

I Love You, Miss Genius (Bonnie Shepard)

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“You are right. Thirty–five isn’t old, but the problem is Bonnie is only twenty. Mr.Hamish is fifteen years older than Bonnie.” Ariel expressed her disbelief. “Bonnie is at a disadvantage.”

“What disadvantage? Mr. Hamish is a business genius designer. Besides, he’s **not** married. Let’s not talk about such things. Things may not be as we imagine.” Draken rubbed his forehead.

“Yeah, you’re right. Hey, if I ask Bonnie how she knows so much, do you think she’ll tell me?”

“Why don’t you give it a try?”

“Never mind.” Ariel waved. “I’ve only known her for a day or two. Still, I want to become good friends with her. Considering the short time we’ve known each other, it’d be awkward if I were **so** direct with her. I’ll wait until we’re more familiar with each other. Maybe she’ll tell me when she’s ready.”

Draken was satisfied with his daughter’s considerations. “Well, you’ve thought it through. Go to Tang Fusion Studios with me tomorrow. You might run into Bonnie.”

“Okay, Dad.”

Bonnie sat on the sofa in the Knights’ residence while waiting for dinner. Suddenly, she smelled something burning. At that moment, Ged put down his phone and looked at her. “Hey, Bonnie, do you smell something?”

Bonnie looked toward the kitchen and saw thick smoke coming from it. Immediately after, Ged bolted upright and ran toward the kitchen. “Oh shit! Fire!”

When Bonnie arrived at the kitchen door, she saw Ivor using a fire extinguisher to put out the fire. They exchanged awkward glances and then cleaned up the kitchen.

“Let me handle it.” Bonnie rolled up her sleeves and opened the refrigerator. She saw plenty of ingredients inside and realized nothing was missing or out of place.

“Can you cook?” Ivor was surprised this time.

“There’s no surprises there. I’m a country girl born and raised, after all. Being able to cook is an expectation, don’t you think?”

Ivor frowned. “Sorry, I didn’t mean that.”

Bonnie stopped and looked at Ivor. “You’re overthinking it. I’m just stating a fact.”

Ged sighed in relief. “Finally, we can have a normal meal tonight.”

Immediately after, he received Ivor’s deadly glare, and the former silently left the kitchen.

“Those eyes are frightening. I was just speaking the truth. My standards for food aren’t high anyway. I don’t have to eat a chef’s cooking. I just want something edible. With that raging storm outside, it’d

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be inconvenient for us to go out for a meal.’

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Bonnie finished cooking various dishes an hour later. The food looked appealing to the eyes and taste buds as she arranged them on the table. Ged pointed at the carved patterns on the plate in surprise and exclaimed, “Wow, that’s unexpected! I didn’t know you could carve, too.”

He thought Bonnie could only make simple country–style dishes, but the results were pretty sophisticated.

Ivor was just as surprised. The color combinations and presentation of these dishes were meticulous, unlike everyday home–cooked dishes.

“Mr. Ivor, don’t just stand there. Grab your spoon and try some! Let’s eat together.” Ged picked up a piece of chicken and bit into it.

Ivor, on the other hand, took a piece of pork.

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Ivor became wide-eyed when he ate the pork, and the fragrant aftertaste lingered. He turned to look at Ged and saw him looking back with enjoyment and surprise, Ged gave a thumbs up and said, “This dish tastes just as good as the ones made by the chef at Jade Horizon Hotel!”

Bonnie raised her brows at that statement. After all, she was that chef’s apprentice.

“Yeah, it’s delicious! I think it even surpasses the chef a little,” Ivor praised enthusiastically. He also felt a sense of joy as he discovered something new about Bonnie.

However, she urged, “Enough with the compliments. We’ve been starving, right? Let’s eat up.”

She had a habit of maintaining a healthy diet and usually did not eat much at night. Even so, Ivor served her a full plate that she could not finish.

He looked at her plate and asked, “What’s wrong? Are you full?”

“Yeah, you put too much on my plate.”

“Then I’ll eat it. I’m still hungry,” Ivor said as he reached out.

Bonnie looked at him in surprise while Ged secretly glanced at them.

Since Bonnie did not reject, Ivor took her plate. However, the former asked, “But those are my leftovers. Aren’t you bothered by it?”

“It’s okay. I’m not particular about stuff like that.”

Bonnie looked at his utensils and thought, ‘We’ve been living together for over a month, and he only uses his set of utensils during every meal. Now, he’s saying he’s not particular about sharing leftovers. Forget it. Whatever he likes is none of my business.’

Suddenly, Ivor's spoon **fell** to the ground. "Damn it. My spoon's all dirty now. It's okay, I'll just use yours."

He took Bonnie's spoon and ate with it. Initially, Bonnie did **not** overthink Ivor eating her leftovers. However, she felt it was inexplicable that he savored the food he ate with her spoon.

Meanwhile, Ged felt a **little** overwhelmed as he enjoyed his meal.

'It's just dinner. There's no need for all this.'

Ged glanced at Ivor resentfully, hoping the latter would restrain himself. **However**, Ivor did not even look at Ged and continued to enjoy his meal with Bonnie.

'I wish I hadn't seen that look on Ivor's **face**.'

The following day, Bonnie had breakfast and quickly left for Tang **Fusion** Studios. She had rarely attended board meetings. Even **if** she did, she would leave as soon as one ended.

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Hamish looked at her with a bitter smile and said, "Ms. Bonnie, you rarely come to these **things**. There's still a lot more here that requires your attention. **Can't** you handle some of them before leaving?"

"I believe in your capabilities, Hamish. You can do it. Keep **up** the hard work," Bonnie said blankly.

Hamish was dumbfounded, thinking Bonnie was shameless **for** preaching such things without any practical effort.

"But-

Before he could finish, Bonnie pushed him **aside** and whispered, "The Smiths **are here**." Hamish could **only** cooperate and hide **to** the side.

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Avril jinged over. “Bonnie, my dad said you might be here. I didn’t actually **expect** to see **you, though**..

Bonnie glanced at Daken and nodded casually. The latter nodded back with a smile.

“Ahem,” Avrit cleared her throat and suppressed her urges to ask Bonnie if she was Hamish’s

girlfriend. “Bonnie, look at the proposal my dad’s company prepared.”

Bonnie looked at the slightly guilty Avrit and smiled. The former took **the** proposal and read through

it, saying, “Not bad, but a little refinement right there would be ideal.”

Both Avril and Daken stared at the spot Bonnie pointed out. “How should we refine it?”

“Do you have a pen?”

“Yes, **of** course!”

Bonnie took the pen from Avril and quickly made the adjustments. Meanwhile, Hamish looked at the ceiling in frustration as he lurked on the sidelines. He did not **see** the point in asking the Smiths to prepare when Bonnie was helping them out anyway.

‘She could’ve devised the proposal herself and pre-selected the Smiths. It would’ve been more efficient and hassle-free that way.’

“All set.” Bonnie handed the revised proposal to Avril.

“Let me see.” Daken hurriedly took it and admired it more. It seemed things between Bonnie and Hamish were not as simple as he thought.

The proposal was **a** collection of their entire company’s elites. Daken considered his initial draft to be perfect, but it became flawless after Bonnie’s changes. She had perfected the proposal within only five minutes of glancing through it.

‘Her business talent is extraordinary.’

“Will this work?” Avril could not understand the changes and asked in confusion.

The latter offered a comforting and encouraging smile, saying, “Rest assured, they’ll one hundred percent approve of this proposal. Your family will undoubtedly become partners with Tang Fusion Studios.”

Daken and his daughter felt as if Hamish had already confirmed the collaboration with them.

