

I Love You, Miss Genius (Bonnie Shepard)

Chapter 1441

Chapter 1441

"Bonnie, I admit, perhaps due to you not living with us since childhood, we might have shown you less love compared to Trina. But regardless, you are still part of the Shepard family. You should help when there are family matters," Gresham asserted.

Bonnie smirked and responded firmly, "No. You've never done anything for me besides accusations. Don't expect to gain anything from me now!"

Her words were even more merciless than before.

Gresham's face suddenly changed, his chest heaving violently.

"Bonnie, how did you become like this? I don't know what sin I committed to have a daughter like you!"

The more he thought about it, the angrier he became, and the surging anger in his chest couldn't be suppressed.

"Heh... We don't care if you don't want to help us! You're young and lack connections and qualifications. I don't know what means you've used to sit in the position of president. Let's how long you can hold on!"

"Don't come crying back to us when you're dragged down. We won't even spare you a glance!"

Bonnie didn't expect that by refusing to help Gresham and Vera, Gresham would resort to such malicious speculation about her.

Although somewhat unexpected, she also felt it was within their character. After all, she had long witnessed the shamelessness of the Shepard family.

"You don't need to bother about this anymore. Just go back to where you came from. Don't come looking for me again."

Bonnie turned away after saying this, clearly not wanting to look at them any longer.

"How long do you think you can remain smug?" Gresham scoffed heavily and left with Vera.

Before leaving, Vera cast a disappointed glance at Bonnie, as if she couldn't understand how she could have raised such a disobedient daughter.

After Gresham and Vera left, Ivor and Floyd emerged from the shadows. .

Floyd felt a sense of pity while watching their angrily departing figures.

"It's hard to imagine. Someone as good as Ms. Bonnie would have such family members. I wonder how they will react when they find out she is actually Ms. Bonita."

Ivor did not comment and instead gave Floyd a meaningful look. "Have you finished everything I assigned you today?"

"I'm done..." Floyd replied with just two words, suddenly realizing something. He hurriedly added, "No, I haven't finished yet. I'll go take care of the remaining tasks now. Mr. Ivor, why don't you go see Ms. Bonnie alone?"

'Is Mr. Ivor just trying to spend time alone with Ms. Bonnie? He expressed it so subtly. If I hadn't followed him for so many years, I wouldn't have understood.'

"Mm." Ivor waved his hand.

Floyd quickly left on the elevator.

Ivor then walked into the hospital room and saw Bonnie busy in the small kitchenette.

A warm feeling suddenly rose in his heart.

"Honey..." He called out, and Bonnie turned around.

She furrowed her delicate brows when she saw he was alone.

"Why is it just you? Where's Floyd? Isn't he supposed to be with you?"

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"I sent him to handle other tasks."

As Ivor entered, he quietly closed the hospital room door and locked it. Unaware of his small gesture, Bonnie looked worried.

"Do you not have a clear understanding of your condition? Why didn't you let him assist you in coming here?" Ivor asked.

"My injury is on the shoulder, not the legs. I can walk by myself," Bonnie replied.

As he spoke, Ivor approached Bonnie and then reached out to embrace her slender waist.

"Honey, are you hiding something from me?" Ivor asked.

Bonnie raised an eyebrow lightly. "Are you talking about the Shepard family coming to see me?"

Gresham and Vera had only just left when Ivor arrived. She didn't elaborate further, assuming he had noticed.

"No," Ivor denied outright.

This left Bonnie momentarily stunned. "Not that? Then what is it?"

"Imph..." Ivor emitted a faint snort from his nostrils. "At this point, you're still hiding things from me."

He playfully bit Bonnie's ear. "You're not being honest!"

His grip was firm, causing Bonnie to gasp in pain.

"Ah..." She raised a hand to cover her ear, turned away, and glared at Ivor.

"Whatever you want to say, that's no reason to act crazy like this

Ivor interrupted before she could finish. "Why didn't you tell me about being Master Kieran?" Ivor's sudden question caught Bonnie off guard, followed by a wave of unease.

