

The Double (or More ?) Life of The Fake Heiress

#Chapter 61 - Read The Double (or More ?) Life of The Fake Heiress Chapter 61

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Mirabella tapped her fingers lightly on the table. Her gaze was drifting. “Are you sure you weren’t the one who mentioned her first?”

Emmitt choked, feeling a complete inability to communicate effectively with her. With patience, he explained. “Summer’s shooting for a chance at Prestige College. And you? Participating in this competition with your grades seems... somewhat pointless.”

He paused for a second, and then added in a lower tone, “With the time you’re spending on this, you might as well enroll in a tutoring class. That would be far more beneficial for you right now.”

Despite his disappointment in his sister, he still hoped she would focus her efforts on more realistic goals instead of chasing some impossible dreams.

Mirabella looked at him with an indifferent smile. “So, what you’re saying, Emmitt, is that I don’t qualify for the competition, right?”

Her smile momentarily disarmed Emmitt, and he replied without thinking. “That’s not what I mean. It’s just that one shouldn’t bite off more than they can chew.”

“Okay, I get it.” Mirabella nodded, turning her gaze away and resuming her meal of the last bits of oatmeal in her bowl.

Emmitt watched his sister, who was seemingly obedient and quiet, but in reality, deliberately cold and distant. His feelings were a tangled mess. If he was talking to Summer, there’d be no such awkwardness. She would, at least, understand his intentions behind every word.

The atmosphere at the breakfast table grew heavy. After a moment, Emmitt, finding no taste in his bagel set it down and looked back at Mirabella. "I'll get you a tutor."

Mirabella looked up, puzzled. "Huh?"

"If you're set on the competition, I won't dissuade you. It just so happens I have a friend working at the Education Association. Maybe they can provide some guidance," Emmitt said slowly.

Those in the Education Association, aside from having advanced teaching credentials from top universities, included scholars who had made significant contributions to the country. Guidance from someone within the Association could save Mirabella a lot of detours.

"Thanks, but I don't need it." Mirabella politely declined. She was somewhat baffled. Why was Emmitt so convinced she was struggling to the point where she needed preemptive tutoring from someone in the Education Association?

Emmitt didn't expect her to refuse. He thought his thoughtful offer would surely move her, but she was neither touched nor did she hesitate for even a second before declining.

Emmitt's expression soured, and he couldn't help but raise his voice, "Do you realize how much help it would be to have guidance from someone within the Education Association?" Mirabella met his gaze with an unaffected look and remained silent. Emmitt massaged his forehead. His voice grew stern, "You know..."

Suddenly, he remembered that she had always lived in a small town and probably hadn't even heard of the Education Association. His voice trailed off, and he ended up shaking his head. "Never mind, I don't know why I'm telling you all this.

Standing up, Emmitt added one last thing to Mirabella, "Since you've refused, let's pretend I never said anything." He was done worrying about his sister.

As Mirabella watched Emmitt's retreating figure, she took out her phone after a while and typed out a text message. [Is the Education Association really that big of a deal?]

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Mirabella had no inkling of what was tumbling through Delilah's mind. Once Delilah settled into her seat, Mirabella gracefully rolled up her sleeves, revealing slender fingers that found their way to Delilah's temples, kneading them with an expertise that was neither too gentle nor too firm.

Mirabella's touch was practiced, and any connoisseur in the room would have noticed that she targeted major pressure points on Delilah's head with pinpoint accuracy. She even dared to manipulate a few spots that many seasoned practitioners of alternative medicine would hesitate to approach.

Delilah was initially just indulging her daughter, not wanting to hurt Mirabella's feelings by refusing the massage, but she hadn't expected to feel such relief in just a short while. It was more soothing than her regular sessions at the alternative medicine spa she'd been visiting for over a decade.

"Mira, have you been taking lessons or something? My headache's almost gone with just your touch," Delilah murmured with closed eyes, with a look of pure bliss on her face.