At that moment, laughter echoed, “Hahaha! Bonnie, do you think you’re the boss of Tang Fusion Studios? You don’t have the right to approve anything. Are **you** dreaming?”

Hadwin and Trina appeared before Bonnie and the others.

The latter lazily turned **to** the duo and asked indifferently, “What **are** you two **doing** here?”

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Suddenly, Bonnie lit up and asked **again**, “**Wait**, you’re here **for** the collaboration project, aren’t you?”

“**You’re pretty clever. So**, why are you here?” Hadwin asked sarcastically.

“None **of** your business,” Bonnie replied indifferently, “This place **doesn’t** welcome you. You should **leave as soon as** possible.”

Her words **once again** provoked Hadwin’s sarcasm. He said, “That’s amusing. I represent my family’s **company** and came here to discuss business. Who **do you** think **you**

are?”

“I said, **this place doesn’t** welcome you. Tang Fusion Studios **won’t** collaborate **with** the Rhodes,” Bonnie’s tone remained indifferent.

Hadwin was speechless, and so **was** Trina. Suddenly, the latter figured **something out** and said, Bonnie, are **you...** Is one **of the** higher-ups from here supporting **you** or something?”

Her speculation startled Hadwin as he **stared at** Bonnie, awaiting her answer. However, Bonnie frowned with a hint of impatience.

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Bonnie retorted, “You have no shame, Trina. Do you think everyone is like you? Not everyone has to cozy up to a man to survive. You constantly try to make me look bad and think I won’t retaliate, I’m not like you and don’t need to rely on others to support myself.”

Avril stepped forward, arms akimbo as she said, “Donnie’s right. You and the Shepards know nothing else besides making baseless assumptions.”

Trina’s eyes reddened. “You misunderstood me. I didn’t mean to slander my sister. I

“Trina, stop with the sob stories. You questioned whether **or** not there’s a higher–up here supporting Bonnie. You set the tone the moment you entered, and now you’re **trying** to play the victim.

“You must have the memory **of a goldfish or think** we forgot what you just said.” Avril always felt surprised whenever Trina spoke, thinking the latter was **simply a bimbo**.

Hadwin retorted, “Don’t talk about my fiancée like that, Avril. You’re **disrespecting my** family by attacking **her**. Are you trying **to** oppose my family? You should **weigh** your worth before that. You’re not even a threat **to** us.”

Daken’s expression turned grim. Although he disliked people speaking down on him and his family, especially from a younger person, he had **to** admit his family was inferior to the Rhodes.

Hadwin sneered. “Be prepared to face the consequences **if you** offend my family. You stand no chance against us in this project bidding. The Smiths should consider whether or not they’re worthy of competing with us.”

“Son of a—“Avril wanted to confront him, but Daken held her back. “Dad, don’t stop me! He’s insulting us, and I can’t stand it!”

Daken helplessly shook his head and sighed while Bonnie grew impatient. She initially did not want to escalate the situation. When she turned to look at the lurking Hamish, he quickly understood her gaze and showed himself,

Hadwin noticed his appearance and quickly approached, speaking flatteringly, “Hello there, Mr. Hamish! I’m Hadwin Rhodes. My family’s proposal will surely satisfy you.”

“Really now?” Hamish replied indifferently.

“Of course! It won’t take up much of your time. You can take a look now if you want.” Hadwin turned to Trina and added, “Trina, bring me the documents.”

Trina walked over, appearing **docile**. However, her gaze toward Hamish revealed a hint of her inappropriate thoughts, ‘Hamish **is** considerably **more** handsome than in magazines and on television. He’s also the CEO **of** Tang Fusion Studios and its chief designer.’

Many women dreamed of being with Hamish. Compared to him, Hadwin looked like **a** clown. Even **so**, there was nothing Trina could do **with** Hamish since **he** stood at the top of the metaphorical food chain. He was **not** someone a woman like Trina could aspire to be with.

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Once Hamish finished reviewing the proposal, his expression darkened. “**What is this? It’s** not even a proper proposal. **Why** would you waste my time with **this** garbage?!”

Hadwin felt so embarrassed that he wished to hide in a hole. Many representatives from other

companies were there to compete for the project. They all watched mockingly.

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Hadwin blushed **as** he asked, "I'm sorry, Mr. Hamish, can you be more specific? What's the issue with my proposal?"

"There's no way you're this clueless. I don't need to point it out to you. I'm looking for a business partner, not a student. Your behavior is absurdly irritating," Hamish said Impatiently.

Hadwin felt humiliated, while the other company representatives felt relieved that they had not acted like Hadwin did when he saw Hamish. They considered themselves lucky not to have submitted their proposals so hastily.

Bonnie then turned to Avril and said, "Why don't you show Mr. Hamish your proposal?"

"Hmm?" Avril **was** absent-minded for a moment as she looked back at Bonnie. "A-Are you sure?"

Avril **was** worried she would get mocked, just like Hadwin did. If so, it would be embarrassing- However, Bonnie grabbed Avril's shoulders and positioned her before Hamish, saying, "It's okay. You

can trust me."

Faced with Hamish's imposing presence, Avril froze. Meanwhile, Hadwin awkwardly stepped aside, thinking it was funny that someone else **had** dared to step forward.

'Well, at least I won't be alone in his situation.'

"I, uh, you see-" Avril was terrified and could barely form a sentence. She felt even more

embarrassed than Hadwin.

Soon after, Hamish asked, "**Do** you have a proposal for me, too?"

"Hmm?" Ariel did not expect him to be so direct. It seemed he gave her a way out with a surprisingly gentle tone. It was **a** stark contrast to how he had treated Hadwin, making Avril relax slightly.

"Yes, I'm a representative of the Smith family, Mr. Hamish. Here's our proposal. Please take a look and tell us what you think."

"Sure, let me take a gander." Hamish accepted the proposal but complained inwardly. After all, he not only needed to run **the** company for Bonnie, but **he** also had to design things. It seemed he even

needed to learn **to** act now.

Avril's heart pounded, afraid that Hamish might also criticize her proposal and call it garbage. On the other hand, Daken **was** not as nervous. **He** glanced at Bonnie and then at Hamish, frowning as he pondered something.

Meanwhile, Hadwin eagerly **awaited** Hamish's criticism **of the** Smiths' proposal.

'No good proposal can come from **a** small family like the Smiths. There's no way theirs is better than mine. Besides, **I** saw Bonnie making additions and corrections **to** the Smiths' proposal. What a joke. They must be stupid **to** allow an outsider like Bonnie **to** improve their proposal.' Trina was also anticipating **a** spectacle. She could not wait to ridicule Bonnie.

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Even if the Smiths' initial proposal was subpar, Bonnie's pretentious additions will worsen it. **If** they fail, I can sow discord between Boule and the Smiths,' Trina thought

"Well, well, it's a pretty decent proposal." Hamish looked satisfied,

Hadwin was flabbergasted, and so was Trina. Everyone, including Avril, looked at Hamish with surprise as he continued, "These additional parts are the cherry on top. **It's** a stroke of genius that I genuinely admire?"

Bonnie was speechless as she forced a simile, thinking Hamish had gone over the top with his flattery. Nonetheless, the wide-eyed Avril slowly turned to look at Bonnie. Even Daken looked at the latter and

then back at Hamish.

Daken frowned in thought while Hadwin was in disbelief, muttering, "**H**—How's that possible?"

Trina could not help but think, 'Wh—what?! How's Bonnie so capable? **Even if she** were hiding her true identity, she can't be so capable, right? Academics are one thing, **but** the business world is another.

'Bonnie's around my age, too. I can't believe she possesses such **an outstanding** business mindset. Even Mr. Hamish praised her.'

