

Chapter 7 Quite The Scene

Joyce looked at Arabella like she wasn't even human.

Elissa didn't say anything at first, but the fire burning behind her calm expression gave her away. Her throat still hurt, and what bothered her more was the embarrassment. Deep down, she wanted to lash out at Arabella. But on the outside, she just let out a quiet sigh, like she was more hurt than mad.

"Daisy, I honestly don't know what happened to you," she said. "But if you can't apologize to us, then pack your things. You're no longer welcome in my home."

The president didn't bat an eye. "That's enough. You're done here. Pack up and get out." He waved Arabella off like she was a fly in the room before turning to Elissa with a tight smile. "You're injured. Go rest. We'll take care of everything."

Joyce smirked, finally feeling like the universe had balanced itself. With their heads held high, they all moved to strut out like they had won a prize.

"Quite the scene," came a calm voice from the doorway, making everyone stiffen instantly.

All eyes turned. A man stepped in, bathed in light, his face carved like a statue-flawless and unreadable.

His outfit was pure black. But not just any black-the kind that spoke in silence. From his shoes to his collared shirt, every piece looked tailored to make people uncomfortable.

"Oh my God..." The president stared like he had seen things.

Then, breaking into a nervous sweat, he rushed over. "Mr. Gordon! I... I didn't know you were visiting today!"

Asher didn't bother acknowledging him. Instead, it was his assistant, Dominick, who stepped forward, calm as ever. "We happened to be nearby. Sounded like things were getting interesting."

Just then, Arabella's phone vibrated. She glanced down.

"Is Asher with you?" It was a message from the deputy director at Griridge University's dance department.

Arabella typed back quickly. "Yeah. He's here. Don't come."

The response came back almost instantly. "Good. I'm not brave enough to deal with that man. He's terrifying but fair. You'll be alright with him there."

Arabella didn't bother replying anymore.

The president, still hoping to stay in control, jumped in. "It's nothing serious, Mr. Gordon. Just a student causing trouble. We've already handled it-expulsion's done."

He shot a quick glance at Arabella, clearly blaming her.

Dominick let out a short, cold laugh. "Really? That quick, huh?"

Joyce's eyes were glued to Asher. Her heart was hammering so loud she could hardly breathe. The pain in her leg? Gone. Her pride? Forgotten. All she saw was him. "Who is that guy?" she whispered, almost dazed. "He's... unbelievable."

"I've never seen him before," Elissa replied, just as shaken. Her voice lowered. "Maybe he's someone's assistant?"

Since Dominick had been doing all the talking, everyone assumed he was the one calling the shots.

Asher, on the other hand, remained quiet and still, which didn't match what they expected from someone important-throwing the students off even more.

However, that illusion shattered the moment he spoke. His voice sliced through the room like a blade. "Expelled?" he said, slow and cold. "That's all you've got?"

Joyce's heart skipped. Her cheeks flushed, but she forced a playful smile. "We were beaten pretty badly, you know. How about this? Daisy can run ten laps around the field and apologize as she runs. That's fair, right?"

Asher's lips quirked, just barely. They were unnaturally red, giving him a strange, dangerous allure. "That's it?" he echoed, his voice silk and steel.

"Was that... not enough?" Joyce muttered under her breath as she winked at Elissa.

Elissa took the hint and jumped in. "Daisy, you really did hurt all of us. Be responsible. Get on your knees and apologize-properly-to each one of us."

Asher nodded slowly, his tone unreadable. "I agree."

Elissa's chest lifted slightly, pleased. He was on their side.

But then Asher added, flatly, "Then that's exactly what you'll do."

Before they could react, Dominick turned to the president with a smooth efficiency. "You heard them. Do it. Word for word."

The president's jaw dropped. "Wait, what? You mean them?" He gestured at Joyce's group, flustered. "They were the victims..."

Dominick's polite expression vanished. His voice went cold and final. "You think we came here without knowing everything? Handle it. Then clear your office out."

The president went ghostly pale. His knees wobbled like they might give out.

What was happening?

Dominick turned to the group. "Well? You heard the man. Kneel and apologize. One by one. You've got sixty seconds."

The arrogance drained from their faces like a faucet had been turned off. Joyce's eyes widened in disbelief. "You're joking. You want us to kneel? To her?"

Dominick calmly picked up his phone. "Alright. Then, starting now, every ten seconds, your family's stock drops by a point."

Joyce scoffed. "You're bluffing."

Her family wasn't at the top, but they were major players in Griridge.

No way a random guy could crash stocks with a threat.

But ten seconds later, her phone lit up. Multiple stock reports flashed across their screens. Their family shares had dropped. Not just hers-Elissa's, Kenzie's, even the boys'.

The color drained from their faces in real time.

Joyce stared at her screen in horror. "No! How is this even happening?"

In less than a minute, they were down hundreds of millions. And still dropping.