Mirabella's hands continued their dance, her voice even, "I used to do this for Grandma quite often."

That explained it. Delilah didn't question further, a proud smile playing on her lips. "My daughter's just amazing. I think you're even better than those professionals down at the massage parlor."

Mirabella's gaze dropped, her long lashes casting a veil over her eyes, "Have you been keeping up with the remedies! gave you last time?"

“Absolutely, especially those fragrance pills. They smell so good, not at all overpowering. I feel like my sleep quality’s improved a lot these past nights. Even your dad mentioned his insomnia’s been better,” Delilah recounted cheerfully.

“And that tincture gave you for internal use, you haven't touched it, have you?” Mirabella’s voice was very calm, and although it was a question, her tone conveyed a sense of certainty. Had Delilah taken it, today’s headache might have been averted.

Guiltily, Delilah fidgeted with her dress before confessing in a small voice. “That medicine... it's just so bitter, I couldn't bring myself to take it again after the first time.”

Mirabella sighed lightly, “Bitter potions often offer the best healing. You must take it.”

Feeling a pang in her heart at her daughter’s gentle chide, Delilah hastened to reassure her, “I promise I'll take it regularly from now on, no matter how bitter.”

Mirabella withdrew her hands, “How do you feel now?” Delilah opened her eyes, rotating her neck almost instinctively, “It’s like magic — the pain’s gone, and I feel refreshed.” Mirabella raised an eyebrow, thinking to herself that no one should be surprised by the efficacy of her touch.

Turning to face her daughter, Delilah’s curiosity piqued, “By the way, I overheard you talking to Emmitt about some competition this morning. Did you sign up for something?”

Mirabella gave a nod, her expression neutral “Just a dull prizeless event called the BrainSpark Nationals.” Delilah, assuming it was just a trivial extracurricular contest, waved it off, “Well, just give it a go for the experience.”

As Delilah spoke, a flicker of irritation crossed her eyes — that Emmitt, making such a fuss over a small contest with his sister this morning.

After a moment's pause, Delilah looked up again, “Can I find this competition online?” Despite Mirabella’s nonchalance about the event, Delilah, as her mother, couldn’t help but show some interest.

Even though Mirabella didn’t understand why Delilah was asking this, after some thought, she replied, “I guess so. Just search for ‘BrainSpark Nationals.’”

“Alright,” Delilah said, already pulling out her phone.

With a glance at her mother, Mirabella excused herself. “I’ll head back to my room then.”

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“Sure, go ahead,” Delilah responded absently, her attention fixed on her phone as she rapidly typed in ‘Brainpark Nationals’.

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The screen of Delilah’s smartphone was soon flooded with information about the BrainSpark Nationals. With a chuckle, Delilah thought to herself that her daughter’s competition seemed quite the buzz, popping up with so many explanations at just one search.

But her smile slowly solidified into a frown. Hadn’t her daughter described it as a dull competition with no cash prize? What was all this about city—level preliminaries, provincial competitions, national and even international tiers? And with Riverdale’s top high schools collaborating with the Education Association no less? How could this be called a dull competition?

A guaranteed admission spot to the prestigious Prestige College? It might not be a cash prize, but it certainly held more clout, didn’t it?

Delilah was bewildered, beginning to suspect that the competition she found online was not the same one her daughter had been talking about. So, she reopened the browser and searched again.

The BrainSpark Nationals were divided into several tiers, starting with city-level preliminaries, moving on to province, then national, and finally the top five students nationally would represent the country in the international contest.

This competition wasn’t confined to a single subject, making the difficulty quite substantial. After all, students who specialized in sciences tended to be weaker in the humanities, and vice versa.

Before the city preliminaries, there was a preliminary exam set by the provincial Education Association. Only those who passed could enter the official competition.

The prelim was scheduled for Wednesday, and all senior students who had registered would be brought to the examination hall by the school.