Hamish handed the proposal to his assistant and asked, "What do you think?"

The assistant began to sweat. He knew he would get fired if he dared to disagree with Hamish. After all, Bonnie had made changes to it herself.

"It's perfect, Mr. Hamish! I couldn't have imagined making such changes to this proposal. They're just immaculate." The assistant exaggerated his admiration, leaving Bonnie speechless.

Hamish glared at his assistant as **if to** say the latter had overdone it. The assistant noticed his boss's gaze and realized he had indeed gone too **far**. The assistant then cleared his throat and awkwardly stepped aside.

Hamish approached Daken and shook his hand, saying, "Here's **to a** pleasant cooperation, Mr.

Daken."

Daken shook Hamish's hand blankly and said, "Likewise, Mr. Hamish."

Hadwin's mouth was agape **while** the other company representatives sighed and shook their heads. They regretted **not** being bold enough to show Hamish their proposals sooner. Nonetheless, they were too late, and the Smiths had claimed the project.

Hadwin could not accept **defeat**. He strode **over** and asked, "Mr. Hamish, can I look at their proposal?"

"You think—" Hamish paused and then handed the proposal **to** Hadwin. "Here, take a look **for** yourself."

Hadwin carefully examined the document and noticed it was about the same as his. However, his eyes

lit up when he saw the changes Bonnie had made.

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Hadwin thought the changes were extraordinary. He even wondered if he had made a mistake **and** began **to** realize that Bonnie **might** possess remarkable talent **in** business.

As the crowd dispersed, he looked at **the departing** Bonnie and quickly called out **to** her, "**Bonnie**, I must admit that **I** underestimated **you**. You're much more competent **than** everyone thinks."

Trina felt **a** sense of unease when **she heard** that.

Hadwin added, "Bonnie, I know **you don't** have **a proper place** to stay **and no** source **of** income since your family disowned you. Attending university is **expensive, right? Since that's the** case, I suggest you work in my company as my secretary. **I'll pay you seven hundred** dollars **a** month."

Bonnie **was** dumbfounded as she looked at Hadwin.

"What, is my offer too low? Money isn't easy **to come by, Bonnie. Not** all Ppyralis University graduates can find **good jobs**. Besides, **you** have no work experience at the moment. I'm offering you a pretty generous amount," Hadwin continued to persuade Bonnie.

"You should get your head checked. **You** might have **a** concussion," Bonnie replied in exasperation.

"Okay, how about I pay you fourteen hundred? It's double my initial offer, but you'll need to put in the corresponding effort. Besides your secretarial duties, **you'll also** revise some of the company's proposals.

"Also, I can rent you a house since you probably don't have a place to stay now. Now that you're studying at Ppyralis University, I can provide you with a scholarship. Still, **I'll** be investing a lot in you. Once you graduate, you can only **join my company**.

"If you want to switch jobs down **the** line, **you'll** need to repay me ten times, no, a hundred times. That's fair enough, right?" Hadwin felt he was being **generous** by offering such things.

'Bonnie should be grateful and maybe even **throw** herself into my arms. Well, I'd be in a dilemma if she did that. I'd be torn between choosing **my** fiancée and **Bonnie**.'

"Gosh, can you stop being **such** a pest? It's wild how **shamelessly** bold you can be sometimes. You show such poor conduct, too! **You** own a **small** and **pathetic** company, yet you want me to be your secretary. You're reaching," Bonnie vented her frustrations.

She could not bear Hadwin's pitiful antics. **If she were anywhere else**, she would have done much worse to him long ago.

"Haha!" Someone in **the** crowd laughed, **causing** Hadwin **to** turn red **with anger**.

Since Hamish had scolded Hadwin **before this**, **the latter could not** retaliate. Hadwin could only lower his head, considering Hamish's identity. However, Hadwin **could not** tolerate getting humiliated by

Bonnie.

Hadwin grabbed **Bonnie's** collar and **said**, "**You** have **no** shame, **do you?!**"

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"Don't you dare!" **Hamish** stepped forward and pried **Hadwin's hand** from Bonnie's collar. At that **moment**, everyone fell **silent**.

"Mr. Hamish, I didn't want **to cause** trouble **in** your company, but **you** heard her words. Anyone **would get angry after** hearing such harsh things. So, **please**, Mr. **Hamish**, let me **teach** her a lesson."

Hadwin **stared** at **Bonnie**. **He** would not feel relieved unless **he slapped** her.

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"**Let** you teach her a lesson? Who do you think you are? **I** can crush the Rhodes with **a** snap fingers. She is an **intern in** my company, and you are trying **to** poach my employee. How dare **you tell** me not **to** interfere!"

"**Wh—what?**" Hadwin was shocked. "She's interning at your company?"

"That's right! Bonnie's my employee. You just laid your hands on her in my presence and then asked me not to meddle. **If** you don't apologize to her, you'll be at odds with Tang Fusion Studios. My patience is limited. I'll count to three."

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Hamish did **not** give Hadwin time to think and began to count down, “**One**, two, three. **Someone**, throw him out. Jordan, post a notice on the website. Tang Fusion Studios will never cooperate **with the** Rhodes. We will also refuse to work with any company collaborating **with** the Rhodes family.”

Hamish’s statement meant that Tang Fusion Studios would cut **off** all connections the Rhodes had in **the city**. After all, no one could afford to **offend** Tang Fusion Studios for **the** Rhodes’ sake.

Hadwin paled as he **hastily** pleaded, “Mr. Hamish, I didn’t say I wouldn’t **apologize! It’s just** that **you** counted too quickly, and I couldn’t react in **time**.”

Trina felt just as uneasy **as** her fiancé. **She** had chosen to be **with** him because **of** his background. If the Rhodes collapsed, **she** would not know **what to** do.

Hamish questioned, “Are you blaming me for **that?**”

“N–No, Mr. Hamish! I wouldn’t dare to blame **you**. I’ll apologize right away!” Hadwin approached Bonnie and lowered his head. Even if he was unwilling, he had to show sincerity now.

“Bonnie, I’m **sorry**. Please forgive me!”

Trina felt humiliated as she watched Hadwin practically begging for Bonnie’s forgiveness. However, Bonnie remained indifferent as she turned to Hamish, saying, “Toss him out. He annoys me.”

Hamish gestured to the security guards. "Get him out of here."

"No, please! I already apologized!" Hadwin struggled and shouted, but the security guards dragged

him out.

Meanwhile, Bonnie shifted her gaze to Trina, causing the latter to pale and sweat. Trina felt hatred and panic as Bonnie questioned, "Why are you still here? Do you want the guards to throw you out like they did with your fiance?"

"N-no, no! I'll leave on my own." Trina fled.

"That was satisfying to watch." Avril could not help but clap while her father looked back and forth between Bonnie and Hamish.

Avril whispered to Daken, "Dad, I think there must be some relationship between Bonnie and Mr. Hamish. I don't believe Bonnie's just his employee. What CEO would do such a thing for an intern?"

"Yeah, you're right." Daken agreed.

"Do you think the person who picked Bonnie up in that Maybach the other day was Mr. Hamish?"

"That's highly likely."

Avril analyzed the situation confidently **yet** quietly, "It's not just **likely**. Only a handful of people in the whole city can afford such **a** car. Who else could it be besides Mr. Hamish? I initially **felt** a little sorry **for** Bonnie because Mr. Hamish is fifteen years older than her.

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"But after watching their interaction, I realized how protective Mr. Hamish is over Bonnie. Being with him will only benefit Bonnie," Avril gazed at Bonnie as she spoke,

Suddenly, the latter turned and saw Avril's peculiar expression,

Ding!

