

I Love You, Miss Genius (Bonnie Shepard)

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Their leader saluted Bonnie. "Please get in the car, Ms. Bonita." 2

"Why did you bring so many people here?"

Bonnie scanned her surroundings, noting not only the large number of people but also the heavy weaponry they held.

"You're a national treasure of Arvandor, Ms. Bonita. We can't let anything happen to you. I would have brought at least ten times more soldiers if you hadn't said something."

The man who said that was Brigham Hartley. He wore navy blue epaulets on his shoulders adorned with yellow trim.

He stood tall and had an imposing presence.

"Come on, I'm just going to the research institute. Besides, I can take care of myself, okay?" Bonnie said nonchalantly.

"The whole world is waiting for the results of your research. If you succeed, it'll be a game-changer for human civilization. We'll do anything to ensure your safety and keep anyone else from finding out your true identity!" Brigham said, excitedly. He was a huge fan of Bonnie.

Bonnie raised her brow and tried to change the subject.

"Oh, where's Jim?"

"He's gone overseas to join the International Fighting Championship. I'll be in charge of your safety for now."

"Okay, let's go." Bonnie got into the vehicle.

The Shepard family butler heard the commotion and went out to the gate to find out what was going on. He was shocked to see Bonnie being escorted away by soldiers in camouflage.

“Oh, no, ma’am! Ms. Bonnie’s been taken away by the police.”

“What on earth happened?” Vera was astounded.

“I have no idea, ma’am! An army of police officers cornered her and took her away.

Vera quickly rushed out of the villa, followed by Trina and Hadwin.

When they reached the gate, the helicopters were long gone, and Vera only saw the SUVs moving

away.

“What the hell?” Vera grew pale and held a hand to her heart.

“Has Bonnie broken the law?” Trina asked.

“So many people came to get her! What could she possibly have done?” Hadwin frowned.

Murder?

Multiple homicides?

Or something even crazier?

They had no way of knowing for now.

2/4

Two days later, a round of applause erupted in the top laboratory of the city of Pyralis.

“Woohoo! We’ve finally succeeded after working on the research for a whole year.”

“We owe it to Ms. Bonita. We couldn’t have developed the new carbon nanomaterial so soon without her guidance!”

“That’s right, she’s the reason why we succeeded! We’ll be able to make advancements in every industry in the country once this nanomaterial is widely adopted. This is great news for Arvador!”

“We’re going to wow the whole world!”

Thrilled, the highly respected and elderly professors cheered like children.

Bonnie, however, continued to drink her coffee calmly.

One of the elderly professors approached her.

“I’ve just received a call from the National Research Institute, Ms. Bonita. They’d like to know when you’ll be available to hold the press conference.” 1

“Well, that’s up to them.”

The old professor asked tentatively, “Do you mind if I take care of it?”

“Go ahead,” Bonnie said.

“Oh, and even the International Collaborative Research Organization has called to ask about this now that we’ve garnered nationwide attention. You need to come to the press conference, okay?”

He was worried because Bonnie was usually low-key and almost never showed up at events like this.

Bonnie hesitated for a moment and said, “Okay.”

‘Woohoo!’

The professor whooped inwardly in relief. He really thought she would say no.

If she had, he would have been placed in a difficult position because the higher-ups would insist he make her go.

“I’ll deal with it then.”

“Sure.” Bonnie waved him off and continued to drink her coffee.

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Her phone vibrated.

The caller ID showed that it was Sigmund Knight.

Bonnie answered it, and the old man’s excited voice came through.

“I heard your wedding’s been canceled, Bonnie. Congratulations!” He laughed heartily.

She had expected him to say this, so Bonnie waited for him to finish.

“Now, according to our agreement, you would think about marrying my grandson **if you** were no longer engaged. It’s time to fulfill your promise.”

Bonnie raised her brow. “Okay, but will your grandson agree to this? He’s the hottest bachelor in Pyralis. He could have any girl he wants.”

“He has to. Oh, I asked him to pick you up at a supermarket near the research institute so he wouldn’t find out your true identity. I’ve given him your number. He’ll text you when he arrives.”

Her phone dinged as she received a message that read “I’m here.”

Sigmund heard it and quickly said, “My grandson must have texted you. Go meet him now.”

“Okay,” Bonnie answered indifferently. She left the institute after bidding the professors goodbye.

As she stepped out of the building, she saw an eye-catching black Maybach.

“That looks familiar…”

Three years ago, she successfully treated the father of a rich tycoon from overseas.

She had been given a limited-edition Maybach as a gift—there were only ten in the world.

She didn’t like driving, so she gave it to Sigmund for his birthday.

Just as Bonnie remembered what happened, the driver's window lowered, revealing a handsome face.

"Hi, you're Bonnie Shepard, right?"

"Yup." Bonnie nodded, She sized up the man in front of her.

He was wearing an open-collared floral shirt with a peculiar-looking necklace around his neck, and seemed incredibly frivolous.

Was this Sigmund's grandson? What the hell?

"Woah, I didn't expect you to be so pretty!" he praised, then turned to someone in the back seat." Ivor, you lucky son-of-a-bitch! Sigmund has good taste."

When Bonnie heard him say that, she knew she had been mistaken.

As she was about to open the car door, a cold voice from the back seat said, "I don't give a shit, okay? I want nothing to do with her."

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Bonnie impassively opened the door and got into the car.

She was amazed when she saw Sigmund's actual grandson.

Although she was only 20, she had been to many countries and seen many good-looking men, but very few had impressed her like this.

However, she quickly looked away because she wanted nothing to do with him as well.

Besides, she noticed that the man kept working on his laptop and didn't even bother to look at her.

She could tell he didn't want to be there either.

"Ms. Bonnie, I'm Ged Franklin, Ivor's best friend," Ged spoke as he drove.

"Oh, hi," Bonnie answered politely.

"I hope you don't mind me asking this. Is it true that you haven't graduated from high school yet even though you're 20 already?"

"Uh-huh."

“You’re going to take the college entrance test soon, huh? Do you need any help getting into university? My grandfather teaches at Pyralis University...”

Ged kept talking, but Bonnie merely responded with “uh–huh”.

He thought that she and Ivor were similar.

Ged got bored with Bonnie’s monosyllabic answers and stopped asking her questions.

But at that moment, Bonnie spoke.

“The car used to be Sigmund’s, right?”

“Yeah, how do you know that?” Ged asked curiously.

Bonnie said truthfully, “Well, I gave it to him as a gift.”

As he heard that, Ivor looked up at her—

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