With ten classes in the senior year, and aside from the three students from Mirabella's Advanced Class, nearly every other class from the Prodigy Class to the regular class had five to eight candidates each. That was why the vice principal had been so surprised when Annette had submitted the application.

Wednesday came around quickly.

The exam was set for the morning, and Mirabella, holding the test number given to her by her homeroom teacher, Annette, headed to the venue.

Parkside High School had a substantial number of participants, so they were split into two different rooms, with Mirabella assigned to the second. Her two male classmates from the experimental class were also in the same room. The boys, less prone to envy than the girls, shyly wished her luck before taking their own seats.

Unfortunately, Summer was also in the second room. She's the campus queen, a straight-A student and a budding pop star, so naturally drew the gaze of many boys as she entered.

Most of the participants who signed up for the competition were boys, with the proportion of girls being less than one-third. Coincidentally, in the second examination room, there were only two girls, Mirabella and Summer.

Mirabella leaned back lazily in her seat, idly spinning a pencil in her hand. When Summer walked in, Mirabella didn't even glance up, as if lost in her own tranquil world.

Summer, on the other hand, maintained the warm, gentle smile that made her the quintessential girl-next-door in the eyes of her male peers — poised, graceful, and a stark contrast to Mirabella's persona.

"Who do you think is prettier, the campus queen or the new girl?" one student whispered to another.

*The campus queen for sure. She's the epitome of Innocence and kindness, plus she's so smart," came a reply.

"I dunno, I find the new girl more striking. Although she appeared aloof, her presence completely overwhelmed both male and female students," another chimed in.

"Yeah, now that you mention it, it kinda makes sense." Chapter 64

Summer, seated in the first row, could hear the murmurs from behind her. Her eyes lowered slightly, seemingly unaffected by the chatter.

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The proctor strode into the room, clutching the stack of exam papers. With a brief spiel about the rules, the proctor began distributing them among the students.

Mirabella scanned her test. a frown creasing her brow. She had expected more of a challenge from this supposed crucible of intellect. With a sigh, she began to write, her pen moving at a leisurely pace.

The test was a sixty—minute sprint, but Mirabella breezed through it in thirty, then slumped onto her desk, bored. If only they allowed early exits upon completion, she'd have been out the door in a heartbeat.

Morgan, today's vigilant proctor, had already pegged Mirabella as a peculiar case—a disappointing one at that. He spotted her snoozing mid—exam, a stark contrast to her Industrious peers, and shook his head in disdain. "Good grades or not, at least take a solid work ethic," he thought. "Even if you slipped in through pulling strings, you gotta weigh your worth. BrainSpark Nationals is no child's play."

They were He couldn't help but feel relieved that he had resisted taking on such students. nothing but trouble.

Time ticked away, and soon the sixty minutes were up. Though Mirabella had been the first to finish, she was the last to hand in her paper. Morgan didn't even glance at her or her test. He simply sealed it in an envelope and exited the

room.

After the exam, Mirabella freshened up in the restroom before heading back to the classroom. As soon as she sat down, Jenna leaned in and asked. "So, how'd it go, Mirabella? I heard the others saying the prelims were tough this time."

Mirabella lifted her eyes lazily and lightly replied. "Tough, you say?"

Jenna was taken aback. "Isn't it?" Those two who also participated were usually top twenty in the grade. If they found it hard, surely it was a beast of a test.

Mirabella just hummed noncommittally. "Then it must be tough."

Jenna was stunned. That casual arrogance was pure Mirabella. But was it just bravado? Jenna prodded further. "What score are you expecting? Think you'll pass the prelims?" With a playful arch of her brow, Mirabella teased, "Doubting me, sweetie?"

Jenna blushed, sensing that Mirabella's bad-girl vibe was only intensifying. "Just remember, you're the talk of the school-the one who got in through pulling strings."

Mirabella waved off the concern with a flick of her wrist, unfazed.