Bonnie received a message from Ivor that read, "I'm at the entrance **of** Tang Pusion Studios."

“That was fast.”

When Bonnie left in the morning, Ivor texted her to ask where she was, She did not bother to make up excuses because it required too much effort. Hence, she simply told Ivor that she was working at Tang Fusion Studios,

Ivor thought she was just an intern and did not **pry**. Instead, with a hint of disappointment, he asked her why she did **not** intern **at his** company.

“I’ll be right out,” Bonnie replied with a text.

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After replying to Ivor’s **text**, Bonnie told **Avril**, “My friend’s here to pick me **up**. I’ll head out first.”

“Oh, sure.” Avril subconsciously looked toward the entrance. She was astounded when she saw the black Maybach. “Dad! It’s that car again. **What’s** going on?”

Draken looked just as bewildered. “Were our assumptions wrong? So, Mr. Hamish isn’t the owner of that Maybach?”

The **father**–daughter duo exchanged puzzled glances.

A few **days** later, Bonnie received **a call** from Hamish, **saying**, “Ms. **Bonnie**, tonight’s the competition for **the** Lenfield Resort. You must notify Windbreaker and ensure she comes.”

“Don’t worry. She promised to attend,” Bonnie replied with **a** laugh.

“All right, then.”

“By the way, how’s the house? You’re still looking for one for me, right?”

“I sent you some suggestions last time, but you either didn’t like the location or complained about the layout and decoration.”

“Are you accusing me **of** being troublesome?” Bonnie raised a brow.

“Of course not. I’m just venting. I’ll keep looking and get Jordan to search more diligently.”

Ivor had come in earlier and heard about Bonnie looking for a house. “What’s up? Haven’t found a suitable one yet?”

Bonnie nodded, feeling a bit **of** a headache, Ivor moved **closer** and asked, “How about Lenfield Resort?”

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Bonnie’s eyes lit up when **she** heard that. Ivor explained, “Lenfield Resort is a summer home. It’s an excellent place for tourism and vacations. The scenery is pleasant, and there’s even an orchard in the

back.”

‘He’s right. Lenfield Resort is perfect.’

With that in mind, **Bonnie** found **it** amusing. After all, she had overlooked it because Hamish wanted her to invite Windbreaker to participate in **the** Lenfield **Resort’s** racing competition.

“The best **villa at Lenfield** Resort is **Villa 8 because it** has the best view. If you like it, I’ll give it to you

when I win **the race.**”

Ivor was even more confident about winning **the development rights for** Lenfield **Resort because of** how Bonnie’s **eyes lit** up when he mentioned it. It **became** apparent that she liked that place.

“Wait, **you’re** also participating in the competition?” Bonnie asked, somewhat amused.

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The development rights for Lenfield **Resort had** stirred **a** commotion **among the city’s** big shots. Of course, the Knights—being a **top-tier** powerhouse—had to join in.

“Also?” **Ivor stared** at Bonnie in confusion.

The latter explained, “Oh since I’m interning at Tang **Fusion Studios**, I overheard **the employees** gossiping. They said Tang Fusion Studios is also participating in **the competition** for **the** resort.”

Bonnie’s explanation had no loopholes and did not arouse any suspicion in Ivor. **Still, he** frowned and said, “It’s just a **pity.**”

“What is?”

Ivor looked at Bonnie and asked, “**It’s a** shame we **couldn’t** invite Windbreaker. Since you mentioned racing before, you should’ve heard the name Windbreaker, right?”

Bonnie nodded shyly.

“If my family could invite Windbreaker, winning **the** development rights would be **a** sure thing. Unfortunately, saying this now is pointless. **Hey, come** with me to watch the competition tonight.”

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I Love You Miss Genius (Bonnie Shepard) CHAPTER 139

Chapter 139

Bonnie was **stunned**, stammering, “**I; uh, can’t go.**”

“Why? I thought you liked racing.”

After struggling for a while, Bonnie **finally** came up **with** a reason, “**Well,** I’m **not** feeling well.”

Ivor became nervous as he palmed Bonnie’s **forehead**. “It **doesn’t** seem **like** you have a fever.”

He looked at her up and down, making her uncomfortable. She regretted using **this** excuse and said, “I -It’s a woman thing. It’s inappropriate to talk about. You **don’t** need **to worry**.”

Ivor looked at her belly and said, “It’s not a minor issue if it’s a stomach problem. That’s where my future children will develop. You have to be careful, you know.”

Bonnie glared at Ivor as he continued, “Does it hurt? My mom says women usually experience pain during these times. Let me give **you** a massage.”

“Do you want me to break your hands?” Bonnie smiled. “Forget it. **I’m** going upstairs to sleep.”

“I’ll carry you up,” Ivor offered.

“Thanks, but no thanks.” Bonnie turned and walked away.

However, Ivor swiftly lifted her in a princess carry. Bonnie gasped. No one had ever held her in such an embarrassing position before. She blushed, and her heart pounded. “Put me down!”

“Don’t be stubborn. I’ll carry you up.” Ivor stepped upstairs.

“Ivor, I told you to put me down!” Bonnie raised her voice.

Meanwhile, Neville was in his room working on robots when he heard the commotion. He opened the door a crack and looked outside, muttering, “Tsk, tsk, tsk. Adults sure know how to play.”

The duo looked upstairs when they heard his words. Neville raised his fist at Ivor and said, “Bro, go for it! You can do it! Make sure to marry her, or I’ll be embarrassed.”

He then closed the door with a bang.

Ivor smiled at Bonnie. “Did you hear that? My little brother said he’ll feel embarrassed if I don’t

marry you.”

“That’s not my problem! Now, put me down, damn it!” Bonnie began to struggle.

Ivor realized it would **be** dangerous if he dropped **her**. He leaned in and whispered, “There’s a reward if you behave and listen **to me**.”

Whether intentional or not, his breath brushed past Bonnie's **cheek** and made her squirm. She even blushed. Ivor noticed her reaction, and his smile widened. "So, that's **your** weakness."

Bonnie became wide-eyed in embarrassment and anger. When she tried to roll over **to escape** his

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grasp, he restrained **her** instead. "Don't move so **recklessly**, or I might just **eat you** up."

Ivor's attractive voice made Bonnie **blush** even more. She also **noticed** him staring at her, thinking he

did **it on purpose**.

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I Love You Miss Genius (Bonnie Shepard) CHAPTER 140

Go

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Bonnie had never suffered such humiliation, so she decided to get **even**. Once inside the room, Ivor reluctantly **put** her down. He wanted **to** carry Bonnie to the bed but feared making her **angry**.

"Get some **rest**. **Tell** the butler **if** you need anything." Ivor seemed hesitant as he left. He then stopped and **added**, "**The** butler's a man, which may be inconvenient for you. **I'll** tell the housekeepers to take **care of** you **instead**."

"Don't be **in** such a **hurry to leave**," Bonnie smirked **as** she **approached** Ivor and drew circles **on** his **chest**. "**I** haven't thanked **you** for carrying **me up** yet."

Ivor blushed **as** he watched her finger circle **his** chest. He **gulped** and wished **to** take her at that moment. Suddenly, Bonnie pushed him away and turned around, saying, “**I’m** tired. You can leave now.”

Ivor was speechless and dissatisfied. **He** then saw Bonnie smiling mischievously and revealed a helpless smile. **He** knew **he could** do nothing about it. Still, Ivor could only continue to spoil Bonnie **because he** liked her.

Later that evening, Bonnie changed into her racing suit and drove to the racing track once Ivor left.

“Ivor, you’re finally here! Hey, where’s Bonnie? I thought **you** said she liked racing, too. Why isn’t she here?”

“Oh, she’s not feeling well.”