"How did you -" Bonnie began but caught herself in time, switching her approach. "Wait, I know Master Kieran is famous, but I don't know who she is. Why would you say that?"

Ivor chuckled at her response. Cupping Bonnie's face, he got straight to the point. "Honey, I heard your parents talking about it. How long do you plan to keep this from me? After all, I'm your husband. Don't I deserve to know?"

After seeing the displeasure on his face, Bonnie knew she was in the wrong. She took his hand and explained earnestly, "Although I am Master Kieran, I'm not particularly fond of painting. So I didn't want more people to know about my identity.

"After all, being involved in scientific research keeps me busy enough. Revealing another identity as Master Kieran could only bring trouble."

"Why didn't you mention it when you gave me the painting?" Ivor could understand Bonnie's reasoning, but he still felt somewhat uneasy. He often felt like an outsider in these matters.

"Well..." Bonnie was momentarily tongue-tied. Then she continued, "I didn't want you to feel indebted to me. Besides, it was just a painting. What's between us needs no division."

This statement struck a chord with Ivor. He had always felt that Bonnie treated him like an outsider.

But it was clear she regarded him as her own.

However, the matter of Bonnie hiding things from him couldn't just be brushed aside. He needed to extract a little "benefit" from her.

So Ivor leaned closer to Bonnie and gestured towards his check.

"While we don't divide between us, you shouldn't have hidden this from me. Now let me see your sincerity.

Upon hearing this, Bonnie twitched her lips helplessly.

'This man isn't easy to deceive, and he can talk about taking advantage of others with such ease and grace.

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Ivor spoke again when he saw Bonnie's lack of response, "What's wrong, Honey? Are you unwilling, or do you think it's right to keep it from me?"

His words resembled those of a child asking for candy but not getting any.

Bonnie inwardly cursed him for being childish, but she still went along.

"I know it's wrong to hide things from you," she said, cupping Ivor's face and planting a kiss.

"Is that enough?" she asked. .

Feeling the dampness on his cheek, Ivor quietly curled his lips.

"Not enough," he said while tapping his lips.

Bonnie rolled her eyes in silence but followed his lead. She gave him a light kiss.

"Is that enough now?" she asked again.

The corners of Ivor's lips curved wider, though he tried to hide it.

"Still not enough," he said, tapping the other side of his cheek.

Bonnie gritted her teeth but complied.

"Done now?" she asked.

Ivor still shook his head.

"Not yet-"

Before she could finish, Bonnie was interrupted by Ivor's sudden kiss.

His actions were dominant and possessive, causing Bonnie to go weak, her resistance gradually relaxing.

She lost track of time until Bonnie's lips had lost sensation, and only then did Ivor reluctantly stop.

Ivor curled his lips into a satisfied smirk, looking at Bonnie's watery eyes.

"Now it's enough," he said.

Bonnie rolled her eyes at him once more.

"You're taking advantage of me!" Her lips were both sore and numb.

Even though she couldn't see without a mirror, she could feel that her lips were swollen.

"That's not even taking advantage," Ivor said while approaching Bonnie again. "Let me show you what truly taking advantage is like."

Bonnie quickly turned her head away. "Don't think I don't know what you're thinking, I'm telling you, don't even think about it."

Ivor chuckled softly.

"Honey, you're my wife. Isn't it natural for me to have such thoughts? If I don't even have that mindset towards my own wife, what kind of man would I be?"

"You're good at verbal sparring!" Bonnie scolded him with a glare.

Just as Ivor was about to retort, Bonnie's phone rang.

Glancing at Ivor, she pretended to be calm and answered, "I need to handle some things in the lab and check on the soup."

Ivor didn't question further. "Okay."

Bonnie walked into the kitchenette, glancing back at Ivor lying on the hospital bed before answering the call from Collin.

"What's up?" she asked.

Immediately, Collin's excited voice came through the phone.

