

Chapter 333

They didn't believe it.

Yes, Aaron still couldn't fully believe it. But how could an ordinary person get the respect of a woman with a Rolls-Royce?

Glynis also couldn't believe it. She asked, "Are you kidding? Is he really the owner of this plaza?"

A person who owned a plaza of this size must be worth more than a hundred million dollars. This would be all the more impressive if he was a college sophomore.

He was still studying and yet he owned such expensive property. There were only a few families in the whole country that could do that, right? How rich would Chuck have to be?

"Yes! As I've said before, he is our boss. You guys are the ones that don't believe it," Yolanda said and she didn't feel like caring anymore.

She spoke that simple sentence and then walked through the crowd and stood in front of Chuck. Aaron and Glynis felt a burning pain on their faces as if they had been slapped.

"Does the plaza really belong to him? How is that possible?" Glynis said as she shook her head and was in a daze. She felt like she had been slapped hard in the face by reality.

"Aaron, is this true?" she continued muttering to herself.

Her family owned a company with hundreds of millions worth of assets. But both of them were students, whereas Chuck actually owned a square. She, on the other hand, owned only a car and nothing else. There was a huge gap!

"Should be. I can't believe I misjudged him!" Aaron looked particularly embarrassed.

Glynis sighed, "Me too. This sc*m actually... I can't believe a sc*m in lousy clothes can actually own a plaza!"

She was a little confused. Was she mistaken? Yes, she was. At this moment, Yolanda said a few words to Chuck. Chuck then got a cup of milk tea for Yolanda and Betty each. Yolanda took the milk tea and pointed at Aaron, and Chuck looked over.

As they looked at each other, Glynis thought that Chuck's eyes

were dazzling. She intentionally did not look at him. There was no expression in his eyes, but the girl felt mocked as if Chuck had given her an invisible slap.

Aaron was even angrier. He felt that it was time to do something.

"Don't tell anyone about this. Do you get it?" Aaron snorted coldly. Since Chuck owned a plaza like this, it was probably true that his sports car was under repair. What was more likely was that his sports car was worth around five million dollars. Wasn't that a requirement of the campus belle, Frieda?

Only a person who owned a sports car worth five million dollars was worthy of getting her contact, right? Chuck met that requirement. Aaron absolutely did not want an opponent, so he had to eliminate the problem at its roots.

Glynis nodded. Of course, she would not tell anyone!

"Then, what should we do now?" She thought that it was normal for a person who owned a plaza to treat everyone in the school to milk tea.

Just as Aaron was about to answer, Yolanda and Chuck came over. Yolanda smiled and said, "This is our boss. You have seen him before."

The muscles on Aaron's face twitched and he felt his cheeks burn. He stared at Chuck and wanted to kill him directly. No one had ever humiliated him like this!

"Would you like to drink some milk tea? I'll treat you." Chuck didn't pay attention to the look in his eyes. Instead, he smiled faintly.

Aaron was furious, and Glynis glared at Chuck as well. Aaron suppressed his anger for a long time and said with difficulty, "There's no need."

"Are you sure? I can afford a cup of milk tea," Chuck said.

"Humph! D*mn you!" Aaron cursed, he was enraged and the expression on his face was ugly. His handsome face was so fumed that it was out of shape with anger.

"Young Master." Before Betty left, she walked through the crowd and looked at Glynis and Aaron with a poker face. She then said to Chuck, "Young Master, what can I do for you?"

Hearing this, Aaron's was even more furious. Young Master? These words were so familiar because that was how the servants at home addressed him.

"No," Chuck shrugged in response.

"Then, what President Lee had ordered for you..." Betty came here to talk about that. The private helicopter was almost there and it would probably land soon. However, she had to book a private apron and follow some procedures, which she had already dealt with.

Of course, when she spoke, she looked at Aaron.

Aaron restrained himself. He thought that the look in her eyes was a little dangerous.

"Give me a call when it gets here," Chuck instructed. He was looking forward to it. How great would it be if he could take Yvette for a ride?

"Okay, Young Master. Thank you for your time. By the way, I just spoke to President Lee, and she said you did a good job in treating the whole school to milk tea," Betty said. She did make a phone call just now, mainly because Karen had asked about the noise. Betty told her casually, but she didn't expect Karen to laugh as soon as she heard about what had happened.

Chuck laughed as he couldn't believe that his mother had actually praised him.

"By the way, how has my mom been lately?" Chuck asked as he was more worried about this. It had been many days since they last spoke and his mother seemed to be very busy. He didn't know what had happened in the United States.

"She had been fine," Betty said simply.

Chuck sighed. He had just started school, so he didn't have time to go to the United States. But if something really happened to his mother, even if Chuck couldn't help her, he would stand by her.

Betty then raised her eyebrows slightly and said with a poker face, "Why are you staring at my Young Master? What's the matter?"

"Nothing," Aaron snorted and left. Naturally, Glynis followed him.

But the students gathered around him and said, "Aaron, why are you leaving in such a hurry? Come and have some milk tea."

"Get out of my way!" Aaron pushed the student away angrily and one of the students stumbled. The lid of the milk tea was off and the milk tea spilled all over Aaron.

At that moment, Aaron was in a mess.

"Aaron, I'm sorry, I'm sorry," the student apologized.

Aaron turned around in a fury and stared at Chuck. He was extremely angry.

"Young Master, do you need me to teach him a lesson?" Betty asked. Aaron had an unfriendly look and she didn't like it very much.

"Forget it. Leave him alone for the time being." Chuck didn't feel like fighting with him. But if Aaron provoked him again, Chuck would definitely not tolerate him anymore.

"Okay, Young Master. Take your time. I will leave now," Betty said. Chuck had no objections. Although he also had to go back to the hotel, it was still early. Chuck had to think about where to buy a villa. It had to be one where he could park his helicopter on the roof.

Betty walked to the roadside, opened the car, and went in.

Then, she called Karen again.

Some of the students stopped taking photos. They looked at Chuck with curiosity. Among these people, there were freshmen, sophomores, juniors, and even seniors. Chuck, who had been unknown to the public, not only spent money to treat the whole school to milk tea that day, but a woman with a Rolls-Royce even looked for him. This really changed their perception of the sc*m!

What was going on? Chuck had kept a low profile all this while. How come he had the money to treat everyone?

It was so strange that they didn't believe it until they got a cup of free milk tea respectively.

Especially for Chuck's classmates, they were extremely shocked because they had come here to laugh at Chuck, thinking that Chuck could not afford it. But now, it seemed that

they were wrong. Chuck could actually afford it. But how? Even Aaron, the school hunk, was angry. They heard from the group that Chuck had treated everyone to milk tea because he wanted to compete with Aaron. Now, seeing that Aaron was angry, Chuck had actually won.

"Is Chuck a second-generation rich?" Chuck's classmate muttered to himself. Otherwise, there was no other explanation. It was not just the milk tea party, but also the woman who drove the Rolls-Royce to look for him. Was there any better explanation than him coming from a rich family?

"That's impossible, isn't it? Wasn't Chuck poor before?" The other students were in denial.

Another student said, "Chuck is poor and pretentious, especially given his long hair and off-the-rack clothes. How can he be a second-generation rich? In my opinion, it is impossible."

"That's right. Who knows, he might've picked up some money off the ground somewhere."

"That must be it. He is so lucky. Last time, he found a huge sum of money, and now he found more. Alas, I'm so envious..."

As they spoke, they were very jealous. They also wanted to be so successful as Chuck was, but they did not have the strength. After all, they did not think that they had enough luck to find huge sums of money over and over again, unlike Chuck.