“Oh, **I** see.”

Ged observed the driver Ivor had hired and whispered to **Ivor**, “**Is** your driver okay? Our toughest opponent **will** be Vulture.”

“We have no choice but to make it work.” Ivor squinted.

Ged knew Ivor too well. When **the** former saw Ivor’s expression, **he** knew something was amiss. Ged said, “Although you wanted **to win** before, **you didn’t** look as determined as you do now. What changed?”

Ivor replied, “Because Bonnie thinks highly of Lenfield Resort.”

“Um, that’s unexpectedly **cheesy of you**,” Ged said as he gazed **at Tang** Fusion Studios’s camp. “I heard Mr. Hamish **found a** formidable **driver**. I looked around **but didn’t** see his driver anywhere.”

“Don’t mind him. We must win **the competition**, no matter **what**. I’ve already discussed it **with** Yosef. I’ll give him whatever he **wants** if he wins.” **Ivor’s indifference had an unyielding** arrogance.

Ged shook his **head without saying** a word.

On the **opposite side**, Hamish **was anxious**. **All the major racing teams’** drivers **had** arrived at the scene, except for his. Bonnie **told** him **not to** worry, **but Windbreaker** had **yet to** arrive. Hamish began

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to wonder if Windbreaker had pulled out or if something had happened on the way over

Xavier Sheffyn, the president of Sheffyn Entertainment, approached. “Mr. Hamish, where’s your driver? Why haven’t we seen them?”

Hamish sneered at Xavier. “What, are you here to macle ine?”

“Why would I, Mr. Hamish? I told you I wanted to arrange for my sister to marry you. Although you disagreed, I still consider you part of the family,” Xavier squinted. “Also, everyone knows that my nemesis is the Knight family, not you.’

Then, why **are** you here?” Hamish was not in the mood for small talk with Xavier.

“Don’t be so hostile, Mr. Hamish. I just wanted to tell you that my driver is Vulture. No one has a chance of winning unless Windbreaker shows up. How about you withdraw from the race? I’ll share half of the development rights **with** you.”

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“What do you mean you’ll give me half? I don’t need your charity.”

“What makes you say that, Mr. Hamish? It’s not charity. I just want to ally with you, and we can deal with the Knights together,” Xavier spoke mysteriously.

“You want to deal with the Knight family together? They’re the wealthiest family in the city, and their

roots go

back more than a hundred years. Although our companies are also at the top, it may be a tough battle to fight.

“The conflicts between the Knights and Tang Fusion Studios aren’t that significant. Do you think your can use Lenfield Resort’s development rights to bait me in? You’re pretty cunning, Mr. Xavier.”

Hamish sneered and added, “So what **if** you have Vulture? How do you know that I don’t have Windbreaker?”

Xavier’s eyes widened. “How’s that possible? Windbreaker has been retired for a while now. Even the Sheffyns and the Knights couldn’t find her. How could you? Oh, I see. You’re just trying **to** intimidate

1. me.

“There’s really no need for that, Mr. Hamish. Everyone **here** knows, each other. Don’t worry. I won’t make fun of you.” Although Xavier said that, mockery was evident in his eyes.

Many nearby overheard their conversation and followed suit in chuckling. They discretely mocked Hamish for saying such things to intimidate his rivals.

At that moment, a silver–and–red racing car appeared.

“**That** car looks awesome! It must be quite expensive!”

“Hey, don’t you guys think this car looks familiar?”

“Ah! I remember! 1–It looks like Windbreaker’s car!”

Everyone was shocked. Eyen Ivor, Hamish, and Xavier turned to look.

“Is this really Windbreaker’s car?”

“I’m not sure. Maybe someone imitated Windbreaker’s car and is just showing off.”

“**You** could be right. By the way, have any of you actually seen Windbreaker in person?”

“I haven’t.”

“I **have**, but she was always wearing a helmet.”

“Same here. Come to think of it, no one has seen Windbreaker’s face.”

While everyone conversed, the race car stopped in front of Hamish. Then, a young lady wearing a helmet matching the car’s color got out. The young lady wore a sleek and racing suit, and her figure **was** graceful and charming.

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At that moment, everyone wondered if it was actually her. Hamish addressed her, "Are you Windbreaker? Ms. Bonnie contacted you, right?"

Bonnie, or in this case, Windbreaker, nodded. "Yep, she did."

Hamish was stunned, thinking her voice sounded so familiar.

"Yep, huh? Hmm 'Hamish's eyes widened as he looked at the young lady from top to bottom. The more he looked, the more astonished he became. Her figure, her cues, her appearance. Could it be

Xavier assessed Bonnie and asked, "Mr. Hamish, is she the real Windbreaker or an impostor?"

He asked the question everyone wanted to know the answer to. Meanwhile, Hamish felt secretly pleased and maintained a neutral expression, saying, "We'll find that out soon enough.

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Hamish was sure the person under that helmet was who he thought it was. "All right, let's stop standing around and take our positions."

Xavier looked away from Bonnie, thinking it was unlikely Hamish managed to find the real Windbreaker.

'He probably found someone to impersonate Windbreaker to keep his dignity.'

As Bonnie was about to get into her car, she sensed someone's burning gaze. When she turned around, she saw Ivor standing in the crowd, scrutinizing her and making her feel uneasy.

'Does he rec

recognize me? That's impossible. I'm all covered up and in a helmet.'

Bonnie would not be surprised if Hamish recognized her. After all, she had intentionally dropped him

a hint earlier.

"Whoo, my idol is here!" Ged exclaimed excitedly. "Ivor, I finally get to see my idol again. Still, you're in trouble. With Windbreaker around, we probably won't get the development rights."

"Are you sure **she's** Windbreaker?" Ivor frowned.

"She must **be!**"

"How do you know?"

"You don't understand. It's **a** man's intuition!" Ged said confidently.

Ivor rolled his eyes in **silence**, thinking, 'Is he saying I'm not a man?'

Despite the banter, his gaze remained fixed on Bonnie as he asked, "Don't you think she looks

familiar?"

"Who do you think she resembles? Your fiancée, Bonnie?"

Ivor was shocked. "What are you thinking?"

"What else can I think? That's how you are. You think everyone looks like your fiancée. You left her for a moment, and you're already hallucinating about her," Ged teased.

Ivor glared at him and **then** turned back to Bonnie. After **some** thought, Ivor said, "Don't you think they look highly similar? **Doesn't** her figure, posture, and demeanor remind you of Ms. Bonita?"

"What?!" Ged was startled by **what** Ivor said.

"**Ivor**, you never cease to amaze me with your words. I never knew you had such a vivid imagination. Do you think the legendary Windbreaker is Ms. Bonita? Do you honestly believe that?" Ged spoke with disbelief.

"I just said they just look similar. I didn't say they were the same person," Ivor said calmly.

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“Of course, they can’t be the same person. How can they be? Ms. Bonita is devoted to scientific research and is an irreplaceable figure in our country’s scientific community. Where would she find the time to **go** street racing?

status, the

“Even if she has the time, how can she become a legendary racer? Besides, with her authorities wouldn’t allow her to do that. Street racing is a high–risk activity. If anything goes wrong. the losses are unimaginable.” Ged shook his head.

“Achoo!” Bonnie had just fastened her seatbelt when she sneezed.

‘Someone must be talking about me.’

Through the rearview mirror, Bonnie saw Ivor looking in her direction.

“Was it him?”

Hamish walked over and asked softly, “Ms. Bonnie, are you really Windbreaker?”

“Yes, I am.” Bonnie **nodded**.

Hamish gasped. Although he had guessed it, it was still shocking. “I knew it. You neglect the company all the time. It turns out you’re playing street racing.

