

A Beauty With Multiple Masks Chapter 941

When the students lifted their heads, their eyes became transfixed, and what they saw immediately got them engaged in an enthusiastic discussion.

“It’s the goddess of our school! Arielle came in first!”

“Oh my gosh, it’s really her! So pretty and talented, she’s almost too blessed!”

“Nothing to do with that. She must have also worked very hard! If I had her looks, I’d forget about the university admissions and join the entertainment industry for the big money instead.”

“Hang on!” Someone who had noticed the grades pointed up to the scoring on the bulletin board. “Did all of you not see that? Full marks! She scored full marks for four of the papers!”

“What?”

The others who previously only had their sights on the names in the top five and neglected to check the grades appended and turned their attention there immediately upon the mention by that one student.

Arielle had maximum points for all the other subjects under her name, save Chanaean, for which she scored an astonishing zero.

“Frigging hell!” the observing student blurted out an expletive. “Managing to finish ahead despite scoring zero for one subject is just ridiculous. But come to think of it, could her Chanaean be so bad as to score zero?”

That seems a little far-fetched, to say the least.”

“Oh, I have a friend from the preparatory class who told me that Arielle was absent the first morning of the exams. As such, it wasn’t a question of her linguistic skills. She simply did not show up to sit for the paper.”

“I see... She has to be a genius to come in thirty points ahead of the second-placed Wendy even while skipping one of the papers.”

“Damn! That Wendy who’s been besmirching my goddess on live stream is in second place?”

“Hah, she must have thought that the first place must be hers for the taking in our goddess’ absence for the Chanaean paper. What a bummer.”

The front of the bulletin board became crowded with the students engaged in discussion before long, and the names of Arielle and Wendy instantly became the talk of the town.

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Students from the preparatory class were still in the midst of their lessons when the school bell rang for the

end of the period.

The late start amounted to a near-total loss of an entire period. Donovan thus opted to cancel recess outright over concerns of it delaying the overall progress of his lesson.

“We’ll not be taking a break for the rest of this morning. Anyone who needs to use the restroom, just raise your

hand and go on ahead, for we’ll be resuming the remainder of the class without pause.”

The students quietly groaned inside, though none of them dared to speak up as they understood Donovan’s temperament. Hence, they silently endured until noon’s bell struck before they rushed over to check the rankings over at the bulletin board.

It was a long wait for midday, and many students from the other disciplines all rushed down to the charity flea market over at the field. Their parents, too, variously made their way into the school grounds one after another.

Cecilia was ahead of the rest of the pack, dragging the reluctant Susanne along as soon as she was done with her own bakes.

The timing of their arrival coincided with the sounding of the bell at noon.

“Wendy should be done with her lessons. I’ll text her, but let’s go check on the results first,” Cecilia said, brimming with confidence.

Susanne smiled stiffly as she was genuinely concerned that Arielle’s scores would be abysmal. “You go on ahead. I need to use the ladies as I think I might have had something bad for breakfast.”

Cecilia had a good guess as to what was up with Susanne. She was certain that Susanne’s brat from the countryside must have fared so badly that the mother

feared being thoroughly embarrassed by her own Wendy and hence wanted to avoid getting shown up!

It occurred to Cecilia that Susanne had not considered that even if her daughter was not from the country, that little vixen who only knew how to seduce men would not be a match for her own daughter Wendy's intrinsic smarts.

With that in mind, Cecilia replied genially, "Don't worry about it. I'll accompany you to the restroom first. It's not like a few minutes here and there is going to make a difference anyway."

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The corners of Susanne's mouth twitched. She was more afraid of being humiliated.

Gritting her teeth, she stated, "I will come over after I visit the bathroom. You don't have to wait up for me because it'll only make me uncomfortable. Perhaps, I've aged, so you should just listen to me."

Susanne's awkward reaction sparked joy in Cecilia's heart.

Cecilia felt convinced that she had the upper hand and that Susanne would realize how much better her daughter was. Therefore, she did not insist on her way. Waving her hand, she agreed, "Sure. I'll wait for you by the bulletin board then."

