

I Love You, Miss Genius (Bonnie Shepard)

I Love You Miss Genius (Bonnie Shepard) CHAPTER 151

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Trina looked at the nurse up and down curiously. She could not understand why the nurse would suddenly react that way.

The nurse was still in shock even a minute later. Her hands began to tremble more intensely as she held the patient's registry. Meanwhile, Trina's patience grew thin, saying, "Hey, what's wrong with

you?

"What's the big deal about her name? Wait, that's not the point. My point is, why would you lie to me? Bonnie's the one in ward 308. Why did you tell me Ms. Bonita's in there? Come on, tell me where the heck Ms. Bonita's ward is!"

The nurse gathered her thoughts and stared into Trina's eyes. Although the former had plenty to say, she did not know where to start.

"Oh, I get it now!" Trina's eyes widened. She then glared at the nurse and reprimanded, "Did Bonnie bribe you? She doesn't want you to tell me where Ms. Bonita is because she fears Ms. Bonita will like

"After all, I'm immensely talented. Bonnie must be worried that I'd get into Ms. Bonita's research institute. Then, she'd have no business being in Pyralis! Is that right?"

The nurse was shocked at her guess, and Trina took it as a yes.

"That's rich, Marcella! I can't believe I trusted you and considered you my friend. You were just playing me for a fool. Return the handbag to me!" Trina was furious, snatching the handbag from

Marcella.

"You won't get anything out of me! Also, I don't know what she bribed you with, but she does shady things to earn money. I'm sure you heard the rumors about her having an old man for a sugar daddy.

Bonnie's **also** a homewrecker.

"Once this news reaches Bonnie's sugar daddy's wife, she'll catch them in the act. It'll ruin Bonnie's reputation. I can't believe you'd take bribes from someone like her."

Marcella glanced at Trina sidelong, saying, "Mind your words, Trina. You keep saying she has a sugar daddy, but have you seen him?"

"**You** bet I did. I **wasn't** the only one who did, either. All of my engagement party guests saw it, **too**. Bonnie's sugar daddy sent a limo to pick her up."

"Is that why all of you assumed she has a sugar daddy? All because she got into a limo? Gosh, Trina. Are you telling me you've never gotten into someone else's limo? Does it mean you're unfaithful to Hadwin just because you sat in another man's limo?"

"**Stop** comparing me to someone like Bonnie. I'm in a different league from her." Trina lifted her chin, revolted at the idea of being compared to Bonnie.

Marcella could **not** help but laugh.

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"What are you laughing at?" Trina stared at the nurse.

Marcella pursed her lips and retorted, "That's none of your business. Feel free to take the handbag back. I hope I'll cross paths with you again. That includes your family. I'll be fine without getting involved with you guys,"

Her words infuriated Trina.

Trina thought of Marcella as just a needy punk. The former could not understand why Marcella would speak so arrogantly.

'Bonnie must've bribed her with a lot of money for her to act like this.'

someone like

Trina said, "I long for the day her sugar daddy's wife catches them. When that happens, I'll be sure to tell his wife that you were an accomplice to Bonnie's infidelity."

"Sure, count the days until that happens. In my opinion, that'll never happen," Marcella said helplessly.

'Is Trina seriously still accusing Ms. Bonita of having a sugar daddy? No **one** would ever believe her crazy tale!!

"Hmph!" Trina grunted and left with the handbag.

Marcella watched as Trina left, thinking, "Trina's such a dense bimbo! Her whole family must have a mental **illness**."

Marcella pulled out her phone **and** searched for the official tweet the Shepards posted. She realized they composed the tweet in such a heartless manner just to disown Bonnie. There was no way Bonnie. could rejoin the family."

Then, Marcella thought about how Gresham and his family doted on Trina. Marcella clicked her tongue and muttered, "They've messed up big time. They actually showered the obnoxious Trina with love while treating the nation's leading researcher like dirt.'

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Marcella knew the Shepards would eventually regret mistreating, Bonnie and disowning, her.

However, Marcella needed to do something first. Although she felt a little nervous, she knocked on Bonnie's door.

"Come in," Bonnie said lightly. She felt a little guilty and could barely find her voice. Still, she raised her brow and asked, "Are you here to talk about Trina?"

Marcella's eyes widened. "How'd you know?"

"It was just a wild guess.

Marcella stared at Bonnie unblinkingly. 'No wonder they say she has an extraordinary mind."

“I’m sorry, Ms. Bonita!” Marcella bowed to show Bonnie her sincerity. “I shouldn’t have sided with Trina **and** told her where you were. I must tell you that I only helped her because we’re in the same college club.

“I did it because Trina said she wanted to work in your research institute. It just so happened that you got admitted to this hospital, and I thought I could tell her where your ward was. I admit she gifted me something for that information.

“Oh, that reminds me! I returned the Chanel handbag she gave me. Please don’t hate me, Bonita. Marcella was on the brink of **tears**.

Ms.

Bonnie approached Marcella and said, “I know all about Trina’s tricks. She has a knack for exploiting people and manipulating them into thanking her for it. You were merely one of her pawns. Don’t worry. I won’t hold it against you.”

Marcella felt a weight lift off her shoulders. As she was about to sigh, Bonnie said, “Still, I said nothing about letting you off the hook just yet. After all, you sold me out.”

The nurse paled as Bonnie smirked **and said**, “Your punishment is to take a stroll with me.”

Marcella finally shed a tear.

“Gosh, I didn’t know how mischievous Ms. Bonnie could be. I wonder if she noticed my tears.”

“One more thing. Stop calling me Ms. Bonita. Bonnie is fine.”

A black Maybach pulled over at the hospital entrance. Ivor helped a gray-haired old lady out of the car, saying, “Watch your steps, Grandma.”

The old woman grinned. “I can’t walk like I used to, but I can see well enough. I may look old, but my **eyes are** as sharp as a hawk’s.”

“I made an appointment with a top specialist for you, Grandma. He **has** a ton of clinical experience in treating your knee osteoarthritis. Trust me, your legs will be back to normal in no time.”

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Sighing, Winnie responded, “Oh, stop trying to make me feel better. I’ve heard the same thing countless times. All the doctors you found for me were top specialists who had years of clinical experience, but it all ends the same way.

“For the record, I’m not grumbling about them not being good at their jobs, but my osteoarthritis is simply too severe. I don’t think anyone can cure it.”

“Nonsense. You’ll get better,” Ivor said as he helped his grandmother into the hospital.

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Suddenly, Winnie exclaimed, “Hey, that young lady looks familiar!”

Although Ivor was slightly absent-minded, what his grandmother said next caught his full attention. Winnie added, “Why does she look so much like your fiance?”

Ivor shot his gaze toward the young lady, and sure enough, it was Bonnie. However, he wondered why she would be in a patient’s gown.

Meanwhile, Bonnie could sense someone’s intense stare. When she turned to **look** and saw who it was, she quickly whipped her head back and fled.

“Ms. Bonita—Ahem, I mean Bonnie. What’s wrong? I thought you said you wanted to go for a stroll. Are you feeling dizzy or something? Is it your head injury?” Marcella chased after Bonnie, worried.

At that moment, Ivor looked at Floyd standing beside him and ordered, “Look after my grandma, will you?”

“Of course, Mr. Ivor.”

Ivor chased after Bonnie and managed to stop her with ease. The latter’s lips twitched as she said helplessly, “Fancy bumping into you here.”

Ivor was tense as he glanced **at** the **bandage** around her head. “You’re hurt! What happened?!”

“Well, I-”

“Don’t even think about telling **me** you bumped your head while you were out with your friends last night!”

Bonnie smiled awkwardly in response while Ivor stared into her eyes. He then pursed his lips, looking skeptical. Meanwhile, Marcella looked back and forth between the two as the gossip in her **was**

about to rear its head.

A brief moment later, Ivor broke the silence by asking, “Are you hurt because you went racing last. night?”

Bonnie instantly looked up at him with apparent unease in her eyes.

“I knew it was you!” Ivor **grabbed** her shoulders. “Why didn’t you tell me sooner? **You** should’ve told me you were Windbreaker. You knew I was joining the Lenfield Resort **race, too!** You’re my fiance, for crying out loud. Why would you represent Tang Fusion Studios instead?”

“How close are you with Hamish? Why would you rather help an outsider instead? Or am I the outsider as far as you’re concerned?!” Ivor became increasingly aggressive as he spoke. Anyone could tell he was jealous.

‘Oh my gosh! I can’t believe Ms. Bonita is engaged! If this gets out, it’ll shake all of Pyralis.’

Marcella **scrutinized** Ivor’s handsome face and thought about how influential he was to the city. She

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could not help but recall what Trina told her earlier.

“Trina a

Bonnie of having an old sugar daddy. **If** only she could see who Bonnie’s real sugar daddy was. Trina would’ve smacked her forehead so hard that she’d get a concussion.’

Bonnie pried Ivor's hands off her shoulders and said, "Firstly, I appreciate your genuine concern for me. I've been meaning to tell you that our engagement has ended. I'll move out of your place as soon **as** I find a place to stay.

"Also, Hamish and I aren't dating or anything. He's in the prime of his life and still single. If a false rumor spreads that we're dating, how's he supposed to find **himself** a girlfriend?"

Although it was a brief explanation, it was more than enough to appease Ivor. His cold expression softened as he asked, "So, you two aren't together?"

Bonnie rolled her eyes while Ivor grinned. Now that he was in a pleasant mood, not even her **eye-**rolling could bother him. Instead, he thought it was adorable. "I love it when you explain yourself to

me."

'Jeez! I don't ever want to roll my eyes again.'

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"With that said..." Ivor's smile disappeared as he turned solemn again. "I'm not happy that you got hurt for Hamish."

Bonnie palmed her forehead and grumbled, "How about I get hurt for you next time? Will that make you feel better?"

"Not at all." Ivor furrowed his brows and accentuated each word, "I. Forbid you. From getting hurt.

For me."

Suddenly, Bonnie felt something stir in her heart. It was calm before, but it felt as if it had almost skipped a beat. Even so, she quickly regained her composure.

Ivor smiled again and looked at her with pride. "I'm glad you're my fiancée. You're just talented in many ways, which begs another question. What other tricks do you have up your sleeves? I wish I could see all your wonderful talents."

Bonnie only looked at him casually **and** said nothing.

Ivor continued. "Anyway, Ged **is** a huge fan of yours. He might lose it if he **ever** finds out you're

Windbreaker."

At that moment, Floyd approached with Winnie. Ivor said, "Didn't I tell you to stay where you were and look after Grandma? She has trouble walking. Why'd you bring her here?"

Floyd began to sweat bullets after being questioned by Ivor.

"Don't take it out on poor Floyd. I asked him to bring me here." Winnie looked at Bonnie and her grandson with a grin. "I just wanted to talk to my future granddaughter-in-law. Do **you** have a problem with that, Ivor?"

Bonnie politely greeted the older woman, "Hello, Grandma Winnie."

"Since you're Ivor's **fiancée**, that makes you part of the family. You can just call me Grandma.

"Well, we're actually-" Bonnie was about to explain everything when Ivor cut her off.

"Grandma's right. Hurry up **and** call her Grandma, honey."

'Honey?' Bonnie felt a shiver down her spine when **he** addressed her **so** intimately. Bonnie glanced at Winnie's legs and her less-than-ideal health. The former quickly understood why Ivor interrupted

her just now.

"Hi, Grandma."

"Attagirl!" Winnie lit up.

'I knew it. Bonnie's so thoughtful,' Ivor thought.

He checked the time and said, "We're going to be late for our appointment, Grandma. Let's j

get

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your feet checked out.”

“Okay, let’s go.”

However, Bonnie looked at Winnie’s knees, crouched, and began to rub and squeeze them.

Ivor and his grandmother were bewildered. A moment later, Bonnie looked up and said, “Have the osteoarthritis been bothering you for some twenty–odd years?”

Winnie was surprised. “That’s right! Now that I think about it, it has been over two decades. How’d you know that?”

“I squeezed your knee earlier. That’s how I concluded my diagnosis.” Bonnie responded casually.

“Do you have medical knowledge as well?” Ivor was stunned.

“Just a little,” she said humbly.

“You

gave me a good scare there. I almost thought you were a licensed medical practitioner. That would’ve made you a prodigy. I **guess** you’re right. What are the odds that **you** know everything from playing chess and tea brewing to car racing and medicine?”

At least, he had fully believed it for a moment there.

However, Bonnie’s response made him think twice. **He** thought there **was** no way she knew much about medical expertise. Aside from what Ivor mentioned, Bonnie was also adept at floral arrangements, fixing cars, and more.

He thought it was a stretch for someone to have so many gifts. Moreover, one would need years of practice and an accumulation of clinical experiences **to** acquire such medical expertise. Bluntly put, the older a doctor was, the better they were **at** their job.

‘Bonnie’s only twenty, and her adult life has barely begun. There’s no way she could have practiced and accumulated much clinical experience.’

While Ivor was in his thoughts, Bonnie said, “Let’s give **it** a shot. I’m pretty confident I can treat Grandma’s osteoarthritis.”

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“Um...” Winnie felt hesitant while Ivor furrowed his brows and asked, “Are you sure?”

Bonnie could guess they did not exactly trust her. She had expected them to react that way since her patients typically had the same expression when they saw how young she was. “It was **just** a joke. You’ve made an appointment with a doctor, right? Hurry, or you’ll miss it.”

Ivor and Winnie sighed in relief. They were worried as they considered how to turn her down.

“I’ll get a move on then.” Ivor waved at Bonnie smilingly.

“Okay. **Go** on.”

After that, he took his grandma away to see the top specialist. Half an hour later, the specialist shook his head.

“It has gone on for too long, Ms. Winnie. If you had found me a couple of years ago, we might stand a chance at treating **your** osteoarthritis.”

“Is there nothing we can do, doc?” Ivor asked.

The specialist shook his head again. “I believe you’ve visited plenty of doctors and specialists. Your grandmother’s osteoarthritis is severe. Honestly, even if you came to me a couple of years back, all I could’ve done was treat the symptoms. I wouldn’t have gotten to the root of her condition.

“However, your grandmother has taken so much of both traditional and modern medicines over the years. None of the prescriptions I give her will do her much good...” He was in the middle of his speech when something occurred to him, “Unless...”

“What is it, doc?”

The specialist's eyes flickered. "Talk about a miracle. I had the fortune of seeing a miracle doctor at work. Now, I'm not claiming she brought someone back to life or anything, but she did cure at

terminal illness."

"Do miracle doctors exist? What happened exactly? Please, give us the details, Dr. Zebulon." Winnie

was curious.

Zebulon nodded. "The patient was born a disabled person. He has been in a wheelchair for more than two decades. Like you, his family took him to visit many doctors and specialists, but none did him any

good.

"They were about to give up when they found me and my colleagues. At that point, they didn't care what kind of medical approach we took as long as we could cure him. We all examined the patient, and we were sure no one could've cured his legs.

"That was when the miracle doctor showed up. All she did was rub and squeeze his feet. Still, she **came** up with her own diagnosis. She then pulled out a gilded needle and began puncturing his feet.

"Here comes the embarrassing part of the story. For me, anyway. All of us, myself included, smirked and teased the miracle doctor. We thought she was a swindler because we thought it wasn't possible to **treat** his feet.

"About an hour later, we witnessed a miracle. The miracle doctor used a reflex hammer to knock **on** his knees, and they reacted to the stimuli. Don't you find that amazing? Perhaps it's downright miraculous."

"Did the patient stand up after **that**?" Winnie asked hurriedly.

That got Zebulon excited. "Didn't I just say it's a miracle? Of course, he stood up. All it took was three months' treatment, and he could even walk with a cane! It was nothing short of mind-blowing!

"That's not all. Rumor has it that the miracle doctor saved many a **soul**. I can't verify what I'm about to say, but I heard that the owner of SR League hired her to treat his mother."

"SR League?" Ivor murmured.

Floyd looked at Ivor at the mention of the SR League, and both were thinking the same thing. They had investigated Tim's history and found that he was clean. There was nothing extraordinary about him. However, they thought his history was too clean.

They continued to investigate him for a long time, but nothing came up. That was when they suspected that the SR League was involved in it. After all, the only one who could do something like this was them.

"Do you have a way **of** getting in touch with the miracle doctor?" Winnie asked, clearly intrigued.

"I'm just a nobody. How am I supposed to have a way to contact her? Don't be discouraged, though. Remember what I just said? She treated the mother of the SR League's owner.

"Perhaps you guys could post a quest there and ask for the miracle doctor's whereabouts. If you have a high enough reward, you have a good chance of tracking her down."

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"That's an excellent point." Winifred looked at *her* grandson. "Make sure you get it done, Ivor. Osteoarthritis is no joke. Every time it starts acting up, I feel like chopping my feet off."

"Leave it to me, Grandma. I'll have Floyd do it now." He responded.

Soon after, Bonnie received an overseas phone **call**. "Hello? What can I do for you, William?"

Then, she heard her voice outside the door and looked toward it. Suddenly, someone opened the door, and a stunning man with blonde hair and blue eyes entered. There was even music with his entry, not to mention the party crackers.

“Aren’t you surprised and delighted to see me, Bonnie?”

She was about to say something, but he put a finger to his lips and said, “Shush!”

Then, he winked at her flirtatiously. “I know, I know. You miss me terribly and feel moved that I’m here. Well, it’s only right that I give you a big, sloppy kiss!”

He spread his arms, puckered up, and approached her.

“Jim!” Bonnie screamed.

Jim leaped in through the window and kicked William, who stopped moving. It was a **good** thing he did it because he was an inch away from Jim’s boot. Then, William pitifully looked at Bonnie, who was more than willing to keep him at a safe distance.

“Every damn time.”

∏

However, William smiled wickedly. “Good thing I came prepared this time.”

He clapped and said, “Show yourself, Jacques.”

A six-foot-five burly man entered the ward. He was even taller than Jim. William looked at Jacques and grinned, asking, “You always wanted to spar with Master Jim of Arvador, right? Here he is, in the flesh. You have my permission to fight him now.”

“Right away, sir!” Jacques cracked his knuckles, his eyes full of anticipation.

William glanced at Jim and said, “Jacques is the most formidable fighter in the SR League. I’m sure he won’t disappoint you, Master Jim.”

Jim looked at the approaching Jacques with surprise. “**So**, you’re the strongest man in SR League, huh?”

He had heard about Jacques and also wanted to spar with him. However, not only was Jacques the most formidable fighter in the SR League, but he was also William’s bodyguard.

That meant Jacques **was** always following his master around, protecting him. That was why the two never had the chance to spar. Now that Jacques was here, that must have meant the man with blonde

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hair and blue eyes was the owner of the SR League.

Jim turned to Bonnie and realized she used to tell him that she knew the owner. It confirmed Jim's assumptions.

"Please, Master Jim." Jacques could barely contain his excitement.

"I'm sorry, but my mission is to keep her safe. I'll take a rain check." "Well, don't mind me!" Jacques raised his fist and swung it at Jim.

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Jim could **only** spar **with** Jacques. Meanwhile, William smiled at Bonnie, saying, "No one will get in our way now, Bonnie. Now, where were we?"

He opened his arms again, puckered up, and dashed toward her. "Give me a smooch!"

He pulled Bonnie's blanket off, and she motioned to fend him off, but someone grabbed the back of his collar.

"Who dares interrupt me?" William turned and saw a man who was equally as handsome as him. Immediately after, he recognized the man as Bonnie's fiance and the CEO of the Knight Group.

Even Bonnie was surprised to see Ivor. "What are you doing here?"

