She usually wore a skirt, but the mole Chuck had mentioned was located higher up her thigh which was impossible for anyone else to notice. She thought that he must have been peeping at her. This man was shameless!

"Hey, hey, don't throw accusations like that around now. I wouldn't dream of peeping at you. It was just that photos were sent to me, here, have a look," Chuck said as he handed the phone over to Frieda.

Frieda angrily grabbed the phone and looked at it, irritated. She exclaimed, "I can't even see anything clearly on this garbage of a phone! I can't believe you're trying to show me dirty pictures like this, you really are a pervert!"

As she spoke, she was about to throw the phone at Chuck in anger when she suddenly caught a glance of a familiar face on the screen.

At this moment, Frieda looked as if she had been struck by lightning. She had turned rigid and froze all over.

"This is my photo... What's going on?" she thought in a panic. In the photo, her eyes were shut and she was asleep. The background indicated that it was taken at a

hotel room... Hotel Luna!

Frieda's fury sparked all of a sudden and she shrieked, "Chuck, I didn't expect you to be so wicked. You took pictures of me while I was unconscious! You had even dared to take off my clothes, you..."

Frieda's eyes had turned red as she raged. For a moment, she wanted to commit murder because in these photos, she looked as though she had been played with like she was someone else's toy. She instantly burst into tears at that thought.

But she couldn't figure out when she was toyed with. She was sure that her virginity was still intact!

Frieda was about to smash the cell phone, but Chuck had already figured her next move and he snatched his phone back. Then, he saw that Frieda, who was usually the epitome of arrogance, suddenly burst into tears. He smiled slightly at that and said, "Don't misunderstand me. It wasn't me who took your photos."

"It wasn't you?" Frieda asked in disbelief, and she waved her fist to hit him. She was extremely ashamed and angry, but Chuck barely flinched at her weak punch.

"That day, I fainted and you sent me to your hotel. You were the one who had... who had... You deserve to die!" Frieda cried as she threw weak punches at him desperately.

Hearing this, Chuck smiled and questioned, "Are you a fool? Do you really think that you fainted? Who remains unconscious for a solid day from a mere faint?"

Suddenly, Frieda was stunned. She had actually thought about it, indeed, why had she fainted before? And for a long duration at that too. Nonetheless, her virginity was still intact, she knew that. That was why she didn't think that anything else had happened.

However, Chuck's sudden reminder made her wonder if she was actually drugged.

"How dare you drug me?" Frieda continued to cry as she beat him.

All traces of arrogance had gone from her face. She had

completely broken down now.

"You're really dumb, aren't you? Do you not know what you consume before falling unconscious?" Chuck asked in disdain. "What's with this idiot?" he thought.

Frieda stopped crying as she tried to recall the day of the incident. She had dinner with Aaron, but she clearly remembered that he ate the same thing as she did so there must be no problem with the food. Frieda was then struck by a memory of Aaron giving her a bottle of water. She had felt a bit uncomfortable after drinking it and then, she couldn't remember anything else after that.

"Had Aaron drugged me?" she thought.

Frieda was startled into a scream. She now realized in her head, "It was Aaron!"

He had actually treated her well. She thought back on how Aaron had tried to contact her just now. "What else does he want to do with me?" she thought with a shiver.

"It was Aaron!" she exclaimed her realisation loudly.

"Oh, so you've figured it out?" Chuck inquired with a smile.

"Were you the one who took these photos?" Frieda demanded. Her eyes looked bloodshot.

"I'm not that sort of person. It was Aaron, he shared these photos with me," Chuck replied with a shrug. He thought this was going rather swimmingly. He had gotten to see Frieda reduced to tears, and he felt good about it.

"He shared them with you? How many did he share?" Frieda panicked and she asked. If this were to be released onto social media, how could she stand to look anyone in the eye?

"How would I know? He's was just showing off that he had messed with you," Chuck answered.

"Ah!!" Frieda let out a cry of frustration and burst into more tears. She had fallen into Aaron's trap. However, she knew that she was still untouched and a virgin. Did that mean Aaron hadn't been able to have his way with

her? So, he decided to take photos of her instead?

Frieda's emotions were all over the place. Chuck felt that it was time to leave her alone in her misery. He had to keep these photos well. As long as Frieda showed her face in front of him, he would show them to her and render her speechless.

"Don't leave, delete those photos right now!" Frieda demanded, her grip tightening on Chuck's arm. She couldn't let him keep these photos of her for him to look at them whenever he pleased. This was just too much!