With a wry smile, Susanne turned around to escape from the area.

Meanwhile, the corners of Cecilia's lips curled up while watching the other lady leave. Gesturing for a bodyguard to come over, she instructed, "Keep your eyes on Mrs. Nightshire. If she wants to leave the school, remember to hold her back and inform me about it."

She emphasized, "Do not let her leave."

"Noted!" The bodyguard acknowledged before he quietly trailed behind Susanne.

Cecilia watched Susanne's back figure getting smaller and smaller for a few seconds when she suddenly

thought of Wendy's grades. Without hesitation, she rushed to the bulletin board.

Her top priority was to know how many points Wendy had scored higher than the student who came in second place.

However, she saw a swarm of students surrounding the bulletin board when she made it there, blocking her view.

Regardless, she could faintly hear people whispering Wendy's name in the crowd, and her eyes instantly lit up. Pulling the student closest to her over, she questioned, "Hey, there are too many people in front of me. Do you happen to know the score difference between the top two students?"

Seeing that it was a parent, the student tried not to look annoyed and promptly replied, "I think it was over twenty points. If I've not mistaken, the exact result was twenty-six points."

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"Twenty-six?" The smile on Cecilia's face widened. "I heard that students from the preparatory class all received stellar grades, but I didn't expect such a wide difference. Are you sure of the results?"

The student confidently responded, "I'm certain that I'm right. It's definitely around that number. If you don't believe me, you can look at the bulletin board for yourself."

With that confirmation, Cecilia could not help but shriek with joy, "My daughter is a genius!"

Taken aback, the student asked, "Are you Arielle's mother?"

Everyone had heard of the rumors that Arielle's mother passed away because of her dad.

"Are you her step-mother or god-mother?"

The unexpected comment stunned Cecilia momentarily. Frowning, she hissed, "What do you mean? I am Wendy Greene's mother!"

"Wendy?"

The student's mouth twitched as he pulled one of his friends over. "Hey, look! She is Wendy's mother."

Instantly, everyone gathered in front of the bulletin board turned to look at Cecilia when he blurted out those words.

“So she is Wendy’s mother,” some students murmured.

“Ah, now we know how she looks like.”

Cecilia assumed that the students made these comments as they held high regard for Wendy. Given so, she thought of basking in her daughter’s glory. With her head held high, she declared, “Yes, I am Wendy’s mother. If anyone has questions about your homework, you can look for Wendy anytime. Don’t be shy because she is very easy-going.”

To her confusion, the students only showed odd expressions after she spoke.

Some of them looked speechless, while others looked scornful and disgusted.

Seeing their reactions, it took a few seconds for Cecilia to realize that something was wrong.

If they respected Wendy, why would they look this appalled?

A wave of panic washed over her. Biting her lip, she anxiously stammered, “What’s with your gazes? What is wrong with you?”

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Silence ensued before one student finally broke it. “Haha, if I were you, I would not come to school.”

It set off a trail of murmurings among the crowd. “Exactly! How does she still have the guts to come here? Is she unaware of the things that Wendy had done in school?”

“Oh dear, I don’t know whether she should laugh or cry in this situation. Wendy might be good at her studies, but she has a questionable character.”

An arguably more sensible student stopped them and retorted in Cecilia’s defense. “She is a visitor, so let’s all be reasonable. It could be solely Wendy’s fault for turning out like that. What does that have to do with her mother? We should not go overboard. At least Wendy made it to the top five, right?”

Cecilia felt lost.

She was not dumb and realized that the student not only did not look up to Wendy, but they also hated her.

Before this, she already knew that her daughter could not get along with her classmates. However, she thought it was only those people and did not expect the rest of Wendy's schoolmates to share the same sentiments too.

As Wendy's mother, Cecelia could feel the hostility and contempt from the students' eyes.

When have I ever received such treatment with Wendy in Horington?

In the heat of the moment, Cecilia fumed, "Who are you to judge my daughter? If you have so much time to talk behind her back, you should use it to study instead. Come talk to me only when you can do as well as Wendy and manage to be the top scorer in the preparatory class."