A hint of coldness flashed in Ivor's eyes as he said, "It's a good thing I came over. Otherwise, he would've taken advantage of you."

"Where's your grandma?" She tried to change the topic.

"I got her admitted."

"How's her legs?"

“Um, hey...” William shrugged and turned back. “Can you please let me go before you chat with her, Ivor?”

“Do you

know me?” Ivor asked as he looked at William up and down. The man looked so elegant and dashing that he felt threatened.

“Of course. You’re Bonnie’s fiancé. Well, ex–fiancé, might I add. **I’m** the man who’s hopelessly in love with Bonnie and has been trying to win her heart. So, why is it a surprise that I know you?” William said smilingly.

Ivor squinted but said nothing. William kept his smile up and stared at Ivor. On the other hand, Bonnie tucked in her blanket and said, “If you **guys** love staring at each other so much, do it outside. I

need to take some rest.”

Meanwhile, Jim and Jacques were still fighting.

Crash!

One of them broke the television.

Thud!

The water dispenser fell, **and** its contents spilled onto the floor. Bonnie rubbed her temples and said, annoyed, “You two, fight outside! Wait, clean your mess before you leave.”

Jim and Jacques took several steps back from each other **and** ended the fight. Ivor let go of William and approached Bonnie. **She** looked **at** Ivor, and her eyelid twitched.

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‘He loves getting jealous at the best of times. Judging from his stance, he’s about to have another episode.’

She was in the middle of her thoughts when he smiled charmingly at her and said warmly, “What would you like for lunch? I’ll ask the kitchen to prepare your favorite food.’

He was not acting like himself at all, which caught Bonnie off–guard. All she could do was look at him in puzzlement. Ivor kept smiling while he removed his coat and put it on her. “Here, don’t catch a cold.”

Bonnie stared at the coat, which was already around her, and thought, 'What's he trying to do?'

Although William was still smiling, there was a trace of coldness behind it. "You're no longer Bonnie's fiance, Ivor. Isn't it a little inappropriate for you to act like that?"

Ivor met William's gaze and casually said, "She doesn't have a problem with it, does she? You're just an outsider. What makes you think you can question me?"

"Wow, you're aggressive. I'm scared."

"We're rivals, after all. Isn't it normal for me to be aggressive toward you? Am I supposed to be a softy instead?"

The two glared at each other while Bonnie shifted glances between them.

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A moment later, Ivor and William turned to look at Bonnie. Although they said nothing, Bonnie felt pressured. She thought it would be easier to research the latest nanomaterials than to deal with them.

"Guys, I need to rest. Please give me some space." Bonnie then lay down and snuck under the blanket.

"I came all this way just to see you, Bonnie. You can't ignore me like this," William said, looking pitiful and aggrieved.

Meanwhile, Ivor turned to Floyd and said, "We're leaving to let Bonnie rest. She's a patient, after all."

He raised a brow at William. The latter met Ivor's gaze and understood his meaning. However, William thought Ivor was trying to outdo him by hinting that he was a thoughtful fiance who cared about Bonnie while William was just bugging her.

“Jacques, we’re leaving, too.”

“Jacques?” Floyd turned and glanced at the tall and dark-skinned burly man.

Sensing Floyd’s shock, Ivor asked, “What’s wrong?”

Floyd looked at Jacques and then at Jim, who was closing the door. Then, Floyd’s eyes widened. “Th- that’s Jacques, Mr. Ivor! He’s the most formidable fighter in the SR League!”

“How did you figure that out?”

“I saw him holding his own against Master Jim just now. It made me wonder who he was. It turns out he’s the top fighter in the league. That’s the only explanation that makes sense.”

Ivor looked at Jacques before turning to William. Pure wisdom flickered in his eyes. “That means the man over there is one of the people in the league.”

“Jacques has been pretty respectful to him. I guess he’s one of the top brass in the league.” Floyd took

a guess.

Ivor rubbed his chin and said, “Say, what are the chances that he’s the owner of the SR League?”

Floyd’s eyes widened again. “S–Seriously? What are the odds?”

Dr. Zebulon told them that the miracle doctor saved the mother of the owner of the **SR League**.

‘What are the odds that we ran into the owner of the league before we even had the chance to post the request?’

“I–If you’re right, then how does **Ms. Bonnie** know them?” Floyd scratched the back of his head, thinking the whole thing was convoluted. He did not think he had the brain capacity to process

everything.

Ivor glanced at the door before peering at William, who was leaving. The light in his eyes flickered as his mind spun.

“There’s one more puzzling thing,” Floyd said, “I know Ms. Bonnie saved Master Jim’s life, but he was just showing up around her far too frequently.”

“Remember that he’s Ms. Bonita’s bodyguard. Shouldn’t he be around **Ms.** Bonita at all times to keep her safe? With that in mind, there can only be one explanation.”

“Which is?” Ivor was pondering the same thing.

“Master Jim’s in love with Ms. Bonnie!” Floyd gasped.

Ivor had nothing to add because he knew they were thinking about different things. He said, “That’s... impossible.”

However, Floyd was confused. “How so? I think he may be in love with her.”

“Master Jim cares about Bonnie, but he doesn’t love her the way you think,” Ivor said confidently.

“How can you tell, Mr. Ivor?”

“I know who my love rivals are. You wouldn’t get it.”

Floyd remained quiet.

‘It isn’t my fault I’m single.’

Meanwhile, Bonnie received a text from William as she lay in her hospital bed.

“Someone posted a

request asking for your help to treat a patient.”

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“What’s the diagnosis?”

“Osteoarthritis in the knees. It’s been bugging the patient for more than two decades.”

'Osteoarthritis? What are the chances? Ivor's grandma has osteoarthritis in the knees, too,' Bonnie thought as she received another text from Willam.

"Guess who posted the request?"

Bonnie sat upright and pondered for a moment before replying, "Was it Ivor?"

William was stunned. "How'd you know that? Can you predict the future?"

She composed her reply and sent it. "You have one guess."

'So, it was Ivor. That means the specialist couldn't cure Winnie's legs.'

Immediately after, Willam called, "Why don't you turn down the request since you're injured? Just put a pin in it and call it a day."

Bonnie asked curiously, "How much is the reward for his request?"

"A billion dollars. Come on, Bonnie. You can't neglect your health for money. If that's what you need, I can give **you a** billion dollars, too. Hell, I'll even give you hundreds of billions. Scratch that. I'll be more than happy to give you SR League if you'll marry me!"

Bonnie clicked her tongue and said, "Ivor put up a billion dollars? Wow, that's **a** waste."

"Hey, were you listening to me? I just proposed to you. Consider SR League your wedding gift. I really

"I have something to attend to. I'll talk to you later."

"H-Hello?"

'How heartless. Just the way I like it.'

Bonnie pondered as she looked out the window, 'What should I do? Should I confess to Ivor that I'm the one who cured William's mother? I can't do that. That's not the right way to do it. I've never told anyone I practice medicine.

'I didn't want patients **lining** up at my doorstep, asking me to treat them every day. I'm not boasting, but people would literally crash through my gate if they knew how **good** I am in treating illnesses.'

The following day, Bonnie visited **Winnie's** ward. "**Hey**, Grandma, is Ivor here?"

Winifred grinned **and** said, "Do **you** miss him? I'll call and tell him to come here right away.

Bonnie cleared her throat awkwardly. She **could** feel herself blushing. “Th—that’s not what I meant,

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Grandma. I was just asking because I don’t see him around.”

However, Winnie did not believe her and proceeded to dial Ivor’s number. Bonnie added hastily, “Maybe we shouldn’t distract him from work. I heard from Floyd that he has an important meeting in the company today.”

Now that she put it that way, even Winnie thought it was better not to call. Instead, she told Bonnie, “There are plenty of fruits in the basket. Would you like anything? Here, I’ll get some for you.”

Winnie got off the bed, eager to take the fruits for her. Suddenly, a sharp pain shot through her legs. It was so excruciating that she grimaced. “Ouch... My knees.”

“Let me help you to your bed, Grandma.” Bonnie held the older woman’s arms and helped her over.

Winnie’s complexion **was** utterly pale at that moment. “Damn, these old legs. I wish I could chop them off. It’s blindingly painful whenever they act up.”

Bonnie held Winnie’s legs and said, “Here, let me massage them for you.”

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“That won’t be necessary. You can hire a masseur, but it wouldn’t do much good. I’d say my legs are beyond repair.” Winnie was still in the middle of her sentence when she realized something. The aching and swelling slowly diminished when Bonnie started massaging her legs.

“Huh, would you look at that? You’re good with your hands, Bonnie. You’re better than a masseur. You’ve barely massaged them for a minute, but I’m feeling much more comfortable already.”

“That’s great. I’ll just keep massaging for now, I can administer acupuncture to you if you’re okay with that.”

“Acupuncture?” Winnie asked.

“Mhm.”

Winnie frowned and fell into deep thought.

‘It seems I underestimated this girl a little. I never thought she’d have some knowledge of the human body. I’m feeling much better after just a minute of her massage. Even **so**, acupuncture is another

thing.

“Massage doesn’t require the use of **a** needle and knowledge of vital points in the human body. Acupuncture is a different deal altogether. It’s not that I don’t trust Bonnie. I just fear suffering even more if she makes a mistake.’

“The massage will do for now, dear. I’ll take a rain check on the acupuncture.” Winnie did not want to upset Bonnie, so she added. “The truth is that Ivor is looking for a **so**–called miracle doctor for me.”

Bonnie asked hesitantly, “Are you talking about the person who treated the mother of the owner of the SR League?”

Initially, Winnie was surprised that Bonnie knew about it. Then, she thought maybe Ivor had told her about it. “Yeah. That’s the miracle doctor I’m talking about.”

Bonnie stood up and looked at Winnie solemnly, saying, “Here’s something you don’t know. I’m the

one who treated that woman.”

Winnie’s eyes widened in surprise.

Bonnie had expected that of Winnie. After all, it was a pretty amazing secret.

“Pfft... Hahaha!” The older woman laughed heartily. “Oh, sweetie. You surprise me at every corner! You always look so severe whenever I see you. I thought you didn’t even seem like a twenty–year–old girl. I **can** honestly say I know you better now. I didn’t know you could be so humorous.”

“I’m **not** joking, Grandma,” Bonnie responded.

Winnie held Bonnie’s hands and said, “I know you said that to make me laugh. I know how cold and distant you are. Still, you’re willing to put down **your** pride and make me laugh. That shows me how

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kind–hearted you are. Ivor’s a lucky man! It’s wonderful that you’ll be his wife someday.”

Bonnie remained quiet, wondering what she should say now since Winnie did not believe her. Initially, the former thought she would tell Ivor if Winnie did not believe her. However, Bonnie was pretty sure Ivor would react the same way, considering his grandmother’s reaction.

Then, Bonnie received another text from William. “I’m still waiting for your reply. Are you going to accept the request? If you don’t reply within a minute, I’ll tell Ivor you turned it down.”

He would prefer it if Bonnie rejected Ivor and even began counting down the time. As he was about to hit the one–minute mark, Bonnie replied, “I’ll accept it.”

William pouted and grumbled, “Ivor is such a pain in the **ass!**”

Simultaneously, Ivor received a reply from the SR League.

Since Bonnie would need to treat Winnie a week later, she needed time to gather the herbal materials. Besides that, there was the Lenfield Resort race, Bonnie **also** needed to gather her wits and conserve her energy to win the race.

“Sheffyn Entertainment, the Sheffyns, Xavier, and Vulture...” Bonnie mumbled and drifted into deep thought.

‘Just you guys wait. I won’t allow you despicable wretches to get your way.

In the blink of an eye, it was weekend. She had changed into a racing suit, but Ivor blocked her off at the villa entrance, saying, “You can’t go.”

Ged stood at the side, curious how things would unfold. Glancing at the lovey–dovey couple, he thought, ‘Never in my wildest dream did I imagine Bonnie was Windbreaker!’

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Ged had his big reaction last night after learning that Bonnie was Windbreaker. However, he could not help but feel a lingering shock.

Bonnie palmed her forehead and said, "I'm all better now, you know."

Ivor tensed. "Is that why you can't wait to tear yourself a new one?"

Bonnie's lips twitched. "I was careless last time and got hurt. I didn't expect the Sheffyns to be so cunning and shameless. Still, I won't fall for the same trick twice."

"Well, I'm sorry, but I won't let you go." Ivor continued to stand in her way.

Bonnie checked the time and realized the race **was** about to start. She could not afford to waste more time with Ivor, saying, "You might not know me well, but no one can change my mind once I've decided something. That's just my nature."

Ivor was helpless. "Why do you think I don't know you well?"

"If you did, you wouldn't have stood in my way." Bonnie insinuated that his actions were proof that he indeed did not know her well.

While Ivor did not know how to respond, **Ged** shook his head and thought, 'Bonnie might be the only person in the world who can make Ivor yield. She's got him wrapped around her finger.'

"Do you have to go?" Ivor looked at Bonnie intensely.

"How else will I get my revenge on them?" Bonnie had never held her grudge for more than a day. This time, she had waited for a whole week. Understandably, she could not wait to wipe the floor with Xavier and Vulture.

"I can avenge you.

“Thanks, but no thanks. I prefer to avenge myself. It feels best that way. Wouldn’t you agree?”

Ivor had to give it to her. He wholeheartedly agreed with that sentiment..“All right. You can go, but I have a condition.”

“What is it?” She asked, confused. Then, it hit her. “Are you going to ask me to marry you?”

His eyes glinted at that. “There’s an idea.”

She gave him a dirty look and responded. “What exactly is the condition? Quickly, time’s running short, and **I need** to be there as soon as possible. **I** promised Hamish I’d do it. He also paid me to do

this. It’d ruin my reputation if I’m late. He’ll get worried if he waits for too long.”

“Go ahead, then. As for the condition... I’ll tell you about it when this blows over.”

“Fine, but I’m not **going** to agree to it if you want me to marry you.”

“Don’t worry. It’ll be something you’ll agree with.”

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The couple talked while going to their cars. Ged realized they were leaving and caught up to them. You guys are the worst! You can’t just leave me behind! Wait up!”

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About forty minutes later, Bonnie arrived at the racing venue. The moment Hamish saw her car, dashed right over. “Geez, Bonnie! Didn’t I tell you not to come? It’s just a race for the development rights to Lenfield Resort.

“Your life is worth way more than this. What am I supposed to do if something bad happens to you? What am I supposed to do with Tang

“Ahem!” Bonnie cleared her throat and cut him off.

Hamish overlooked Ivor until Bonnie hinted at him. After looking over, Hamish saw Ivor sitting **in** the passenger seat with Ged in the backseat.

Ivor looked at Bonnie and Hamish, saying, “I didn’t know you guys were this close. You two certainly seem a lot closer **than** just having a business relationship.”

“Yeah. We’re friends, after all. We go way back.” She said this to set up a precedent so Ivor would not ask too many questions later.

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“That’s the gist of it,” Bonnie added

As expected, Ivor did not ask any more follow-up questions. Meanwhile, Floyd walked over and told Ivor, “Yosef ran into some trouble, sir.”

“Yosef? Is that the racer the Knights hired?” She asked.

“Mhm, I’ll check on him first.” Ivor opened the car door and got out.

“Wait for me, Mr. Ivor.”

Xavier, who was standing nearby, was puzzled as he looked at them. “That’s weird. Ivor just came out of Windbreaker’s **car**.”

Gibren also noticed it, saying, “Ivor’s probably trying to poach her.”

“That’s possible.” Xavier nodded in approval. “From the looks of it, he **failed**.”

“Hamish works for Tang Fusion Studios. The company was founded recently, but it’s still pretty formidable. To this day, we still haven’t found out who the **actual owner** is.

“That alone proves there’s more than meets the eye regarding Tang Fusion Studios. If Ivor is counting on poaching Windbreaker, he’ll have a hard time doing it.” Gibren voiced his analysis.

“You make some fine points. If it were that easy, I would’ve poached Windbreaker myself.

“You would’ve had better luck if you did it much earlier. You almost got Windbreaker killed in the previous race. It doesn’t matter how much money or benefits you offer her. I just don’t think you’ll succeed.” Gibren grew solemn.

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Xavier looked at Bonnie’s car menacingly and said, “**If** I can’t have her, no one will.”

Gibren glanced sidelong at Xavier. “Are you going to ask Vulture to do it?”

Xavier smirked. “You’ve always called me Hades incarnate, right? Well, if Hades wants someone to go to the underworld, then there’s no escaping his call.”

“You say that, but...” Gibren grew worried. “...**It** looks like Hamish cares a lot about Windbreaker. From what I see, they’re extremely close. You’re in for big trouble if they turn out to be a couple.”

“You’re overanalyzing it. I know Hamish treats Windbreaker well, but that’s far from being **a** couple. Even if they are, I won’t be responsible for Vulture’s actions, assuming he messes it up. Do you honestly think Hamish will go against me for a racer?” Xavier was confident.

He then turned and looked into the crowd. Although countless people had come to watch the race, managed to track down a tall and burly man who had been staring at him.

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“Huh? Do you think that man looks familiar?”

“Who are **you** talking about?” Gibren followed Xavier’s gaze and looked **at** the six-foot-tall man.”

“He

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does look familiar.”

“Aha!” Xavier finally recognized the man. “That’s Jim Ryan!”

“You’re right. That is him!” Gibren was genuinely surprised, too.

“Come on, let’s greet him.”

Soon after, Xavier approached Jim and smiled before extending his hand. “Fancy bumping into you here, Master Jim. What are the chances?”

Jim glanced at Xavier’s hand but did not shake it. Instead, he warned, “I don’t care if it’s the Olsons’ doing, but if Windbreaker so much as scratches herself in this race, I’ll hold you guys responsible for

it!”

Xavier withdrew his hand slowly. It took him several seconds to find his voice. “Who is Windbreaker to you, Master Jim?”

“Mind your business. All you have to do is remember what I said,” Jim responded coldly. That was when he saw the race director waving and making hand gestures to signify the race was about to start.

Xavier did not know what had just happened, but he knew Jim Ryan was the King of Combat and Ms. Bonita’s bodyguard. The former could not afford to cross someone like Jim. With that, Xavier decided to give Vulture the signal to call off their plans.

However, he saw Ivor running to Windbreaker’s car and getting into the passenger seat.

Is Ivor planning to ride with her?

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Bonnie stared at Ivor as he sat in the passenger seat. “What the hell do you think you’re doing?”

“Isn’t it obvious? I’m going to ride along with you.” Ivor said matter-of-factly.

“A ride along? What the hell do you think this is?”

Ivor smiled charmingly and **said**, “A fiance should brave the storm with his fiancée. After all, their fates are tied in an unbreakable bond. That’s what I think.

Bonnie’s heart almost leaped into her throat. She stared at him for a good while, thinking, ‘I don’t even know where to start with him.’

The race director came over and said, “Excuse me, are you riding along with her, Mr. Ivor?”

“Yes, and do you have a problem with **that**?” Ivor responded coldly.

The race director felt sweat drip down his forehead when he saw Ivor’s cold expression. The **former** did not want to talk to Ivor initially. However, he had received bribes from Xavier to do it.

“Th—that’s against the rules, Mr. Ivor.”

Ivor’s eyes glinted with a menacing light. “Do you think I’m an idiot? Do I look like I’m unfamiliar with the rules? As far as I know, nothing prohibits ride-alongs.”

The director was at a loss. He did **not** think Ivor would have read the rulebook, let alone remember the rules. “Um, here’s the thing, Mr. Ivor. You’re too influential to have on a ride-along. It’s dangerous for you to be a passenger during a race.”

Ivor turned and saw Xavier and his gang. The former said, “There won’t be any danger unless someone tampers with the race.”