"You better watch it, I'll share the photos with other people if you come at me again," Chuck threatened with a frightening chuckle.

He felt that he had turned a bit perverted all of a sudden. However, he didn't think it was his fault. If Frieda hadn't provoked him every time they met, he would've just let it be. He wouldn't even have bothered to speak to someone like her.

Frieda let out a frustrated yell, sat on the ground and wept.

Chuck's threatening smile annoyed her, she really wanted to dig a hole and bury herself in it at this point.

Chuck decided it was time to go to class. As he started to walk away, Frieda got up and grabbed him. "Chuck, look, I'm sorry, I don't want you to like me anymore. Could you please delete those photos? I'm begging you," she continued to plead.

Frieda cried bitterly as she begged. "What if Chuck uses those photos to threaten me? What if he threatened me to have his way with me?" she thought frantically.

"No," Chuck rejected and ignored her. He had achieved his purpose. As long as Frieda stopped appearing before him, Chuck would not share those photos. After all, he had also thought about doing the same thing with Lara before. However, he had decided against it.

"No, please," Frieda cried. "Don't do this to me, please don't," she continued to wail.

"Let go of me," Chuck demanded and struggled to get

her grip off. Frieda fell on the ground hard as he had managed to dislodge his arm.

As he walked to the classroom, Frieda was left alone, sitting on the ground. She was desperate, and she felt hopeless. Soon, however, her eyes narrowed into a cold glare and she swore, "Aaron Dawson. Chuck Cannon. How dare you play me like this! I will make you both pay dearly for what you've done!"

After that, she got up and wiped away her tears. Staring at Chuck's retreating back, she decided to run after him.

When Chuck finally reached the classroom, no one dared to converse with him in the class. They all just looked at him.

Chuck felt at ease now. "These people had to be dealt with violence to be complacent!" he thought.

Just as he sat down, Frieda came barging in, attracting everyone's gaze. She then walked up towards Chuck.

The whole class was shocked to see this as they thought, "Frieda, the new campus belle, had actually come to find Chuck again? Money really can make anything possible!"

Chuck simply looked at her dully. Was this woman really that desperate for everyone else to see those photos? If she started speaking nonsense again, she would get her wish. But to Chuck's surprise, Frieda had approached him with a smile as she got closer, she was planning to give him a kiss.

Chuck frowned and stepped back hurriedly.

This action made the boys in class envious. How could he refuse a kiss from a beauty like Frieda?

"Wow, Chuck's awesome!" some of them thought.

Frieda's heart was now full of resentment. She smiled and continued to pursue Chuck, insistent lips puckered. Chuck kept at his retreat and yelled, "What are you doing? Go away!"


The whole class was in shock and they gasped, "What? Did Chuck just tell the campus belle to

get lost? My God!"

Nonetheless, what shocked them even more was that Frieda had actually listened to Chuck. She had actually stopped her advances and left. For a brief moment, the class was utterly silent.

Was this all an illusion? How could Frieda be so submissive?

Chuck sat down after that. "You're all disturbing my study," he muttered plainly.

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Chapter 382

Oh My God!

The people in the class were completely shocked. Chuck had recently been pulling out surprises left and right, it was disconcerting.

First, he had spent money just to throw punches at his classmates. Then, they found out that the plaza belonged to him. And now, he had just sent Frieda away in front of so many people, and Frieda had complied obediently!

Everyone in the class was dumbfounded.

Chuck was really impressive. He had successfully pursued Teacher Jordan and toyed with Lara. Now, even Frieda, the campus belle had succumbed to his charms. This was simply incredible!

A few minutes later, the class was still silent.

Chuck, on the other hand, was the epitome of calmness. At this moment, Lara walked over to him with a cup of coffee and offered, "Chuck, here. This is a new flavor I've come up with."

Chuck accepted it, taking a sip from the straw. "Not bad," he thought.

Lara was wearing a very revealing outfit on this day, and her legs were out on display, making it hard for anyone to take their eyes off of her. She then sat beside Chuck silently, looking pretty.

Watching the scene, the other boys in the class felt envious of Chuck. "This is every man's dream!" they thought.

"How does it taste?" Lara asked.

"Not bad," Chuck answered. He was impressed by Lara's act of goodwill. He made a mental reminder to charge her less for her shop rental in the plaza next year.

Chuck honestly did not want to owe Lara anything.

