

Chapter 6 Do You Have Any Proof

The students nearby were numb to this kind of chaos.

"Alright, that's enough," Elissa said, her voice sounding gentle on the surface but hollow beneath it. She stayed comfortably seated, not bothering to step in-after all, she never did when things got ugly.

Meanwhile, Arabella, calm and collected, didn't even flinch. When the tray came flying her way, she calmly reached up and caught it in one smooth motion.

The momentum flipped the tray's course, and it slammed straight into one of the two boys' faces.

The food, laced with slivers of glass, sliced across his skin, and blood trickled down his cheek in thin, terrifying lines. "Shit! That hurts!" he cried out.

One look at the blood was enough, and he collapsed in panic, completely out cold.

The other guy didn't back down. Snarling, he reached for Arabella's hair, yanking it hard. "You think you're tough, Daisy? Huh?"

His fist flew toward her face, but Arabella caught it mid-swing like it was nothing. His expression froze. She slowly twisted his arm until his knees buckled.

"Ahhh! It hurts-stop, please! I'm sorry!" he howled, his face turning as pale as chalk.

The second she let go, he hit the floor and curled into himself, sobbing in pain.

One of the girls considered helping, but after seeing Arabella in action, she backed off without a word.

What a bunch of clowns.

Arabella stared at them, her gaze sharp and cold, like she was looking at trash.

"Have you lost your fucking mind?" Joyce screeched, still in denial. Her hands shook as she picked up a chair and hurled it with all her strength.

Arabella shifted her weight, spun, and kicked the chair right back-slamming it into Joyce's head. Blood splattered instantly.

Elissa jumped up in horror, shrieking, "Oh my God!"

The cafeteria exploded with shouts. "She's gonna kill someone! Go find a teacher!"

"What is wrong with her? Is she high or something?"

"Honestly, she's kind of a badass..."

"Shh! Don't let anyone hear you say that!"

Thirty minutes later, the university president's office was a pressure cooker.

The fight was way too intense to sweep under the rug. Daisy, Elissa, and the rest of the group were hauled in for questioning.

Joyce and the others had been bandaged up, but their egos were just as bruised. Elissa looked ready to cry, still rubbing her sore throat like it had swallowed fire. She was furious, terrified the damage was permanent.

"Call your parents," the president ordered Arabella sharply, trying to make sense of the madness. "Now."

Joyce jumped in before Arabella could speak. "She can't. Her parents are dead!" she sneered. "She's been mooching off Elissa's family for years. No morals. No manners. Just expel her already!"

Taken aback, the president looked Arabella up and down. "So, what exactly happened?"

Joyce didn't miss a beat. "She put glass in our food. She tried to hurt us and then went berserk. She needs to face consequences!"

Arabella didn't even blink. Her voice came out calm and cold. "Do you have any proof? And while we're at it-did I even lay a finger on you first? Pretty sure your side started swinging."

"Liar!" Joyce snapped, trying to keep the panic out of her voice.

Arabella turned her gaze to the president, cool and steady. "Why don't we pull up the cafeteria security footage?"

Silence dropped like a stone. Joyce's face stiffened, and her jaw clenched tight. "We only hit her because she gave us food full of glass! She deserved it!"

Arabella tilted her head slightly. "Where's your proof that I put it there?" she asked softly. "Because I have proof of something else."

She pulled out her phone and tapped the screen. A video began to play.

The footage was damning. It showed Joyce and her gang shoving a sandwich filled with glass into Daisy's mouth. As Daisy's lips bled, they laughed like it was some sick joke.

It was raw and unforgivable. Arabella's chest tightened as she watched it, the pain as fresh as the day she found it on Daisy's phone.

Even the president's face shifted. He turned to Joyce and her friends with a sharp, icy glare. For a split second, panic flashed across their faces. Trying to smooth things over, Elissa quickly said, "Sir, yeah, Joyce went too far, and we're really sorry. But Daisy was talking trash first-Joyce just lost her temper."

Arabella raised an eyebrow, unimpressed. "Is that so? Well then, I'll just upload this little clip online and let the public decide who the real victim is."

"Absolutely not!" the president barked. "Miss Stanley, if that video gets out, it'll drag the university through the mud. Let's not blow this out of proportion. Apologize to each other, and we'll call it even."

Joyce looked outraged. "What? She beat the crap out of us! Why should we just let it go?"

Her friends chimed in, just as outraged.

Meanwhile, Elissa leaned toward the president and whispered with a sweet smile, "My dad's set to donate \$1 million to the school. Just thought you should know."

The president's expression shifted. His tone changed. "Daisy," he began, "what they did was wrong. But your response was excessive. This could've been handled differently. You can either apologize now and move forward, or you'll be expelled. And if you upload that video, trust me, public opinion won't be on your side. That would be reckless."

Arabella stared at him. So that was what this was.

Now she understood why Daisy had been stepped on for so long.

These people weren't protecting students-they were protecting their pockets.

Joyce, smelling victory, leaned back with a smug grin. "Daisy, you really thought you had the upper hand? You're nothing but a parasite clinging to Elissa's family like a leech. Don't act like you matter. You want to stay here? Then get on your knees and lick my shoes clean. Maybe, just maybe, I'll let you off the hook."