"Ms. Bonnie, I've got great news! I'm getting married, and the ceremony is scheduled for the day after tomorrow! You must remember to come!"

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"Getting married?!"

Bonnie who was usually composed, couldn't help but raise her voice upon hearing the news.

She glanced toward Ivor, who was still sitting calmly on the hospital bed, before lowering her voice and asking Collin on the phone, "But didn't you not even have a girlfriend before? How did you suddenly decide to get married?"

At the mention, Collin awkwardly scratched the back of his head.

"It was love at first sight... We clicked instantly, got to know each other, spent some time together, and felt that we were right for each other for life. So, we decided to go for it. We've been preparing for the wedding for some time now."

"Love at first sight? But I wasn't even gone for half a month, and you hadn't met her then, right? So you're getting married after just knowing each other for half a month?"

Bonnie found it a bit unbelievable, but considering Collin's personality, doing such a thing wasn't entirely surprising.

"Yeah," Collin replied. When he talked about his love at first sight, his expression softened.

"Even though we've only known each other for half a month, she's different in my eyes. Everything she does seems lovely to me. I don't find anything annoying about her. Maybe that's how love works?"

Bonnie and Ivor didn't fall in love at first sight, so she couldn't quite understand Collin's feelings, but she still expressed her congratulations.

"As long as you're happy, I wish you both a long and happy life together."

Collin nodded firmly. "We will."

He then continued, telling Bonnie about his plans.

"Ms. Bonnie, besides the Nidhogg Organization members, I've also invited the boss of the Dark Knight Organization. Their time for borrowing our organization's chip is up, so I'll have him bring the chip back to us during the wedding."

Bonnie sighed helplessly while rubbing her forehead. "If you're planning a wedding, focus on that. Why worry about getting them to return our chip? Besides, I'll handle it later even if you don't mention it."

Collin smiled knowingly. "It's just a side matter. That chip carries too much of our organization's effort. We can't leave it in someone else's hands for too long."

"Since you've arranged it, then do it your way," Bonnie said, not pressing further.

Collin smiled. "Alright, Ms. Bonnie. I'll message Mr. Vic to invite him to my wedding."

"Okay," Bonnie replied lightly before hearing someone call Collin's name on the other end of the line.

Then Collin said to her, "Ms. Bonnie, I suddenly have a minor wedding detail to confirm, so I'll end the call here, alright?"

"Sure, go ahead," Bonnie replied before hanging up the phone.

Just as she lowered her head to check if the soup in the pot was ready, she suddenly saw Ivor standing beside her.

Even someone as composed as Bonnie was startled by Ivor's sudden appearance.

"Weren't you sitting on the hospital bed? How did you come here?" .

Ivor gave Bonnie a meaningful look before calmly replying, "I came to see if your soup was ready. I'm a bit hungry,"

Bonnie thought he probably didn't hear it. "I haven't checked yet," she said, lifting the lid and checking the color of the soup in the pot. "It's done. I'll serve it for you."

"Okay," Ivor nodded slightly and turned to walk toward the bathroom. "I'll go to the bathroom first."

Bonnie didn't lift her head, focusing on ladling out the soup. "Alright."

In the moment Ivor turned around, a hint of unknown meaning flashed in his eyes.

In the restroom, he took out his phone and dialed Floyd's number.

"I need you to bring something back for me."

Floyd asked, "What is it, Mr. Ivor?"

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Ivor simply uttered two words.

Upon hearing them, Floyd stared at him in astonishment.

"Mr. Ivor, why do you want me to bring that thing over?" Floyd asked with eyes wide.

Ivor narrowed his long, narrow eyes, his tone suddenly turning cold.

"Just bring it when I tell you to. What's with all the questions?"

Caught off guard, Floyd hesitated for a moment before quickly responding, "Alright, Mr. Ivor, I'll go get it now."

Bonnie had already served the soup for him when Ivor came out.