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Immediately after, the racers and their bosses who conspired against Windbreaker lowered their heads, considering the consequences of their actions. They did not care if anything happened to Windbreaker. After all, it **would** not affect them.

However, no one could risk offending the Knight family if anything happened **to** Ivor.

Xavier turned to Gibren and said, “How are Ivor and Windbreaker connected?”

Gibren shrugged, wanting to know the answer to that, too. First was Hamish, and then Jim, and now **even** Ivor backed Windbreaker up. Gibren began to suspect there was something more to Windbreaker’s identity than it seemed.

Either way, **no** one dared to conspire against her now.

Soon after, the flagwoman went to the track and waved the flag to start the race.

Bonnie intentionally tailgated Vulture, and Ivor could guess what she was trying to do. He said, Don't do anything rash. It's dangerous."

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Bonnie raised her brow and responded wickedly, "Anyone who messes with me will get it I told you what I'd do. I also told you to get out of the car, but you wouldn't listen. Are you scared now?"

"I don't care what happens to me. I'm just worried about you hurting yourself again." Ivor frowned

Bonnie cocked her head and looked at Ivor. When she saw the genuine worry *in* his expression, she quickly returned her gaze to the track "Things are about to get real. Hold on to something"

Ivor felt a tug at his heartstrings when he thought about how timidly she turned away just now. He thought it was adorable. "All right, I believe in your driving skills

Bonnie pondered his words and subconsciously thought there was another meaning to his words. Even so, she did not have time to think about the warm, fuzzy stuff.

Here comes the turn."

She stepped on the gas **and** swerved the steering wheel. The engine roared, and her car surged forward. Her car then came shoulder to shoulder with Vulture's car. At that moment, the crowd gasped as they focused on the big screen.

Jim's heart almost leaped out of his throat. He had already contacted the security team, which had a whopping one thousand personnel. They **waited** in hidden positions, ready to spring into action at moment's notice.

He swore not to let any of the Olsons escape if anything happened to Bonnie.

Xavier frowned and said, "What's Windbreaker doing?"

Gibren quickly saw through her tactics, saying, "It looks like she's trying to give Vulture a taste of his own medicine."

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Xavier chuckled and said, "What a vengeful maniac."

"Well, they don't call Windbreaker the Racing Lunatic for nothing." Gibren did not even remember that fact until now. Even Xavier had forgotten about that nickname until Gibren mentioned it.

Three years ago, seemingly out of nowhere, Windbreaker appeared and started to race everyone. She had done several crazy stunts, **such as** tying her hands to the steering wheel during a race, driving with only one hand, and more.

That was how she received the Racing Lunatic nickname. Afterward, she went under the radar for a couple of years. Everyone had almost forgotten about her nickname.

Xavier felt regretful when Gibren mentioned that name.

Screech!

Bonnie rammed her car into the side of Vulture's car. The two cars scraped against each other, creating **sparks** in the process. The crowd gasped once more.

"Damn, Windbreaker's out of her mind. Still, I'm loving this!"

"You said it. The Olsons shouldn't have messed with Windbreaker last week."

"Yeah, they only have themselves to blame. They shouldn't have tried to pull a fast one over the Racing Lunatic. The Olsons are in for a treat now."

"Aren't any of you curious about what's going on between Mr. Ivor and Windbreaker? Why's he sitting in her car?"

"I don't know what's happening between them, but one thing's for sure. There's more to it regarding

them."

"Everyone knows that!"

Vulture did everything he could, but he could not shake Bonnie off. The former cursed, "Fuck you, Xavier! There are seven billion people on this planet, but you made me get on this lunatic's bad side!"

He was grateful they called off the plan to ram into Windbreaker's car. Otherwise, he was sure he would be dead by now. Nonetheless, the cars continued to scrape **against** each other. Then, Bonnie's eyes lit up, saying, "Don't you feel alive?!"

Ivor leaned on the car door and admired Bonnie's unleashed madness. "I do! I love this!"

"All right, then. Do you want to see something crazier?!" Bonnie revealed a wicked smile.

Ivor raised his brow and smirked, saying, "I'd love to."

Bonnie felt delighted with his response. She even felt exhilarated that someone was willing to cut

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loose and have fun with her. She turned the steering wheel swiftly again and rammed Vulture's car off the track.

Crash!

"Son of a bitch!" Vulture did everything he could to swerve the other way. Fortunately, he merely knocked his car into the guardrail at the last possible second.

He removed his helmet and lowered the car window, watching as Bonnie drove off into the distance at lightning speed.

'Her driving skills are immaculate. She knew I'd come out of that unscathed. If someone else had rammed into her car last week, that person would have gotten it worse than me.

Meanwhile, Bonnie proceeded to step on the gas, looking unruly and unchained. Ivor remained in the passenger seat and continued to stare at her. It was as he had previously thought. The more he learned about his fiancée, the more mysterious she seemed.

Ivor found it challenging to fathom just how many secrets she had.

Suddenly, she suggested, "We still have time. Do you want to take a stroll by the **coast**?"

“Sure, let’s go.”

Moments later, Bonnie pulled over by the roadside. Ivor held her hand when she got out of the car. She looked down and asked, “What are you doing?”

“It’s cold here. You might catch a cold.”

Bonnie sighed helplessly. “I’m not cold. My blood’s still pumping from all that adrenaline.”

Ivor looked at her solemnly and said, “Well, I can easily catch a cold. I need some warmth.”

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Bonnie did not know how to respond to Ivor. She thought there was no way he was not joking

“Really? You might want to get that looked at. It might *be* an early symptom of bedroom performance, Ivor.”

Ivor leaned close to her and said seductively, “I’ll trust you to check on it, then.”

Although the cool breeze blew past them, Bonnie’s cheeks reddened. “Hey, I can’t help you if you can’t get it up. You should get it checked at the hospital.”

“Come on, I thought you said you knew a thing or two about medicine. Here, you can take a look at it now.” Ivor suddenly pulled Bonnie toward him, causing her to panic and withdraw her hand quickly.

“What do you think you’re doing?!”

Ivor smiled, saying, “Why are you getting so worked up? I just grabbed your **hand** because I needed you to check my pulse. Get your mind out of the gutter.

Bonnie pursed her lips, thinking, 'He did that on purpose!'

"I shouldn't have brought you to the coast when it's just us two." She turned and left.

However, Ivor quickly grabbed her hand and pulled her back, causing her to stagger and fall into his chest. Bonnie was stunned before gathering herself and stepping away. She was about to hit him when he let go.

Ivor apologized sincerely, "I'm sorry for going **too** far with my jokes."

"Do you think an apology will suffice?"

"What else do you have in mind? **You** punish me however you see fit."

Bonnie was at a loss for a moment before saying, "Let's head back."

"Already? Aren't we going to take in the coastal view?"

"I don't feel like it anymore."

Ivor visited Tang Fusion Studios the following day. Hamish even told his employee to brew some tea for Ivor. "To what do I owe the pleasure, Mr. Ivor?"

Ivor pulled out a checkbook, saying, "Let's get down to brass tax. I want Lenfield Resort's

development rights. You can name any price you see fit."

"As I see fit? What if I **name** a price that far exceeds what Lenfield Resort **is** worth?"

"Like I said, **name** a price."

Hamish could tell Ivor was not joking. "I'm curious about something. Lenfield Resort might be

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immensely profitable, but you possess several properties that can rake in as much **as** this resort. **However**, you seem to like **this** one more than the others."

"Cards on the table, I'm doing it to win my future wife's heart." Ivor looked into Hamish's eyes, speaking earnestly.

"Ahem, cough, cough!" Hamish choked on his tea. "You mean Bonnie?"

“Yeah, that’s her. She’s looking for a place to stay and loves the land Lenfield Resort would inevitably stand on. For the record, I promised I’d give her the best villa there ever was,”

Hamish was shocked and did not know how to respond for a moment. After gathering his thoughts, he asked, “Did you tell her you were coming here?”

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“I want it to be a surprise. I’d appreciate it if you do me this favor, Hamish. Please give me Lenfield Resort’s development rights. I’ll make it worth your while. Additionally, I’ll do everything in my power to lend your company a hand if you ever need me.”

“Well...” Hamish massaged his temples. “I’m honored Knight Group is willing **to** collaborate with my company. I’d be happy to sell you the development rights. Still, I’m just the CEO. I’ll have to ask for my chairman’s opinion, too.”

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Ivor understood **Hamish’s** concerns, **saying**, “Please arrange a **meeting** with **your** chairman.”

However, **it** only **worsened** the latter’s **headache**. Hamish **stood up** and pulled **out** his **phone**. “Give me **a** minute **while** I make a **phone call**.”

He then left the VIP room and called Bonnie. She had **just** awoken moments **ago** and sounded a **little** husky, “**Hello?** What’s up?”

“**I have a massive** headache right **now**, **Bonnie**.”

“Then, **get some sleep**. I’m **busy** and can’t take over **your job**.”

Hamish knew Bonnie was about **to** hang up. **So**, he hurriedly said, “Your **fiance is** here asking for the Lenfield **Resort’s** development rights.”

Bonnie bolted upright. “What did **you say?!**”

“**Ivor’s** in the **VIP room now**. **He** came **here with** a checkbook and **said** I could name any **price if** I gave him the development rights. **There’s** more,” Hamish sounded more like he **was** gossiping as he continued, “He even told me **he** promised **to** give you **the** best villa in Lenfield Resort. It seems **you have** a romantic **fiance**.”

Bonnie said smilingly, “What’s wrong? Are **you jealous**, or are you feeling **lonely**? Ivor must’ve inspired **you to** look for a **wife**. I can help **you** with that. Pick any lady you want.”

“**Please** don’t. I’m **sorry, all** right.” Hamish was pretty shocked **by** her response. He blamed himself for making fun of Bonnie. He could do it with anyone **else** but **her**. “Hey, back to business. What are we going **to do** about Ivor?”

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“It’s simple. Tell Ivor that your chairman has decided **to let** me stay in the eight villa for now.”

Ivor was surprised as he looked at Hamish. “Your chairman is giving Bonnie the **best** villa?”

“**No**, they’re **just** lending it **to her**.” Hamish corrected **Ivor**.

Ivor recalled when the chairman gave Bonnie **a gown** for the party. **He** asked, “I’m curious about who Bonnie **is to your** chairman.”

“**Um**, I’m sorry, but that’s a private **matter** between the chairman and Bonnie. I can’t divulge such information.”

Ivor’s expression grew tense, and his **eyes** dimmed. “**If** that’s the **case**, I won’t pry. There’s just one thing, though. I wonder if it’s okay **for you to** answer my question.”

“Please, **go** ahead.”

“Is your chairman a man **or a** woman?”

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Hamish had to stifle a smile, knowing Ivor was jealous of the chairman, “You’ll be pleased to know my chairman is a lady,”

Ivor noticed Hamish trying to hold back a chuckle. So, the former asked again, “What about you? Who’s Bonnie to you?”

“We’re not a couple,” Hamish explained hastily.

“Really?”

“Someone like Bonnie is beyond my reach. I couldn’t have held on to her even if we were a couple. Frankly speaking, I’ve never met anyone who could hold their own against Bonnie. Still, that was only true until after I met you. In my opinion, you can win her heart if you put a little more effort into it.”

Ivor raised his teacup, saying, “Here’s to hoping your words **will** manifest. We don’t have alcohol here. So, allow me to drink this tea in your name instead.”

“You’re too kind.” Hamish sipped his tea.

Suddenly, he slammed the table and exclaimed, “Damn Xavier for almost killing Bonnie! **I’ll** get my revenge someday! **If** you don’t mind, **Ivor**, we should **join** forces **and give** that asshole his just desserts!”

Ivor’s eyes grew cold as he said, “You spoke my mind, Hamish.”

Meanwhile, Xavier glanced at **his employee**, who was there **to** report his findings. “My men tailed Windbreaker’s car last night and saw her face when she **got** out of the car with Mr. Ivor. S–**She’s**... Um

...

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“Who is she? Speak!”

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“She’s Mr. Ivor’s fiancee.”

“What?!” **Xavier was** utterly shocked. “How can that be? I’ve seen her before. That Bonnie is a good- for–nothing who only has looks. The Shepards even disowned her because she picked on her sister and brought shame to her family.

“How can she be the famous Windbreaker?! **That’s**–hahaha–is that a joke?” He giggled in the

middle of **his** sentence. “Geez. I wouldn’t have believed **it if** I hadn’t seen **it** myself. Either way, have you found what Bonnie and Hamish’s relationship **is?**”

The employee shook his head. “I only discovered **that** Bonnie **had once** attended **the** Knight family’s annual dinner party. She wore one of **Hamish’s** best **designs to it.**”

Xavier tapped his desk and asked, “What about her relationship **with** Jim Ryan?”

“I couldn’t find anything on that, Mr. **Xavier.**”

“Bonnie, huh? It seems there’s more **to her** than I thought. Send someone **to** tail **her**. I **refuse to** believe **we** can’t find anything if we investigate her thoroughly.”

“Right away, Mr. Xander.” The employee was about **to** leave when another one **of** Xavier’s men

hurried in.

“Mr. Xavier, it’s bad. Real bad!”

“What happened?” Xavier frowned.

“Tang Fusion Studios and Knight Group have worked together **to** take the Highpoint Galleria’s shares.”

“What?!” Xavier could no longer remain seated.

“Also, the Nidhogg Arena was supposed to **collaborate** with us, but they’re going to Knight Group instead.”

“You want to run that by me again!”

“That’s not all. The filming set had to cease production because **of them**. Someone uncovered the male lead’s ugly history and publicized it **all over** the internet. The television drama might face its end before we can complete its shooting!”

Xavier was furious. He had **invested** five billion dollars into the **drama** and cast the most famous actors. He was angry it had to end before **it** could even shine.

“Well played, Hamish and Ivor. You won this time!” Although he **was** furious, **he** knew it all happened because of Bonnie. It would not have been this bad if he had only offended Knight Group. Moreover, he also needed to **be wary of** Jim.

“Do you have any updates on Jim?” At that moment, Xavier’s phone rang. It was someone from his

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company.

“It’s a disaster, Mr. Xavier! Master Jim wreaked havoc at all of the dojos your company owns. Also, **Ms.** Bonita’s research institute announced they’re shunning us from competing for **its** future research findings!”

Xavier almost dropped **his** phone **as his** employees gulped.

“What should we do, Mr. Xavier?”

Xavier gritted his teeth and calmed himself. “**We’re heading to the Knights’ villa.**”

Meanwhile, Halle took Rowena **to** the Knights’ villa. Ivor looked unwelcoming as **he** said, “**I** thought I said you two aren’t allowed to enter my villa without my permission.”

“Come on, Ivor. **We’re cousins.** Are you going **to** cut me off?” Halle pouted and **acted** cute.

Ivor glanced at Rowena and said, “Halle’s my cousin. That means you can leave **now.**”

Rowena felt as if he had just stabbed her in the **heart**. She **hated** Bonnie **even more now**. She knew Ivor would not treat her **so** poorly if it **were** not for Bonnie. “**Ivor...**”

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“**We’re** not close, so stop saying my name in that tone, I don’t want my fiancée getting jealous,” Ivor indifferently cut Rowena off.

Rowena felt another stab through her heart. Her eyes reddened as she said pitifully, “The Knights and the Pauls have maintained a healthy relationship for three generations. You can’t do this to me.”

Ivor retorted, “Are you trying to pin things on me?! You were mean to Bonnie several times, and I saw them all. How convenient that you forgot about them.”

Rowena could not take it anymore.

‘What does **he** mean I was mean to Bonnie?! On **the** contrary, she shamed me whenever I tried to do something. Can’t **he see that?**’

At that moment, Ivor’s butler **came over and** said, “**Sir, Mr.** Xavier is here.”

“What’s he doing **here?**”

“He said **he’s** here **for** Ms. Bonnie.”

Halle and Rowena swapped **glances** and started muttering **with** each other.

“**Do** you think Xavier’s here for her **because** she **offended** him **out** there? Is he here to settle the score with her?”

“Given what **we** know about Bonnie, **it** seems highly likely. **You** know how arrogant she **is.**”

“Wonderful. I hope we can **see** Xavier teaching her a lesson later. That’ll show Ivor how much of a troublemaker she **is**. She’s ruthless, ignorant, and despicable. An incompetent sap like her would only bring trouble **to** the Knight family.”

Meanwhile, Xavier approached Ivor and **went** straight to the point. “Is Bonnie **here?**”

“What can I do you for?” Bonnie opened the door and walked **out of** her room.

Xavier lowered his head and apologized, “I’m here **to** apologize **to you**, Bonnie. I hope you’ll find mercy in your heart to forgive me.”

‘Say what now?!’

Halle and Rowena were so shocked that their jaws were about **to** hit **the ground**.

The Sheffyns had been a **rival** family to **the** Knights for **as** long as they could remember. Xavier had never even been this polite **to** Ivor **under** normal circumstances.

‘What in the world is happening here?!’

Bonnie looked at Xavier coldly. “It’s **crucial to play fair** in a **race**. It **was** bad enough you tried to win through deceptions and tricks, but **you just** had **to** try and kill me. **How do** you expect me **to** forgive you after that? You **got** me fucked up.”

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Navier tensed. He had already lowered himself to her level and acted so humbly. The last thing he expected was for her to take advantage of it.

“It was an honest misunderstanding, Bonnie. It’s easy to make an enemy, but it’d be challenging to bury the hatchet. Why make yourself another enemy?”

“Are you threatening me?” She squinted.

“How could I? You’re smart and kind, I believe you won’t kick a man when he’s down.”

“Stop putting me on a pedestal, Navier. Also, stop trying to manipulate me while you’re at it. If I didn’t have fast reflexes, I would’ve died that day. It doesn’t matter what you say, I’ll never forgive you. I’d appreciate it if you’d stop bugging me!”

With that, she returned to her room. Xavier was about to follow and argue his case, but Ivor stopped him, saying, “Um, what she said. Good luck, Xavier.”

Navier was furious. “She doesn’t see the bigger picture. So, why are **you** going along with her, Ivor? You might be in cahoots with Tang Fusion Studios, but that **doesn’t** mean you **can** take the Sheffyns down without casualties. Don’t push us to a corner, or we’ll take you down with us.”

On the other hand, Ivor did not want to waste more time with **Xavier**. “**See our guest out**, Alfred.”

“Roger that, sir.” Alfred stepped forward and told Xavier, “This **way, please.**”

Xavier was steaming with rage, “Fine! We’ll see how **it** goes!”

After returning to his villa, he posted a request **on** the SR League. Soon **after**, Bonnie received a text from William. “My, my. You’re worth a lot, Bonnie. The Sheffyns **posted** a request for your head. They offered a one billion dollar reward.”

That piqued Bonnie’s interest. “Did you accept it?”

“Come on. Do you think I’d accept it?”

After some thought, she sent **a** reply, “**I’ll accept** the request.

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William called Bonnie, picking his ears as he said, “Say what now?!”

“You heard me.” Bonnie smiled with a hint of cunning in her eyes,

That same night, Xavier received a reply from the SR League saying someone had accepted his request. He was so excited that he sent someone **to pick** the person up.

Bonnie came wearing **a** black, baggy outfit and had her face covered. She deepened her voice, saying, ” It’ll take more than **a billion dollars** if you want her head.”

Xavier casually responded, “Are you trying **to** haggle over the price **after we’ve** agreed on one? A billion dollars is more than enough **for** anyone **to** live **several** lifetimes. Your **self**–opinion **is** too high if you think you’re the only one who’ll accept my **request**.”

