

The Girl CB 131

Chapter 131 Are these boys crazy?

Several WeChat messages popped up.

They were sent by her girlfriends and asked her about Nikita.

Yvonne told them early, because Jake's mother made it a big thing, and Jake was seriously injured, so the Swift family couldn't get Nikita out.

But now...

Nikita swaggered to school.

This is embarrassing her.

Yvonne was upset and was not in the mood to read WeChat.

However, she inadvertently saw one of the WeChat messages, and her face changed. She immediately clicked on it and read all the contents.

"It seems that what I heard yesterday is true. Felton and his friends really helped that hick." "Felton won't really take a fancy to her, will he?"

Yvonne pinched her fingers tighter, pressed her lips together, lowered her head, and looked ugly.

If the Swifts didn't care about Nikita, Nikita couldn't come out of the police station herself.

So, it was really possible that Felton intervened in this matter.

Yvonne felt that Felton could not really have a crush on Nikita at first. The Lambert family was a century-old famous family, and Felton had a noble status. How could he have a crush on a girl growing

up in rural area?

But what if there was such a possibility?

The group message were still refreshing quickly.

Yvonne lowered her eyes and looked at the screen full of discussions about Nikita. Her face became whiter and

whiter.

In the past, whether it was in Class A or in the First Senior High School, she was the focus of everyone's

attention.

And now it became Nikita.

Everyone talked about Nikita, and no one mentioned her. She seemed to be the air.

Yvonne bit her lips tightly, and couldn't stand it anymore.

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The first class had just finished.

There was a group of people outside the classroom of Class F.

Even several good students in Class A who only knew how to study also came.

Nikita sat in the last row, next to the back door.

So, there were people wandering back and forth in the corridor outside the classroom from time to time, walking to the door, and turning their heads to take a quick look at Nikita.

What happened to the boys in the First Senior High School today?

Why did their face all turned abnormally red, as if they had drunk too much?

All the girls in Class F looked at Nikita with envy.

“Hum, does she come to school for study, or to display her personal charm? Is she proud to have a group of

boys around her?’

Their words sounded tart.

Looking in the corridor, people from other classes were all craning their necks to look at their classroom.

Class F had never been so noticed.

But the object of attention was not them, so they were naturally sour and unhappy.

But they could only whisper a few words even if they didn’t like Nikita.

After Nikita beat down the students in Vocational High School, no one dared to provoke her now.

On the other hand, Nikita, who had attracted much attention, seemed to be unable to feel the lines of sight of the people around her. She was still propping up her face, looking through the foreign book in her hand lazily.

So many people were watching her.

She didn't even look up.

Yvonne and some of her best friends went upstairs and saw a sea of people outside Class F.

At first glance, they were all boys.

Yvonne paused, pursed her lips, and her face was pale.

On the day she was selected as the beauty queen, she didn't see so many people visiting her outside the classroom.

"Are these boys crazy? What's there to see about a hillbilly! The two girlfriends beside her showed jealousy in their eyes, only hating why they didn't get such treatment.

Although they were very contemptuous of Nikita, and called her a hillbilly.

They were actually very envious and jealous of Nikita's face.

If they could get plastic surgery to as beautiful as Nikita, they would get plastic surgery right away.

Chapter 132 A Big Difference between Their Beauty

Yvonne pursed her lips, said nothing, and walked past with a little white face.

Usually, when she appeared, she could immediately gain attention.

But the boys didn't seem to see her today. Yvonne walked past them, and no one looked at her.

Everyone was looking at the last row in the classroom.

The young girl sat there quietly, looking down at the book in her hand, and the scene was pleasant to the eye.

Some boys were pushing another boy.

"Go ahead, what are you afraid of?"

"Dude, be bold, and the campus queen may not be so difficult to chase."

Hearing "campus queen", Yvonne instinctively looked up.

But she just found that those boys didn't look at her at all, but were pushing a boy towards the Class F.

The boy who was pushed was holding a love letter in his hand, his face turned red, and his eyes looked towards Nikita.

Yvonne clenched her fist and bite out a row of tooth marks on her lip.

"The hillbilly is so pretentious, knowing that so many people are watching her outside, and pretending to be so lofty."

"Definitely right. Look, is she holding a foreign book in her hand? A hillbilly can understand foreign languages?"

Yvonne looked up and saw that the book Nikita was reading was really a foreign novel.

She had seen that book on the nightstand in Nikita's bedroom when Nikita moved to the Swifts.

At that time, she thought Nikita was pretentious.

Unexpectedly, Nikita even brought the books to school to show off.

Yvonne had great anger in her heart, which had been blocked ever since she knew Nikita was going back to school. She looked at the admiring eyes the surrounding boys who were looking at Nikita, and felt an unprecedented sense of neglect in her heart.

Compared with the previous treatment, she couldn't accept such a huge gap.

And the person who caused all this, who stole all her limelight, was Nikita.

A trace of jealousy flashed through Yvonne's eyes.