Immediately, everyone kept quiet.

Cecilia presumed that they were scared off by Wendy's excellent performance in school, and she felt great pleasure again.

Arrogantly, she taunted, "Well, do you think that I don't know that all of you are merely jealous of Wendy's grades? She even managed to place first among the elite students in the preparatory class."

For a few seconds, the silence continued before the students started to burst out in laughter.

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It was deafening.

"Haha, I'm about to laugh till I cry!"

In between their peals of laughter, they commented, "Is she crazy?"

"She is like Wendy! They are lunatics."

More people started to shame Cecelia. "Like mother, like daughter. There isn't a better time to use this phrase."

"All of you—" Cecilia's face turned red with anger.

Confused with the situation, she could not help but interrogate, “What do you mean? Who is a lunatic? How dare you question Wendy’s good grades?”

One of the students tried to suppress his laughter and explained, “With all due respect, please go to the board and take a look. Wendy is not ranked first in the preparatory class.”

“W–what?” The older woman’s face turned pale.

She could not believe her ears.

Did Wendy not do the best? Who the hell is first then? I thought they said she best the second place with more than twenty points!

Grabbing the student she first spoke to, Cecilia gave him a death glare and seethed, “Didn’t you tell me that Wendy scored twenty over points more than the student who came in second?”

Her sudden actions took the boy by surprise, but the latter regained his composure in no time. Pursing his lips, he argued, “What the hell? I told you that there is a twenty–six points difference between the top two students. However, Wendy is ranked second, not first! The one who did the best is my goddess! Even though she missed one of her papers, she still managed to beat your daughter by such a wide gap!”

Cecilia was utterly dumbfounded.

“What are you talking about? Don’t lie to me!”

Shaking off Cecilia’s grip on his collar, the student pointed to the bulletin board and asserted, “You can see it for yourself!”

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The crowd naturally parted a clear path for Cecilia to the bulletin board.

At that moment, Cecilia felt her world crumbling.

Refusing to believe what the students had told her, she headed straight for the board and looked at the name in the number two spot.

It turned out to be Wendy's name.

Instantly, Cecilia's eyes widened to the size of saucers.

Wendy did not get first place! She did not beat the second place by twenty-six points. Instead, the top scorer crushed her by that many points. To lose out by over twenty points, how many spots is she behind in the college entrance ranking?

Cecilia's eyes darted around, and she felt her life sucked out of her. Feeling weak in her knees, she collapsed onto the ground.

Her bodyguard standing in a corner rushed over to help her up when he saw what had happened.

"Mrs. Greene, are you alright? What's wrong?" He asked with concern.

His question knocked some sense into her.

With her bodyguard's help, she forced herself to stand on her feet. Before she could speak, her phone rang.

"Mrs. Greene, Mrs. Nightshire is about to leave the school from the back door," another one of her bodyguard's voices rang from the other end of the line.

Anxiously, Cecilia roared, "Stop her!"

"Yes, Mrs. Greene," the man acknowledged and ended the call before he heard her other sentence, "Do not let her come my way."

"Quick! Stop Mrs. Nightshire!"

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With his instructions, two of his colleagues moved forward to grab Susanne.

"What do you think you are doing?" Susanne raised her eyebrows, and her bodyguards immediately stepped up too.

This time, she only brought two of her bodyguards because it would be inconvenient with too many of them if she wanted to leave whenever she wanted.

Unfortunately, it was three of Cecilia's bodyguards against two of hers, and the atmosphere was tense.

One of Cecilia's bodyguards approached her and spoke, "Mrs. Nightshire, Mrs. Greene is still waiting for you. Aren't you going to inform her before you leave?"

"I—" Susanne stammered as she tried to think of an excuse. "I'm not leaving, but I'm feeling hungry, so I wanted to buy some bread from outside."

"I see." The man nodded his head. "Well, why don't you look for Mrs. Greene while we help you buy some bread instead."

Another one of Cecilia's bodyguards added, "Yes, Mrs. Greene also brought many cookies over. You can have them too, and there is no need to get food by yourself."