“You got that right. I can confidently say only a few will dare **to** accept your request. **If you don’t** believe **me**, keep waiting **for** someone **to** show up. I’m patient. It won’t take long before **you come** looking for me again,” Bonnie said confidently.

Xavier’s expression grew cold. “Is that **so**? We’ll **see** how **it goes**, then.”

Several days later, he asked to see her again, just as she had **expected**. Xavier looked miserable since Bonnie’s prediction had come true. He had received no further updates on the request he had posted

on the SR League.

Bonnie sipped some tea and slowly looked up at Xavier. “**I** told you you’d come looking for me again.”

Xavier felt embarrassed, saying, “That begs the question. How were you **so** confident no one else would accept the request?”

Naturally, she was confident because she told William to stop anyone from accepting it. “That’s because your target is Bonnie, a unique young lady.”

Xavier rubbed his chin and thought, “Did SR League find out that Bonnie has connections to Ivor, Hamish, and Jim? That doesn’t really make sense. The SR League has a team of elites who are capable of taking on any task. It’s plausible that not **a** single **soul** would dare to **accept** my request.”

“Then, why’d you accept the request?”

“I have my reasons for doing it. It’s none of your concern, though.” Bonnie said as she put down her

teacup.

Xavier grew annoyed at how she talked to him. Even so, Bonnie’s patience ran thin as she said, “**I** believe you’d only trust your request with the SR League and not **other** task **forces**.”

Bonnie hit the nail on the head. After all, she was no ordinary lady. Instead, she had support from many influential figures. If he had given his request to the other task **force**, they might have been able to trace it back to him.

On the other hand, the SR League was on another lever. They had never exposed any private and confidential information, including one's identity.

"Out with it. What's your asking price?"

Bonnie gestured and said, "Ten billion dollars."

Her demands struck Xavier's nerves. "Don't you think you're asking too much?"

"I took liberty and gave you a discounted price, Mr. Xavier," she said truthfully.

After all, she was worth way above ten billion dollars. Bonnie noticed how furious he was, so she stood up and said, "I'm in no hurry. Take your time and consider your options. You should know the drill by now. I believe our paths **will** cross again."

Bonnie took a few steps before turning back to look at him. "I heard Sheffyn Entertainment's share price has plummeted over the last couple of days. It sounds like a disaster. Besides that, I also heard that the five billion dollar television drama will get canceled soon.

"All of that happened because **of** Bonnie. If **she's** dead, then the ten billion dollars would've been a well-spent investment. Wouldn't you say?"

After careful consideration, Xavier nodded and said, "Can you ensure you won't expose me?"

"The prey has taken the bait," Bonnie thought.

She smiled behind her mask and said, "Don't worry. The SR League's reputation is at stake. If anyone finds out who you are, the league will pay you back a hundred fold."

Now that she had guaranteed the secrecy **of the** request, he **decided to** take the risk.

"Fine. I'll pay you ten billion for Bonnie's head."

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He only wanted Bonnie dead as it would dissolve Ivor and Hamish's alliance as well as Jim's interference. The King of Combat would **also** stop targeting Xavier because he would be too busy looking into Bonnie's death.

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Xander wondered if Jim would suspect him to be behind Bonnie's murder. However, Xavier **could** no longer bother because he had already prepared for it after posting the request. He had ways to keep himself out of Bonnie's death.

"Here's my bank account information." Bonnie sent **the** information **to** Xavier.

Soon after, a crisp ding sounded.

"Your account received a **deposit** of five **billion dollars** in Arvandorian **currency on July 18th at 22:45.**" Satisfied, Bonnie tucked **her** phone **away**.

'Now, **that's** how you make money.'

"That's **half of the** agreed amount. I'll transfer the **rest** when **you've completed** the task."

"All right. I'll give you the **good** news **tomorrow** morning."

"I'm looking forward **to it.**"

The first thing Bonnie did after **reaching** home was put on makeup. She stabbed her left chest with a trick knife and punctured a fake blood **bag** all over herself. She **even** made **herself** look pale and lifeless with makeup.

There was blood dripping from her lips, and her hair was in a mess. She then snapped **a** picture of her "corpse" and cleaned up. The first thing the following day, she sent the picture **to** Xavier and received

the other five **billion dollars** from him.

At that moment, someone knocked on her **door**.

"Who is it?"

“It’s **me.**”

Bonnie heard a **deep**, charming **voice**, **quickly realizing** it was **Ivor.**

“What do you need?”

“The housekeepers have **just** finished making the mushroom **soup.** It’ll nourish your body. I came **to** serve it **to you.**”

Bonnie was not hungry earlier, but now **that** he mentioned it, she felt like she could **go** for some

mushroom

soup. “The door’s unlocked.”

When Ivor opened the door, the first thing he **saw** was blood all over his fiancée. Immediately after, he dropped the tray **to the** floor. His eyes widened, and his complexion **paled** while both **his** hands trembled. “Bonnie!”

Ivor ran to **her** and **pulled** her into his **arms**, cradling her with the utmost **care.** “Don’t die, Bonnie! I’m sorry I failed to **protect you!** Please, **don’t go to** the light!”

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Initially, Bonnie was utterly confused. Then, she realized her makeup must have misled Ivor. “Hey, I’m-”

“Don’t speak. You must conserve your energy now,” Ivor’s voice was shaky, and his heart ached. He then looked toward the door and roared, “Floyd, get me a doctor now! We’re running out of time!”

Floyd was flustered when he heard Ivor’s blood–curdling screams.

‘**What** the hell happened?!’

He raced upstairs and gasped when he saw the scene.

‘Oh my god! That’s horrible!’

“What are you waiting for?! Hurry up and call for a doctor! **I’ll** hold you responsible if anything happens to **her!**”

“**Y**–Yes, Mr. Ivor! I’ll get on it now!” Floyd ran downstairs.

Jim was patrolling **outside** the villa when he heard **the** commotion and ran in. **He** bumped into Floyd, who was rushing down the stairs. “Floyd, what’s going on?!”

Floyd gulped and responded, “Something **terrible** happened **to Ms. Bonnie!**”

“What?!” Jim’s heart pounded wildly.

“Th—there was blood all **over** her and a knife in her left chest. Th—that’s enough talk. I need to **call** for a doctor!” Floyd ran ahead, panting **heavily**.

Jim was shocked as his feet froze. Then, he snapped **out** of it and raced to Bonnie’s **room** upstairs. When he reached the door, he **saw** the “bloodied ” Bonnie and exclaimed desperately, “Ahhh! Who the hell did this to Bonnie?! I’m going to kill them! It must be **Xavier!** That’s right. It has to be him! **I’ll tear** his whole family apart!”

Bonnie was about to say something when Ivor cut her **off** again.

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Chapter 171

“Hush. Don’t even think about telling me your last words. I don’t want to hear them. You’ll be okay. **I’m** here now. I won’t let you die,” Ivor sounded terrified and heartbroken.

Bonnie’s lips twitched **as** she said, “Calm down and listen to me. I’m-”

Before she could finish, Ivor kissed her **lips**. Her eyes widened, and she tried her best to push him off her. However, Ivor held her tighter and kissed her more intensely. Bonnie kept **trying** to say something, but his lips had sealed **hers**.

Soon after, she began to pant and blush. Fortunately, she had put **on** makeup **to** make herself look paler. Otherwise, it would have been blood-red by now. Moments **later**, Ivor stopped kissing her and looked into her eyes.

“I told you to stop talking, but you just **refuse to** listen. **If** you’re going to keep it up, I’ll do it again.”

Bonnie zipped it when she heard that. She wanted to explain the situation but changed her mind and held the prop knife instead.

“Don’t touch that! A **doctor** will be here to pull **it** out **of** your chest **soon**. Oh, **god**. **You** might bleed out –“Ivor did not get to finish his sentence because Bonnie pulled the prop knife away from her chest.

The former felt as if time had stopped, and an awkward silence hung in the air.

“It’s a prop, dummy.” Bonnie pointed at her chest and wiped the fake blood off the corner of her mouth. “It’s all fake.”

Ivor was stunned before sighing in **relief**. “Are you trying to give me a heart attack?! Why would you put on all this makeup to make it look like you’re dying? Do you have any idea how terrified I was?”

He pulled her into his arms again. He held her so tightly that he could feel her heartbeat. Meanwhile, Bonnie could feel his heart pounding wildly. She even noticed Ivor’s shaky and sobbing voice.

“I was just making a video and taking some pictures.”

“**Will** you please tell me the next time you even consider doing something like this?” Ivor sounded authoritative and desperate.

Bonnie frowned in response. She could feel just how heartbroken he was early. She then patted his back and said, “Okay, I will.”

Ivor felt much better after she soothed him. He asked, “So, what’s the **deal** here?”

“Um...”

“**I** want the truth.” He stared at her unblinkingly.

Bonnie knew she could not make up a story when he looked at her like that. “Here’s the deal. I took money from Xavier and promised him I’d kill myself.”

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It made Ivor confused. “Are you part of the St League? Don’t even think about lying to me. Even if you aren’t, you must be connected to the league somehow. The guy who sparred with Jim at the hospital was none other than the strongest fighter in the league.

“That was Jacques. Anyone he chooses to work for must be some top brass in the league.” Ivor was a genuinely intelligent man.

“I’m not a part of the league, but I can tell you that your analysis is correct. Indeed, I’m connected to it.” Bonnie did not tell Ivor about William’s true identity, but that was not because she did not trust

Ivor.

William was no ordinary man. The SR League accepted plenty of requests throughout the year, meaning they made enemies worldwide. The fewer people knew about William’s identity, the better it would be.

“All right, I respect your boundaries.”

Ivor could envision Bonnie’s plan. He said, “There’s something I want to know. What will you do after this? **Xavier** isn’t someone you can mess with. He’s wicked. Aren’t you worried **he’d** seek revenge on you after duping him out of ten billion dollars?”

Bonnie chuckled confidently. “He wouldn’t.”

“How **can** you be so sure?” Ivor was curious, wondering what made her so confident.

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I Love You Miss Genius (Bonnie Shepard) CHAPTER 172

Chapter 172

“You don’t have faith in me. Do you? Just wait. You’ll see.”

Since Bonnie was not going to tell Ivor everything, he decided not to pry for more information.

“Can you clean yourself up? Your getup upsets me.” He knew it was all fake, but he couldn’t help but feel heartbroken at the sight of it.

“Sure. I’ll hop in the shower now.”

Ivor waited until she got into the bathroom before looking at Jim, who was about to leave. The former addressed Jim and asked, “Hey, why do you seem to care about her very much?”

Jim calmly responded, “**It’s** my job to keep her safe. I believe caring about her is part of my job.”

“You say that, but it looks like she means so much more to you. Did you two know each other before you started working here?” Ivor stared at him. The wisdom in his eyes was unmistakable.

“Nope.”

“Really?”

“I solemnly swear that I, Tim Reid, **have** never known Ms. Bonnie in my life until I got this job! May God punish me most severely if I lied through my teeth.”

‘I’m not Tim Reid, anyway. That alias didn’t know Bonnie before getting this job. Technically, I’m not

lying.’

Staring at Jim, Ivor said after a brief moment, “Dismissed.”

“Roger, Mr. Ivor.” **Jim** turned and left. He sighed in relief when he turned to leave, wondering if he had managed to trick Ivor. However, Jim couldn’t shake the feeling that Ivor didn’t wholly buy his story. Still, Ivor would not have **let Jim** leave if he **was** suspicious.

Bonnie **was** taking a shower in the bathroom. So, she **didn’t** know about what happened between Ivor and Jim. Thirty minutes **had come** and gone by the time she finished showering.

After drying her hair, she felt exhausted and went to bed to sleep. She **then** pulled the blanket up and slipped in. Suddenly, she sat upright and stared at Ivor, who was hiding **in** her blanket. “Wh—what are you doing in my blanket?!”

“I’m keeping you safe.” **He** said matter—**of**—factly.

Her lips twitched helplessly. “That **won’t** be necessary. Thanks for being thoughtful, but it’s late now. You should go back to your room.”

However, Ivor **feigned** ignorance and continued to sleep in her blanket. Honestly, Bonnie felt moved by his actions. **Even so**, she **was** not about to sleep with him just because **he** was considerate.

“Hey, Ivor. If you’re not leaving, I’m going to walk **away**.”

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“Don’t do that. Fine, I’ll leave.” Pulling the blanket off, he sat up,

‘Why is he half-naked?’

Bonnie saw his bare body and pulled the blanket up to cover it. In response, Ivor smiled and asked, “Are you reluctant to let me leave?”

Oh, how she wished she could kick him out of the bed. “Why aren’t you wearing any clothes?”

“What made you think I’m naked? I’m wearing pants. You can see for yourself if you don’t believe me.” He moved to lift the blanket to show it to her.

All she knew was that he was naked on the top half of his body. The blanket covered the lower half of his body. So, she couldn’t be sure if he was wearing anything underneath. **Still**, she wondered what she would do if he weren’t wearing anything.

‘Does he want to show me his thingy?’

Bonnie was not about to risk it. When **she** grabbed his hand, he asked, “Are you trying to hold **my** hand? If that’s the case, you could’ve just **told me**.”

The next moment, he cupped her hands. **His** hands were big and broad, while hers were tender and petite. Ivor cupped Bonnie’s hands so tightly **that hers** disappeared into **his**. She tried to pull them out, but it was futile.

“Let me go.”

Not only did he not let go, but he yanked her so that both of them would fall onto the bed together. A moment later, he pulled her into his arms.

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“I’m warning **you, Ivor. Don’t do anything to me!**” Bonnie **was a little** annoyed. Simultaneously, **she felt** other inexplicable emotions. It was **all because Ivor** was holding her. If it had been someone else, she would’ve snapped their member and ended their **lineage**.

“**Stay still**, Bonnie. Just let me hold **you a little. I’m** still shaken by **what** happened earlier. Your little getup terrified me. I finally found someone **I** love. When I fell in love with **you, I** swore I’d cherish you and wouldn’t **let** anything **happen to you**.

“The **last** thing I expected to see was your alleged dying moments. It felt as if my world was crumbling, and I’d lost any motivation **to** live. I’ve never known how fear felt until that moment. I meant it when **I** said I was terrified,” **Ivor’s deep** voice kept echoing in **Bonnie’s** ears.

She merely lay there and listened to him express his thoughts. She did **not** fight back or scold him. Instead, she **lay still** and allowed him **to** embrace her.

Bonnie **lay** in the bed until Ivor said he was exhausted and dozed **off**. Only then did she move lightly. However, her slight movement made him tighten his hold.

Bonnie looked at his dashing features **in** confusion and listened to his steady breathing. The way she saw it, he was already **deep** asleep.

‘So, does that mean his earlier movement was **a** subconscious **reaction**?’

Bonnie wanted to test her theory. So, she **moved** again, and Ivor instinctively tightened his grip again.

‘Fine, then. It looks like I’ll have **to sleep** like this tonight. It’s not like **I can’t** break **free** from Ivor’s grasp if I wanted to. It’s **just that...**’

Listening to the chirpings of the crickets, **she** looked **out the** window and saw the brilliant moon in the sky. She could **feel** the warmth **of** his body. Everything seemed as **serene** as **it** could **be**.

‘It’s not like Ivor’s going to **do** anything outrageous tonight. Time **to sleep**.’

The following day, **Bonnie** was still **sleepy** when she felt **a** cooling **sensation** on her head. She did not overthink it and closed her eyes **to go back to** sleep.

Meanwhile, Ivor leaned against the door and touched his **lips**, his eyes **full of joy**.

Later, Bonnie woke up and sent the video and pictures **to** Xavier.

“Hahaha! She’s finally **dead!** I can’t believe she would disrespect me like that. That’ll **teach** her **to** mess with me. That lady from the SR **League is** highly efficient. She killed Bonnie right **under** Ivor’s nose and didn’t get caught.”

Then, he received a text from ‘Bonnie.’ “It’s time **you** pay the remaining five billion.”

Xavier was walking **on cloud** nine and no longer **cared** about the money. He quickly transferred the remaining amount to her. Then he told one of his men, “Send someone **to** check on the Knights’ villa.

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I want to know how heartbroken Ivor is,”

“Right away, Mr. Xavier,”

Soon after, his man ran into his room frantically,

“Sir, B–Bonnie’s alive!”

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“She’s alive? How’s that possible? I checked the pictures and video. Are you sure you didn’t make a mistake?”

The man pulled out his phone and showed Xavier the video he had taken earlier. In the video, Bonnie stood in the garden, going about her day.

“H–How’s that possible?!” Xavier snatched the phone away and rewatched the video, trying to confirm it was really Bonnie. “What on earth is going on?”

“Is the SR League trying to swindle you, Mr. Xavier?” The man took a wild guess.

“That’s not possible! The league has an excellent reputation worldwide. Why would they risk ruining it for a mere ten billion dollars?”

“B–But, sir... The fact remains that Bonnie **is** alive!”

‘He’s right. Bonnie’s alive and breathing! Does that mean the pictures and video I received earlier are fake? Did she dupe me?’

Xavier was outraged, quickly taking his **phone** and texting Bonnie, “She’s still alive! **I** demand an explanation!”

Bonnie replied to his text, “That was fast. Did **you** figure **me out** already?”

“Why, you little- Damn You! Aren’t you worried I’ll publicize **your** actions and ruin the SR League’s reputation? How dare **you** pull a fast one on me! The way I see **it**, **you** went rogue and did this yourself. Do you know what’ll happen if the league’s top brass finds **out** what you **did**?!”

Bonnie ignored his questions and asked in return, “Have you ever wondered why no one in the league was willing to accept your quest?”

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I Love You Miss Genius (Bonnie Shepard) CHAPTER 174

Chapter 174

Xavier was stunned. “What do **you** mean by that? **Hold on!**”

His heart skipped a beat. “Are you **trying** to say Bonnie has another identity?”

‘**Bonnie** is **already Ivor’s** fiance and favored by Jim and Hamish. Does **she** have another identity **that’s** far bigger **than all of these** combined?’

“**Exactly.**” Bonnie **smiled** dryly and continued to compose texts. “Here’s a **top** secret.”

Xander **held** his breath and **waited** for the bomb to fall. Finally, Bonnie sent her latest **reply**. “She’s actually Ms. Bonita.”

‘What the fuck!’

Xander paled and began to sweat bullets. If anyone had **told** him that the country bumpkin from the Shepard family was **Ms. Bonita**, he would’ve brushed **it off**. However, too many things had happened. With that in mind, he might as well step down from being the Sheffyns’ patriarch if he stubbornly decided not to take it seriously.

“This explains everything! It’s no wonder that not a single soul in the SR League dared accept my request! Wait a minute! Something doesn’t feel right.’

“If that’s the **case**, why did you **accept** my request?”

Smiling, she responded, “That’s because I’m Bonnie.”

“What?!” Xavier coughed. A moment later, his eyes rolled back, and he fell unconscious.

1

Meanwhile, Bonnie felt better than ever. She then ate the apple she had plucked. It tasted sweet as she chewed it, further uplifting her spirits.

Ivor plucked more apples off the **tree**, saying, “From the looks of **it**, **you’ve** successfully swindled ten billion dollars from Xavier.”

Bonnie glanced at him sidelong and said, “**What** do **you** mean swindle? I crushed Xavier with my superior intellect.”

Fortunately, Xavier could not hear her. Otherwise, he would have woken up and coughed before fainting again.

“Sure thing, honey. Your intelligence surpasses everyone **else’s**. There’s no chance Xavier could ever outsmart you.”

“Honey? Last I checked, **we’re not** married. Are **you sure it’s appropriate** to address me that way?”