Lara was pleasantly surprised at Chuck's response but soon felt a little down. Her birthday had just passed but he didn't know about it. She did not bring it up though and instead took out her textbook, reading it in silence.

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As Frieda left the classroom, the smile on her face had disappeared instantly. Chuck hadn't fallen for her tricks just now, and it made her angry. She thought about another way to deal with this situation and decided to contact Aaron. She had to set up a meeting with him first.

Sure enough, right after she had sent a text to Aaron asking him out, he had agreed immediately.

Frieda left the university and headed to a store nearby. She bought a fruit knife from there. "Since you've messed with me, I'll make sure you'll bear the consequences for the rest of your life!" she thought maliciously.

All Frieda felt now was resentment and blamed it all on Aaron. If it weren't for him, Chuck wouldn't have such leverage on her!

After waiting for a while, Frieda spotted Aaron's sports car driving over towards her. Frieda kept the knife in her bag discreetly. Putting on an indifferent facade, she got into Aaron's car.

Aaron's eyes were gleaming. Frieda was wearing a short skirt and she looked particularly beautiful.

Once she had entered his car, Aaron could barely control himself. However, once he thought about Chuck having had his way with her before, his mood dipped. The only reason he had agreed to meet up with her was that he had nothing better to do.

"Spending my leisure with Frieda might not be a bad idea," he thought.

"Where are we going?" Aaron asked.

"Anywhere is fine, better if there's a room," Frieda replied.

Aaron smiled at that and said, "No problem."

Aaron knew there were private rooms for hire in restaurants so he drove them to a restaurant nearby. When the two finally arrived and entered the private room, Aaron sat down eagerly with anticipation while Frieda did not take a seat. She decided to stand behind Aaron, giving his shoulders a massage.

Aaron smirked at that and thought earnestly, "Oh, is she repenting now? Not bad, doing it in this private room is pretty alright for her to repay me."

At this moment, he was feeling rather proud of himself. He thought haughtily, "Frieda, weren't you good at pretending? Yet, you've now finally realized how great of a man I am. How... Ah!" Aaron's thoughts cut off with a yelp.

He felt a sharp pain in his neck, and a chill went up to his spine.

"Frieda! You're mad!" Aaron nearly pissed himself in fright. He hadn't expected Frieda to be capable of doing something like this!

"How dare you take photos of me like that! Take your phone out, now!" Frieda demanded in anger.

"Are you threatening me?" Aaron raged.

He received a loud slap for that.

Frieda had slapped him from behind, and Aaron let out a pained yelp.

She was just starting to exert more force into her beatings, and Aaron was scared out of his wits at this point. He hurriedly took out his phone to comply with Frieda's demands.

Frieda grabbed it and scrolled through the gallery, and there were indeed many photos of her. She also found that he had sent Chuck those photos through WhatsApp, clearly showing off.

Seeing this, Frieda wanted to stab him to death, but she knew doing so wouldn't help her situation in the slightest. Thus, she took out her own phone and pointed

the camera at Aaron, saying, "Beg for mercy."

"What?!" Aaron asked in disbelief. Never in his life had he ever begged for anything! It would be an insult to his dignity!

"Ow! Okay, okay, I will..." Aaron quickly said as Frieda had started to tighten her hurtful grip on him. His fists were clenched as she caught everything on tape. "Take your clothes off. You love taking pictures of naked people, don't you? Take everything off! I'll stab you to death if you don't!" Frieda continued menacingly.

Aaron was terrified. In utter humiliation, he took all his clothes off. Frieda took many photos, and many close-up shots were captured as well. "My, my, God really is fair to all..." she said mockingly while doing so.

Aaron was furious to hear that.

Frieda then put away her phone after she felt it was enough, "If you dare to provoke me again, I swear I will send everything I have to the whole school," she threatened.

Aaron could only ground his teeth in anger.

Then, Frieda had stepped away from him and put away her fruit knife. She ran out of the room as soon as she could. Aaron felt extremely humiliated, he wanted to kill her for doing this to him!

"But she has those photos and videos of me!" Aaron thought. This was the first time he had ever admitted defeat like this. He was not going to let Frieda off just like that, absolutely not!

Once Frieda had made her escape, she ran to the back alley. She still had Aaron's phone and so, she deleted all the photos of her on it and threw it into the sewers. She only went back to school after having made sure the phone was out of sight.

Now that she had settled the score with Aaron, there was still Chuck to be dealt with. Otherwise, she would not be able to sleep or eat well forever. Who knew what that pervert would threaten her to do?