Susanne's expression turned ugly, and she was close to making a scene.

However, she suppressed her anger when she thought of Nightshire Group's Horington project. With an annoyed look, she hissed, "Fine! I'll go to her now."

Once the bodyguards heard that, they finally relaxed and looked amiable again. They gestured for Susanne to go to Cecilia.

Susanne had never experienced this much humiliation before. Even if Arielle ended up a beggar, she would choose her over Wendy in a heartbeat.

After all, Arielle would never treat her that way.

"Get out of my way. I will walk there myself, and I don't wish to see your faces!" Susanne growled.

The three bodyguards hired by Cecilia exchanged looks before they smiled and obliged, "We shall give you some space then."

After that line, they turned to walk away, keeping a further distance between Susanne and them while still

keeping an eye on her.

Gritting her teeth in frustration, Susanne stormed toward the bulletin board.

Cecilia was not interested in finding out who was placed first in the test anymore. All she wanted to do was look for Wendy and question her about the situation. Cecilia needed to know why there was such a large gap between the top scorer and her.

She demanded, "Where is Ms. Greene? Are her lessons over?"

"Mrs. Greene, Ms. Greene had ended her lessons not long ago. Her class is heading over here this instant."

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After the bodyguard replied, Cecilia's expression dimmed as she nodded. "All right, please look for her. As for Susanne, it's better if she leaves."

She was beyond grateful that Susanne did not walk to the bulletin board with her.

After all, before she saw the rankings, Cecilia repeatedly boasted to Susanne that Wendy would get first place.

Now that Wendy was in second place, Susanne might take her as a joke.

"Darn it!" Cecilia cursed under her breath. She took a few deep breaths to calm herself down before she headed for the lecture hall.

On the other hand, Wendy rushed out of class as soon as Donovan ended class.

Unfortunately, many students were also heading to the bulletin board to look at their scores. Therefore, there were already many people packed in the hallway.

At that moment, someone opened the school's forum.

Seconds later, the person exclaimed, "Everyone, take a look at the forum. Boss is the top student!"

Wendy immediately stiffened, momentarily forgetting what she wanted to do.

Boss... is he referring to

"Oh my gosh! Arielle, you are the top scorer!" a boy cheered from behind her.

The revelation made Wendy's face turn pale.

Arielle is in the first place. That b**** missed a paper, yet she managed to do her best. How the hell did that happen? What did she do to achieve it? That's impossible, and there must be a mistake!

Wendy no longer felt the need to get to the bulletin board anymore. Instead, she turned on her phone and

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entered Jadeborough University's forum.

The first thing she saw was the trending post on the forum.

"Wow! Arielle missed the paper for Chanaean, yet she could still score a total of twenty-six points more than Wendy, the nutcase!"

Nutcase? Arielle is their goddess, and I'm a nutcase?

Wendy clenched her fists in rage.

If she did not lose her temper in the archive that one time, she would not be named a nutcase. Seeing the word was enough to trigger her.

Shaking, she took a sharp breath and tried to plaster an unbothered expression on her face. Then, she clicked on the picture attached to the post.

It was a photograph of the grades posted on the bulletin board.

The paper clearly stated that Arielle was the top student of the preparatory class, while Wendy was ranked second.

I am so far behind Arielle! How can that happen! How did things turn out this way?

Wendy wanted to scream her lungs out.

Around her, she could hear students congratulating Arielle.

"Boss, congrats for making it to first place."

"I knew that you would be the top scorer, but I did not expect for you to score full marks for all the four subjects."

The other students were full of praises for Arielle. "Impressive! I have many answers different from you. If you managed to score full marks, my results are a lost cause."

When Wendy heard it, she felt a chill down her spine. She hurriedly looked at the picture again for the score chart.

Beside Arielle's name was a zero followed by full marks for every other subject.

Full marks! She got full marks for four subjects!

In those brief seconds, Wendy could not express the emotions she felt. All she could do was shoot a cold glare in Arielle's direction.

