

Chapter 665 Party Girl

Melissa understood Everett's intentions; he was clearly belittling her.

Feeling unhappy, she remarked, "If you see me as nothing more than a party girl, I have no interest in having lunch with you."

Upon hearing Melissa's words, the executives, particularly the principal, displayed visible reactions of surprise. They had not anticipated her fiery temperament.

Had Melissa just offended Everett, the person who held the school's fate in his hands?

It was common knowledge that Melissa had a temper; she had even berated a senior teacher when classes started. Yet, they had not expected her to possess such an explosive disposition.

She spoke her mind defiantly, unafraid of offending anyone, even someone of high importance.

Her audacity was remarkable.

With all eyes on her, Melissa reluctantly compromised with Everett. She rose from her seat, and departed.

The principal hurriedly intervened, expressing his dissatisfaction.

"How could you talk to a distinguished guest like that? Go back and apologize."

Melissa sneered and countered, "Can't you determine right from wrong? Did you not hear the way he described me just now? Don't you feel compelled to defend your subordinates when you witness such belittlement?"

The principal was displeased at being scolded by Melissa.

"Ms. Sherman, what do you mean? Why are you asking if I can discern right from wrong? As the school's principal I hold authority over the entire institution. It would be fitting for you to show me respect," he spoke in a hushed tone, hoping to preserve his reputation.

In a pleading tone, he then whispered to Melissa, "I never expected Everett to be so cruel. But let's dismiss his words as meaningless. Don't engage in further arguments with him. Go and apologize to him as soon as possible. The school's potential investment hinges on your actions."

The principal's words conveyed genuine concern. His anxiety was so intense that his face flushed red. If it weren't for his position, he might have kneeled before Melissa right then and there.

"Investment?" Melissa scoffed. "I don't think it's necessary to appease someone like him solely for the sake of investment. We've managed to run the school successfully for many years without any investments, haven't we? Why are you turning the school into a place driven by material pursuits?"

The principal was taken aback by Melissa's words. He had never fathomed a day when a newly hired young teacher would impart a lesson to him, let alone one that seemed inexplicably reasonable.

Melissa had indirectly mocked his earlier concession and voiced her grievances.

The principal awkwardly rubbed his nose and earnestly explained, "Melissa, you're still young. Why are we seeking investment? I did it for the sake of our students. My intention is to secure better equipment for them in the future. Melissa, I implore you to assist them and offer an apology to that influential individual or else he will become infuriated."

Melissa averted her gaze, consumed by anger. How could she bring herself to apologize to Everett?

Regardless of his jealousy or discontent, he had no right to label her as a party girl in front of everyone.

Was he insinuating that her personal life was immoral?

How could he speak of his own wife in such a manner?

If it weren't for the principal and the other executives present, she would have been tempted to pour a bottle of water over him in that very moment.