She had to think of a solution, and so, she drove straight

to Hotel Luna and decided to wait for Chuck to appear. "Since you have those photos of me, I want yours as well! It's only fair!" she thought and planned to ambush him.

Frieda felt that Chuck would definitely use those photos of her against her. So, she planned to just wait for him at the hotel. She wanted to have his shameful photos to force him on his knees before her!

However, Chuck did not go back to the hotel. Instead, he went somewhere else. He had promised Zelda that he would return with her this afternoon and then make his way back to Hotel Luna. That was his plan.

But while Betty was driving, she suddenly received a phone call and soon stopped the car. "Master, there's news on Duncan," she informed.

Chuck was surprised by that. Was Duncan found?

"That was quick," Chuck thought with ease, he was impressed by Betty's efficiency. He then thought viciously, "Well, I'll give him H*ll this time round!"

"Tell everyone to gather at the hotel at once," Chuck ordered. Duncan was not someone to be dealt with alone. Chuck would need reinforcements to deal with him.

"But, Duncan's not at home right now. He was seen at a party today," Betty felt a bit hesitant as she delivered this information. She felt that Duncan's appearance might have been a trap. Duncan was a shrewd man, his sudden appearance was suspicious...

"A party?" Chuck asked with a frown. "Ask them to standby. Let's go have a look," he said.

Chuck was now excited but was feeling a bit nervous as well. He was going to face someone who was even more skilled than Karen, why wouldn't he be?

"Alright, Young Master. I'll arrange it now. But don't you have to meet with Zelda?" Betty reminded him.

"I'll postpone it. I'll give her a call now," Chuck said.

"Alright," Betty replied as she continued driving Chuck to

the party where Duncan was just spotted at.

Chuck called Zelda to postpone their plans, and she had been alright with it. But how could Zelda not feel disappointed? She had already dressed herself up and was prepared to go out.

"Young Master, there is a suit in the trunk. I'll bring it for you to change into," Betty said as they arrived at the hotel.

This was a formal-wear party, and the outfit had already been prepared in the car. Betty got out of the car and grabbed the suit from the trunk. Chuck then proceeded to change his attire in the car. Betty on the other hand had a dress. It was necessary for her to attend the party as well to ensure Chuck's safety at the party. She could not let him go in alone.

"That would be too dangerous," she thought.

After Chuck had changed into his suit, he exited the car to let Betty have her turn. Very quickly, Betty changed into her dress and got out soon after. Chuck looked a bit dazed when he saw Betty. Maybe it was because she usually dressed casually, the amazement Chuck felt at seeing her in a dress was unexpected.

She had a really slim waist and a curvy figure. Chuck knew that Betty had a good figure, but this dress of hers had displayed her physical attributes perfectly.

"Young Master, let's go in," Betty said. She walked towards Chuck and found that he was staring at her. She felt a little embarrassed by that.

Soon, when Chuck finally came back to his senses, they walked together towards the party.

"Young Master, people like Duncan should not be confronted alone," Betty warned, feeling worried.

"Yes, I know. I just want to see what he looks like," Chuck said, his eyes turning fierce for a moment.


This Duncan fellow had threatened Yvette.

"I have to wipe him from the face of this Earth," he thought firmly.

"Young Master, don't stray too far away from me. This person is really sinister," Betty warned again as she felt in her gut that something was wrong. "Should they have come here?" she thought with doubt.

Since Chuck had decided to come, Betty had no choice but to agree. After all, Chuck was his boss.

The two walked inside soon after. As he stepped closer to the party, Chuck spotted a familiar figure around the corner who had an indifferent look plastered on her face. Chuck was stunned still. It was Quinn. Looking at her now, the memories he had of the incident in the car resurfaced...

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Chapter 383

Right as Chuck set his eyes on Quinn, he could not take his gaze off of her. Chuck remembered the details of their encounter in the car vividly, how could he not?

His mind filled with images from the other day.

"Young Master," Betty called, trying to catch Chuck's attention.

She knew about Chuck's brief acquaintance with Quinn. However, why was Chuck still staring at her? He was even smiling. Betty was diligent, so immediately, she thought about the true nature of their relationship.

After all, at that time, Quinn had demanded Chuck to kneel before her to apologize.

"Right," Chuck replied as he came to his senses. "What sort of party is this? Why is Quinn here?" he thought.

Both of them then proceeded to enter the premises.