She saw Arielle smiling and laughing, surrounded by students congratulating her. "Thank you! Anyway, all of you shouldn't worry too much. If you aren't able to place top five this time, you still have the next half of the year to work on improving your grades," Arielle assured them.

At a corner, Wendy was fervently grinding her teeth.

What an act! Arielle is good at pretending to be a saint. Why can't anyone see her true color?

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It did not take long for Arielle to sense that Wendy was staring at her.

Looking away from the students around her, she met Wendy's icy cold eyes but turned away right after that.

She walked straight to Trisha and gently offered, "Trish, let's see if you managed to place within the top five."

Trisha seemed somewhat nervous as she nodded her head and agreed.

Then, two of them headed for the backdoor of the classroom.

Wendy felt angry and indignified, and her eyes were welling up with tears.

She could not be bothered to check out her grades for each subject anymore.

How Arielle managed to beat her even after missing a paper made Wendy feel humiliated.

When she wanted to return to her seat to collect her emotions, she heard her mother's voice from outside.

"Ouch! You knocked into me!"

Mom?

Wendy widened her eyes and felt hesitant to head out.

She confidently told her mother that she would be the top scorer, but things turned out otherwise.

At that instant, Cecilia's voice rang again.

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"Hey! Are you blind? I see that it's you, the country bumpkin."

Biting her lips, Wendy nervously headed out of the classroom.

As expected, she saw her mother standing face-to-face with Arielle when she got out, and the situation seemed hostile.

By the door, Arielle narrowed her eyes at the lady before her. She was sure that she had never seen her before, Arielle scoffed, "Hey, please be mindful of your words. Besides, I did not knock into you. You are the one who did not look where you were going. We were on our way out when you bumped into us."

"What a piece of trash! Shut up. No wonder there are rumors of you seducing men. I see that you don't only make use of your beauty, but you have a sharp tongue too. You knocked into me, but you are making it seem like I was responsible for it."

The frown on Arielle's forehead deepened.

As she was about to retort, Wendy spoke, "Mom! Stop that!"

Arielle watched Wendy rushing over to them and pulling the older lady away.

Ah, so that lady is Wendy's mother. Everything makes sense now.

"Wendy," Arielle snorted. "Please tell your mother to control her mouth. One should not spout nonsense like this."

Those words sparked a fire in Cecilia.

"B****! Is that how you treat your elders? Did your parents not teach you respect?" Then, Cecilia slapped her thigh and chortled. "Oh wait, I made a mistake. You grew up in the countryside, and Henrick went to the Specialized Forces Prison. In an environment like that, it's no surprise you turned out so disrespectful."

Wendy grew more embarrassed as her mother spoke, and she tried her best to drag Cecilia away.

“Mom, stop it! Let’s just leave.”

“Why should we leave?” Cecilia shook Wendy’s hands off. “Wendy, I have not even talked about your score yet. Why are you in second place this time?”

“I—” Wendy gritted her teeth and desperately prayed for the ground to swallow her whole.

It was the first time she was embarrassed by her mother’s presence.

Cecilia continued, “Well, second place isn’t too bad either. At least you can get a spot in Maxwell University’s early entrance examination.” Turning to

Arielle, she condescendingly stated, “Is Arielle your name? As for a country bumpkin like you, I guess you haven’t even heard of Maxwell University, right?”

“Mom!” Wendy hissed in panic.

Stomping her foot, she quickly used her palm to cover Cecilia’s mouth.

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“Mmm... what the hell are you doing?” Cecilia mumbled, but Wendy only used more pressure to shut her mouth.

With her other hand, Wendy dragged Cecilia away by her waist to avoid being humiliated further.

Regardless, it was already too late. The rest of the preparatory class, including Trisha, had started to talk among themselves.

“That lady slandered Sannie! I am going to call the cops on her.”

They snorted, “Is she joking? She knows that Wendy is in second place, but didn’t she see who was in first?”

“Exactly! She must be blind.”

In particular, one student shouted, “For her sake, we should tell her that the person who managed to beat Wendy was none other than Arielle, the person whom she assumed never heard of Maxwell University.”