Bonnie raised an eyebrow. She wanted to tell him that she was busy with research instead of racing. However, she **decided** not to explain herself.

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Chapter 143

Vulture then approached in his black racing suit and said, "I don't care if you're Windbreaker or not, but you'll be my underling today,"

Bonnie retorted, "I've heard about you and studied you. You're pretty good, but there's room for improvement. Aw, do you dream of beating me? Maybe in a hundred years, bud,"

"Hmph, you arrogant little-"

"Oh, I didn't finish. I meant to say, not even in a hundred years."

"I sure hope you are Windbreaker. Then, I can shame you for what you just said!"

Bonnie waved a finger at him and said solemnly, "Tsk, tak, tak, you won't have that chance,"

Vulture was outraged. "Calling you arrogant was an understatement!"

Bonnie responded calmly, "Arrogant or not, I can back my words up,"

"Fine! Let's see if you can. We'll settle this once and for all!" Vulture was determined to show Bonnie the consequences of her arrogance.

Hamish interjected, "We can't settle the score tonight. Don't forget that today's just the preliminary round. The finals **will** be in a week."

Locals were not the only ones competing for the development rights. Big shots from other major cities had joined, too. Over a hundred factions had gathered for the race, making it unrealistic for everyone to race in one go.

Hence, they made it into a tournament and divided the participants into ten groups. Unsurprisingly, Bonnie and Vulture were not in the same group.

"You're lucky tonight. I hope you don't get eliminated in the first round, or it'll be embarrassing," Vulture **threatened**.

"Likewise." Bonnie feared nothing.

Xavier stared at Bonnie's car and then instructed the people nearby, "Have the representatives of the Zion, Steele, and Olson families give up the race and surround that so-called Windbreaker's car. If necessary..."

Xavier **made** a throat-cutting gesture.

"Understood, Mr. Xavier."

Soon, the race started with a gunshot. Bonnie had just driven off when a car from behind collided

with her.

“Ugh!” Bonnie grunted. The impact was **so** sudden that her forehead hit the steering wheel, causing

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her vision to blur and her head to throb.

“What the hell **is** that all about?!” Ged was furious. “Such shameless behavior! We’re competing fairly, yet they’re using such dirty tricks!”

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Ivor looked at the car that collided with Bonnie and immediately recognized it. “That’s the Olsons” representative. The Olsons are acquaintances with the Sheffyns. Their family’s head married Xavier’s aunt. I’m not surprised they want to knock Windbreaker out of the race.”

“That’s disgusting!” Ged complained, “I won’t forgive the Sheffyns if anything happens to Windbreaker!”

“You’ll have no evidence, and they’ll blame the car for malfunctioning if you confront them. What can you do then?”

“But I...” Although Ged was furious, he knew Ivor was right. “You love racing, too, Ivor. Isn’t Windbreaker kind of your idol? How can you be so calm when others are trying to eliminate her? Aren’t you worried?”

“She’s your idol, not mine. I like racing, but that doesn’t mean I idolize Windbreaker. Besides, represents Tang Fusion Studios, not my family. **If** something happens, the loss is Tang Fusion. Studios’s, not mine,” Ivor spoke indifferently.

“Nothing that can stir you **up** except Bonnie.” Ged shrugged.

Meanwhile, Bonnie quickly regained her composure and adjusting thoughts. At that moment, She looked through the rearview mirror and noticed the car behind her preparing to collide again. She stepped on the accelerator, even though there was a sharp turn ahead.

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Since the corner was sharp, some drivers would still crash even after decelerating.

“Oh no! That’s a hairpin corner, and Windbreaker is accelerating! At this rate, she’s bound to crash!” Ged anxiously exclaimed.

“She won’t make that turn.” Ivor frowned.

‘Please be okay, Ms. Bonnie!’

Hamish wanted to slap himself at that moment. He would not have let Bonnie participate if he had known Xavier was so ruthless. Even so, he also had not expected Bonnie to be Windbreaker.

“It seems you’re unlucky, Mr. Hamish. Still, you can’t can’t blame anyone in this scenario. The car behind Windbreaker malfunctioned. Keep your spirits up. She’s just a racer, after all,” Xavier said

with a smirk.

“Xavier!” Hamish cursed, “Do you think I don’t know what you’re up to?! The Olsons are your lackeys. If anything happens to Windbreaker, Tang Fusion Studios will come for you!”

Xavier was stunned.

“Windbreaker’s just a racer. I don’t understand why Hamish is so pissed off. He doesn’t look like he’s joking, either. What’s their relationship?”

Meanwhile, Bonnie’s car had already reached the sharp corner. Some held their breaths while others covered their eyes, not daring to look. Bonnie’s focus intensified as she coordinated herself to pull off a miracle.

Instead of witnessing car crash, everyone saw a perfect four-wheel drift through the hairpin corner.

“Damn! That’s **so** cool!” Ged instinctively raised his fist and cheered as he was full of admiration for

Windbreaker.

Others followed suit **and** gave a thunderous applause. Finally, they felt assured that the driver was indeed Windbreaker. After all, only she could pull off such a miracle. Even Ivor clapped to show his appreciation. However, he felt a little regretful.

‘If only she were my family’s representative instead.’

Hamish sighed in relief and patted his chest.

‘Well, that was a horrible experience.’

“You don’t need to be so nervous, Mr. Hamish. Is there something going on between you and Windbreaker?” Xavier asked provocatively.

“That’s none of your damn **business**,” Hamish retorted irritably.

“Don’t be so crude. I was **just** asking.

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“Don’t make me repeat myself, damn it!”

“Hamish, you-”

“It’s none of your damn business!”

Meanwhile, Bonnie executed another high-speed drift, causing the audience to cheer again, “Wow, that **was** amazing!”

“It seems Windbreaker’s destined to win.’ With that in mind, Xavier signaled his assistant, who then quickly messaged the representatives of the Zion, Steele, and Olson families.

“The boss is running out of patience.”

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Chapter 145

When the three families received the news, they instructed their racers to attack Bonnie. However, the racers replied, "We're trying! We need to catch up to do that!"

The heads of the three families exchanged helpless glances as they watched Windbreaker leave the other racers in the dust. There was no way they could attack. Even touching the tail of her car seemed impossible.

The preliminary rounds ended predictably with Bonnie's victory.

Hamish rushed to Bonnie's side. "Ms. Bonnie, are you okay? Should I take you to the hospital?"

"I'm fine," Bonnie said, but she was getting dizzy. She just wanted to go home and rest.

"Are you sure?" Hamish asked with concern.

"I wouldn't have won if I weren't."

"Right, Ms. Bonnie. You were amazing out there." Hamish then turned to glare at Xavier and Gibren, the **head** of the Olson family.

Xavier and Gibren noticed it, even though they **stood** some distance from Hamish. Xavier frowned not expecting Hamish to confront the Sheffyns for Windbreaker's sake. However, Xavier remembered how upset Hamish **was** just now.

Bonnie was about to leave when Ged **and** Ivor blocked her.

'Did they find out who I am?'

"Windbreaker, I'm Ged, your loyal fan!" Ged grabbed Bonnie's hand and shook it excitedly. Bonnie could have endured it, but Ged's vigorous handshake caused her head to hurt again.

"Did something happen to your head? Remove your helmet. Let me see," Ged expressed concern. If he had not been afraid she would resist, he would have quickly removed the helmet for her.

Ivor frowned. For some reason, his heart pounded when he heard Windbreaker's muffled voice. Meanwhile, Bonnie smelled blood around her nose and felt it dripping down into her helmet.

The irritated Hamish gently took Bonnie aside and whispered, "Come on, I'll take you to the hospital. Don't refuse, or I'll resign as CEO."