Ivor washed the apple clean and handed it **to** her, saying, “**Well**, how should I address **you** then?”

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“Just **call** me **by** my name, like you usually **do**.”

“All right, Bonnie—booboo.”

‘**I can’t with** him.’

Suddenly, something piqued Ivor’s interest. He said, “**You** swindled- Ahem, you crushed Xavier with your superior intellect and made him pay **you ten** billion. On **top of** that, he doesn’t **seem** to be coming after you. How on earth did you pull that off?”

“Are **you** curious?” Bonnie raised her **brow**.

“Of course **I** am. I’m dying of curiosity.”

She pointed at her shoulder in **response**.

Ivor caught her drift and said, “On it.”

The next moment, he started massaging her shoulder. His fingers felt warm, making Bonnie regret her decision. Moreover, she couldn’t **help** but feel that he was doing more than just rubbing her shoulders. They lingered on her skin, and she could feel **the** longing in them.

“That’s enough.”

Ivor feigned ignorance and said, “**If your** shoulders are fine, I’ll massage your thighs next.” He then reached down and grabbed her thighs.

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I Love You Miss Genius (Bonnie Shepard) CHAPTER 175

Chapter 175

“Ivor Knight!” Bonnie punched him.

“Owie...” Neville, who was watching **them** from upstairs, covered **his** eyes. What happened **was** too graphic for someone **his** age.

Afterward, **Ivor** went to work with a black **eye**, **shocking** everyone. Although it was apparent someone had punched him, **he** still grinned.

Even Floyd could not take it, saying, “**Ahem**, I know you’re happy Ms. Bonnie **gave** you a black eye, but shouldn’t we **focus** on what’s important now, Mr. Ivor?”

“What do you mean?” Ivor asked in puzzlement.

Floyd’s lips twitched. “Did you **forget that you** and your grandmother have an appointment with the miracle doctor?”

Finally, Ivor remembered it. “What time’s the appointment?”

C

Floyd checked the time and asked, "We have another hour until then. Should I call the miracle doctor now?"

"Mhm."

Shortly after, Bonnie received a text and was about to **reply** when she received a call from Vera. Frowning, she fell into deep thought.

'Mom and Dad have never called me **once since** disowning me. It's like their official tweet said: I'm no longer a member of the Shepard family. **They** don't care if I'm **dead** or alive. So, why's Mom calling me? Does she want to ask about the time I humiliated Brittany?'

↑

Bonnie answered the call and said indifferently, "What is it?"

"Come and get your things now."

"I'm busy. Maybe tomorrow."

"I need to empty your room so that they can renovate it **into** a makeshift lab for Trina. The contractor will be here soon. **If** you're not coming to take your things, I'll **tell** the servants **to** toss them into the garbage."

Bonnie's expression turned cold. After all, there was some personal stuff **in her** room, including notes on essential things and her **journal**.

"We're **not** being heartless or unreasonable. Professor Paul from Ppyralis University **is** Trina's mentor and has high hopes for her. He **even** claims she **will make crucial** contributions **to** science in the future.

"He visited us yesterday and emphasized that we must give our utmost support to Trina and build her a lab **if** possible. That'll allow her **to** conduct her research peacefully.

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2/2

"As you know, your room is the only available one now. So, if you refuse to collect your things, we'll have to take care of it ourselves," Vera said casually,

Bonnie remained calm and did not let it affect her. "Pine, I'm coming."

After hanging up the phone, she texted Floyd. "I'm sorry. There's an emergency. I'll see you tonight."

Half an hour later, Bonnie stood before the place she used to call home. She looked calm and distant. Although, Bonnie had planned to return and collect her things once Lenfeild Resort was complete. She never expected her former family to be so impatient.

Perhaps she should have expected it. After all, she was no longer a member of the family. Having her stuff in their house was pretty troublesome for them and herself.

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I Love You Miss Genius (Bonnie Shepard) CHAPTER 176

Chapter 176

“**Bonnie?**” A familiar voice sounded from behind, interrupting Bonnie’s thoughts.

She was shocked when she turned **to see** who **it was**. “Mom?”

The middle-aged woman was not Vera but Bonnie’s foster mother, Welma. **Not** only was Welma **there**, but she **also** brought Gerald and Bonnie’s younger brother, Benedict.

“Dad, Benny, why are you here?”

“It’s been five years, Bonnie. **You’ve** grown into a beautiful young lady.” Welma’s **eyes** reddened as she embraced Bonnie tremblingly.

“I’m sorry we haven’t contacted you much **these** past few years, Bonnie. **We** haven’t even visited you once. It’s not that we don’t care. We didn’t want our background to make you and Trina the city’s laughingstock.” Tears ran down Welma’s cheeks as she spoke.

Even Gerald became teary-eyed while Benedict turned aside to wipe away his tears discreetly.

Welma added, “I wanted to visit **you** for your **20th** birthday and Trina for her engagement party. But your dad was worried we would embarrass **you** two **if** we showed up that day. That’s why we waited until **today** to visit.”

“It’s okay, Mom. Stop crying, okay? **If** you keep crying, I’m going **to** cry, too.” Bonnie took out a handkerchief to wipe away her foster mother’s tears.

“Yeah, we finally get to meet our daughter, and you’re crying so much. What’s that supposed to mean?” Gerald sighed and then looked at Bonnie, saying, “The Shepards are too high-class for us. We knew we would stand **out** like a **sore** thumb and embarrass you and Trina. Hey, **could** you go in

and call Trina out? We have birthday gifts for you two.”

“Sure thing, Dad.” Bonnie turned and rang **the doorbell**, which puzzled the trio. They did not understand why Bonnie had to ring the doorbell to her family’s **house**.

“Who is it?” The butler walked over. When he saw Bonnie, **he** became hostile. “Oh, it’s you. I’d prefer not to let you in, but Madam Vera told me you’d be coming to get your stuff. Quick, collect your things

and **leave**.”

The trio **felt** something was amiss. Benedict asked, “Bonnie, what’s going on? Why’s he talking to you like that? What are you here **to** collect?”

Bonnie frowned and was about **to explain**, but the butler sneered and said, “You guys don’t know, huh? The Shepards have disowned Bonnie.”

“What?! Is that true?” Gerald **trembled** and almost fell over.

Welma was on the verge of tears, saying, “Bonnie, that can’t **be** true.”

Bonnie felt bitter but nodded and said, “They look down on me. It’s official. They’ve disowned me. I’ll

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be going my separate way.”

The trio **was** shocked.

The butler continued, “**It’s** not **that** Madam Vera looks down on **you**, Bonnie. **It’s** because you dug your own **grave by** relying on your looks instead of your **skills**. You turned into a homewrecker and involved yourself in a **love affair-**”

Smack!

Bonnie slapped the butler. **She** would **let** Vera’s vicious accusations slide, but **not** a butler to insult her **so casually**. She **was** not an easy **target**.

“How dare you slap me, you **little** gremlin! I’ll make **you** pay!” The butler held his **cheek** and then motioned to return Bonnie’s **slap**.

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Chapter 177

The butler’s **slap** was about **to** land when Benedict stopped him. The **latter** was **furious**, saying, “Even **if they’ve** disowned Bonnie, **you don’t** have **the** right **to slap** her. **Besides**, we’re still **here**. **You** can’t **treat** us like **we’re dead**.”

After witnessing **the** butler’s **arrogant** behavior, **Benedict** could **not help** but wonder how his sister had endured the past few years living with the **Shepards**.

“I can **discipline** anyone I want! **If** you dare **to** lay a hand on me, I’ll have the bodyguards throw all of you out. I’ll even **call the cops to arrest you**,” The butler **threatened**.

Although Benedict was not **afraid of** what might happen to him, he did **not want the butler to** call for the bodyguards. After all, his parents were **older** and might not be able **to** handle such a tense

situation.

Meanwhile, Bonnie said, “We don’t need to waste our breaths on this idiot.”

She then kicked the butler, sending him flying.

“Gah!” The butler screamed as he landed on the ground with a thud. He clutched his stomach as sweat dripped from his forehead.

Benedict exclaimed in surprise, “Bonnie, that was amazing!”

At that moment, the commotion attracted Trina’s attention. After asking the housekeepers about it, she learned that her biological parents had visited from the

countryside. Although she disliked it, she could not avoid them because they were her birth parents.

When Trina appeared at the front gate, the butler wailed, “Ms. Trina, help! Bonnie slapped me and then kicked me! I think she might’ve broken **my** ribs.”

Welma anxiously explained, “Trina, it wasn’t like that. He insulted Bonnie and threatened your brother. He even said he’d tell the bodyguards **to** throw us **out**.”

Trina felt annoyed but remained composed with much **effort**, saying, “Is that true, Benny?”

Benedict merely nodded. He did not have much of an impression of Trina. After all, she had gotten switched at birth and grew up with the wealthy Shepard family. Afterward, Trina and Benedict only

met and interacted a handful **of** times.

“The butler insulted Bonnie and **called** her a homewrecker. Bonnie only acted in self-defense. Still, your butler didn’t **back** down and even threatened **to** call the bodyguards to deal with us.”

Trina sighed. “Benny, it wasn’t the **butler’s** fault. Bonnie’s not **my** sister anymore because she **got**

involved with a sugar daddy. It’s a **fact** that so many **people** know about.”

“That’s impossible! My sister’s no homewrecker or sugar baby!” Benedict **protested**.

Trina’s temper flared. “Are **you** saying I’m not your sister? I’m your biological sister, Benny! Don’t

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you believe what I’m saying?”

Welma and Gerald exchanged glances **before** looking at Trina. One **of** them said, “There must be a misunderstanding, Trina. We watched Bonnie **grow**. We know what kind **of** person she **is**. She would never do such horrible things.”

Trina **forced** a bitter smile, saying, “Yeah, **she’s** the daughter you watched grow. As for me, I’ll never **be** as important to you as Bonnie **is**. **So**, you won’t believe me, no matter what I **say**. If that’s the **case**, why waste your breath questioning me?”

“Don’t misunderstand, Trina. We didn’t mean it that **way**. We just-”

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I Love You Miss Genius (Bonnie Shepard) CHAPTER 178

Chapter 178

“That’s **quite** enough. I don’t want to hear your explanations. Either way, you’ll always be biased toward Bonnie.”

The **couple felt** an overwhelming sense **of** guilt. Meanwhile, Bonnie stood between her parents and Trina, saying, “That’s enough out **of you**, Trina. **I’ve been** silent **because** you’re their **biological** daughter. I know I’ll only **hurt them** if I scold you.

“**However, you’ve** crossed the line with your words. They may **not have** raised **you**, but they always send **you** gifts every year and care about **you** whenever you’re sick. As yourself, what have you done **for** them?”

Welma wiped her tears and said, “That’s enough, Bonnie.”

“Fine, I’ll stop mentioning that. How about this? You **keep** telling everyone that I’m someone’s mistress or sugar baby, **yet** you’ve never witnessed such a thing. What does my sugar daddy look like? Do you even know who he is? How do you even know if he’s married?”

“I—”

“Consider what you say next, Trina. Did you **see** any **of** that?” Bonnie asked sternly.

Trina grew anxious when she felt everyone’s intense gaze. She bit her lip and said, “Bonnie, you should know all that **better** than I do. Would you dare **to** swear that you aren’t someone’s mistress?”

“What a boring reply. If swearing worked, would **you** swear you’ve seen me being a homewrecker or a mistress?” Bonnie retorted, causing Trina to panic.

“Trina, if I hear you spreading rumors about me again, I’ll take you to court for slander and defamation.” Bonnie then walked past Trina.

The latter struggled to suppress her emotions. **After** all, being repeatedly suppressed by Bonnie over the past few days had thrown Trina off her game.

Welma gently held Trina's hand and said, "Bonnie **is** already in **a** slump. Please stop troubling her. Hey, here's your birthday gift. I knitted this sweater myself. School is starting soon, and it'll get chilly. You can wear it then. I hope you don't think my knitting is bad or anything."

"Why would I think that? I love it!" Trina replied, "**Mom**, Dad, do **you** want to come in and sit for a

while?"

"Oh, no,

waved.

that's okay. We're wearing such **casual clothes**. **We don't** want **to** intrude, either."
Welma

"Oh, I see. Well, I still have some research to do. I'll go back inside, then."

"Your research is important. Focus on your studies, **too**."

Trina could hardly keep up her act and quickly left.

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"Ah, no!" **Welma facepalmed**. "**I forgot** Trina's engagement gift!"

Gerald **urged**, "Quick, tell Benny to take it **inside**."

Welma removed **a** jewelry box from her bag and handed it to Benedict, saying, "Hurry, catch up to

Trina."

"**Right!** Sure thing, Mom!" Benedict took the **box** and ran inside.

Bonnie did **not** have much **to carry** when she collected her things. She only took her notebook and her favorite clothes **before** going downstairs. Immediately after, she saw Trina discarding something into

a trash bin.

“Disgusting. How dare they give me such a horrid-looking sweater. She expects me to wear that outside?”

Bonnie noticed the bag Trina had thrown **away** and realized she had seen her mother carrying it just now. The former ran over and grabbed Trina’s collar, shouting, “You’ve gone too far, Trina! Take that **bag** out of the trash bin now!”

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I Love You Miss Genius (Bonnie Shepard) CHAPTER 179

Chapter 179

Bonnie’s **aggressiveness frightened Trina**. The latter screamed, “Let **go of me! You’re choking me, damn it! Mom, Dad, help! Bonnie’s trying to kill me!**”

Vera and **Gresham heard the** commotion and ran downstairs. The former grabbed Bonnie’s sleeve and **pulled her away**. “Bonnie, **what** are you doing?! Let go of her, or **I’ll call the cops!**”

Gresham prepared to get physical, saying, “Bonnie, are you deaf?! You don’t belong here anymore, so stop behaving so recklessly in my house!”

Bonnie turned and glared at the **older couple**. “**I’ll let go if she retrieves the sweater from the trash!**”

“What sweater?” **Vera** and Gresham **were** puzzled **as** they looked at the trash bin. Indeed, there was a sweater inside. “What’s going on here?”

Bonnie gritted her teeth, **saying**, “My mom knitted that for Trina as a birthday gift. **It’s** okay **if** she doesn’t like it, but she doesn’t have **to** throw it away. I don’t care if Trina **is reluctant** to accept someone from the countryside **as** her **mother, but** she’s still Trina’s biological mother.”

“Is that true, Trina?” **Vera** frowned. Although **she** disliked country folk and looked down on them, the sweater was still a personal gift from Trina’s birth mother. If Trina really did throw **the** sweater away, it would speak volumes about her character.

Suddenly, Welma's voice sounded, "Trina, **is** that true? Do you despise me that much?"

Trina turned to see Welma and Gerald. The former felt **a** sudden pang **of** guilt.

Earlier, Welma and Gerald waited outside for Benedict **to** return. After a brief discussion, they decided to enter the house. However, they did not expect to hear what Bonnie said.

Bonnie's heart raced as she looked at her **foster** parents, especially Welma, who was on the verge of

tears.

"No, it's not true! Bonnie's making things up!" Trina began **to sob**. "She's jealous that you gave me the sweater and snatched it from me. She was the one who threw it away. **I got** angry and scolded her, and then she tried to strangle me!"

"Y-You guys have to believe me. Why would I throw away such a precious gift? I'd be worse than an animal if I did that!"

Vera and Gresham nodded, saying, "We believe Trina. Bonnie, let go of her now!"

Bonnie remained stubborn. "**I** said I'd let her go once she retrieves the **sweater from** the trash."

Trina looked at Welma and Gerald tearfully. "Do you believe Bonnie?"

"That's..." Welma and **Gerald** were **in a dilemma**.

"Trina isn't like that!" **Vera scolded**, "We disowned Bonnie specifically because **she's** a terrible person who disgraces **the** family's reputation."

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Welma refused to believe that statement. "We raised Bonnie. There's **no** way **she's as** you described."

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I Love You Miss Genius (Bonnie Shepard) CHAPTER 180

Chapter 180

Vera fanned the flames, saying, “Hmph, If you country bumpkins hadn’t raised Bonnie, she wouldn’t have become such a horrible person!”

“Shut your mouth!” Bonnie and Benedict yelled in unison. The latter was furious **as** Trina stared at him, wondering when he arrived.

“Benny? Were you hiding or something? I thought we told you to give Trina her engagement gift,” Gerald said, puzzled.

Benedict approached Bonnie and Trina. He looked at Trina with annoyance and said, “I saw Trina throwing the sweater into the trash can when I came in earlier.”

Vera and Gresham were surprised as they looked at Trina. “Is that true?”

Trina began to cry aggrievedly. “Why would you twist the truth like that, Benny? I’m your real sister. You can’t let Bonnie deceive you. Stop defending her. Did she bribe you or something? I knew it! This must be all her sugar daddy’s doing. Bonnie must’ve paid you to twist the story!”

Benedict felt like he was about to lose his mind. “What the fuck are you talking about, Trina? I’ve never taken anyone’s money! I spoke the truth!”

“Enough!” Trina cried even louder. “You call me by my name and call Bonnie your sister. You never considered me your real sister! You two grew up together, and I’m not close to you. Of course, you’d defend her!”

She looked at Welma and Gerald and continued, “Mom, Dad, do you believe me or Bonnie?”

The couple looked at Bonnie and Benedict before glancing at Trina. They struggled to answer her question.

“Oh, I see how it is. You didn’t raise me, so you won’t believe anything I say,” Trina spoke defeatedly. She then looked at Vera and Gresham. “After all, Bonnie’s your biological daughter.”

Vera pushed Bonnie away and held Trina. “I’ll always believe you, dear. Don’t be sad. I promise always to take your side, no matter what you do or say.”

Gresham's eyes reddened. "Same here, sweetie. I only have one daughter, and it's you. You will always be the family's heiress."

Trina felt moved as she hugged them and continued to cry.

"Hmph!" Bonnie sneered.

'What extraordinary acting.'

At that moment, Benedict pulled Bonnie aside and said, "Come on,

let's go.'

Bonnie looked at Welma and Gerald, who were still staring at her. Gerald sighed and said, "We should leave."

Welma then took Bonnie's hand, and the family of four left.

Once outside, Gerald smoked a cigarette and looked at Bonnie apologetically. "We sent you to the Shepards all those years ago because we didn't want you to

continue suffering with us. I didn't expect our decision to cause you so much distress."

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Chapter 181

"Well, I've gotten used to it." Bonnie shrugged with a smile.

Welma felt sorry for her and ran her fingers through Bonnie's hair, saying, "We wouldn't have known how poorly they treated you if we hadn't come to Pyralis."

"Trina's just after the Shepards' wealth and glory." Benedict's anger grew the more he thought about it. He then looked at his parents and said, "You didn't stand up to them just now. You don't really believe what Trina said, do you?"

Welma looked pained. “I watched you and Bonnie grow. I know you two better than anyone. Still, I didn’t know how Trina would react if I scolded her in front of her parents.”

Gerald added, “Your mom’s right. It’s best to play it safe since the Shepards treasure Trina so much. However His tone softened as he looked at Bonnie guiltily. “It’s just unfair to you, Bonnie. We’re sorry. We shouldn’t have...”

Benedict felt his parents were somewhat biased toward Trina, but he could also understand the difficulties they had faced when they decided to send Bonnie to the Shepards.

Bonnie said smilingly, “Trina’s your flesh and blood. Even if she’s unbearable, your blood flows through her veins. You did what true parents would have done.”

Not many could turn against their own family. Moreover, Bonnie was protective by nature and always prioritized her family.

