

## Chapter 363

"You don't deserve to know!" the principal said vehemently. Willa had already made it clear that he should not let the other students know of Chuck's identity.

"I don't deserve to know?" Frieda sneered, laughing a bit at that. That was the biggest insult she'd ever heard. She thought, how could that sc\*mbag even compare to her?

She could get any number of men to kneel on their knees if she desired!

Whatever she wanted, she would get!

"Well, what does Chuck have? He has nothing! Skills? Good looks? Family background? He could never compete with me!" she listed with a cocky tone.

"Just take the money and scram! If you dare mention anything to your peers, you'd best learn to bear the consequences!" the principal stated coldly.

Frieda was filled with fury and threatened, "Who even is Chuck? You better tell me right now. If you don't, I'll run my mouth and tell everyone that he's nothing but a thief!"

The principal narrowed his eyes at that. "If that's the case, then you shall bear the consequences of your actions!" he repeated.

Frieda stomped out of the room at that, mobile phone in hand. Had she just been slapped by the principal? This was utter madness! Unbearable madness!

"Hold on a moment!" the principal yelled through his door.

Frieda stopped in her tracks. With an ugly sneer on her face, she turned around and saw that he had started to walk towards her. "Principal, I didn't expect you to be such a person, you..." she got abruptly cut off.

Another loud slap resounded.

The principal had slapped Frieda in the face. Again.



Frieda was stunned stupid. Her face turned red again and it felt burning hot. Tears of unjust welling in her eyes as she felt in her heart wronged by such abuse. She had just been slapped twice!

"Be smart. Let's just say you will never in your lifetime be able to obtain Chuck's wealth, no matter how hard you try," the principal answered, still feeling perplexed about the whole situation. Chuck had someone like Willa in his life, why was he even stealing money in the first place?

Was this a weird hobby of his?

"Maybe stealing excites him," the principal thought, assuming that that was the case.

He knew that there were even people who liked to secretly take photos of women. Maybe stealing was one of those bad hobbies that Chuck had picked up.

"Chuck's relative owns this school, do you know that? So that's a bit of perspective for you. I, myself, am technically under his employment. How dare you ask me to expel him from his own property? Do you think I'd be up for the following debacle?" the principal told Frieda, shedding some light onto Chuck's true identity. He knew that if he didn't, this foolish woman would spill her gob to everyone once she left. By then, it would be too big of a mess to control.

"Principal, what did you just say?" Frieda's voice trembled, shocked by the new information.

"How is this possible! It's impossible! Wait, this is a private school, whoever had the funds could technically buy it if their heart so desires. But Chuck's relatives..." Frieda thought incredulously.

Frieda could not believe it. She would not believe it at all. It must have been an excuse the principal had made up!

How could Chuck's relative let him be in such a poor state if that were true? Why did he have to pay by credit?

This was too unreasonable. What's more, Chuck looked like a loser anyway. He clearly did not have the temperament of a rich person.

The principal had figured that Willa was Chuck's relative.



After all, when Willa had mentioned Chuck, her voice went soft. It was obvious that it was the gentleness an elder would use when they were talking about their younger relative.

"Be smart and forget about today," the principal reminded her. "That's all I can say. Also, if you let others know about this matter, don't even think about coming back to school. When Chuck's relative bought the school, she did it in less than ten minutes. Do you know how costly this school is? Think about it. How rich do you think Chuck's relative is? Can you really challenge him?" the principal continued.

Frieda was shocked. Was this true? Was Elena telling her the truth that day? Did Chuck also really compensate Aaron 2.5 billion dollars?

How was this possible?

Frieda was rendered silent.

She walked out of the office in a daze. She thought of what Elena had said before. Elena had told her that Chuck owned a plaza, a sports car, and a BMW. Was it really all true?

"Could the plaza Elena mention be the one at City Square, right next to the school?" She thought.

Frieda was snapped out of her daze. Many people laughed at her when they saw the red palm prints on her face but she had no time to bother with them. She ended up driving to the plaza, staring at it in disbelief as she arrived. "Is this really Chuck's?" she wondered. Frieda then got out of her car and walked inside. If it really were true, then his family must be zillionaires.

However, why couldn't he just pay for the coffee all at once last time?

She walked to the door of Lara's cafe and saw that Lara was inside. Frieda asked her, "Has Chuck transferred the money to you already?"