Of course, he was irritated with the other families, not Bonnie.

The latter was aware of her injury. Although she had medical knowledge, she ultimately agreed to visit the hospital. "Okay, let's **go**."

Hearing Bonnie's compromise, Hamish sighed in relief. A moment ago, he considered getting tough with her if she refused to go to the hospital. Nonetheless, he quickly opened his car door and urged Bonnie to get in.

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The dizzied Bonnie did not notice a stone at her feet and stumbled. She lost her balance and fell forward, but Ivor grabbed her arm and prevented her from falling

"Thanks," Bonnie politely expressed her gratitude.

Ivor's frown deepened when he felt her hand. "Have we met somewhere before?"

"Probably not," Bonnie replied, worried Ivor would recognize her. If the conversation continued. So, without further delay, she got into the car.

After watching the car leave, Ivor took out his phone and texted Bonnie. "What are you doing?"

Bonnie looked at the message and shook her head.

"Yep, he's suspicious."

"I was just about to **go** to sleep," she replied

Ivor did not give up, asking,

an we do a video call

Bonnie edited the message. "I'm sleeping."

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Chapter 146

Once Bonnie left the hospital with Hamish, he said incessantly, “You remember what the doctor said, right, Ms. Bonnie? Although the wound isn’t deep, it isn’t shallow, either. Don’t let water touch it when you shower later. Also, no strenuous activities, no staying up late, and—”

“All right, already! You told me all that several times. My ears will bleed if you repeat it,” Bonnie said,

exhausted.

Hamish wanted to say more but could only shut his mouth after getting scolded. After a while, he spoke again, “You shouldn’t participate in the finals next week.”

“No way!” Bonnie refused.

Hamish looked at the bandage on Bonnie’s head as he said, “What do you mean **no** way? You can’t go with that injury. Are you kidding me? Xavier isn’t only despicable and shameless but also ruthless. I wouldn’t want you to go, even if you weren’t injured.

“Sure, the development rights to Lenfield Resort are important, but it’s nothing compared to your safety. Anyway, I won’t let you go.”

Bonnie glared at him. “Is it your company or mine? Are you trying to decide for me?”

“Wow, I didn’t know you remembered that it’s your company. I thought you forgot,” Hamish

alone. complained sarcastically, “I’m exhausted with taking care of such a vast company

“I understand that you were preparing for the college entrance exams before, but you already passed. You should spare some time for work, but no. Instead, you want to- H- Hey!”

Before he could finish, Bonnie hailed a cab and left. When she reached Ivor's house, she saw his Maybach parked in the garage.

'He's back already? Shit! Did he go to my room to check on me?'

Bonnie's heart pounded, and she ran upstairs to look through the crack. She sighed in relief when she realized the light was not on. When she entered and turned on the light, she was startled to see a man sitting on her bed.

"Wh—why are you in my room?!"

Ivor stood up and approached Bonnie, asking, "Didn't you tell me you were going to sleep?"

"**Uh**, yeah. I said I was, but I couldn't fall asleep, so I went for a walk instead." Bonnie said casually.

Ivor stood close to Bonnie and looked at the fisherman's hat she wore. "Why'd you go for a walk with **this** hat on when it's already nighttime?"

"My hair was messy, and I was too lazy to comb it." Bonnie did not **give** Ivor a chance to pry and faked a yawn, saying, "It's late, and I'm tired. I should sleep."

As she walked past Ivor, he grabbed her arm. She looked up at him and asked, "Is there something

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you need?"

"Oh, nothing. I just like your hat, that's all. Why don't you let me borrow it for a moment?" Ivor smiled.

"Don't you have your own?" Bonnie raised an eyebrow.

"You **seem** to care a lot about this hat." Ivor squinted.

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"You're so boring. I don't want to talk to you." Bonnie pulled away from Ivor's grasp as she spoke. Immediately after, she noticed him reaching toward her head.

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Chapter 147

“What are you doing?” Bonnie stepped back, narrowly avoiding Ivor’s **grasp**.

Ivor narrowed his eyes. “What are you hiding? You didn’t go for a walk like you said, did you?”. Bonnie sighed and turned solemn, saying, “Fine, I went to have dinner with some friends who happened to be men. I didn’t tell you because I didn’t want to cause a misunderstanding

Taking a deep breath, Bonnie turned solemn.

“Whenever I do something with my male friends, you always act weird and make me uncomfortable.”

Ivor

noticed Bonnie getting angry and seemed to believe her. After some thought, he apologized, “I’m sorry. I shouldn’t have questioned you.

“Apology accepted. I know you care about me, but I’m exhausted and **need** some rest.” Bonnie then turned and avoided eye contact **as** if giving him a cold shoulder.

“Okay, then, I’ll leave you to it.” Ivor turned and left.

Once the door closed, Bonnie sighed in relief.

‘**Good** thing I’m excellent at thinking on my feet. Otherwise, Ivor would’ve found me out.’

Bonnie grew dizzier as sleepiness kept washing over her. She then entered the bathroom to take a shower. “Ouch! I forgot.”

She had forgotten about the wound on her forehead, and the water splashed onto it. Still, she took a quick shower, put on her pajamas, and went to sleep.

The following day, Professor Terry called and told her about a vital research breakthrough. He also told Bonnie to visit the research institute. On the way there, Bonnie felt drowsy and desperate for more sleep.

Half an hour later, a group of older professors gathered around Bonnie at the research institute's conference room. As she sat and listened to their reports, her vision darkened, and she fell

unconscious.

"Ms. Bonita!"

"Something's wrong! Ms. Bonita fainted. Quick, call a doctor!"

"Hey, we need a doctor in here!"

"Oh no! Ms. Bonita's bleeding from her forehead!"

The research institute descended into chaos. Soon after, an ambulance took Bonnie to the hospital. The incident spread like wildfire, **and** people across the city began discussing it, even on social media.

Netizens left numerous comments online.

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"I hope Ms. Bonita's okay. She is irreplaceable for our country!"

"Maybe she's been overworking herself lately. Well, even a genius is human!"

"Who knows what's going on with Ms. Bonita? Is it a serious illness?"

"I want to know, too."

Meanwhile, the Shepards were sitting together for a meal. Vera handed Trina a pork rib and said, "Here, you should eat more. You've lost weight since you began working with Professor Paul at school."

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I Love You Miss Genius (Bonnie Shepard) CHAPTER 148

Chapter 148

“Thanks, Mom.” Trina said smilingly.

“You don’t have to thank me, dear.”

Gresham set down his utensils and looked at his daughter, saying, “You offended people at the institute last time. I don’t know if you can get in again in the future.”

The other two felt a headache coming on when they heard that. Trina bit her lip and said, “Ms. Bonita’s in the hospital. I plan to visit her.”

“Do you know which one she’s in?” Gresham and Vera were surprised.

“Yeah, it’s a coincidence that my college senior works where Ms. Bonita is. She told me an hour ago that Ms. Bonita is there.”

Vera understood Trina’s purpose. “Bonnie embarrassed you in front of those old professors last time. So, you want to prove that you’re not as bad as those professors think and also show your talent to Ms. Bonita?”

Trina linked arms with her mother. “You know me so well, Mom.”

Gresham frowned. “I’m worried it might backfire. What if Ms. Bonita doesn’t like you because of those old professors? If that happens, it’ll affect our family.”

“Don’t worry, **Dad**. My senior said she’s fortunate to be Ms. Bonita’s exclusive nurse. She chatted with Ms. Bonita several times **and** said she’s easy to get along with.

“Besides, Ms. Bonita is a giant in the science community. She’s wise and knows that those old professors misunderstood me,” Trina spoke confidently.