“Gresham and Vera are peculiar,” Bonnie spoke without resentment. Instead, she was calm. However, the more sensible she was, the more Welma and Gerald’s

hearts ached.

“By the way, have you guys found a place to stay? What’s your next plan?”

“Your dad and I plan to return to the countryside in a couple of days. Benny got into Pyralis University and won’t be going back with us,” Welma said.

Benedict added, “I want to stay in here and find a part–time job to earn some extra cash. Then, I can help relieve the financial pressure at home.”

Bonnie took out her phone and said, “I’ll transfer some money to you guys.”

However, Gerald said solemnly, “Bonnie, I’ve told you to keep whatever you earned. Your mom and I don’t need our daughter to support us yet. I can still work. Even though I don’t earn much from farming and raising pigs, it’s enough for our daily expenses.”

Bonnie had offered to give her parents some money before, but they always refused.

“Yeah, we’re not parasites, sis. We know how hard it can be to earn money, and our parents aren’t that old. Also, I need to rely on myself to make a living.” Benedict also declined his sister’s handout.

Bonnie wanted to argue and say that earning money was easy for her. After all, she quickly made so much from scamming Xavier,

“Bonnie, put your phone away. Don’t bring it up again, okay? You can support us when we’re old and no longer able to move,” Gerald said sternly,

“Okay, Dad.” Bonnie could only obey and say coyly, “At least let me find you guys a place to stay. If you refuse, it means you don’t consider me your daughter.”

“That’s fine by us.”

Soon after, Bonnie found her parents and brother somewhere decent to stay. She did not book the best hotel in Pyralis and instead chose a mid-range one to avoid them complaining that she was wasting money. Even so, her parents still lectured her.

Bonnie asked Benedict, “What kind of part-time job are you looking for?”

Benedict shrugged, saying, “I don’t have much work experience. It’s unlikely I can work at a big company, so I chose a few small ones on a job-hunting website. I’m going for a few interviews tomorrow.”

“Which ones did you choose? Let me see.”

Benedict handed her his phone and said, “Here, these are the ones I picked.”

After looking through the list, Bonnie frowned and said, “These companies have no future for development. You’ll only be fetching water and printing documents or even cleaning.”

“I know, but I have no other options. Forget not having work experience. I’m also only looking to work part-time. Why would any well-established company hire someone like me?”

After some thought, Bonnie said, “Do you want to work at Tang Fusion Studios?”

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Chapter 182

“Wait, you mean the one Hamish the designer owns?” Benedict’s eyes widened. “Yeah, that’s the one. If I remember correctly, you like designing clothes, right? You’d always draw different kinds of clothes on the characters in history books. whenever you had nothing to do.”

Her words made Benedict blush. “That’s all in the past, sis. Please don’t bring it up again.”

Bonnie covered her mouth and giggled. “So, do you want to work there or not?”

Benedict said self-doubtingly, “Of course I do. Still, we’re talking about Tang Fusion Studios here. It’s one of Pyralis’s top companies. Why would they want to hire a student with no work experience?”

“Just visit the company tomorrow. I’ve already talked to them. You’ll be fine,” Bonnie said confidently.

Benedict froze and stared at his sister for a while, unable to discern whether or not she was joking. “Are you for real?”

“When have I ever lied to you?” Bonnie raised a brow.

“B–But we’re talking about Tang Fusion Studios, right? How’d you—

“Stop asking so many questions and go there tomorrow, got it? You’ll know what

I mean when you’re there.” Bonnie did not want to explain herself yet. It was as

she said. He would understand everything once he was there.

At that moment, Bonnie received a text from Ivor, “I heard you went to the Shepards’ house.”

Bonnie replied, “Yeah, I went to get my stuff.”

“Why didn’t you call me?”

“I was just going to collect my things. Why would I need to bring you and have a brawl?”

Ivor sighed helplessly and sent a reply, “Did they mistreat you in any way?”

“Not really.”

“Can we do a video call?”

Bonnie looked at Benedict and then called Ivor. Benedict saw the messages on Bonnie's phone earlier. When he saw that she was starting a video call, he curiously approached and saw the man's handsome face on the screen.

Benedict's eyes lit up as he asked, "Is he your boyfriend, Bonnie?"

Ivor smirked. "Actually, I'm your future brother-in-law."

Bonnie was speechless.

"You're really my future brother-in-law? Bonnie, I didn't know you were getting married." Benedict was shocked.

Bonnie asked, annoyed, "What do you think?"

Ivor did not dwell on the topic. He asked, "Bonnie, he's your little brother, right? When did he get here?"

Benedict speculated that Ivor had a special relationship with Bonnie. Whenever someone pursued his sister in the past, she would always appear impatient and annoyed.

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Bonnie replied truthfully, "My parents brought him here. They just arrived today."

When she mentioned her parents, Ivor knew she was referring to her foster parents from the countryside.

"Oh, your parents are here, too? Why didn't you tell me earlier? I would've gone to pick them up myself."

"They're my parents," Bonnie emphasized indifferently.

“Same thing,” Ivor said smilingly.

Once again, Bonnie was astounded. “Weren’t you supposed to meet that miracle doctor for your grandma today? Would you have had the time to pucker my parents up if I told you?”

“She’s our grandma, Bonnie,” Ivor smirked.

Bonnie no longer knew how to deal with Ivor’s insinuations. “Can’t we have a decent conversation? If not, I’ll hang up.”

Ivor hurriedly said, “Fine! Sorry, I’ll behave, okay?”

Benedict observed how his sister and Ivor interacted and guessed his suspicions were correct. Indeed, the duo had a special relationship.

“The doctor texted me earlier and said there will be a delay. She should be here soon. I’ll come and find you once she’s here to look after Grandma.”

“No need. You can care for your grandma while the doctor’s there. I still have things to do. I’m hanging up now,” Bonnie said. After all, she had planned to visit Winnie later anyway.

“All right, I’ll see you later then.” Ivor’s voice was low and gentle, exuding a warm affection.

It made Bonnie’s heart flutter. She cleared her throat and quickly hung up the phone.

At the hospital, Winnie smiled at Ivor and said, “Bonnie’s perfect. You better cherish her, got it?”

“I will, Grandma,” Ivor said resolutely.

Winnie recalled something and added, “Speaking of which, she’s got jokes.”

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Ivor was stunned. “What? When did you meet her?”

“She visited a while ago and said she was a medical expert. I knew she said that to amuse me.” Winnie’s words made Ivor fall into deep thought,

Last time, he would have thought Bonnie was joking if she said something like that. However, he found it increasingly difficult to figure her out after experiencing so much with her.

Meanwhile, Ivor occasionally glanced toward the ward entrance, waiting for someone to come. Then, someone knocked on the door.

“That should be the doctor. I’ll get the door.” Floyd quickly opened the door.

Ivor instinctively looked over, only to see a man in a hat standing there. The man’s face remained covered, making it hard to see his features.

Floyd asked with uncertainty, “Are you the doctor who cured the mother of the SR League’s owner?”

Although the doctor’s features remained hidden, Floyd and Ivor could tell he seemed young. The doctor was most probably in his early twenties, judging by his overall appearance.

“Yeah, that’s me,” Bonnie said in a lowered voice. She then shifted her gaze and met Ivor’s intense eyes.

‘Why’s he looking at me like that? There’s no way he managed to recognize me again.’

Not only did Bonnie dress as a man, but she also changed her appearance. She thought Ivor could not see through her. Maybe she was overthinking while he curiously sized her up.

“Please come in.” Floyd gestured for her to enter.

Bonnie nodded and entered, ignoring Ivor’s curious stare. She went straight to Winnie and asked, “Are you the patient, Ma’am?”

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Chapter 184

“Yeah, I’m the patient. I’ve had this issue with my legs for many years. Think **you** can fix it, Doc?” Winnie looked at Bonnie with hopeful eyes.

“Let me take a look first,” Bonnie said, though she already knew she could heal Winnie’s legs. After a quick examination, she added, “It’s pretty severe, but I can treat it. Still, it might take some time for you to recover fully.”

Winnie was overjoyed. She grabbed Bonnie’s hand and said, “Really? You can cure me?”

Ivor glanced at Bonnie’s hand and noticed its complexion matched her exposed neck. He began to wonder if he had been overthinking things.

‘Perhaps Bonnie really was just teasing Grandma.’

Bonnie noticed Ivor gazing at her hand. She could not help but smirk beneath her mask. She knew he was always observant and suspicious. With what Bonnie told Winnie several days ago, it was highly likely that the older woman had told Ivor about it.

That was why Bonnie chose to disguise herself as a man. Initially, she did not mind revealing her identity to Winne. However, Bonnie saw Winnie’s disbelief and figured explaining it to Ivor would be another hassle. After careful reconsideration, she opted not to expose her true identity.

Nonetheless, she reassured Winnie, “Don’t worry. I can cure your legs.”

Winne was ecstatic. “You’re amazing! I don’t feel any soreness already. You’re a miracle worker, Doc.”

Bonnie smiled while packing her things. She then stood up and said, “I’ll come back at the same time next week.”

As she was about to leave, Ivor stood up and said, “I’ll walk you out.”

“No need to be so formal, Mr. Ivor. You should stay and care for your grandma instead. I have something to attend to anyway.” Bonnie felt uneasy under Ivor’s intense gaze.

“It’s okay. I’ll escort you out,” Ivor insisted, “I want to discuss my grandmother’s treatment with you.”

Bonnie was unable to decline his offer and could only agree reluctantly, “All right then.”

While walking ahead, Bonnie said, “I’ve explained your grandma’s situation properly just now, Mr. Ivor. Do you have further questions?”

Ivor scrutinized Bonnie from head to toe and asked, "You mentioned that she won't show immediate results. How long till this whole thing blows over? I'd like to have an idea of when that is."

"Well... At least three months. Your grandma's leg issue has been around for a while, after all. We need to treat it slowly and can't rush it. We'll gradually remove the osteoarthritis and then strengthen her body. She should be as good as new within six months," Bonnie explained.

"Six months, huh?" Ivor looked surprised. "Then she'll be as good as new?"

Ivor sighed and added, "I'm curious. If you're so skilled at medicine, why haven't I heard much about you?"

Bonnie raised a brow. "If that were the case, do you think I'd have time for my personal affairs? Besides, medicine is just my hobby, not my primary profession."

Ivor was even more surprised.

'It's just a hobby, yet he's already achieved so much? Who is this guy?' "We've talked for so long, and I still don't know your name, Doc."

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Chapter 185

Bonnie had expected Ivor to question her, so she came prepared. "My name's Fanelli."

She used Welma's surname as her alias.

"Care to join me for dinner, Dr. Fanelli?" Ivor extended an invitation.

she

Bonnie lowered her gaze, knowing he still harbored doubts. In that case, decided to play along. "Since you were kind enough to invite me, I won't decline." Soon after, the duo

had dinner in a luxurious private room at Jade Horizon Hotel. Ivor even ordered an extravagant feast. He then raised his glass, saying, "Cheers to you, Dr. Fanelli."

While reaching for her mask, Bonnie noticed Ivor staring intently. With the mask off, "she" clinked her glass with Ivor. After seeing "his" face, Ivor calmly lowered his gaze. Indeed, he had overthought.

Later that evening, Ivor returned to the villa alone and saw Bonnie sitting on the couch, watching the news. He casually approached and sat beside Bonnie. "You're different from other girls. Most of them don't enjoy watching the news."

The two sat close to each other, almost touching shoulders. Bonnie felt uncomfortable and scooted over a little, asking, "So, how's your grandma doing?"

"The doctor is highly skilled and dependable. Grandma should be as good as new in six months."

"Wow, that's impressive," Bonnie replied nonchalantly.

Ivor had been observing Bonnie since he entered the house. Still, the latter's gaze remained on the TV, showing no emotional fluctuations. Ivor frowned and asked, "When will the team finish building Lenfield Resort?"

"Hamish said they should finish it next month, around the time school starts," Bonnie replied as she continued to watch TV.

Suddenly, Ivor reached for her shoulder and turned her to face him. His voice carried a hint of pleading, "Can't you stay here just a little longer?"

Bonnie's heart softened momentarily, but reason quickly overcame her

emotions. "I'll feel like a sugar baby if I stay any longer. I'm uncomfortable with that."

"I don't see it that way at all."

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"I know, but I do," Bonnie said firmly, determined to move out.

((

Seeing Bonnie's resolve, Ivor did not insist further. He knew this would be the outcome, but it was still hard for him to accept. He reminded Bonnie, Remember, you owe me a favor."

Of course, Bonnie remembered. She had promised Ivor during the final race that she would agree to his favor if it were not excessive, like getting married.

“Fine, lay it on me. What’s the favor?”

“I want to take you to the beach this Saturday. Just the two of us.”

Bonnie caught on. “Are you planning something?”

“You’re smart. You’re the only one I’ve set my eyes on, after all,” Ivor said proudly, “So, do you agree? It’s not an unreasonable request, right?”

After some thought, Bonnie asked skeptically, “You won’t make me wear a revealing bikini or anything, will you?”

“Do you think I’m that pervy?” Despite his composed tone, he had considered it before.

Bonnie’s eyes suddenly widened as she looked at him. “You won’t be naked, right?!”

Ivor chuckled, enjoying the banter. “I can do that if you’re interested in seeing my package.”

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Chapter 186

Bonnie held her breath as she watched Ivor approach so suddenly. She moved

over again to increase the distance between them, saying, “You claim you’re not a perve, yet you said something pervy.”

“Hahaha!” Ivor could not help but burst into laughter when he saw Bonnie

blushing. “All right, then. I’ll be whatever you want me to *be*.”

He was in a good mood, no matter what his fiancée said.

The weekend passed in the blink of an eye. Benedict stood nervously at Tang Fusion Studios door. He muttered, "Did Bonnie prank me? Hmm, she's not the type to joke around, especially not with something like this."

At that moment, he received a call from Bonnie, "Are you there yet?"

"I, uh, just got here."

"Then, hurry and get your ass in there. I've already informed the people inside that you're coming. Everything will be okay."

Benedict gulped nervously. "Bonnie, are you sure they won't kick me out?"

"You're my brother. Who would dare do that? I just reached work. Go inside!" Bonnie then hung up and entered the research institute.

"Hey, wasn't that Bonnie?" Halle stared at the research institute's gate.

"Bonnie? That's not possible." Rowina looked over but only saw a figure entering the building.

Halle scratched the back of her head and said with uncertainty, "That woman who entered the building looked like Bonnie at first glance."

"That's impossible. That's Ms. Bonita's research institute, after all. Bonnie can't even get in, even if she tried. Do you think she's a researcher or a professor or something?"

"Hehe." Halle chuckled with contempt. "If she were, I'd cut off my head and use it as a soccer ball. Even if she could get in, she would be the janitor."

"I don't think she even deserves to do that. The institute always does a

background check on whoever wants to enter or work there. How could Bonnie possibly get in?" Rowina said disdainfully.

"Forget about her. She's boring to talk about. Come on, let's go shopping." Halle pulled Rowina.

Benedict took a deep breath and then said through gritted teeth, "Screw it. I'm going in."

After adjusting his suit, he confidently entered the building and went to the front desk. "Hello, I'm here to apply for a part-time job. My sister mentioned-

"Are you Mr. Benedict?" The receptionist was extremely respectful toward him.

“Y–Yes, I am.”

“Welcome, Mr. Benedict. Mr. Hamish told me to bring you to his office as soon as you arrived.”

Benedict was puzzled, stuttering, “M–Mr. Hamish? Wh–which Mr. Hamish are you referring to?”

“It seems you love jokes, don’t you, Mr. Benedict? We only have one Mr. Hamish here, the CEO.”

Benedict gulped again. Of course, he knew the name of the company’s owner since he was in Tang Fusion Studios. Still, he was shocked that Hamish would personally receive him. Benedict wondered how his sister had such connections. In a daze, he followed the receptionist to the CEO’s office. “Mr. Hamish, Mr. Benedict has arrived.”

Benedict could not stop looking at Hamish, who was sitting at the desk.

‘It really is the CEO of Tang Fusion Studios! A country boy like me is meeting the big shot on my first day at the company!’

The more he thought about it, the more nervous he became. He even began to sweat a little.

Hamish stood up and approached him, extending a handshake. “Welcome, Mr. Benedict.”

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Chapter 187

Benedict felt flattered as he shook Hamish’s hand with his sweaty palm.

“No need to be nervous, Mr. Benedict. Please, have a seat and make yourself at home.” Hamish gestured for Benedict to sit on the sofa while instructing his assistant, “Make some tea, will you? Use the fresh batch of the tea that just arrived.”

“Right away, Mr. Hamish.”

Benedict felt uneasy but gathered his courage to ask, “Mr. Hamish, do you know my sister?”

“Of course I do. We’ve known each other a long time,” Hamish replied truthfully.

“So, um, what’s your relationship with her? Why are you taking such good care of me, Mr. Hamish?”

“Didn’t she tell you?” Hamish countered.

“N–No, Mr. Hamish, she didn’t tell me anything.” Benedict shook his head.

“In that case.” Hamish shrugged. “I won’t say much either. You can ask your sister about my relationship with her.”

Benedict wondered if Bonnie was fooling around. However, deep down, he felt she would not do such a thing. With Hamish being so attentive, Benedict would not believe it if his sister told him they were just ordinary friends.

“Let’s not dwell on that, Mr. Benedict. Your sister told me you enjoy designing. Is that correct?”

Hamish asked.

“Yes, indeed, I do.” Benedict nodded.

↑

“Do you have any formal training in design?”

“No, Mr. Hamish. I just doodle around as a hobby at home whenever I get bored.”

“Do you have any samples I can look at?”

“Yes, I do.” Benedict handed over his prepared design drafts to Hamish.

After looking at them, Hamish’s eyes lit up. “You’re a talented young man. How about you follow me from now on? I’ll take you on as my apprentice and personally mentor you.”

Benedict was shocked beyond words. Although Hamish praised his talent, he had a realistic understanding of the world. Benedict knew there were many talented people in the world. Having Hamish as a personal mentor was a dream countless designers wished for.

Although Benedict had never received any formal training in design, Hamish was already offering to mentor him directly.

From that, Benedict deduced that his sister's relationship with Hamish must be extraordinary. Benedict felt he needed to ask his sister about it.

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That evening, Bonnie went to meet her foster parents for dinner. Even Ivor came along. Welma asked curiously, "Who's that, Bonnie?"

Bonnie had a headache from when Ivor insisted on tagging along. Before she could say anything, Ivor took the initiative to introduce himself. "Mother, Father, here's the gift I got you."

Ivor had several shopping bags containing branded clothes, expensive wine, and more. These items cost millions collectively.

Welma and Gerald were shocked by Ivor's form of address. The older couple turned to look at Bonnie,

who had a headache. She felt even more stressed now.

"B-Bonnie? He called us... He said..."

"Ignore him. Let him call you whatever he wants." Bonnie glared at Ivor as she spoke.

Suddenly, Welma and Gerald guessed what was happening. They suspected Ivor was trying to pursue their foster daughter. However, they treated Ivor as their half-son-in-law since they thought Bonnie

did not dislike him.

"Okay, let's not stand at the doorway. The dishes are on the table. Let's eat before they get cold." Welma said, thinking Ivor was pleasing to the eye. She added, "You're quite the looker, young man. How old are you?"

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“I’m twenty–seven this year,” Ivor replied.

Gerald whispered to Welma, “He’s quite a bit older than Bonnie.”

Although Ivor could not hear them, he could read their lips. He had heard about Gerald’s love for alcohol before coming. He poured a glass and handed it to Gerald, saying, “Dad, this is the wine I brought you. Give it a try.”

