

Chapter 8 I Don't Want To Get Dirty

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Gail got more furious. Then all of a sudden, she felt a hot stream of liquid flow from her nose. She reached out her hand and touched it only to find that her nose was bleeding. She was so angry that she shouted, "Bitch, I will kill you!"

She then rushed over and pounced on Debbie. But before she could touch Debbie, she was pulled back by her friends.

"Gail, calm down. Don't do it. We are no match for them."

"Yes, that's right. You just had a nose job last month. What if you get knocked on the nose?"

Gail wanted to get back at Debbie so badly. But after hearing what her friends said, she froze, and her face turned pale.

Debbie noticed that Gail and her friends didn't have any plans of putting up a fight, so she laughed mockingly and left with Kasie.

Gail could only watch them leave and stomp her feet in anger.

She was humiliated, and she suffered such a huge loss, so she would never let Debbie off easily.

Anger flashed through her eyes. She immediately took out her phone and called her new boyfriend, Terence Perez, the son of the dean.

As soon as her call was answered, Gail cried aggrievedly.

Terence was stunned for a moment when he heard Gail sob. He quickly comforted her, "Hey, baby! What's the matter? Who made you cry?"

"It's Debbie," Gail answered between sobs.

"All right, don't cry now. Your tears break my heart. Don't worry. No matter what happens, I will definitely help you vent your anger," Terence said, coaxing her patiently.

Seeing that he took the bait, Gail was pleased. But she pretended to be reserved and snorted, "Can you try to give her a demerit on her record?"

Every time she thought how Debbie acted so arrogantly, she was pissed off.

In her eyes, Debbie was just a rascal who didn't have the right to be arrogant.

Terence chuckled and asked, "Well, I can actually do that. But... What about my previous proposal? Can you promise me this time?"

Knowing what he meant, Gail was so disgusted that she almost threw up.

If it weren't for the Perez family's background, she would never turn her head to this freak, Terence, let alone be with him.

"Do you agree?" Terence asked again when she didn't answer.

With Debbie still in her mind, Gail gritted her teeth and said reluctantly, "Okay."

In the meanwhile, Debbie was in a good mood now that she had gotten rid of Gail. All the way back to their dormitory, she and Kasie chatted and laughed.

They had just reached the dormitory building when her phone rang.

It was an unfamiliar number, but she still answered it and said politely, "Hello! Who's this, please?"

"Hello! Is this Miss Debbie Nelson? This is Paul Harper, the dean's assistant."

"Oh, yes, Mr. Harper! What can I do for you?" Debbie replied and winked at Kasie, hinting at her to be quiet.

"Well, it's actually about the report we have received that you made trouble in a bar. Don't you know that it's a violation of the school rules and regulations? The school board discussed it, and we agreed on one decision. I am sorry to inform you that we have to give you a demerit on your record."

"Demerit? Mr. Harper, is this some kind of a misunderstanding?"

Upon hearing what Debbie said, Kasie put on a serious look on her face and leaned closer to Debbie, trying to know what they were talking about.

"Miss Nelson, this is such a big issue. The school won't jump into conclusions concerning this matter. We had it verified, and we confirmed it was true. Do you have any objection to this?"

"Since you have already confirmed it, what's the use of raising an objection?" Debbie replied sulkily.

Obviously, she was a victim of harassment here. How did she become a troublemaker?

"Miss Nelson, watch your attitude. Since you have no objection, we will issue the disciplinary action notice in a few days. That's it." After saying this, Paul hung up the phone.

Debbie wanted to vent her anger. But before she could say something, her phone rang again. It was another unfamiliar number.

"Debbie, how does it feel to get a demerit? Are you upset?" said the caller in a voice dripping with sarcasm as soon as Debbie answered her phone.

The male scratchy voice sounded unpleasant and obscene in her ears. Who else could it be? It was Terence, the dean's son who used to pester her.

Debbie now understood why she suddenly got a demerit on her record for no reason. So she sneered, "So it was you who did it."

"You are so smart. But you can't blame me. You bullied my girlfriend, right?" Terence said proudly.

Debbie remembered the dispute between her and Gail just now and finally understood what was going on. "Good. You two are a perfect match."

Terence was such a fool. He didn't know what she was driving at. He even continued in a complacent tone, "How do you feel now? Do you regret it? But I have an offer to you. If you are willing to sleep with me, I can help you deal with this matter."

Debbie sneered and said lightly, "No, thanks. I don't want to get dirty."

"You..."

Terence was so angry that he wanted to scold Debbie. But before he could say anything, she hung up the phone.

Then she blocked his number directly.

Kasie couldn't stand her anxiety anymore. So as soon as Debbie hung up the phone, she immediately asked, "What happened? Why did you get a demerit?"

"The assistant of the dean said that I made trouble in the bar. He must be referring to what happened at my birthday party," Debbie replied, shrugging her shoulders.

Although she was wronged, she still had a calm expression on her face.

"No, I can't stand that. Someone is instigating trouble behind your back. It must be that bitch, Gail," Kasie said crossly, her saliva almost spattering on Debbie's face.

Seeing that she was in a hurry, Debbie patted her gently on the back and said, "It doesn't matter. I actually don't care about it."

"Let's go to the dean and make things clear."

After saying this, Kasie pulled Debbie towards the dean's office despite her refusal.

People who didn't know what really happened would think that Kasie was the one who was wronged.

When they arrived at the door of the dean's office, Kasie knocked for a long time, but no one answered.

"The dean is not here. Let's just come back another day," Debbie suggested. Then she turned around and walked down the stairs.

She really didn't care about it. It was even a good thing that the dean was not in his office.