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“If that’s the case, I hope you do your best for Ms. Bonita when the time comes.”

“You can rest assured, Mom and Dad.”

Bonnie lay on the hospital bed in a hospital gown, surrounded by several professors from the

institute.

Jim crossed his arms, looking tense as he said, “I don’t know how to put it, Ms. Bonita. We have a superior–subordinate relationship, but you’re like a daughter to me. Health is

the foundation of everything. You must take better care of yourself for the country's sake."

"Mr. Jim's right. You don't know how worried we were when you fainted. It felt like you, our backbone, would disappear."

'Old people love nagging, don't they? Once they latch onto something, they'll repeat it. I've already heard these words at least three times today.'

Chapter 148

2/2

"I understand." Bonnie's head throbbed.

"You said the same thing when you were sick before," Professor Leto said seriously.

Bonnie remained silent. Meanwhile, Jim could not bear it anymore and looked at Bonnie angrily, asking, "What happened to your forehead? That's no ordinary wound. If you don't tell me what happened, I'll stalk you and find out. I won't care if you're at the Knights' house or not."

Bonnie's head throbbed even more. She wanted to make up a reason, but it seemed impossible now.

"I participated in a race for Lenfield Resort last night."

"What?!" Jim was shocked. "Do you know how important your safety is?! Why would you participate in something so dangerous? You could've died if you made a single mistake!"

"I wouldn't have made a mistake. I'm a professional racer, after **all**." Bonnie's explanation was useless to the older professors.

"Ms. Bonita, you can't take your life lightly! We can't afford to lose you!"

"Yeah, how could you participate in such a dangerous event? What if something worse happened to you?"

"You can't do this again, Ms. Bonita."

Bonnie wanted to tell Jim about the finals in a week, but she decided to keep it a secret instead.

At that moment, Trina had arrived at the hospital.

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I Love You Miss Genius (Bonnie Shepard) CHAPTER 149

Chapter 149

“Excuse me, which room is Ms. Bonita in?” Trina asked, restraining her excitement.

The nurse replied, “In the VIP ward on the third floor. But right now, the other professors and Mr. Jim

In. are inside. You should wait for them to come out before you go

“Thanks for telling me,” Trina said, taking out a gift and handing it to the nurse.

“This **is** a designer handbag I got for you. I hope you like it.”

“You didn’t have to do that. It’s such a valuable bag, **too**.” The nurse’s eyes gleamed, wanting to take it but hesitated.

“Just take it. No matter how valuable it is, it can’t compare to my future. I’m confident Ms. Bonita will notice me. Maybe she’ll even let me assist her. Once I succeed, I’ll have to thank you **again**. If you don’t take it, I’ll feel guilty.”

The nurse could only accept the gift. “Okay, **I’ll** accept it for now. If you fail to make Ms. Bonita notice you, I’ll return this bag to you.”

“Hey, you’re too kind. You gave me a chance, and I’m just giving you a handbag. **If** I fail and take it back, it would make me look petty, wouldn’t it?” Trina **was** skilled in manipulating others to do things for her.

“Okay, I won’t argue then. I’ll keep an eye out for you. Once the professors leave, I’ll notify you immediately.” The nurse happily took the designer handbag.

“I appreciate your help.” Trina flashed a sweet smile and then smirked once the nurse left.

‘The poor will always succumb to money. All I have to do is give this nurse something, and she’ll do whatever I want. Money is a wonderful thing. Now that Bonnie’s no longer

in the picture, I'll be the only heiress to my family. My future will be boundless once Ms. Bonita notices me.'

The more she thought about it, the more beautiful her future looked.

Meanwhile, Bonnie rubbed her temples as she lay in the hospital bed. The nurse approached and asked, "Ms. Bonita, what's wrong?"

Everyone else in the ward quieted down as Bonnie replied, "It's just a headache. I need to rest for a while."

After some thought, Jim asked, "You're not pretending to have a headache just because you don't want us to continue nagging, are you?"

Bonnie continued to massage her temples, saying, "I'm not, okay? You can continue talking. I'll

endure it."

Everyone exchanged glances. They dared not assume whether or not Bonnie was faking it. Regardless, she needed proper rest. Ultimately, the professors and Jim left the room.

Chapter 140

2022

"It's finally quiet now." Bonnie was unable to sleep since it **was** still daytime. Still, it did not stop her from closing her eyes to relax. However, she heard a knock on the door as soon as she closed her eyes.

"Who is it?"

"Ms. Bonita, can I come in?" Trina's muffled voice echoed.

Bonnie **could** not tell who it was and asked another question, "What is it?"

"I'm here to visit."

'Everyone in Pyralis knows I'm **in a** hospital, but they don't know which one, let alone which ward

I'm in. **So**, it should be someone I know or even one **of** the professors' daughters.

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I Love You Miss Genius (Bonnie Shepard) CHAPTER 150

Chapter 150

“Ms. Bonita? Are you asleep? If you are, I’ll wait a little longer.” Trina asked cautiously.

“Come in,” Bonnie replied indifferently.

Trina was overjoyed as she opened the door and entered. However, she saw Bonnie instead. “Bonnie? Why are you here? Where’s Ms. Bonita? I thought this was her room.

Bonnie looked just as surprised. She thought someone from the science community came to visit, but it was Trina instead. Moreover, the latter did not seem to associate Ms. Bonita with Bonnie at all.

‘Come to think of it, Trina always looked down on me, even when I became the city’s top scorer. She still views me as a crude country girl.’

“Why would you care why I’m here? I should be asking why you’re here.”

Trina surveyed the room but did not see anyone who looked like Ms. Bonita. “I came to visit Ms. Bonita, this her room?”

Bonnie reached for a banana from the fruit basket beside the hospital bed, peeling it while saying, Who said this is her room?”

“This is your room?” Trina observed Bonnie’s actions and confirmed her guess. Still, there was no reason for Trina’s college senior to lie to her.

“Since you know this is my room, why don’t you leave? Do I have to kick you out?” Bonnie said weakly.

“Hmph! I don’t want to be here anyway. I only came to see Ms. Bonita, not you!” Trina turned and left. Trina wanted to ask her senior what was going on. As she thought about it, she saw a nurse approaching.

The nurse bombarded Trina with several questions, “Why are you **out** so quickly? How did it work out with Ms. Bonita? Did she hire you to work for her yet?”

Trina grew annoyed, but she forced herself to hold back. “I just went in, and that person inside isn’t Ms. Bonita. Did you get the room wrong?”

“That’s impossible! This is room 308, right?” **The** nurse was a bit puzzled.

“Someone else is in 308.”

“That can’t be. How could I possibly get that wrong? Oh, right, you don’t even know what Ms. Bonita looks like. How do you know the person inside isn’t her? You must’ve made a mistake.”

Trina resisted the urge to roll her eyes. “If it were someone I didn’t recognize, I wouldn’t make a mistake. But do you know who that person inside is?”

“Who is it? Do you know her?” The nurse became increasingly confused.

Chapter 150

“I do know her, and you’ve heard of her too.”

“What do you mean?”

“She’s my sister from the countryside, the one who has become notorious recently. The person in 308 is her, not Ms. Bonita. Do you still think I’m wrong?”

The nurse suddenly realized something and said, “Oh, it’s that country bumpkin! The one who got kicked out of your house a few days ago. Wait a minute! How could she be in there? She—wait a second!”

The nurse figured something out as she stared wide-eyed at Trina. “Y–You... That sister of yours, what’s her name again?”

Trina did not understand why the nurse started stuttering.

“Bonnie.”

“Yes, Bonnie!” The nurse abruptly looked at the patient registration form.

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