Jenna shook her head and dropped the subject. Perhaps Mirabella was a secret genius, after all.

Prelim results were due the next morning, but before they could be released, Mirabella was summoned to the guidance counselor's office.

In the office of the guidance counselor, several teachers were present at the moment, including Annette, Morgan, Anthony, and the vice principal. The expressions of all of them were serious and solemn, especially the vice principal and Anthony.

The vice principal addressed her with frost in his voice. "Miss Mirabella, you're aware of the rumors swirling around school concerning you?"

Mirabella raised an eyebrow, her demeanor unfazed by his severity. "You mean the buzz about me getting in through pulling strings?"

The vice principal's frown deepened, clearly taken aback by the new student's audacious retort.

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Because of this whole mess, the school's century-old reputation is under scrutiny from all corners of society. and I've been inundated with complaints from parents," the vice—principal stated with grave concern, emphasizing the seriousness of the situation.

Originally, out of respect for the principal, he had turned a blind eye. However, he had not anticipated the issue to spread like wildfire across campus. Now, covering it up was no longer an option.

"I blame myself, too" Morgan sighed heavily, his face etched with guilt and frustration. "I had a bad feeling when we started enrollment. If I'd known it would blow up like this. | would have never.... Ah!

Annette glanced at Mirabella, The girl stood alone among them, seemingly defenseless. Although Mirabella's method of gaining admission was questionable, after days of observation, Annette could see the girl's true nature and dedication to her studies were commendable.

And speaking of being under scrutiny, it was Mirabella who was caught in the eye of the rumor storm, facing daily jabs from her peers.

After a brief silence, Annette spoke up, "What's done is done. Blaming anyone is pointless. We need to focus on how to quell these rumors."

The vice—principal snorted dismissively. "Quell the rumors? Other than having her parents take her away and penning an apology letter, there's nothing we can do."

Anthony, upon hearing this, interjected anxiously, "No, as I've already explained, Mirabella didn't get in through pulling strings. Why won't you believe me?"

Since the meeting started to address the rumors around Mirabella, Anthony had been trying to clear the air for her, but to his dismay, the vice—principal hadn't given him the floor and had instead summoned the girl.

“If Mirabella truly didn’t get in through pulling strings, then why is the rumor mill working overtime? With things having come this far, are you really going to keep protecting the principal?” the vice—principal asked, his expression one of deep disappointment directed at Anthony.

Furrowing his brows, Anthony replied, “Protecting the principal? What do you mean by that?”

“I’ve always thought the principal was a man of integrity.” the vice—principal glanced at Mirabella with a sneer, “but it seems even he can have his moments of folly.” Although the vice—principal didn’t explicitly say that Mirabella got in with the help of principal, every single person present could hear the implication.

Anthony seemed to have finally figured something out, and he almost laughed in exasperation, “It’s true the principal isn’t here at Ashford, but slinging mud at him is hardly fair, don’t you think?”

The vice-principal’s face stiffened. He had always been irked by the principal’s air of superiority and was eager to take this chance to knock him down a peg. However, he hadn’t expected Anthony to be so blunt. “I’m slinging mud? Do you think I’m so bored that I’d joke about the school’s reputation? You think I don’t have to take

responsibility as vice—principal?” the vice-principal retorted, clearly agitated.

The mood had turned awkward. At that moment, Morgan, after pondering for a few seconds, decided to chime in. “Anthony, didn’t you yourself mention on the first day that Mirabella was some relative of the principal?”

Caught off guard. Anthony looked at Morgan in bewilderment, “When did I ever say Mirabella was the principal’s relative? Morgan, you can’t just make things up.”

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It wasn’t long before Anthony pieced out the whole thing. On the first day of school, he had said a few things to Morgan, mentioning that Mirabella was a special recruit by the principal. Later, when he learned that Mirabella had left in a hurry, he was so anxious that he left the conversation unfinished.

What he had meant to say was, “Mirabella was recruited by the principal after a lot of effort.” Could Morgan have misunderstood him because of that?