Ivor praised with a smile, looking at the porcelain bowl on the table, "My wife is so capable."

Bonnie rolled her eyes. "The soup is right in front of you. Can't you stop talking?"

Ivor's eyes carried a meaningful glance as they grazed over Bonnie's lips. "Soup can't stop me now. Only you, Bonnie, can do that."

Understanding his gaze instantly, Bonnie blushed slightly. "Shameless!"

He used to be somewhat restrained in his shamelessness, but now it was becoming more blatant!

Ivor laughed helplessly. "Bonnie, how can you even look cute when you're angry?"

Bonnie was at a loss for words. This guy was a master at flirting-she couldn't win.

So she changed the subject. "Just drink your soup quickly. Stop talking nonsense, or it'll get cold and won't taste good later." .

"Alright, I'll make sure to finish all the soup you've made for me. I won't waste your effort," Ivor said before lowering his head to start drinking the soup.

Bonnie was beyond words, sitting on the chair beside him and checking her phone.

While drinking the soup, Ivor's phone suddenly vibrated.

He picked it up and glanced at it, a shadowy and mysterious gleam crossing his eyes.

Some things were indeed as he had suspected...

After Ivor had finished his soup, there was a knock on the door. Just as Bonnie was about to put down her phone to answer it, Ivor stood up first.

"It should be Floyd. I had him go back to fetch something. I'll go out and get it now."

Bonnie disagreed slightly, turning her head to look at him. "You're injured, and you still want to handle documents? Do you have to push yourself so hard?"

Ivor intentionally had Floyd fetch something, and she instinctively thought it was documents.

"Not documents," Ivor said while looking at Bonnie with a gaze that held some complexity. "It's a surprise I prepared just for you."

"A surprise?" Bonnie was momentarily stunned.

"What kind of messy surprise have you secretly prepared for me now?" she asked incredulously.

Ivor had been serious, but her words amused him.

"Don't worry, you'll find out soon enough."

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Bonnie raised her eyebrows.

"What exactly is it? Why are you making such a big deal out of it?" she asked.

"Just wait a moment," Ivor replied, then turned toward the door.

As soon as he opened it, Floyd was indeed standing outside.

When Floyd saw Ivor, he immediately pulled out something wrapped in black cloth from his inner suit lining and handed it to Ivor.

"Mr. Ivor, here's what you asked for."

"Hmm." Ivor took it from Floyd and waved him off. "You can go now."

"Okay." Floyd nodded and quickly left the area.

However, he was still filled with curiosity as he turned away. He couldn't quite understand why Mr. Ivor had him bring this thing over.

Ivor took the item and returned to the hospital room.

Bonnie's gaze followed him the entire time.

Seeing him come in with the black-clothed item in hand, she furrowed her brows.

"Is this the surprise you prepared for me? Why does it look a bit... ugly?"

Ivor didn't immediately respond to Bonnie's comment. Instead, he held the item in one hand and guided Bonnie to sit on the sofa with the other. "Once you see what this thing really looks like, you won't think it's ugly anymore. In fact, you'll be shocked."

"Shocked?" Suspicion flashed in Bonnie's eyes.

"Are you sure?"

There were very few things that could genuinely surprise her, so she doubted Ivor's words.

It was highly likely that he was teasing her to pique her curiosity, something he had done many times before.

"Yeah..." Ivor placed the item on the table and leaned his chin on his hand, looking at Bonnie.

"Honey, take a guess. What do you think is inside?"

Bonnie gently rubbed her chin, pondering for a good ten seconds before shaking her head.

"I have no idea..."

Ivor often gave her strange and exotic gifts, so she couldn't guess what could be wrapped in black cloth this time.

"In that

Ivor raised his chin

yourself, why don't you open it, indicating for her to un-wrap it on the table. Continue

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Bonnie suddenly felt that Ivor's actions were strange, but she couldn't quite pinpoint why. She

suddenly blushed slightly while

staring at the item in front of her for

a while.