“Sure, don’t mind if I do.” Gerald stared at the wine and sipped it. Immediately after, his eyes lit up as he exclaimed, “Wow, it tastes fantastic!”

Ivor said smilingly, “I have a collection of exquisite liquors at home. If you like any of them, feel free to take them all with you.”

“I can’t do that.”

“It’s okay. I’m not much of a drinker myself. They’ll just sit there and gather dust if you don’t take them off my hands. Don’t be shy, Father. You can call me son once I marry your daughter. Parents shouldn’t be so shy with their children and in–laws, right?”

Gerald did not know how to respond.

Meanwhile, Bonnie watched as Ivor won over her parents. She felt amused and speechless but said

nothing.

Welma asked, “Where do you work, Ivor? How big is your family?”

“Mom, we haven’t even started eating yet. Here, have some.” Bonnie scooped some dishes onto Welma’s plate.

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“This young man has chased you so far, yet I can’t even ask about him? It concerns your lifelong happiness, you know?”

Ivor replied, "Well, there are four main members of my family. Also, I work for the Knight Group."

"The Knight Group?!" Benedict bolted to his feet. "Are you referring to the city's top company?! The wealthiest family in the city owns that company."

Ivor nodded. "That's the one."

Benedict stammered in shock, "Y-Your last name is Knight, too. Wait, are you from the Knight family?!"

Welma and Gerald stopped eating and stared at Ivor.

Ivor was about to answer when Bonnie interjected, "He's just an ordinary employee at the Knight Group."

She lied because she feared her foster parents would worry about her. After all, she was just a country

Chapter 188

2/2

girl in their eyes. If Ivor, the city's richest man, pursued her just to play with her heart and abandon her, the older couple would be furious.

Ivor glanced at Bonnie and understood her reason for lying. So, he cooperated and said, "I just happen to have the same surname as them."

Welma and Gerald sighed, somewhat relieved. The meal went by joyfully, and after sending the older couple and Benedict back to their hotel, Ivor was alone. Bonnie stayed with her parents because they would leave the next day, and she wanted to spend more time with them.

Benedict had a lot on his mind, saying, "Bonnie, I have something to ask you."

"Go ahead." Bonnie followed her brother outside.

As they walked on the street, Benedict suddenly stopped and said, "The interview went well today."

Bonnie smiled. "See, I told you not to worry."

"Mr. Hamish said he wants to mentor me personally."

“Well, you have a natural talent for design. I’d expect Hamish to say something like that.”

“He was exceptionally kind to me and offered a high salary with many privileges.”

“That just means he values you a lot.”

“Bonnie!” Benedict exclaimed, “Don’t you have anything else to say?! I know my worth. Even if I’m somewhat talented, Mr. Hamish is the CEO of Tang Fusion Studios and one of the world’s best designers. Why would he treat me so well?”

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Chapter 189

Bonnie patted Benedict’s shoulder. “I’ll tell you the truth, but you have **to** promise not to tell anyone

else.”

“Not even Mom and Dad?” Benedict asked.

After pondering for a moment, she replied, “That’s up to you.”

“All right, spill it. I’m ready,” Benedict had already speculated various possibilities. One was that Hamish was Bonnie’s admirer.

Bonnie slowly said, “Actually, I am the CEO of Tang Fusion Studios.”

This news shocked Benedict.

He had considered ten thousand possibilities, but he never connected Bonnie with being the CEO of Tang Fusion Studios. After all, his sister was so young. He knew his sister was talented, but Tang Fusion Studios was a leading company in the city.

“Bonnie, are you... are you serious?”

!!

“Why else would Hamish personally mentor you?” Bonnie said with a smile.

Benedict’s mouth hung wide open for a while.

The next day, Bonnie accompanied Welma and Gerald to the train station.

“Mom, here are some snacks I prepared for you. Eat them if you get hungry on the way,” Bonnie said, handing a tote bag to Welma and Gerald.

Welma’s eyes were a bit teary. “My dear girl, you are so filial.”

“Benny, you’re a man now. Take good care **of** your sister and protect her, you hear?”
Gerald

instructed Benedict.

“Don’t worry. That’s my duty,” Benedict said **but** complained internally. After all, his sister was the CEO of Tang Fusion Studios and had immeasurable wealth. So, if anyone were taking care of someone, it would be his sister taking care of him.

Benedict didn’t tell his parents that Bonnie was the CEO of Tang Fusion Studios. He was afraid they would be scared, just as he was. After seeing the two **off**, Bonnie and Benedict received messages simultaneously on their phones.

It was a notification from Twitter. “HamishEvans took in a disciple named Benedict yesterday.”

Bonnie raised an eyebrow and turned to Benedict. “It seems like he intends to pass on his mantle to you.”

Benedict was still in shock, completely bewildered by Hamish’s high-profile announcement.

Bonnie smiled. “Hamish’s intention is simple. He wants **to** cultivate you so you can share the

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workload with him.”

Hamish was playing a good game. Since she wasn’t going to the company, he was going to let her brother take her place.

This news also reached the Shepard family's ears.

"Trina, I remember your brother from the countryside. His name is Benedict, right?" Vera looked at

Trina and asked.

"Mom, you're not thinking that the designer Hamish took as a disciple is my brother, are you?"

"I'm just asking. How could that be possible? That country bumpkin—oh, sorry, I mean, that's your brother," Vera stopped halfway, realizing her words were inappropriate.

Trina took Vera's hand. "Mom, I don't blame you. It's okay. Besides, in Benedict's heart, there's only Bonnie. I have given up and no longer regard him as my brother. To me, you and Dad are the only two dearest family members I have."

Vera patted Trina's back affectionately. "You've been through a lot, my dear."

By the way, I heard that Hamish is planning a disciple reception at a nearby entertainment club in a few days. You and Hadwin should go there together. Maybe, if you're lucky, you might meet Hamish's disciple. If you can make friends, it'll be a huge opportunity," Vera remembered and suggested.

"Okay, Mom, you can rest assured. I'll make it happen," Trina said, confident in her social skills. In the blink of an eye, Saturday arrived.

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I Love You Miss Genius (Bonnie Shepard) CHAPTER 190

Chapter 190

Early in the morning, Bonnie was dragged to the beach by Ivor. Just as Bonnie expected, the usually crowded beach was empty.

"Clearing this place must've cost quite a bit," Bonnie remarked,

“No worries, for me, it’s just a drop in the bucket,” Ivor said with a smile.

“You’re such a spendthrift,” Bonnie couldn’t help but complain.

Ivor leaned in close to Bonnie’s face. “I only know how to make money, not manage it. That’s why I urgently need a wife like you.”

Looking at Ivor intentionally opening his coat, Bonnie blushed slightly and took a step back.

This guy wasn’t wearing anything underneath.

“You’ve got the wrong person then. I only know how to make money, too,” Bonnie said.

Ivor noticed Bonnie’s slightly reddened face and quickly took off his coat.

However, it didn’t end there.

The sound of a metal zipper echoed.

Bonnie turned her head away immediately.

“Are you trying to be a pervert?”

“I can’t swim in long pants, can I? Don’t worry. I’m not that creepy. I’m wearing swim trunks underneath,” Ivor said, wanting to tease Bonnie a bit more but afraid of going too far and scaring her

off.

Bonnie looked back, seeing a man wearing only swim trunks, his well-built physique attracting attention. She knew that if the beach weren’t empty, every female present would be looking at Ivor.

“There’s a swimsuit I prepared for you in the trunk. Why don’t you change into it?” Ivor opened the

trunk and said.

Bonnie glanced at the luggage inside. She slightly raised her eyebrows. “You didn’t prepare something only weirdos would wear, did you?”

“You’re overthinking it. Everything is perfectly normal,” Ivor assured.

Although Ivor said so, Bonnie still didn’t believe him.

“I’ll just go like this.”

With that, Bonnie walked toward **the** seashore and went deep into the water, plunging in.

Ivor looked at the swimsuits in the trunk, which were a hundred sets in total, all carefully selected by him. **If** possible, he **really** wanted to see Bonnie in every set.

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Just as he was thinking about it, Bonnie emerged from the sea.

She swept her wet hair to the front, revealing her smooth and fair forehead. The seawater dampened her white coat, exposing the hidden beauty within.

“It’s black.” Ivor’s Adam’s apple bobbed, his voice hoarse, his eyes staring fixedly at this dazzling

sight.

At this moment, he felt that the girl, in this way, might be more alluring than wearing a swimsuit.

Gradually, Ivor couldn’t control his legs. Step by step, he walked into the sea, swimming toward

Bonnie.

Bonnie didn’t notice anything strange at first. She only realized something was wrong when Ivor’s gaze became too intense. Curious, she looked down at herself and blushed the next second.

“You’re shameless!” Bonnie scolded Ivor.

Ivor continued to stare, saying, “Aren’t you intentionally dressing like this to show me?”

Bonnie squinted dangerously, then turned around and swam toward the deeper part of the sea.

“Don’t swim too far. The water gets too deep over there. You’re not prepared for such activities. What will you do if you swim over there and cramp up?” Ivor’s words had just finished when Bonnie suddenly moaned and disappeared into the water.

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“Bonnie!” Ivor’s heart leaped to his throat. He rushed over, dived into the water, and pulled Bonnie

out.

“Are you okay?” Ivor looked at Bonnie with concern.

Bonnie’s face turned pale as she massaged her leg. “Hiss—I got a cramp, you idiot,”

“It’s my fault! I know I’m an idiot.” Ivor frowned, feeling guilty and worried.

Bonnie’s heart suddenly softened as she stared at the man with bright, shining eyes. As she continued to look, her heartbeat quickened.

“Let me help you massage.” Ivor reached out.

“No, I can do it myself. It’s fine.” Bonnie lowered her gaze, concealing her emotions.

“Be good, don’t refuse me now, okay, Bonnie?” The man’s voice was so gentle it seemed to melt

Bonnie’s heart.

Bonnie pursed her lips, retracting her hand that she had just extended.

Seeing Bonnie no longer resisting, Ivor gently lifted her leg and placed it on his own thigh, providing support. His fingers massaged and kneaded Bonnie’s leg, occasionally asking a question or two.

“Is the pressure too much? Do you want it lighter?”

A few minutes later, Bonnie’s leg felt better after Ivor’s massage.

“Thank you. I’m feeling much better now.”

“You always like thanking me. I hope for the day when you no longer thank me but consider everything I do as part of my duty.” Ivor looked affectionately at Bonnie.

Bonnie couldn't bear the way he looked at her now. Each time, it was as if he was sucking her in.

“It's a bit cold. I want to find a place to rest.”

“Okay.” Ivor draped a dry towel over Bonnie, helping her stand.

“I'll carry you.”

“No-” Before she could finish the word, the man had already carried her on his back.

Initially, she thought of resisting a bit, but when she was lying on the man's back, it felt like a person who had been tired for a long time finally lying down on a bed. She suddenly lost her strength, not wanting to move.

Bonnie felt her eyelids getting heavier. Desiring sleep, she reached out, hugged the man's neck, and slowly fell asleep on his back.

When she woke up, she found herself in a room in a private villa.

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Without guessing, she knew this must be Ivor's private villa by the seaside.

Dang dang dang—the sound of knocking echoed.

“Come in.”

Suddenly, William opened the door.

“Why are you here?”

“With my skills, do you think I can't find you? Even if you turn to ashes at the ends of the earth, I can still find you.”

Bonnie stayed silent.

“Bonnie, you're biased. You're actually on a date with another man. When I used to invite you, you never agreed,” William complained tearfully.

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Bonnie couldn't stand it when William spoke to her in that melodramatic tone. "I just owe Ivor a favor, so I came out with him. Besides, being at the seaside with him doesn't mean it's a date."

"Well then, since you put it that way, you're coming to the beach tomorrow with me."

Bonnie flatly refused. "Go to the beach with you on a date? No way."

William's mouth twitched. "So going to the beach with Ivor isn't a date, but going with me is? Bonnie, you're so double-standard. I don't get it. What does Ivor have that I don't? Tell me. It's not fair."

Looking at William's aggrieved expression, Bonnie's headache intensified. "Can you talk properly? You sound like a child, so immature and reckless."

At these words, William suddenly froze, staring at Bonnie for a few seconds before he came to a realization. "I get it. So, Bonnie, you like someone mature, steady, expressionless -a domineering CEO type."

William's expression shifted, and he walked up to Bonnie. He extended his hand, pinning her against the wall. In a commanding tone, he said, "Woman, you can't escape my grasp."

Now, not only did Bonnie's mouth twitch, but even the corners of her eyes twitched, too. Her fists clenched tighter and tighter. Her expression was on the verge of breaking down, and she was close to losing control, ready to throw a punch.

Just then, Ivor's low, icy voice echoed at the doorway.

"What are you doing? Let her go!"

With his voice, Ivor strode over, swiftly pulling William's collar from behind.

"You're pulling my collar again. I'll tell you, I'm a civilized person. Don't push me, or I might have to take action!" William turned his head, coldly locking eyes with Ivor.

"This is my private villa. Are you telling me to let you go? How civilized!" Ivor dragged William to the side. Then, he stood next to Bonnie and extended his long arms, wrapping them around her

shoulders.

Seeing this, Jacques, who was nearby, quickly appeared behind William. Floyd and Jim, who was now Tim, also appeared simultaneously.

"Don't you dare lay a hand on my boss." Jacques charged forward.

Floyd was the first to intervene, but after two or three rounds, Jacques dodged him.

"Not good!" Floyd turned around to see Jacques and Jim entangled in a fight.

His eyes widened. He knew Tim was formidable, but being on par with Jacques was something he hadn't expected. In his memory, only Jim was that capable.

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"Tim, don't force it. You're no match for Jacques. Retreat now!" Bonnie was worried that continuing the fight would expose Jim's identity.

Jim instantly understood Bonnie's signal. After exchanging punches with Jacques, he pretended to be overwhelmed, staggering backward several steps.

Jim's act was convincing, but whether Ivor believed it or not remained to be seen.

Bonnie quietly looked up at Ivor and noticed that he was staring at Jim.

She decided to ignore it for now. Once the Lenfield Resort was complete, she would move out of the Knights' residence. At that time, Jim would also leave.

William looked at Bonnie. "Bonnie, you must promise me. Go on a date with me tomorrow. No, I can't

wait. Let's make it today. You have to go on a date with me.

"1

After giving William a cold glance, Ivor hugged Bonnie tightly. "Let's grab something to eat together later, then we'll go watch a movie. Don't bother about him."

Bonnie indicated that she didn't want to deal with either of them. "I just want to be alone." Ivor grabbed Bonnie's hand and kissed it.

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"Go ahead. **If you don't**, I'll keep pestering you. **I'll** even quit my job. From now **on**, I'll follow you to Lenfield Resort. I'll serve you, do your laundry, cook, and give **you** massages. No matter how you try to get rid of me, I won't leave."

In her mind, Bonnie envisioned the man constantly hovering around her like a relentless shadow. It felt a bit overwhelming. Helplessly, she had to leave with Ivor.

William was on the verge of tears. "Bonnie, you're so biased. You find me childish. Isn't Ivor's just as childish?"

Bonnie couldn't be bothered with William. She turned to Ivor and said, "Let's go. Walk faster. Ignore

him."

"All right, as you say.

"Ouch." William scratched his head, looking at Jim, "Why? Why does Bonnie have to go with him?"

Jim also ignored him and walked away. Floyd looked at William, then at Jim's departing figure, getting increasingly confused.

The seaside excursion came to an end, and immediately following was a party hosted by Hamish, celebrating the recruitment of new members for the entire company.

On such a grand occasion, Bonnie naturally had to attend. Holding a highball glass, Benedict approached Bonnie, looking awkward.

“You’ll get used to these kinds of events as you experience more of them in the future,” Bonnie said, sipping her cocktail.

↑

Benedict nodded. “I’ll go to the restroom first.”

“I need to go too.” Bonnie set down her glass.

The siblings had just walked out when they bumped into Trina and Hadwin, who were about to enter.

Seeing Bonnie didn’t surprise them much since they had long known she was an employee **of** Tang Fusion Studios. However, they were briefly stunned to see Benedict before realizing that Benedict could come here, probably because of Bonnie.

“Ignore them,” Bonnie said to Benedict. Afterward, she took a step to leave, but Hadwin stopped her.

“You were lucky the last time. The revised proposal happened to catch Hamish’s eye, but you’re nothing to me. I am a noble scion, and you can never escape your rural fate.”

“Is that so? I don’t remember which noble scion got thrown out by the security last time,” Bonnie

retorted with a cold and sarcastic tone.

“Bonnie, are you proud? Do **you** really think Hamish would give up cooperation with my family for a mere employee like you? What he said that day was just **to** scare me. It’s to protect Tang Fusion

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Studios’s reputation. After all, a lot of people were there that day.

2/2

“If it got out that even his employees couldn’t be protected, who would dare to work at Tang Fusion Studios? I can guarantee that in other situations, Hamish would definitely support me, not you, an ordinary employee.”

“Quite the clever one, you,” Bonnie retorted.

“Whether you understand.”

admit it or not, that’s the fact. This is the upper echelon, something you’ll never

Trina looked at Benedict. “Benedict, because we are siblings, I’ll remind you to stay away from

Bonnie. Don’t end up getting involved in her mess.”

“I can **tell** for myself who’s good and who’s bad.” Benedict’s eyes were full of rage. Trina snorted. “You’ll regret it.”

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“**Benedict, where’s** Mr. Hamish’s new apprentice?”

Benedict paused, looking somewhat peculiar. “Why do **you** want to find him?”

“That’s **none of** your business. Just tell **me** where **the** apprentice **is**,” **Trina** ordered **Benedict** arrogantly.

Benedict felt **speechless** by Trina’s demeanor. “Aren’t **you** competent? **If you’re so** capable, find him yourself.”

After saying that, Benedict turned to Bonnie. “Let’s go to the restroom.”

“Sure.” Bonnie nodded, took a few **steps**, then turned back **to** look at Trina and Hadwin. She had already guessed their intentions.

When they returned, **the** head of **the finance** department came over with two **people**.

“Mr. **Benedict**, someone wants **to see you**.”

Not many people in the company knew about Bonnie’s identity, and this supervisor was unaware.

“Who wants **to see** me?” Benedict looked **back** in confusion. When he **saw the faces** of Trina and Hadwin, he was surprised and somewhat belatedly realized.

“Is it really **you**? **How**—how is this possible? How can Mr. Hamish **possibly** accept **you as an** apprentice?”

Trina was so surprised that she was at a **loss for words**. Hadwin also widened his eyes in disbelief.

A country bumpkin had actually leaped to success.

“So, you already knew each other? That’s great. I don’t need **to** introduce him,” the head of the finance department said with a smile.

Trina, after exerting considerable effort, finally **recovered** from her disbelief, showing a smiling face.

“Not only do we know **each** other, but he’s also my **younger** brother.”

“So, you two are siblings?” The head of the finance department looked surprised.

Benedict sneered, “Trina, do you know **your** face is hideous? **Before** you knew I was Mr. Hamish’s apprentice, you despised me and looked down on me **as a country person**. **Now**, **you** want **to tell** people I’m your brother?”

Trina looked at Benedict with tears in her eyes. “Benny, we have **the** same parents. We’re **real** siblings. Besides, back **then**, it wasn’t that I **despised you**. Clearly, **you** only acknowledge Bonnie as your sister and **refuse to** acknowledge me.”

As she spoke, tears rolled down her face.

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Hadwin embraced Trina, comforting her while looking at Benedict and saying, “What you said just now was really inappropriate. Trina **is** right. She’s your real sister. Bonnie is nothing.