Anthony rubbed his temples, a frown creasing his forehead.

Seeing Anthony’s gesture, Morgan knew Anthony must’ve recalled the incident and couldn’t help but snort dismissively. “With so many people present, how could I possibly lie?”

The vice principal, interpreting Anthony’s silence as guilt, curled his lips into a mocking smile. “Let’s not start accusing me of slinging mud at the principal | can’t bear this blame.”

Anthony opened his mouth to clarify, but before he could get a word out, Delilah and Shawn burst into the office, their faces etched with urgency, and cut him off.

“What’s happened to my daughter?” Delilah’s voice was tinged with panic. Upon seeing Mirabella standing there unharmed. Delilah rushed over to squeeze Mirabella’s arm and pat her shoulder, a wave of relief washing over Delilah when she confirmed her daughter was alright. She had been terrified by the stern tone of the school’s call, fearing the worst.

The vice principal cleared his throat and addressed Delilah and Shawn with a modicum of politeness. “The situation is such that we at Parkside High School can no longer continue to enroll your child. These admissions through pulling strings cast a long shadow, and we thought it best to discuss this in person before you take your child home.”

Delilah and Shawn exchanged bewildered glances as he finished. “What do you mean? Could you please be clearer? What’s this pulling strings?” Delilah was genuinely confused.

“My daughter was formally accepted by Parkside High, wasn’t she? She even received an acceptance letter,” Shawn’s frown deepened, his usually friendly demeanor now replaced by an imposing sternness.

Even someone consistently proud like the vice principal was slightly taken aback by Shawn’s demeanor, but what did this husband and wife meant?

Were they refusing to admit pulling strings, and putting on an act? Wasn’t that a bit too revolting? All because they were related to the principal?

The vice principal laughed bitterly. “Are you seriously suggesting you don’t know how she got in? Do we need the principal to come back and confront you about it?”

Delilah grew more confused by the second. “Hold on, that’s too harsh. We haven’t done anything underhanded. Why should we confront anyone?”

After a pause, Delilah shot back, her voice rising with indignation, “Isn’t Parkside High known for its rigorous standards? Surely you don’t engage in these dirty practices behind closed doors?”

The vice principal at a loss for words after Delilah’s blunt retort, nearly keeled over in frustration. Supported by the principal these two were bold to the point of disrespect.

“This is utterly preposterous!”

A sudden thought struck Delilah as she watched the vice principal’s expression darken. She remembered her daughter’s past grades in their hometown and the mysterious acceptance letter that had arrived out of the blue.

A sinking feeling hit Delilah. The confidence with which she had been ready to challenge the school was rapidly deflating, like a balloon pricked by a needle.

Was her daughter about to face a scandal?

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Although Delilah’s heart was racing like a freight train, she managed to keep a poker face. She glanced at her husband beside her, signaling him to step up and say something and fast.

Shawn, unlike his wife, wasn’t one to get lost in a maze of wild thoughts. From the moment his daughter presented them with the transfer notice from Parkside High School, he never suspected anything fishy about how she got it. After all, Parkside High School was a top-live national Institution. They wouldn’t just enroll anyone with dismal grades. Even if there was some string— pulling, the school’s reputation would surely be taken into account.

Shawn's expression was icy as he addressed the room, "Let me make this crystal clear: we haven't pulled any strings. and we don't rub shoulders with your principal. If you want to push my daughter out, you better come up with some hard evidence."

He cast a protective glance at his daughter, standing silently and obediently, then swept his gaze across Vice Principal Morgan and the others, his demeanor growing even more frosty. "And if you can't produce any proof," he warned. "I'll take this story of Parkside High School bullying students to the press."

The thought of his vulnerable little girl facing these intimidating people and their barrage of questions before he arrived was enough to make his blood boil.

Vice Principal, faced with Shawn's unwavering stance, suddenly felt a seed of doubt sprouting within him. Had he made some sort of mistake?