Lara was a little unhappy at that. "It's none of your business," she replied haughtily.

"He didn't transfer the money, did he? He still owes you,



doesn't he?" Frieda asked hurriedly.

"Which fool told you that?" Lara was upset now. Chuck had already transferred the money to her, anyway.

"Aaron told me," Frieda replied.

"What does he know? Does he know this plaza is..." Lara quickly shut up mid-speech, remembering Chuck's warning. He had said that he would send out her nudes to everyone if she said a word about his true identity. However, Lara felt that it was just an empty threat, he wouldn't actually do it. Their relationship with each other had been alright since then, for one.

He wouldn't allow others to see her body, right?

Lara felt embarrassed at that thought.

"The plaza is his?" Frieda finished the sentences for her.

"Don't say it out. Chuck won't let me say it!" Lara said, hurriedly covering Frieda's mouth.

Frieda was shocked. It was true?

At this time, someone came over with a car key and asked, "Are you Lara?"

"Yes, I am. What's the matter?" Lara asked as she was surprised. The key held in the man's arms was one to a sports car.

"Your friend, Chuck asked me to put this key in your place first. He will come over and retrieve it tomorrow. Please keep it safe for him," the man said. Chuck's sports car had been fixed a long time ago.

However, Chuck had never come to pick it up. Of course, the employees had called him to ask about it. After all, the manager had told them that Chuck was a VIP. They had to serve him well.

At this moment, Chuck was on his way to the hotel. How would he have the time for that? Thus, he had asked the employees to drive his car to the plaza to save him some precious time.

Initially, Chuck had wanted them to give the car key to Yolanda, but after giving her a call, he was informed that she was not in the plaza. So, Chuck had decided to let



Lara keep it for him.

Whatever. He would just come to the plaza the next day for it.

"Okay," Lara said. She kept his key carefully.

Lara felt a bit over the moon. Chuck had actually trusted her to do that for him.

"Thank you," the man said as he heaved a sigh of relief. Now that he had completed his mission, he hoped that Chuck would be satisfied.

When he was about to leave, Frieda stopped him. "Is this really Chuck's car?" She asked.

"Yes, this is what Mr. Cannon bought from our store about a month ago. But it was scratched soon after that, so he took it to our shop for repair," the man answered.

Frieda was shocked. As it turned out, Chuck really had a sports car!

"I remember Mr. Cannon very well. When he came over to our store, hearing some recommendations from our manager, he paid us a total of more than two million dollars at once, having set his eyes on a Seventh Series BMW. Not even a few days later, he had paid the remaining debt all at once! He really is rich!" the man recalled, his eyes sparkling with envy.

"Did he really?" Frieda asked again, still not willing to believe this. Did Chuck really own a BMW? And a Seventh Series one at that?

"Yes! Mr. Cannon is really rich! By the way, do you know Mr. Cannon? Your questions seem a bit odd," this man questioned as he was curious, otherwise, why would this beautiful woman ask him about Mr. Cannon in so much detail?

"Yes, I do," Frieda replied.

"Haha, I envy you. You have such a rich friend. Mr. Cannon is really generous. He even let us drive his sports car here for him. Also, when I called him just now, he seemed to want to buy another car as well. He asked me for some suggestions and I just gave them to him. You should accompany your friend next time," the man



suggested, once again envious.

Chuck had just been asking for fun. But having heard the salesman's suggestions, he thought he could do with a new Porsche.

"Accompany him? Me?" Frieda asked dumbly. That was just implausible!

"Alright, I need to go back now," the man said his farewell as he left.

Frieda stood rooted to the spot, and Lara pouted unhappily at her. "Why did you ask so much about Chuck?" she asked.

Lara felt that Frieda liked Chuck. Otherwise, what was the point of asking so much about him? Of course, Lara did not want to have another opponent. After all, Frieda was more beautiful than her. However, Lara was a bit more confident in her figure as compared to Frieda's.

"It's nothing," Frieda said mindlessly. Chuck really was rich, and she really had no qualms comparing herself to him. But why didn't Chuck act like a rich person at all? Where was the etiquette? That was something that Frieda could not wrap her head around.

"Don't wait any longer. Chuck has gone to Hotel Luna," Lara said as she was unhappy. She knew that Chuck had recently been staying in Hotel Luna.

"Why did he go to the Hotel Luna?" Frieda asked, once again paralysed with shock.