"Is there something inappropriate inside? Knowing your nature, it's quite possible."

Ivor was taken aback by her words,

first startled, then bemusedly

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responded, "No, but if you like, can give you something inappropriate next time."

"Get out of here!" Blushing, Bonnie waved her hand at him.

Then she looked down at the item on the table.

"Should I open it?"

Ivor nodded. .

"Go ahead."

Bonnie stepped forward, extended her hand, and slowly uncovered the black cloth.

There was a small black box underneath the cloth.

The box looked exquisite and unique, adorned with many intricate patterns.

"What is it exactly?" she muttered curiously, holding the box in her hands. Then she pressed the central switch to open it.

Once the box opened, a silver chip caught her eye.

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If this were an ordinary chip, it would be one thing. But for Bonnie, this chip was incredibly familiar.

'This chip was the one I had lent to the Dark Knight Organization half a month ago. But how did this chip end up in Ivor's hands?'

'Could it be...?'

A bold guess started forming in Bonnie's mind, and her gaze kept darting back and forth on Ivor.

'Could things be as I suspected? If so, it would be quite unbelievable...'

Bonnie's mind was suddenly filled with too much information, leaving her feeling chaotic and confused.

Uncertainty clouded her understanding of the truth.

Just then, Ivor suddenly looked at Bonnie and said, "I returned the Nidhogg Organization's chip to them."

His words practically admitted his identity outright.

Bonnie's face was full of astonishment, and her eyes showed intense disbelief.

"Y-You are..."

After being frozen for a dozen seconds, she finally managed to find her voice.

"You're the leader of the Dark Knight Organization?!"

Thinking back, she had interacted with the leader of the Dark Knight Organization many times before. There were moments when she felt the leader's demeanor resembled Ivor's.

But she dismissed that thought later, trusting Ivor and believing his explanation that he was on a business trip in the neighboring city, so she never considered it.

After spending so much time together, how could she... not see it at all?

Ivor nodded in acknowledgment. "Yes, I am."

Then he spoke with a tone filled with emotion, "Bonnie, you hid it so well. During my time at Yale, I really couldn't tell that you were the leader of the Nidhogg Organization. I never even thought about it... If I hadn't heard that phone call just now, I would still be completely in the dark."

"So you heard that phone call. No wonder you suddenly figured out my identity." Bonnie suddenly realized, feeling amazed that just a phone call had exposed her identity. It was indeed a careless mistake!

Gathering her thoughts, she glanced at Ivor.

"You hid it so well, too. You said you were on a business trip in the neighboring city, but you went all the way to Yale, which is thousands of miles away from the neighboring city."

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That was why she never suspected Ivor of being Vic. .

Unexpectedly, Ivor gave her such a big surprise!

Indeed, his gift was pretty shocking. She hadn't been this surprised in a long time.

Unable to hold back a smile, Ivor said, "Bonnie, don't just blame me. Didn't you tell me you were conducting experiments at Pyralis University? Yet you went to Yale to find a chip." "Are you questioning me?" Bonnie let out a faint hum through her nose.

"I didn't mean that." Ivor stood up and pulled Bonnie into his arms.

"I just feel that fate is miraculous, always binding us together."

Bonnie remained silent for two seconds before letting out another faint hum. "A doomed relationship."

Ivor chuckled helplessly. "If you say so, then so be it. But a doomed relationship also means we have a fate together. There's no difference."

Thinking of this, Ivor suddenly thought of Yasmine.

"I remember when Yasmine liked you. I was quite wary of you then. Who would have thought that Yasmine was the one I should have been wary of."

Back then, because of Yasmine, he

had speculated that Mr. Boyd had less-than-good intentions. Now, the more he thought about it, the more he found it both laughable and exasperating.

Bonnie rolled her eyes at him. "Yasmine is just a young girl at heart. Don't bother comparing yourself with her."

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Ivor naturally wouldn't quarrel with Yasmine. But recalling Yasmine's infatuation with Bonnie, he couldn't help feeling a hint of jealousy.