Cecilia gasped in surprise.

With strength she did not know she had, she freed herself from Wendy’s grip and interrogated the students, “What did you say? Who is the top scorer?”

Terry stepped forward and replied, “Since you seem to be clueless about it, I shall repeat myself. The person who scored the highest is Arielle. You look down on her, yet she is way better than your daughter. Does that

rile you up? Have you lost your appetite?”

Someone chuckled from behind him, “Hahaha, Terry, don’t be mean! Stop provoking her and show her the picture!”

Nodding his head, Terry pulled out his phone and zoomed in on the picture of the scores on the bulletin board.

He held it in Cecilia’s face and scoffed, “Can you see it? It’s Arielle’s name printed at the top. She did the best in school!”

Cecilia narrowed her eyes and glanced at the phone screen. Sure enough, Arielle was the top scorer.

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It was as real as it could get.

So the person I thought was a country bumpkin turned out to have such excellent scores.

“How is that possible?” Cecilia murmured.

At that point, Wendy was so embarrassed that she stomped her feet once more and growled, “I told you to leave. Why did you have to make a scene? Let’s go!”

Grabbing her mother’s wrists, she dragged the older lady to the stairway.

They only took a few steps when they saw Susanne heading over.

Immediately, Wendy stopped in her tracks and stammered, “M–Mrs. Nightshire?”?

Does she already know that Arielle scored better than me? If she does, will she give up on me?

“Wendy?” Looking at how pale Wendy looked, Susanne asked curiously, “What’s wrong?”

Before Wendy could speak up, Cecilia interrupted, “N Nothing! I came here to get Wendy. We should leave, Susanne. Let’s have lunch with Wendy as she hasn’t eaten.”

Susanne could not be happier as she was not bothered to check out the scores. Therefore, she nodded.

By chance, she spotted Arielle standing behind Wendy while scanning the surroundings.

As their eyes met, Susanne felt an unexplainable emotion bubbling within her.

While she pondered whether to acknowledge Arielle, the latter started approaching her. She raised her hand and greeted, “Mrs. Nightshire.”

The corners of Susanne’s lips lifted slightly, and she let out a soft grunt in response.

“Susanne, let’s go!” Afraid that Susanne would find out how well Arielle did if they stayed any longer, Cecilia tugged on her arm, desperate to leave.

On the other hand, Susanne was scared that Arielle’s scores would embarrass her. Thus, she turned away and walked to the stairway with the other two ladies.

“How did you do in exam, Wendy?” She casually asked.

“I—”

Wendy did not know how to reply, but Cecilia quickly jumped into the conversation. “She did well and managed to secure a spot to take Maxwell University’s entrance examination.”

Not surprised by her response, Susanne nodded her head in silence.

At that moment, Trisha shouted, “Wait! You scolded us without reason and even used such awful words against Arielle. Don’t you want to apologize before you leave?”

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It took Trisha a lot of courage for her to say those words.

Since Arielle treated her well, Trisha could not bear to see someone who insulted her walk away like that.

Knowing what Trisha was like, Arielle looked astonished when she heard the girl yell.

“Trish?”

However, Trisha did not spare her a glance. Clenching her fists, she stormed to Cecilia and blocked her path. “Please apologize to Arielle,” she demanded.

These students are really bothersome!

Cecilia gritted her teeth. If Susanne were not with them, she would have lost her cool a long time ago.

Controlling her anger, she ranted, “Why are you spouting nonsense? Why should I say sorry? It was both of you who knocked into me. As an adult, I was merely educating you.”

“What happened?” Susanne raised her brows.

Quickly, Cecilia tried to stop Trisha from speaking, but she was too late.

Trisha started to complain. “This lady did not watch where she was going and bumped into us. However, she blamed it on us and said some nasty things to Arielle.”

As someone who valued her dignity, Susanne frowned at Cecilia. “Hey, isn’t that going overboard?”

“Don’t listen to her! They bumped into me first!” Cecilia insisted.

