

Chapter 365

After Frieda had uttered those very words, she had felt immensely happy with herself.

This was the way. Only Frieda herself could choose her own man. The sorts of methods Chuck had applied just to garner her attention disgusted her.

Just looking at him got her annoyed, but now, she had felt rather good.

"I should just slap him in the face," she thought with a huff.

She wondered if Chuck was upset by her outright rejection.

Was he going to beg her out of desperation now? Perhaps, confess his undying love for her? Whatever he did, Frieda would still reject him.

She felt herself light up in glee as that thought came to her.

"You don't have to reject me," Chuck said, still somewhat thrown off by the woman. She really was a fool. When had he ever purposely tried to catch her attention? When had he ever liked her?

"She was being paranoid, wasn't she?" he thought to himself.

Did she really think the world revolved around her? Why would she have such thoughts?

Betty was speechless. This girl had quite the nerve, her confidence was just through the roof.

"Yvette, the Young Master's girlfriend is so much prettier than you, and her figure is better than yours. Don't even bother comparing yourself to her," Betty thought.

What's more, Karen had also introduced Willa to him. Willa's gentleness was incomparable to any woman.

Why in the world would Chuck fancy such an impossible woman like Freida?

Betty thought it was impossible.

"Whatever, I've rejected you either way. Just know that I'll never return your feelings, alright?" Frieda announced proudly. She thought he was still pretending.

"It was no use pretending, I know all your tricks," she thought.

"You can reject me as you want, but don't delude yourself. I've never had any feelings for you before," Chuck shrugged as he said.

Frieda frowned at that and seethed, "Why are you still pretending? Do you realize that you're talking to the campus belle right now?"

"Well, good for you, but I don't see how that's any of my business," Chuck said. He really did not give a toss and continued, "I think you've been mistaken. I didn't treat the whole school to a drink because of you. I hadn't even known you existed then. Why would I treat you to coffee?"

"You didn't know me? Are you kidding? As soon as I came to the school, everyone knew my name. Do you think I don't know what you men are constantly thinking about?" Frieda sneered. This was ridiculous!

She knew too much about men's thoughts, that was how she was able to handle them so easily. She clearly knew that Chuck was attracted to her beauty. That was why he did those things.

"You wanted to buy me a cup, but I didn't drink it. You had to find another way to after that, that was why you went to where I lived, isn't it? So you could meet me by coincidence! How shameless can you get?" Frieda yelled, fuming.

"You're overthinking. I went around your place to send my friend home. It had nothing to do with you. That was the first time I've ever seen you," Chuck said, shrugging as he spoke.

Frieda frowned at that.

"These accusations you're making, I could never bring myself to do them," Chuck told Frieda. He certainly wouldn't do any of those things. He might have considered them before, but now, he had grown. He wasn't going to stoop to such a level.

"Stop lying, I know all of your tricks now," Frieda fumed again.

"No matter what you say now, just know that I've never and won't ever like you, alright? To be honest, if you were to offer yourself up to me for free, I wouldn't want you," Chuck said, expressionless. Frieda looked beautiful, but she was self-absorbed. He would never fall for such a woman.

He couldn't even be bothered to acknowledge her, actually. The night before yesterday, Aaron might have played with Frieda too hard and messed up her head. This sort of tainted woman, Chuck found her irritating.

"The nerve! You're attacking me now just because I've rejected you, is that it? You're not even a real man! You won't admit to what you've done!" Frieda raged.

He must be dreaming. Who would offer themselves up to him like that?

"Why would I bother attacking you? Sure, you're beautiful, your figure's alright. But compared to my wife, you're far off the beauty spectrum, I'll tell you that," Chuck told her indifferently.

"Your wife? Is she prettier than me? Let her come out to meet me then, let's have a comparison now, shall we?" Frieda sneered in contempt.

Frieda was the prettiest girl in the whole school. She thought that not one person could compare with her in the country. She was technically the most beautiful woman in the country, to her knowledge.

"Is there really anyone more beautiful than me? Chuck is just looking for a way to backpedal out of this, that must be why he said that. He really is useless. Even if he is rich, he is worse than Aaron!" Frieda thought.

It was impossible for such a man to find a woman better than her, just impossible!

Of course, Chuck would not ask Yvette to come over for such a small spat. What was the point?

"If she doesn't show up, that just proves that you're lying!" Frieda said in disdain. This fellow must surely be lying!