"Promise me, next time you see her, don't show too much intimacy."

Bonnie cast a sidelong glance at him.

"I haven't asked you yet. Why does it seem like you're more lenient towards Yasmine than others? Now you're turning the question back on me?"

Ivor was momentarily stunned, then let out an almost imperceptible sigh. "This is a long story."

Bonnie knew there was more to this when she saw Ivor's reaction. A hint of curiosity appeared in her eyes.

"Then you can make it short."

Ivor smiled lightly and then reached out to tap his cheek. "If you want to know, kiss me, and I'll tell you."

Bonnie rolled her eyes speechlessly. "You really know how to take advantage of any situation. You've taken that to a whole new level."

Although she said this, she eventually kissed him.

"Can you tell me now?"

Ivor chuckled softly.

"Rare that you're so curious about something and so proactive with me. Alright, I'll tell you."

To Ivor's words, Bonnie responded with nothing but another eye-roll. "You make it sound like such a chore. Fine-"

Ivor was afraid Bonnie would actually get angry, so he leaned over and lightly pecked her lips.

"I was just joking. Don't be mad."

"Not mad."

Bonnie raised an eyebrow at him. "I was joking, too."

Ivor chuckled softly again, then affectionately tousled Bonnie's hair.

"Alright, I know. We're both just joking. So, are you really curious why I'm so lenient towards Yasmine? Let me explain."

Bonnie nodded. "Go ahead."

"Three years ago, our organization

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undertook a rather dangerous mission. Yasmine's brother

Eed himself to save me during

mission..."

A deep pain crossed Ivor's eyes as he spoke.

Bonnie reached out and gently patted Ivor's shoulder to comfort him, a trace of guilt appearing in her eyes.

"I'm sorry. I shouldn't have asked you that out of curiosity."

She had guessed there was more to the story, but she never expected the truth to be like this.

"It's okay. You couldn't have known beforehand, right?" Ivor managed to smile.

"Not only did yasmine not blame me, but she also constantly comforted me and encouraged me to move on from that darkness. If it weren't for her understanding and forgiveness, I might still be trapped in the shadow of that event."

Bonnie leaned closer, gently hugging Ivor.

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"It's okay. Protecting you was supposed to be the duty of your subordinates. You wanted to save him too, but things didn't go as planned. It's not your fault.

Ivor returned the embrace, and the two leaned against each other. .

"Some things I understand logically, but whenever I think back to that event, my heart..."

His words trailed off, and he sighed heavily, revealing just how difficult it was for him to accept what had happened.

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Bonnie held Ivor's hand, slightly tightening her grip. "It's okay, it's all in the past now. Everything has passed."

"Mm," Ivor responded softly, his eyes cast downward, quietly leaning against Bonnie.

Taking in the faint fragrance from Bonnie, his wildly beating heart seemed to calm down in an instant.

Bonnie gently stroked Ivor's back, trying to ease the sorrow deep within him.

"Now, do you understand why I'm so lenient towards Yasmine?" Ivor suddenly asked, lifting his head.

"Of course I understand." Bonnie smiled. "Yasmine is a good girl, worthy of your leniency. Her smile has always been bright, and I hope she can always be carefree." "Bonnie..." Ivor looked at her, his eyes seeming to hold a thousand words.

Bonnie felt a bit uncomfortable under his gaze and raised her hand to cover his eyes.

"Don't look at me like that. It feels weird."

Ivor chuckled and was about to tease Bonnie again, but considering he had already teased her enough today, he didn't want to risk making her genuinely upset. "Alright, since you don't want me to look, I won't."

Surprised by his sincere response, Bonnie glanced at him.

It's good that he's not too talkative; she could use a break.

Bonnie glanced at the chip placed nearby, then picked it up and handed it back to Ivor. "Here, it's for you."

Ivor was utterly taken aback that Bonnie would give him the chip. He stood frozen in place for a good fifteen seconds before he managed to regain his voice. "Bonnie, are you serious?"