It was the first time Chuck had attended a party as such. Many nobles and rich individuals could be seen here and there, and Chuck didn't really know how to act. Betty on the other hand was talking a mile next to him, explaining the findings she had gathered about Duncan.

After all, Chuck did not come here for the gala. He was here for Duncan alone.

When Quinn had arrived, she instantly attracted everyone's gaze in the room. At this moment, she was the center of attention.

Her dress showcased her figure perfectly and the lines of her body elegantly portraying her curvaceous nature, she was simply divine to look at.

Chuck could not keep his eyes off of her. To be honest, he had missed her a little.

During that time in the bathroom with Queenie, Chuck was properly confused and he hadn't known what to do. But when he thought back to his brief time with Quinn in the car, the experience was just insane.

Those were all real memories. He couldn't believe that he had actually managed to get Quinn in that way. Chuck felt like this was all just a long dream.

But now, he knew that he and Quinn weren't on good terms with each other.

"Young Master, let's sit over there," Betty suggested. Chuck agreed and followed Betty's lead.

Although Betty couldn't grab the attention of everyone like Quinn had, she had been working out all year round. Betty's figure was shaped differently as compared to Quinn but she was equally attractive.

As they sat down, Chuck could feel the envious looks directed at him by the men in the room. As ballers themselves, they had seen their fair share of women before. However, beauties like Quinn and Betty were a rare sight.

Betty turned a blind eye to those gazes. She did not care for such attention, she was nothing but vigilant. Chuck's safety was her priority.

Someone decided to chat Quinn up eventually. Those who came here were all wealthy. Naturally, every person's pick up techniques were different. Chuck watched from afar and saw that Quinn had refused to speak to the many men who had approached her. She had refused every single one, and Chuck felt himself relax.

Was she one to base her interest on personality? Was that why she had initiated contact with Chuck himself or was there another reason? After all, when they had both coupled in the car, Quinn was the one to take initiative and she had been thoroughly enjoying herself. Chuck could tell.

He felt a little happy at that thought, but there was nothing he could do about it anymore. Quinn must hate him now.

Chuck also knew that what he had blurted out at the time was too irresponsible. So, of course, it was no surprise for Quinn to get angry.

In fact, he had even felt a little regretful, but what was the point of regret? "It was all over now anyway," Chuck thought with a sigh. Just then, he watched a man approach Quinn. This time though, Quinn had actually spoken to that man. The two seemed to be having a good conversation and Chuck felt a little unhappy about that.

"Quinn got her heart broken. Will she find a man to channel her feelings?" Chuck couldn't help thinking about it. He stood up without much thought and started to walk towards the two.

"Young Master!" Betty exclaimed as she stood up as well. She asked, "Where are you going?"

"Betty, I'm going to meet someone," Chuck replied. He wanted Betty to wait here.

"Okay, be careful. Remember, Duncan's here." Betty warned. When she had spotted Quinn earlier, she knew who Chuck was getting up to meet.

Then, Chuck finally walked over.

Having stood in front of Quinn, she was momentarily taken aback but soon put on her usual facade.

"President Miller, do you know this person?" asked the man who she had been talking with. He was Quinn's classmate. On occasions as such, there were not many opportunities to reacquaint with classmates. As for him and Quinn, they were pretty friendly with each other when they were both in college.

He had looked up as Quinn entered the room earlier. In a flash, he was attracted to her beauty. He had recognized her and wanted to take this opportunity to further develop his acquaintance with the beautiful woman.

After all, old classmates reuniting usually led to some pretty exciting encounters.

When he had come over to Quinn just now, he had smiled. He could see the spark of recognition in Quinn's eyes as she looked at him. He thought he'd have a chance with her later that night.

However, Chuck's sudden appearance had made him a

little annoyed. But when he saw how young Chuck was up close, he had settled back into ease. He knew that sophisticated women like Quinn preferred men who were more mature and elegant. Very much like himself.

Maybe that was why she had recognised him at first glance. Quinn might have had a crush on him when they were college mates at the time.

Thinking of this, the other man thought as he eyed Chuck, "This means I have a chance! This kid is probably still in college, how could he possibly compete with me?"

There was no doubt about it. All he had to do now was keep up his gentleman-like demeanor.

"No, I don't," Quinn replied.

"If you don't know her, please leave," the classmate smiled as he directed this at Chuck. He thought, "Whether this man knows her or not, it didn't matter. Quinn has already said it."