Hearing her husband's stern words, Delilah couldn't help but cough sharply. "Shawn, cool your jets. Maybe there's been some kind of misunderstanding?"

The last thing she wanted was to make a spectacle if it turned out their daughter had actually pulled strings. It wasn't her own embarrassment she feared, but the potential bruise to her child's self-esteem.

Meanwhile, Anthony, who had been busily exchanging messages with the principal during the lull, piped up, eager to smooth things over with a nervous chuckle. "Exactly, Mr. and Mrs. Davis. This is all just one big misunderstanding. My colleague and I must have miscommunicated—led you astray—which is why this whole mess has erupted."

Shawn narrowed his eyes at Anthony, saying nothing, letting the silence hang heavy.

Anthony, unnerved by that piercing gaze, hurriedly continued, "You see, Mirabella was specially recruited by the principal. It was my mistake in not making that clear from the start, which led to this whole confusion." Morgan, however, frowned at this. A

special recruitment? Was this just another excuse to cover for the principal? Not wanting to take the blame, Morgan cut Anthony off before he could say

more. “All right, you say Mirabella was specially recruited. Then what about her academic performance?”

Anthony, irked by Morgan’s interjection, retorted, “What about her academic performance? Haven’t we said time and again that she was admitted with perfect scores?”

Anthony couldn’t fathom why this old stick—in-the—mud was still arguing when the girl’s parents were demanding answers and even the vice principal had clammed up. Morgan seemed utterly blind to the fact that he was making things more difficult for everyone.

Morgan glanced at Mirabella and let out a scoff, “Are you certain she was admitted with perfect scores? Because if that were true, she wouldn’t have fallen asleep on her desk in the middle of yesterday’s competition preliminaries.” He paused for effect, then added with a tone of righteous indignation, “Was there any other student who acted like her in that examination hall? Every one took this test seriously.”

The implication was clear: unless she couldn’t answer the questions, there would be no reason for her to be sleeping through the exam with such a dismissive attitude.

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Anthony’s eyes widened with disbelief as Morgan’s words sunk in. “Morgan, seriously? You think Mirabella’s grades suck just because you saw her dozing off during the exam?”

He’d never thought Morgan could be so... stupid.

Morgan stood by his opinion, unfazed. “Come on, you saw the test. It was brutal. Even Vincent, the top student every year, didn’t finish that quickly. And you think a girl who transferred from a small town can outdo Vincent?”

Anthony rubbed his temples, feeling Morgan’s stubbornness was reaching new levels of absurdity.

Mirabella, who had been quietly standing by, never uttering a word in her own defense, suddenly looked up. Her delicate features showed no sign of the

distress one might expect. Instead, she said in a matter—of-fact tone. “The preliminary results should be out by now, right?”

At her words, Anthony glanced at his watch. It was precisely ten o'clock. Without another word, he sidestepped the group and headed to the desk. Firing up the computer, he quickly logged into the “BrainSpark Nationals” results portal and navigated to the Parkside High School section.

Out of sixty-eight students from Parkside who took the prelims, only twenty-three passed. And there at the top of the board, to everyone's shock, was Mirabella's name.

Anthony stared at the screen, his eyes not even blinking. Morgan and the Vice Principal, growing impatient with his silence, moved closer to the computer. The sight of the rankings and the scores made them freeze.

Morgan, regaining his composure with a grim look, snatched the mouse from Anthony, muttering, “No way. How could she score higher than Vincent. She wasn't even trying...”

But no matter how many times Morgan refreshed the page, the name at the top, with a perfect score of 150, remained Mirabella. Morgan's hand shook, and the mouse clattered onto the desk.

The Vice Principal, whose face was as gloomy as Morgan's, gave Mirabella a complex look. The Vice Principal had assumed she was a favor admitted by the principal and had been certain her grades were subpar. He was eager to see her embarrass the head of the school in the competition.