Although Bonnie was his wife, and he currently needed this chip very much, he knew it was a result of the Nidhogg Organization's hard work. He never thought Bonnie would give him this chip, let alone joke about such an important matter.

"Do you think I would joke about something so important with you?" Bonnie pushed the chip into Ivor's hand again.

"Didn't you say before? You really

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need the technology in this chip.

Take it back, study it well, and

When

you've found what you need, bring it

back to me."

"But..." Ivor hesitated, not taking the chip. "This chip was also a result of your organization's hard work."

"You often say I'm your wife, right? Since that's the case, why are you still being so polite with me?" Bonnie insisted, forcibly placing the chip into his hand. "Family members shouldn't be so formal with each other. If you continue to be polite with me, I'll get mad."

Ivor's eyes trembled slightly as he held the chip, feeling its slight chill, but his heart felt warm.

"Honey, thank you."

Upon hearing this, Bonnie immediately pressed her fingertip against his lips.

"You used to always say not to thank you. It's too formal. So why are you thanking me now? Doesn't it feel too formal?"

Ivor was deeply moved. "Yeah, it does. I won't say it anymore."

Bonnie nodded in satisfaction. "That's more like it." .

Just then, Bonnie's phone, which was in her pocket, suddenly rang. Taking out her phone and looking at it, she saw it was a call from Avril. "Bonnie! Something big has happened!"

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Bonnie knitted her eyebrows slightly when she heard Avril's panicked voice.

"What happened?"

Ivor, listening nearby, leaned in to hear as well.

"It's..." Avril was so anxious that she couldn't get the words out at first. After a few seconds, she found her voice again. "Mr. Ivor was rushed to the hospital as a result of saving you during the ribbon-cutting event, right? Well, some students recorded it and uploaded the videos online.

"Everyone thought Mr. Ivor's reaction was very unusual, so they dug into your identity. They even found the old engagement videos of you and Mr. Ivor, and people started guessing. Eventually, they deduced that you are Mrs. Ivor Knight..."

She paused, her tone becoming more complex. "In short, people are arguing back and forth online. It's a huge mess, and I can't fully explain it. You should check it out yourself."

"Got it," Bonnie replied. "I'll look into it right now."

Avril nodded. "I'll get some friends to help control the narrative and see if we can manage it."

"Thanks," Bonnie said, feeling a sudden warmth in her chest.

"You're making me feel awkward," Avril said, scratching the back of her head. "We're friends. It's what I should do. Why be so formal?" Bonnie chuckled. "Alright, I won't say it next time."

"Let's get to work! We need to shut down those trolls saying bad things about you!" Avril said, her fist clenched with determination.

"Alright." Bonnie smiled and ended the call, her expression gradually turning severe.

Upon seeing this, Ivor stepped forward and gently held her hand. "Bonnie, don't worry. Whatever it is, I'll face it with you."

"Okay." Bonnie nodded, looking down at her phone and opening the Twitter app.

She immediately saw the trending topic on the homepage. She found the comment section divided when she clicked on the details.

"Oh my god! Is Mr. Ivor blind? How could he be interested in someone like Bonnie with such a bad record and no skills?"

"The comment above is a bit too

harsh, isn't it? I think Bonnie is great. She's beautiful and was a top scorer on the college entrance exam. Isn't it normal for Mr. Ivor to fall for such an outstanding girl?"

"Outstanding? Haha, are you kidding me? Bonnie, who skips classes all the time and is barely at school for ten days in a semester, is

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outstanding? Sure, she was a top scorer, but that could've been a fluke!"

"Exactly. Before she came to our school, she was always failing her exams and came from a rural backwater. Let's be real, can rural education be that good? And even if she were a top scorer, her abilities and qualifications aren't enough for her to be our president!

"I suspect she became the president because she's Mrs. Ivor Knight. The school's higher-ups probably chose her for that reason."

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