“Benedict, listen to me, apologize to your sister. From now on, when you live in my place, **I’ll** see you as my real brother. The household staff is at your **disposal**. Whatever you want, just give the order. However-”

At this point, he changed the subject, glancing at Bonnie, and then continued, “You can’t call her your sister in the future, and you aren’t allowed to have any interaction with her. I’m doing this for your own good.

“Now that you are Mr. Hamish’s disciple, you’re in our prestigious circle of Pyralis. Associating with some non-influential people will affect your reputation and future.”

Benedict clenched his fists tightly, wanting **to** punch Hadwin. Benedict wanted to tell him that Bonnie was the CEO of Tang Fusion Studios, and he was the insignificant one here.

“Hadwin, you were originally my **sister’s** fiance but are blind. Also, Trina, you did it all by yourself. Although you’ve deceived many people, I believe the truth will come out. Get out now. Don’t let me **see you** again!”

“Benny, you-”

“Trina, **if** you don’t leave, **I’ll** ask my boss to come over and kick you out!” After saying this, Benedict turned his head away, not even wanting to look at them.

Trina snorted in her heart, cursing Bonnie. Passing by Bonnie, she saw Bonnie holding a wine glass.

Trina rolled her eyes and suddenly **came** up with a plan. Pretending to twist her ankle, she bumped into Bonnie intentionally.

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She wanted to see Bonnie make a fool of herself and say it was an accident.

Bonnie had been on guard against Trina the moment she pretended to fall. She quickly extended her foot, tripping Trina.

Trina exclaimed, her body losing balance and falling face down.

In pain and tears, Trina pointed accusingly at Bonnie with a face **full** of grievance. As she was about to say something, Bonnie’s voice preempted her.

“Sorry, I accidentally stuck my leg out.”

Trina choked on all the words she was about to **say**, and her face turned increasingly blue.

“Accidentally? I think you did it on purpose!” Hadwin **roared** uncontrollably. Then, he turned to the head of the finance department. “She’s an employee **of** your company. Aren’t **you** going to do something?”

Having received benefits from Hadwin and considering Hadwin's status, the head of the finance department had already made a judgment. Bonnie was just a **negligible** employee, and they couldn't be compared.

"Bonnie, you are malicious. It was a minor encounter with Trina, **but** you went out of your way to embarrass her. I won't fire **you** today, considering **you** are Mr. Benedict's relative. Just apologize to Ms. Trina, and it'll be fine."

Bonnie lifted her gaze slightly, her cold eyes meeting the indifferent ones of the head of the finance

department.

"Did you take Hadwin's bribe?"

The head of the finance department felt a thud in his heart, and his expression crumbled a bit.

"What nonsense are you talking about? **I'm** just being objective. What are **you** saying?"

Bonnie continued, "Today is **the** day Mr. Hamish is accepting disciples, and this place is where Tang Fusion Studios is hosting a banquet for all employees. Who allowed you to bring outsiders in without permission?"

The head of the finance department's expression dropped **even more**. Somehow, Bonnie's indifferent demeanor gave him an **inexplicable sense of** coercion.

It was strange, **seeing** that it was from a mere intern.

"As the head of the finance department, I have my principles. Can **an** intern like you question my decisions?"

Bonnie had utterly lost her patience. "From now on, **you're** fired."

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The head of the finance department, Trina, and Hadwin all stared blankly. After a brief **second**, they looked at Bonnie as **if** she were a fool.

"You fired me? On what grounds do you have the right to fire me? Who do you think you are? Or did you drink too much and are talking nonsense? Forget you. Even Mr. Benedict doesn't have the right to fire me casually."

“I’m a long–time employee of the company, working hard for years. Even if you don’t like me, you must give me a proper reason when you report to Mr. Hamish. You can’t just fire me at will.”

The head of the finance department raised his head, full of confidence. He believed Bonnie had no right to dismiss him, and even Benedict couldn’t make such a decision.

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“Consider yourself lucky. I have other matters to attend to,” the finance department head coldly

snorted.

Bonnie lightly raised her eyebrows. “You have other matters to attend to? Isn’t it Mr. Hamish who wants to see you?”

The finance department head’s pupils instantly dilated. ‘She knew? Does that mean Mr. Hamish calling me over is really related to Bonnie?’

Trina and Hadwin exchanged a glance. Their speculations matched those of the finance department head, but guesses were just guesses. It might be a coincidence that Bonnie figured it out.

Soon, the finance department head stood in front of Hamish.

“Mr. Hamish, do you have something to discuss with me?”

Hamish maintained a stern face. “You’ve been fired.”

The finance department head’s face instantly showed an expression of disbelief, and Bonnie’s figure appeared in his mind. Waves of shock surged in his heart.

“Mr. Hamish, why are you firing me for no reason? I’ve been with the company for a long time. You can’t dismiss me without cause! I won’t accept this! And if **this** matter gets out, **if** other colleagues hear that you’re arbitrarily firing employees, everyone **will resist.**”

“Are you threatening me?” Hamish’s voice suddenly turned cold, frightening the finance department

head.

“No, no, how would I dare to threaten you? I’m just defending my rights and discussing the matter on

its own merits.”

Hamish stood up. “All right, you want to discuss **the matter** on its own merits, right? Let me tell you the reason I fired you. It’s because you dared to **go** against the tide and disrespect the company’s leadership!”

“No! I didn’t. Mr. Hamish, **if** you say that about **me**, **then** tell **me**, who did I **disrespect** among the leaders? Shouldn’t there be **evidence** for such things?” The **finance** department **head** retorted.

Hamish spoke slowly, emphasizing each word, “Bonnie...Shepard.”

The finance department head was puzzled, “Bonnie? She’s just an intern. **If** you want to talk about this, I’m the leader here. She disrespected me. She should be fired.”

“She should be fired? You’re just a small finance department head. Where did you get the audacity **to** dare to fire **the** company’s chairman?” Hamish unleashed his imposing manner, scaring the head of the finance department.

At this moment, the finance department head **felt** as if a bolt **of** lightning had struck him. **He** couldn’t

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believe what he **had** just **heard**.

2/2

However, Hamish didn’t seem to be joking. Suddenly, the finance department head collapsed, sitting on the ground. His face was pale, sweat pouring down like rain.

At this moment, he understood it all. No wonder Benedict could become Hamish's brother; no wonder Hamish chose the unknown Smith family for cooperation last time. Hamish had **the** security throw

Hadwin out to protect Bonnie.

The truth was unexpectedly like **this**.

It was all Hadwin and Trina's fault. **He** wouldn't have ended up in this situation if it weren't for them.

"Mr. Hamish, please give me another chance! I beg you!"

Hamish looked at the finance department head expressionlessly. "Are you thinking straight? Begging me? Are you pleading with the right person?"

The finance department head belatedly realized he had begged **the** wrong person.

Trina and Hadwin were waiting outside, eagerly anticipating. After waiting for a while, the finance department head finally emerged.

They were about to approach and say something when the finance department head passed them soullessly, coming in front of Bonnie.

He bowed to Bonnie.

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Radwin and Trina were dumbfounded by the scene before them, finding it hard to believe.

"I'm sorry, Ms. Bonnie. It's all my fault. I shouldn't have ignored company rules and brought them in without permission. You're right. I did accept their favors, so I'll return the money they gave.

“Please, in consideration of my years of hard work for the company and my dedication to my job, forgive me this time. I promise to mend my ways and never make such a mistake again,” the head of the finance department confessed remorsefully.

Bonnie set down her wine glass, her eyes on the finance head devoid of any emotional fluctuations, making it difficult to guess her thoughts.

Under Bonnie’s scrutinizing gaze, the finance head couldn’t help but break into a cold sweat, dampening his back.

This oppressive feeling was even more terrifying than when facing Hamish just now.

“I can give you a chance,” Bonnie slowly spoke.

The finance head let out a sigh of relief. This feeling of a reprieve was like passing through the gates of hell and coming back unscathed.

Bonnie turned to Trina and Hadwin. “Since you let them in, how do you intend to handle this?”

As a veteran in the company and someone who had been navigating the circles for years, the finance head immediately understood Bonnie’s implied message.

“I know what to do.”

With that, the finance head turned around, casting a cold look at Trina and Hadwin. “Mr. Hadwin, Ms. Trina, this is the venue for our company gathering, not a place for just anyone. Please leave.”

After saying this, the finance head discreetly glanced at Bonnie and found her nodding in satisfaction.

Hadwin’s face flushed with anger, and his body tensed. “You’re just a finance department head. I’m the

young master of the Rhodes family. How dare you speak to me like this? What kind of lowly creature are you? Do you think you’re qualified to talk to **me** like that? If you push me, I’ll make sure you regret it!”

“Mr. Hadwin, you call me a lowly creature but remember, **don’t** hit a dog unless you’re prepared to face its **master**. I’m an employee of Tang Fusion Studios, and **compared** to Tang Fusion Studios, your family background is akin to trying to tilt at windmills.“.

The finance head raised his neck defiantly, full **of** confidence. **He** realized the more offensive he was, the more embarrassed Hadwin and Trina seemed, and **the** more satisfied the chairman would be.

“I won’t waste any more words with you. Hurry up **and leave**. Otherwise, **I’ll** have the security throw you out again.”

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The finance head’s dogged attitude infuriated Hadwin. Thinking about being thrown out last time, he clenched his teeth and turned, leading Trina away.

Before leaving, he said threateningly, “Just wait for me!”

As the two left, Trina turned ashen. “Hadwin, why do you think the finance head reacted so strongly after meeting Mr.Hamish? I can feel that all of this is definitely related to Bonnie.”

“I think **the** same.” Hadwin pondered. “Damn **it**, why **is** Hamish protecting Bonnie so much?”

Suddenly, Trina thought **of** something and looked horrified, “**The** people who came to pick up Bonnie on the day of our engagement, could they have been sent by Hamish?”

Hamish **was** still unmarried and one **of** the top figures in Pylalis. If Bonnie had really latched onto such a big shot, then she wouldn’t **be** just a sugar baby.

“No **way**.” Hadwin immediately dismissed the idea.

“How do you know?”

“The car Hamish drives isn’t a Maybach. I’m clear about that much,” Hadwin said, reassuring Trina.

Hearing Hadwin’s words, Trina breathed a sigh of relief.

As long as it wasn’t Hamish, it was fine.

Even if it was, Bonnie had already been kicked out **of** the Shepard family. **Vera** and Gresham wouldn’t come and apologize to Bonnie even if they **regretted** it. Besides, knowing Bonnie’s personality, even if they did apologize, she wouldn’t care.

“What is the relationship between Bonnie and Hamish?” Trina frowned, expressing her worries. “I must investigate this matter thoroughly,” Hadwin resolved firmly.

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The only reason was that Bonnie was his ex-fiancee, and he called off the engagement. He wouldn't know how to accept it if Bonnie was more outstanding than she appeared.

After the finance department head left, Benedict couldn't help but ask Bonnie, "Bonnie, why didn't you just fire him directly? Why give him a chance?"

Bonnie explained, "I asked Hamish about it. The finance head does have excellent professional skills. Besides, teaching him a lesson this Time will ensure he doesn't repeat the same mistake. Instead of hiring a new person and slowly training them, it's better to let the old-timer continue in his role."

Benedict suddenly understood and gave a thumbs-up. "Bonnie, you're savvy."

Bonnie chuckled at Benedict's reaction. "It's nothing special. It's just a minor tactic. Anyway, I'll have Hamish teach you some tricks in the future."

"Thanks, Bonnie." Benedict felt incredibly lucky to have a sister like her.

At that moment, Bonnie received a text message notification.

As expected, it was from Ivor.

"When will the party end? I'll come **pick** you up."

"Bonnie, your husband is so sweet to you," Benedict teased.

Rolling her eyes, Bonnie replied, "If he hears you call him that, **he'll** be overjoyed."

Benedict laughed mischievously.

"All right, it's getting late. I have to leave. I still have work tomorrow," Bonnie said **as** she stood up.

Curious, Benedict couldn't resist asking, "Bonnie, I heard Mr. Hamish say that **you** spend at most five days in the office in a year. Where do you go **if** you **say** you're working?"

With **a** mysterious smile, Bonnie said, “**I’ll tell you** about that **later.**”

From Bonnie’s words, Benedict sensed that his sister had **a big secret.**

It only made him more curious and **eager to** find out.

He wanted to know what **secret** could **be** more mysterious than being **the** chairman **of** Tang Fusion

Studios.

...

A week passed,
and **the class** group **chat** on **Bonnie’s** phone **unexpectedly** became **active** during the summer vacation.

“School is about to start again. **Soon**, we’ll all **go** out separate ways. I heard our old teacher **cry** a lot on graduation day. How about we pick a day, book a restaurant, and bid farewell **to our old teacher?**”

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“I agree with this idea. Let’s invite other subject teachers, too,”

“I agree.”

“Me too.”

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“Since everyone has no objections, let’s go with this plan. Where should we choose for the venue?”

“Let the class president decide.”

Just when everyone happily discussed the details, Eda sent a message to Bonnie.
“Bonnie, are you coming to the gathering?”

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Bonnie had **been** lurking in the group chat without talking.

“I wasn’t planning **on** going, but since the teachers are all going, I can’t just **not** show up.”

After hesitating for **a** few seconds, Eda sent **another** message **to** Bonnie.

“Have you heard? The class monitor and Dwayne **are** back together.”

“I haven’t **been** paying attention.”

“It’s strange, though. The class monitor and Dwayne **were** on bad terms before. I heard Dwayne’s family didn’t allow him **to associate** with the class monitor. But the **class** monitor is shameless; she insisted on sticking around. They are secretly seeing each other now.”

As Eda spoke, there was a hint of disdain.

Bonnie didn’t pay it any mind.

“Whatever they **do** is their **business**.”

“That’s true.”

On the day of the gathering, Bonnie saw several girls surrounding and flattering Sacha as soon as she arrived.

Upon seeing Bonnie, Tilda deliberately made a sarcastic remark, “What’s so great about being the top scorer in the city? Many have achieved top scores in the college entrance exams, but none stood out

like our class monitor.”

Tilda continued to mock Bonnie, expecting the class monitor to be pleased.

Little did she know, Sacha’s furious and shocked voice awaited her.

“Tilda! What nonsense **are you** spouting?!”

She didn't want to get dragged into this.

Tilda, baffled, stared at Sacha. It felt like Sacha was afraid of Bonnie.

After glaring at Tilda, Sacha forced a smile and approached Bonnie.

"Bonnie, you're finally here. Everyone's been waiting for you. Sit over here."

Sacha's attitude surprised everyone present. She seemed to be complimenting Bonnie.

Without looking up, Bonnie sat down at the dining table.

Ignoring Bonnie's **indifference**, Sacha gritted her teeth, cursing internally but maintaining a smiling **face**. She came to stand beside Bonnie.

"What **would you like to eat? Feel free to** order. Dwayne said

he'll be here later and **foot the bill**."

Chapter 199

2/2

Knowing Sacha was trying to **please her**, Bonnie had no intention of dealing **with** such a person." Sacha, **you better focus** on what **you're doing**. I **don't have** time **to** accompany **you**."

Darn it.

Even after lowering **herself**, Bonnie was still disregarding her.

Sacha, seething with anger, **discreetly** glanced around and noticed many people whispering to **each** other. Although she **couldn't** hear what they **were** saying, **she** knew they weren't speaking well of her.

The anger spread, and her **face** burned with a stinging sensation.

"Um, Bonnie, why are **you** the only one **here?** Where's your fiance?"

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I Love You Miss Genius (Bonnie Shepard) CHAPTER 200

Chapter 200

"I don't have a fiance," Bonnie replied nonchalantly.

Sacha's eyes widened. Indeed, as she heard recently, the president of the Knight Group and his fiancee had called off their engagement,

After getting confirmation, Sacha's gaze toward Bonnie changed.

She spoke hushedly, "Bonnie, it seems people change over time. A while ago, you looked down on me and Dwayne just because your fiance was the president of Knight Group. You even embarrassed me. Look at you now. Haha..."

Bonnie impatiently looked up at Sacha, "Do you know how irritating your laughter is? It's ruining the mood of my dinner."

Sacha paused, her face turned fierce. She deliberately raised her voice and shouted, "Given the circumstances, you can still act so smug. Let me tell you, my dear Dwayne is treating everyone to this dinner today. Could you afford to dine in such an upscale place if not for him?"

Other classmates started gossiping, and Tilda spoke particularly harshly, "Sacha is right. Bonnie, we've all benefited from her connection. We can't stand you disrespecting her. Friends, don't you agree?"

Tilda deliberately set the tone. Although her words were harsh, they weren't entirely wrong. Without the influence of the class monitor, some of them might never dare to consume in such an upscale

place.

"Bonnie, you shouldn't have done that. Apologize to Sacha. We're classmates, and Sacha is generous. If you apologize, I believe she will forgive you."

"Yeah, apologizing won't hurt you. **Sacha's** boyfriend is Dwayne. If **he** inherits the Ceaser Hotel in the future, Sacha will be the lady boss of Ceaser **Hotel**. Although Ceaser **Hotel** didn't upgrade to five stars, it's still a four-star hotel in the city! And just because it hasn't succeeded now doesn't mean it won't

in the future!"

The classmates went on and on.

A

Eda couldn't take it anymore. "**Hey**, you're her classmates, **not** her lackeys. **Besides**, it's Sacha who has been targeting Bonnie first. It has nothing **to do** with Bonnie. Also, did **you** all forget?"

"Back then, you made a bet with Bonnie. If Bonnie **got** into **the** Pyralis University, you **all** agreed **to** shave your heads. Bonnie didn't hold it against you, yet you're turning **the tables** on her. Have **some** decency!"

Eda's words made everyone hesitant, afraid they might get forced to shave their heads if they spoke

1. **up.**

Of course, there **were** always some bold ones like Tilda, who **often** received favors from Sacha.

Chapter 200

2/2

"Let's **face** the **facts**. **Bonnie** was bullying Sacha **just** now. Everyone **saw** it. Sacha was actively trying to **please** Bonnie, **but Bonnie** ignored her. A person like her should **get** kicked out."

Upon saying **this**, Tilda's gaze sharpened as she looked at Bonnie.

"Bonnie, **you're** **shameless**. If I were you, I'd behave myself and not be so arrogant."

"Your words are unpleasant. What do you mean by behaving myself? Do you think-"

Bonnie cut **Eda** off before the latter could finish..

"Bonnie, don't stop me. I've had enough!" **Eda** pleaded.

"Don't worry. You'll get your chance to vent soon," Bonnie said with a faint smile.

Eda's eyes lit up. "Do you have an **idea**?"

"Wait and see, it won't take more than five minutes," **Bonnie** said confidently.

Hearing Bonnie's words, Eda stopped arguing and sat quietly, waiting.

Tilda disdainfully sneered. “You should have behaved yourself long ago. **If** you dare to go against our class monitor again, you won’t even **get** to eat tonight. **You’ll** get kicked out of the private room. You’ll be humiliated in front of everyone.”

Sacha’s mouth curled upward, looking at Bonnie with contempt.

“The teachers had just arrived. Let’s take our seats,” Sacha invited everyone as if she were the host.

As soon **as** she sat down, Dwayne pushed the door open and barged in.

“Dwayne, you finally arrived. You’re **the** last one.

Dwayne, burning with anger, rushed to Sacha. He grabbed Sacha’s collar rudely, anger evident in his bulging veins.

“Sacha Hutchinson! What are you up **to** now? I’ve been so unlucky **to be** involved with a troublemaker like you! Let me tell you, from today onward, I have nothing **to** do with you!”

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