

Colleague Tries Skipping Out On The Bill; I'm Not Having It - Called The Cops! Chapter 01

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Every time we do a split-the-bill dinner, Valerie always finds a way to skip out. After eating her fill, she either plays dead or suddenly “remembers” she has something urgent to do. If anyone asks her for her share, she gives them a sideways look.

“Everybody ate, so why should I pay more? We all breathed the air, too—why don't you charge for that?”

Because she has connections higher up, most people just swallow their frustration.

Since I was new, I volunteered to organize a company dinner and suggested we split the cost. Val zeroed in on this, ate, and then tried to avoid paying.

Then she pretended to have a seizure to get out of it, thinking I'd let it go.

I smiled. She had no idea I'm not one to back down.

Content

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“What is this? It's terrible.” Val grimaced, forcing down another bite.

“It's something my mom spent weeks making just so she could send it to me, Megan replied, staring at the empty wrappers in front of Val in shock.

Val made a sound of disdain, spitting out what was left. “Didn't you say I could eat it?”

Megan's face reddened, and her eyes filled with tears. “I offered you one to try, not the whole batch. Why would you eat all of it?” She couldn't hold back anymore and started crying.

Val raised a brow dismissively. “Really? It's just a little food. I'll pay you back next time, and honestly, it wasn't even that good. I can't believe you're crying—people will think I bullied you or something.”

Just as I set my laptop down, I caught the end of their argument. Curious, I asked the person next to me, "What's going on? Why is she crying so hard?"

My colleague rolled her eyes at Val before answering.

"You're new, so you wouldn't know, but Val's always pulling stunts to get free stuff. We all try to steer clear of her. Megan's new too; she just moved here from New Mexico. It's a big deal for her to get her favorite hometown snacks. Her mom even went out of her way to make them and send them here. She tried to be nice and let Val try some, and Val went and ate the whole lot—and then criticized her mom's cooking.

Another colleague, clearly annoyed, joined in. "Next time, she says. Val never pays anyone back. If she's not mooching, she's cutting corners."

Megan kept crying as Val yelled over her. "You're crying over a few snacks? Seriously, you look like some bumpkin from nowhere. Couldn't even handle more than three dishes at a real meal.

Megan went silent, shocked into stillness by Val's outburst, her cheeks still wet.

I frowned—was this really okay? I wanted to step in, but then Director Collins called, asking me to bring some paperwork upstairs.

By the time I came back down, they'd all dispersed.