

The Revived Me Surrounded by Adoration as a Supporting Role by Dedaul Chapter 19 -

Chapter 19 Aren't You Angry?

Derek walked toward Valerie.

He watched as she picked at the thumbtacks inside her desk and threw them on the floor one by one.

Her face was still expressionless.

Yet her strength was surprisingly strong.

Intrigued, he raised his eyes, crouched down on the ground, and helped her pick up the thumbtacks.

The class was in an uproar.

Sarah was grinning at first, and in an instant, she pulled a long face.

She thought, "I don't think this is the first time he's helped her.

Valerie is such an unattractive, skinny bitch. In what way is she charming?

What about her that gets Derek to keep helping her like this?"

Derek, who was squatting on the ground, looked up at Valerie and opened his mouth to say something.

Yet in the end, he didn't.

-After they were done, the teacher happened to step in and begin the class.

Sarah paid attention to Valerie out of the corner of her eye, turning vicious.

Sarah clutched the textbook in her hand, the crumpled paper showing her unhappiness at the moment.

Different from the previous times, Sarah indeed felt an unprecedented sense of crisis today.

She was absent-minded the whole class.

The second the bell rang, she went straight to her lackeys and said something

.

Derek frowned.

He turned to face Valerie, who was carefully reviewing the teacher's key points in class.

"Aren't you angry with what they did to you this morning?"

"What? I don't know what I can get out of being angry. It's pointless."

Hearing that, Derek closed his mouth and slightly widened his eyes in surprise

.

His gaze may

have been so burning that Valerie had to lift her head

and look him in the eye.

"What?"

"Nothing..."

He touched his nose awkwardly, turned around, and cleared his throat from time to time.

His voice was childish, but he pretended to be sophisticated.

Valerie thought, "Are successful people always this proud when they are kids?"

"

Derek, who was sitting in the front, was very interested in Valerie.

He did not expect that there were other like-minded people about his age.

No one said anything more about thumbtacks, but Valerie clearly felt that the troublemakers in her class were becoming completely unfriendly towards her.

In etiquette class and gym class, they kept picking on her.

They either tripped her or hit her with a ball.

Was that school violence?

The primary school students weren't exactly that strong, but it hurt.

She did not know what was going on. Perhaps she had experienced death in her last life, anyway, she did not feel much about these things

now.

She picked up the ball that hit her, weighed it a few times, looked at the group of people throwing the ball, and threw it hard without hesitation.

The girls screamed.

They watched in panic as the ball flew towards them and fled.

The playground was filled with screams.

The PE teacher pulled a long face and looked at the crowd of fleeing students.

"What are you doing? Keep practicing volleyball!"

"Yes..."

No one teamed up with Valerie. She continued to practice the volleyball alone, ignoring her female classmates who looked at her fiercely.

The same rigid atmosphere lasted until school was over. Sarah got in Valerie's way before the latter got up to leave.

"Wait."

"What?"

Sarah took a deep breath.

“Hey! Let’s talk!”

Derek had already gone back, so Sarah stepped forward boldly.

Everyone in the class vaguely knew.

Anyone who dared to make a move against Valerie while Derek was around would be targeted by him.

Though he wouldn’t give Valerie a hand, no one wanted to be targeted like that.

Who knew if Derek would hold it against them? If the Fisher family didn’t have a good impression of their family, everything would be

over.

Their legs would be broken by their parents.

Valerie picked up her bag strap.

“What? I’ve got to catch a bus.”

Valerie’s calm demeanor made Sarah even more annoyed.

Sarah bit her lip unwillingly.

“Then I’ll cut to the chase. You’re a civilian, and no matter how close you and Derek are, you’re never gonna end up together! Keep your distance from him, if you are sensible enough!”

What?

Valerie raised one eyebrow, and Sarah shuddered at the seriousness in Valerie’s eyes.

Valerie sized Sarah up seriously.

“Did your parents send you to school not to study but to find a boyfriend?”

“What?”

The word boyfriend had a bit of an impact on a first-grader.

“What is it? Am I wrong? When did you see Derek and I close? Are exclusive schools so strict? Can’t boys and girls chat? Is that considered intimate behavior? Then what about girls like you? You hang out with boys all day long. Aren’t you supposed to be scolded by the teacher?”

“Hey! What’s that supposed to mean?”

The boys who didn’t leave were ridiculed out of the blue. They threw their bags on the floor and stood up in anger, but they wouldn’t come to Valerie, because there were other students in the class.

They found it inappropriate to make a move right now.

Valerie was being subtle, and her words weren’t that insulting.

Yet they were enough already.

Valerie thought, “Well, well.

These kids have never been ridiculed like this.

The expressions on their faces are quite a feast.”

Sarah’s eyes turned red instantly.

She put her hands in front of her chest and curled them up, not knowing what to do.

Her skin turned rosy because of her great mood swings.

Her red nose was adorable.

“You... You...”

Sarah could only repeat the word over and over again.

Sarah, who was incoherent, could only watch Valerie walk away with her bag.

“Are you OK, Sarah?”

“Don’t cry! She has no manners, and she speaks all kinds of harsh words. Just ignore her!”

After Valerie left, Sarah’s lackeys went to her.

They comforted Sarah.

Sarah, who was surrounded, held a tissue to wipe away her tears. When she regained calmness, and her nose and eyes were not so red, she went to her desk and picked up her bag obediently.

“I’m going home.”

Saying goodbye to her lackeys, Sarah plodded on her way home.

The driver waiting anxiously at the school gate finally saw Sarah come out. He hurried forward and took her bag from her hand.

“Ms. Hoyle, you’ve got to learn the piano tonight, and you’re about to be late for dinner! Let’s go back!”

Sarah’s mother had told him to bring Sarah home on time.

And now, Sarah may have to skip dinner and start learning right after she got home.

The driver wondered if he could keep his job.

Sarah suddenly felt heavy.

“Sarah, there’s a boy named Derek Fisher in your class, and you should make friends with him! Do you understand? You can’t let other girls near him. This is the first task I gave you. Can you manage it?”

Sarah thought, “Mom...

I don’t think I can.”

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