“Oh.” Trisha nodded. “Let’s put that matter aside for now and talk about the exam then.”

“Trisha!”

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This time, Wendy lunged forward to stop Trisha. However, it was no use as the other girl continued, “Arielle got first in the exam. However, you insulted her and assumed she had never heard of Maxwell University. Shouldn’t you apologize for that?”

As soon as she finished, Wendy felt her heart drop. Her mother's expression dimmed too.

Both of them awkwardly glanced at Susanne, who looked surprised.

Grabbing Trisha's wrist, Susanne questioned, "Can you repeat yourself? Who scored first?"

Trisha did not know who Susanne was. However, since the latter seemed nice, she patiently repeated, "Arielle. Arielle scored the highest and beat Wendy by twenty six points. It was even after she missed the Chanaean

paper."

Susanne's eyes widened, and her thoughts were jumbled.

I guess I was overthinking when I worried that Arielle's results would embarrass me.

Arielle was so clever that even Wendy was not her match.

"Is that true?" Susanne muttered in bewilderment.

Terry walked to them and held out his phone again to Susanne, showing the picture of the scores. "You can see that it is true here. It is on the bulletin board."

Susanne quickly took his phone from him and studied the picture. It cleared all her doubts.

What surprised her most was that even though Arielle scored zero in Chanaean, she managed to score full marks for the rest of her subjects.

Full marks!

Amazement was printed on Susanne's face as she turned to Arielle in disbelief.

During the whole time, Arielle stood rooted to the ground in silence. There was no expression on her face, as though nothing could sway her.

Her composure, restraint, and maturity crushed Wendy, who often pretended to be the victim.

Suddenly, Susanne realized why her son chose Arielle over the best girl in Horington.

Perhaps, she deserved everyone's praises.

With a complicated expression on her face, Susanne said nothing.

The silence only increased the fear in Wendy and Cecilia.

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Disregarding everything, Cecilia explained, "Susanne, the papers were difficult this time, and there is no way for anyone to score full marks for the four papers. I think Arielle probably cheated, so do not take her word for it!"

"Cheated?" Susanne furrowed her brows.

Grabbing Wendy's arm, Cecilia interrogated her, "Wendy, tell me the truth. Are her grades usually as good?"

Wendy bit her lips and muttered, "This is our first test, so I'm not sure of her usual grades. I only know that she skips class quite often. Before the exam, she even told other students about the topics tested. I guess there is a possibility."

"Exactly! If she knew the topics tested beforehand, she must have cheated." Turning to Arielle, Cecilia accused, "You must have cheated during exam! Wendy told me that the topic was rather unique this time. Given that situation, how could you score full marks for the four papers? Furthermore, I can't believe you even have the cheek to tell others the topic. If you wanted to cheat, you should have done it more discreetly. Aren't you afraid others would find out?"

Arielle was about to retort when Susanne spoke first. "Mrs. Greene, I don't think you can say that. Do you have any evidence to back your accusations? If you don't, how can you publicly claim that she cheated on the exam just because she did better than your daughter?"

Stupefied, Arielle stared at Susanne.

She did not expect the older lady to speak up for her.

"Mrs. Nightshire—" Arielle murmured.

At the same time, Wendy was even more surprised.

Since when did Mrs. Nightshire start taking Arielle's side? Is coming in the first position that important? Is it enough to overshadow her family background and where she grew up?

"Also, Wendy," Susanne turned her attention to the girl. Giving her a stern look, she stated, "I always thought you were a mature individual. Why are you making a fuss with your mother? If you don't have evidence, don't spout such nonsense. It doesn't seem like something you would do."

"That's not all!" Trisha mustered up her courage again and complained, "Previously, Arielle helped a teacher from Maxwell University to translate the lesson plan. However, Wendy secretly started a live stream and mentioned that there was no way Arielle could translate it. In the end, Arielle managed to complete the task, but Wendy did not apologize."

Terry quickly added, "Wendy usually finds fault with my goddess. A few days ago, the principal gave her approval to visit the archive. Hearing that, Wendy started to spread rumors that Arielle and the principal were involved in an indecent relationship."