"Are you sure we haven't met?" Chuck asked.

"Have we?" Quinn asked back flatly, sparing a glance at him.

Chuck went silent at that. He then grabbed Quinn's arm and pulled her towards the washroom. Betty, who had been watching the scene unfold in front of her was stunned. "What is the Young Master doing?" she thought in confusion.

"Let go!" Quinn yelled as she struggled to shake Chuck off.

"Are you sure we don't know each other?" Chuck asked again, more insistent.

"No, we don't," Quinn replied decisively.

"Then, what happened in the car that day?" Chuck asked, glaring at her hotly.

"Nothing happened, I don't know what you're talking about," Quinn said as she tried to struggle out of Chuck's grip. But Chuck wouldn't let her, he continued to drag her away.

Quinn frowned at that. "Let go!" she demanded once more.

"Look, I was probably in the wrong that day. I shouldn't have said what I said," Chuck decided to apologise.

"Probably? You thought you were 'probably' in the wrong?" Quinn inquired coldly. She had forced herself to forget what had happened that day. It was all just a dream, a really horrible dream. A nightmare.

She hadn't had any dreams related to Chuck in the past few days. She thought she had finally gotten over her infatuation but now Chuck had once again made his appearance.

"Alright, okay, I'll admit it. It was my fault. I shouldn't have said that to you, and I shouldn't have left right after as well," Chuck's voice was gentle as he explained. He had been trying to deny his actions and was feeling guilty towards Yvette. But now, seeing as things had already happened, the only thing he could do now was to face them head-on. He was not going to cower from it like he did last time.

"There's no need for you to explain yourself to me. Let go of me!" Quinn said indifferently.

Chuck didn't want to let her go. He felt so guilty, he grabbed onto her tighter instead.

"Let go, you're hurting me," Quinn scolded him.

Chuck sighed as he slowly started to retract his hand.

"Hey, let go of her!" Quinn's classmate yelled as he made his way over. He was angry. How could Chuck drag Quinn away from him just like that?

This was simply unheard of. "How could this happen to me?" he thought.

Chuck frowned at his demand and he refuted, "No, I won't."

Chuck also managed to pull Quinn behind him. Quinn struggled forcefully, but he just wouldn't budge. Her arm which was grabbed was protesting in pain but Chuck's grip was immovable.

"If you don't let her go, you better be prepared to bear the consequences," the other guy said as he walked over with clenched fists. He had learned wrestling before. So, it wouldn't be a problem for him to take up three or four people in a fight. "This young p*nk is really looking for death!" he thought.

"It'd be my pleasure," Chuck said and shrugged.

The man sneered at that. "Don't worry, President Miller. I'll teach this kid a lesson," he directed at Quinn.

Then, he started to advance towards Chuck. Quinn was angry now. "Are you going to let go now?" she asked a bit exasperated.

"No, I won't let go," Chuck said stubbornly as he was still holding Quinn with one hand. Seeing this, she wondered if he was going to fight this classmate of hers with just his other hand.

Quinn continued to struggle, but Chuck's grip tightened the more she did.

"This b*stard is mocking me. How dare he use only one hand? Who does he think he is, the king of Taekwondo?" the classmate thought in a rage.

And so, he threw a punch at Chuck, thinking that his fists would surely knock Chuck down. He aimed at Chuck's face, wanting to see him bleed.

But Chuck had merely glanced at him and raised his free hand. He punched his cheek swiftly, the man let out a gasp and his eyes instantly shut. He collapsed on the ground soon after.

Quinn was shocked at what had just happened. "He went down with just one punch?" she thought in disbelief.


She knew that when she was in college, this classmate of hers was a member of the basketball team. She had heard that he had experience in fighting and that he had learned some techniques. But it turned out that he was this weak...

After that, Chuck turned his head to look at Quinn, asking, "Is this your classmate?"

If the man were to face a regular person, he might have won. But faced with the likes of Chuck who was skilled in martial arts? Not a chance.

Chuck had been generous, only serving him with one punch.

"It's none of your business. Let me go!" Quinn struggled again as she looked up at Chuck. She realized Chuck's gaze on her had softened, and he looked at her tenderly. Quinn was a bit alarmed by that and she asked, "What are you doing?"

Not a moment later, Chuck gave her a peck on the lips. Quinn's eyes widened as she quickly stepped away from Chuck, finally able to escape his tight grip. She then slapped Chuck in the face and yelled, "What do you take me for?" 

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