

My Dreamy Old Husband

Chapter 645

With a swollen face, Natasha left the western restaurant with 200 in her pocket, which was the last bit of money she had while the rest were taken by the female boss to pay for her meal.

She then decided to go to Bayside University.

Even if she had lost the title of Young Lady Mitchell, she was still a genius so she decided to stay in Bayside University to get her degree! In the future, she would be successful enough for the Mitchell Family to take her back in.

Alex must still be angry at her because she attempted to murder Nathan. As long as she acquitted herself well, she would sooner or later regain the title of Young Lady Mitchell.

When Natasha arrived at Bayside University, she went straight to meet the vice chancellor.

She displayed the last pride of being Young Lady Mitchell and said to him, "I want to resume my studies here. I hope that the university can arrange a private dorm for me along with a personal assistant and a driver. On top of that, I need a subsidy of at least 10 thousand every month for my living expenses."

In the past, she was Young Lady Mitchell who never had to do chores or run errands but now, she had to handle these trivial things just so she could eat. Even so, she had to do it in order to rise again as soon as possible.

Hearing her requests, the vice chancellor thought that she was joking.

But judging from her serious face, she didn't seem to be joking. Out of kindness, the vice chancellor didn't want to hit her when she was already down and gently said, "I'm afraid we can't do that. Our subsidy for needy students is 6 per day and the money will be deposited directly to the meal card so it can only be spent at the university's cafeteria."

Needy student?

Natasha thought that she had misheard him.

She? A needy student? How was she a needy student?

The vice chancellor started to explain seriously, "For the dorm, we only have rooms for four and the private dorm is all occupied at the moment. Our subsidy is only sufficient for three basic meals a day. For needy students, our university provides part time jobs to earn some pocket money such as cleaning the toilet, transporting barrels of water, cleaning the library's floor—"

Natasha couldn't listen to it anymore and smacked the table fiercely while shouting, "I've represented the university in countless international competitions and won countless awards. How can you do this to me?"

Since she was no longer Young Lady Mitchell, the vice chancellor finally decided to tell her the truth.

"Well, all the awards that you won from those competitions were actually paid for by the Mitchell Family. After all, you're Young Lady Mitchell and if you fail to get the first in the competition, it would be a disgrace..."

Looking at how dejected Natasha was, the vice chancellor quickly cheered her up with sweet words. "It isn't for all cases. At least you're good at playing piano and those awards from playing piano are genuine. All the Mitchell Family did was break the top three's hands to let you win."

Before he could finish his sentence, Natasha had stormed off.

She felt that she was only wasting her time talking to the vice chancellor.

These people were hitting her when she was down and deliberately making things difficult for her!

How dare he asked her to live in a dorm with three other peasants and even asked her to clean the toilet? Would that ever happen? That was totally a humiliation to her dignity!

But he had a point because she indeed was good at playing piano!

That was the only thing she was confident of herself because her piano skills were taught by the world's famous pianist.

She stormed into the multipurpose building and as soon as she saw the piano, she immediately dashed toward it and couldn't wait a second longer to start playing it. But this time, her fingers were so stiff and weak on the piano keys.

It was only then did she recall that she had never practiced in a long time. Besides, when she was trapped in the mountain, she was continuously r*ped by those men for days. She was not only r*ped by them in turns at night, but she also had to work during the day in chains. If she disobeyed them, she would be beaten up. Due to that, her hands were severely injured and she could no longer play the piano.

Unpleasant and discordant notes echoed in the hall of the multipurpose building, attracting everyone to the scene. Seeing that it was Natasha, they pointed at her and started mocking her.

“Who’s that? How does she have the courage to play the piano with such lousy piano skills? That’s absolutely shameless!”

“She’s Natasha. Can’t you recognize her?”

“Oh my god! It *is* Natasha! The news said that she isn’t Young Lady Mitchell.”

“Let me tell you something which I didn’t dare to say in the past. Two years ago, there was a knowledge competition and Natasha won the first. To be honest, the second and the third scored a lot higher than her but the student who should’ve won first was forced to drop out of school after his leg was broken by someone...”

Finally, Natasha couldn’t stand those discussions anymore and dashed out in tears.

Wherever she went, she was showered with unbearable taunts.

It was only then did she understand how cruel the world was and how heartless people were. At the same time, she thoroughly understood how it felt to be hit when she was down.

If she could, she’d rather die!

What else did she have now after everything was stripped off from her including her dignity?

At night, Bayside was glowing with neon lights. Natasha spent her remaining money on alcohol and walked tipsily on the street.

No wonder everyone loved alcohol. It turned out that after getting drunk, she could forget about all her worries.

Sitting at the roadside, Natasha chugged the alcohol while giggling foolishly, imagining that she had regained her title of Young Lady Mitchell.

Suddenly, she saw someone sitting on the steps across the streets, who was also drinking.

That person was as skinny as a skeleton and extremely pale, looking abjected with dark circles around his eyes. Similar to Natasha, he was drinking alcohol in large gulps and looked down and out. Even worse, he seemed to be even more dejected than her and his arms were full of needle wounds from abusing drugs.

“Richard! It’s you!”

Natasha recognized him at once and dashed toward him like a mad woman. Then, she grabbed him and punched him weakly. “Give me back my money! Give it back to me!”

In the past, she gave Richard money to kill Sophia but that money was wasted and she hadn’t settled accounts with him on this matter.

If she could get back that money, she could bob up like a cork immediately.

Richard recognized Natasha as well. Sneering coldly, he sprung up, grabbed her and hit her repeatedly.

Two drunk people got into a fight and no one had the upper hand.

Looking at Natasha, Richard felt like he was looking at himself so he laughed. “My distinguished Young Lady Mitchell, you must have never imagined that this would happen to you! Look at you. You’re even worse than a dog. At least I’m still the Young Master of Harper Family, but what about you? ”

Natasha erupted in rage and tried to pinch his lips to shut him up. “Stop talking! Stop speaking!”

Absorbed in the fight, both of them were unaware that a figure was standing a few steps away from them and glaring coldly at them.

After they were worn out from fighting and lay down on the pavement to rest, the figure finally walked up to them.

The black pencil skirt accentuated that person's sleek figure and on her delicate feet were wedged heels, exposing her tender toes. She looked aloof yet shrewd, and it felt like she was cast with a layer of halo.

Slowly, Sophia walked toward them while looking amusingly at the two of them who just had a fight. Her large black-framed glasses concealed the delight in her eyes.

"Everyone's here, I see," she chuckled.

Looking at Sophia, Richard seemed to be hit by a wave of chills. She was the culprit who schemed against him and threw him into this abyss from the highs of being the dignified Young Master Harper. He had tried to defend himself but failed each time, and now, he no longer dared to fight back.

Fate was cruel to him and all he could do was resign himself to adversity.

Richard didn't even have the courage to hate her now. Hopelessly, he took a large gulp of bitter alcohol and plopped himself back on the ground.

However, Natasha couldn't suppress her anger and charged at Sophia, as ferocious as a beast.

"It's all because of you! You're the one who caused me to be in dire straits! I'm going to kill you!"