By the end of his rant, Susanne's expression had darkened. "Mrs. Greene? Do you know all these things that Wendy had done?"

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Cecilia stiffened. Susanne rarely referred to her so formally, and Cecilia felt nervous.

After all, this was the second time in a row that Susanne called her "Mrs. Greene".

It was clear that Susanne was unhappy with the Greenes

Cecilia stared at Wendy and asked, "Wendy, are they telling the truth?"

Anxiously, Wendy tried to explain. "It was a misunderstanding on my part. Besides, those are not my exact words. All of them are on Arielle's side. Thus, it is only natural for them to say such things."

With that explanation, Cecilia quickly tried to appease Susanne. "Susanne, please believe Wendy. It must be a misunderstanding!"

"Hmph!" Susanne grunted, "Do you take me as an idiot? No wonder you wanted to leave so quickly. You were afraid that I would find out the things Wendy had been up to in school and that Arielle beat Wendy by more than twenty points in the exams."

At this point, Wendy's face was flushed red. She felt angry and embarrassed but could not utter a single word.

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If only she knew how much Susanne valued grades, she would have worked harder, gotten rid of all distractions, and focused on her studies.

If I gave it my all in my studies, I would not lose to Arielle!

Wendy felt regretful and troubled.

On the other hand, Cecilia had calmed down.

She could not find any other explanation after Susanne's harsh reaction.

Taking a deep breath, she decided not to mention Arielle anymore. "Susanne, this time Wendy did not perform her best. However, she still managed to make it into Maxwell University's early entrance examination. On top of that, Wendy said many good things about Vin during the project at Horington."

She purposely brought up Horington to remind Susanne that Wendy's results this time were not any more important than the help she offered to Vinson.

While Cecilia meant for it to be a reminder, Susanne took it as a threat.

The threat was real.

Frustrated, Susanne gritted her teeth. Looking at Cecilia, who seemed like she was smiling, Susanne could not help but mutter, "It's okay if she did not do well."

Instantly, Cecilia felt a wave of relief washing over her. She shot Wendy a look to get her to respond.

Taking the hint, Wendy quickly replied, "Mrs. Nightshire, I promise you that I will make it into Maxwell University!"

Susanne nodded before she glanced at Arielle.

She felt hesitant as she did not know what to say to her.

After a moment of silence, Arielle said, "Mrs. Nightshire, if you don't mind, you can head to the flea market to have some of the ravioli I make. I spent the entire night making them and planned to sell them today."

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"Sure," Susanne blurted.

She did not even realize how relieved she felt when Arielle took the initiative to make conversation with her first.

It was as though the gap between them was slowly disappearing

Meanwhile, Cecilia panicked when she heard Susanne agreeing to Arielle's invitation. She hurriedly fussed, "Susanne, we made a lot of cookies. If you aren't with us, I'm afraid there is not enough time."

With a chuckle, Arielle said, "Mrs. Greene, I am not forcing her to go over. It was only an invitation. If you have spare time, you can go over to try it too. I am

confident of my culinary skills, so I think you would like it too."

With a contemptuous look on her face, Cecilia taunted, "You know how to make ravioli? Wendy is clueless about it. I gave her the best education when she was growing up, so she knows how to cook too. However, her teachers were Michelin chefs, so she never learned to make something as simple as ravioli."

The smile on Arielle's face slid off. No longer bothered about Cecilia, she turned to Susanne. "Mrs. Nightshire, we shall head out for the preparation now. We will welcome you to come later."

Then, she tugged on Trisha's hand and headed for the stairway.

At that moment, a low and husky voice sounded. "Everyone, don't leave school so quickly. I have an announcement.

It was Donovan's voice.

Without a choice, Arielle stopped in her tracks and turned to look at Donovan.

She coincidentally met Donovan's icy cold gaze, and she narrowed her eyes, had a bad premonition.

Then, Donovan continued, "I have heard your conversation earlier. As for Arielle's grades, it is pending finalization. Therefore, we shall confirm the top five positions only tonight."

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