"Whatever you say now, I'll hold this lie against you. You've really missed your chance with me now. From today onwards, no matter what you do, I'll reject you!" Frieda proclaimed, feeling glad.

Frieda would never accept Chuck. Never! She wanted to refuse him eternally, devastating him!

As she had that joyful thought, a voice sounded.

"Hubby," a voice called out just as Chuck had wanted to cut Frieda off. Chuck turned his head and saw that it was Yvette calling him, looking a bit dejected.

Chuck was surprised. He was going to seek Yvette out himself, but why did Yvette come here instead?

Yvette had left something in the hotel, so she came back to get it. Though, Chuck's quarrel with the other woman was an unexpected sight, so she couldn't help herself but make herself seen.

"Hubby?" Frieda echoed in her mind, stunned.

Yvette wasn't dressed up in the slightest. She was just wearing ordinary clothes, but she was very curvaceous and her figure was drool-worthy. "How could someone have such a figure? Is she a mixed-race? No, but her facial features don't look it. But how can she even obtain such a body if she isn't?" Frieda debated all of this in her head.

Yvette had a pair of big eyes and a tall nose. Did she get cosmetic surgery, perhaps?

"Absolutely, that must be the case! Otherwise, how could she be so beautiful? She must have done something to her face and body. But, how did she make it look so natural?" Frieda thought on.

The moment Frieda saw Yvette, she had felt a sense of shame. But after assessing Yvette and her beauty, she snapped out of her reverie. "It must be plastic surgery!" she concluded in her mind.

Frieda thought that she was not naturally this beautiful. How disgraceful!

"Honey, what are you doing here?" Chuck questioned, his tone going soft. Since Yvette was here, how could Chuck even bother to talk to Frieda? He had wanted to kiss Yvette that instant.

"I left something in the hotel room," Yvette said.

"I'll get it for you," Betty cut in and went straight upstairs immediately.

"So, which hospital did she get the surgery from? Must be a good one, looks pretty natural," Frieda mocked.

Yvette was stunned. "What is this woman even talking about?" She thought.

"What hospital?" Chuck asked, already impatient.

"Do you think I don't know that she had plastic surgery? She had done something to her nose, I just know it! It was a really expensive procedure, wasn't it?" Frieda came closer, mocking Yvette as she did so.

Chuck subconsciously glanced at Yvette to find her stunned speechless. "I never had plastic surgery," Yvette managed to get out eventually.

Chuck had been with Yvette for a long time and know that she had been this beautiful ever since she was a child. How could she have had plastic surgery? There was no need for her to do such a thing.

"Liar! Then, why is your butt so perky?" Frieda asked and couldn't help but to give a quick smack to Yvette's butt.

Yvette frowned, her glare turning cold. Only Chuck could touch her there, no one else.

Frieda was a bit taken back by what she had felt. If Yvette had really done something to her butt, it would've felt different and unnatural when she had smacked it. But when she did just now, nothing felt out of place, it felt natural.

How was it possible? Did she really not do anything to her butt?

Frieda found this incredible.

Without plastic surgery, Yvette's figure truly was better than hers. She really was much prettier than Frieda.

Frieda felt that she was dreaming. How could someone like Yvette exist?

She stared at Yvette for a while and had a sudden thought. When she applied for the school, she saw some teachers' introductions. She recalled seeing a very beautiful teacher who looked just like the woman standing right in front of her.

"Yvette! Yes, that beautiful teacher's name was Yvette Jordan!" Frieda realized in her mind.

"Is your name Yvette?" Frieda asked tentatively.

"That's correct," Yvette's eyes narrowed as she replied.

Frieda gasped at that and thought, "Chuck had actually snagged himself a beautiful teacher. My God!"

Frieda felt that she was in a dream. This was just unbelievable!

"Chuck is with such a beautiful woman. Does he really not like me? Was it all really my wishful thinking? But it can't be, he must like me! There is proof! I have to reject him either way!" Frieda's mind supplied.

"Hubby, who is this woman?" Yvette asked Chuck, curious.

"She's the campus belle, apparently. She keeps insisting that I like her," Chuck explained helplessly, feeling a bit indifferent. However, hearing his words, he saw that Yvette's eyes had sharpened into a cold glare. Anticipation followed, Chuck knew that look. Yvette was going to unleash H*ll now!