Annette, Mirabella's homeroom teacher, noticed the strange expressions all around and hurried over. The score displayed on the computer, she was dumbstruck.

A perfect score?! She hadn't misread, had she?

Wasn't Mirabella supposed to be struggling? This score was anything but struggling.

When she saw

Annette knew the test's difficulty level was higher than the end—of—semester exams, mixing both humanities and sciences. A perfect score meant this

student excelled in both areas. Mirabella was in the humanities class, but she had aced the science questions too.

Annette was astounded. There had been well-rounded students before, but none quite as exceptional as Mirabella. “Morgan, got anything else to say now?” Anthony snapped back to reality, his tone laced with sarcasm.

Upon hearing Anthony’s words, Morgan suddenly remembered the first day of school when Anthony had initially intended to place Mirabella into his Prodigy Class.

Chapter 70

Chapter 70 Morgan’s lips curled into a bitter smile, the first time in his life he tasted the flavor of regret.

If only he hadn’t misunderstood, and rebuffed the director’s kindness, perhaps such a versatile student would have been the crowning achievement of his teaching career.

But then, Morgan's gaze lifted once again to Mirabella. She had been quiet from the start, never arguing or coming forth to explain herself, her eyes filled with indifference, as if she was just waiting for this moment, to watch everyone’s embarrassment as they squabbled over her.

Morgan withdrew his mocking gaze, thinking that even with good grades, he didn’t care for students like her who lacked any sense of manner.

Soon, Morgan approached Mirabella, his voice laced with sarcasm, “Miss Mirabella, you’re quite the character, aren't you? Silent as the grave. I must say I’m quite impressed.” Without waiting for anyone else to speak, he left the office with an expressionless face.

iving her Anthony frowned. This Morgan really was something.

“What's this ‘silent as the grave’? The moment she arrived, you all started grilling her, never even giving to explain,” Annette muttered under her breath, unable to watch any longer.

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When they thought she had poor grades, they suspected her of nepotism, and now, with the grades laid out for all to see, they mocked her for supposedly hiding the truth. Hadn't they considered that if the preliminary exam scores hadn't come out, Mirabella would still be mired in their loud accusations?

"What's with that teacher's attitude? So condescending. Anyone would think my daughter had done something wrong." Shawn said, his face clouded with anger and his tone far from pleasant.

He had also gone to check his daughter's results — first place, with full marks.

Although he wasn't sure what the exam was about, the point was his daughter's performance was completely unrelated to pulling strings or poor grades. So, the misunderstanding was on the teachers, their attitude was poor, and now that the results were out, instead of self-reflection, it seemed they thought his daughter was intentionally being manipulative?!

Anthony glanced at the vice principal, whose pride was clearly wounded, and sighed inwardly before stepping forward to play the peacemaker and apologize.

Twenty minutes later, Anthony finally saw Shawn and Delilah off, and Mirabella returned to her classroom. The office was left with only Anthony and the vice principal.

"Anthony, I don't mean to nitpick, but with such an outstanding transfer student, why didn't you clarify the situation beforehand? This whole thing could've been avoided," the vice principal said, still feeling the sting on his pride from the revelation of Mirabella's scores.

Anthony's expression soured, "Didn't I say it? How many times did I have to repeat myself, and did any of you listen?" The vice principal looked uncomfortable, raising his hand to his forehead, "But you didn't make it clear, and I was listening to Morgan... Never mind, there's no use talking about it now."

Then, as if remembering something, the vice principal added offhandedly, "Now that the misunderstanding is cleared up, let's not bother the principal with this. He has his hands full with issues back in Riverdale."

A mocking smile flickered across Anthony's lips. Now they were thinking of not telling the principal, but what about earlier? "Even if I don't say anything now, the principal will find out when he returns."

The vice principal waved his hand dismissively. "Then we'll talk about it when he's back. It's just a misunderstanding. not the end of the world."