She clenched her fists and walked into Class F. Under the surprised gaze of a group of people in Class F, she

walked slowly to the last row.

"Isn't that the former campus queen, Yvonne?"

"She came to see Nikita?"

"I used to think that she was pretty. Now, compared with her sister, she looked quite ordinary."

Yvonne was actually pretty.

But she just looked delicate and quiet.

While Nikita's beauty, however, was the kind that would make people look amazing at first sight, and hold their breath at second sight.

In contrast, there was great difference in their beauty.

Yvonne heard the buzz around, of course.

Her face was getting whiter and whiter, and her clenched fists were shaking.

When she walked to Nikita's desk, she stopped.

She took a deep breath, suppressed her jealousy and anger, squeezed a smile from her lips, and shouted softly.

"Sister Nikita."

Nikita buried her head in reading, and didn't respond.

Yvonne's face turned stiff, her fists tightened, and she gently called out, "Sister Nikita."

Nikita still didn't respond.

Yvonne's already reluctant smile on her lips could hardly be maintained.

The fat boy at the next table reminded her: "Nikita is wearing her headphones, so she may not have heard."

Yvonne just saw that Nikita had white headphones on her ears.

They looked like Apple's noise-canceling headphones.

The headphones weren't expensive either, and they couldn't compare with the cost of one of her clothes. But how could a hillbilly like Nikita have the money to buy Apple headphones?

Soon, Yvonne wondered if it was bought for her by Felton,

Yvonne's face became ugly uncontrollably.

Chapter 133 I'm not interested in knowing about your family's matter.

She reached out and patted Nikita on the shoulder: "Sister Nikita..."

However, before she could touch the girl, her wrist was pinched.

The girl who has just been buried in a book raised her head, her beautiful and delicate face was very cold, and her eyes were freezing and alienated.

Her aura was even more indifferent, as if saying that "I am in a bad mood, whoever makes me angry will die".

Such a strong aura made a group of boys who were secretly watching her quickly bow their heads like thieves.

They dared not look her in the eye.

Yvonne was pinched by her hand, and her face turned white, as if she were in great pain. Her eyebrows were tightly wrinkled, and her voice was weak. "Sister Nikita, let me go, my hand hurts."

Nikita didn't really pinch her hard.

She looked at Yvonne acting in front of her with a straight face, and suddenly curved her lower lip, increasing her strength of her hand.

This time, she pinched her wrist with some force.

"Ah, it hurts!" Yvonne suddenly let out another cry. This time, her voice was not soft and weak, but sharp and harsh like a turkey that had been stepped on its foot.

People around her were startled.

Yvonne broke out in a cold sweat on her forehead. It was so painful that she even wanted to cry.

Certainly, she pretended to be painful just now.

But she didn't expect Nikita to suddenly increase her strength. She felt that her hand was about to break.

How painful her wrist was!

Nikita didn't mean to let go. Yvonne cried again in pain, and cold sweat fell from her forehead: "Nikita, let me go, let me go! My hand hurts, just let go!"

"That's OK?" Nikita looked at her who was seemingly going to faint, and let go of her hands in disgust. She also said in an indifferent tone, "I remember that I have told you-if you call me by such a disgusting name again, I will be rude to you."

"Did anyone steal your memory, and you couldn't remember it?"

Yvonne looked down and saw a red mark on her wrist.

She knew that many people around them were watching.

She blushed at once, wiped her tears with the hand that Nikita had pinched out a circle of red fingerprints, and said wrongly, "Nikita, how can you do this? I came to see you because I was worried about you. What have I done to you? Why did you treat me like this?"

"You are worried about me?" Nikita suddenly smiled.

"O...of course." Yvonne looked into Nikita's half-smiling eyes, and felt like she was seen through in an instant. Somehow she felt guilty. She blinked and pinched her little finger. "My brother and parents are worried about you, too. Because of your business, the whole family didn't sleep well last night."

"Everyone is trying to find a way to let the police station let you go. Now that you have come out, why didn't you tell us? Do you know how worried we are about you?"

"Zoey told me that you went home yesterday and moved all your things. Are you blaming us for not helping you? But there's nothing our parents can do. They're also anxious, and they've been trying to find a way. If you

do this, it will hurt them...

Nikita suddenly got up and squeezed her fists in front of Yvonne, and the impatience and violence in her eyes were almost overflowing. "Shut up. I'll tell you for the last time, I have nothing to do with the Swifts."

"I'm not interested in knowing about your family's matter, so you don't have to come to tell me."

Chapter 134 Being Exposed in Public

Yvonne was close to her.

Just now, when Nikita squeezed her fists, Yvonne heard a crisscross noise of her knuckles, which was the sound of moving bones.

She widened her eyes in horror, and she immediately stepped back two steps.

She was afraid Nikita would punch her in the face.

Nikita was crazy.

She had seen it that night.

Nikita sat back in her seat, picked up the book on the table and continued to read it. Her voice was cold and emotionless: "Get away, if you're scared."

Yvonne's eyes were still frightened, and her white face showed an incredible look.

She couldn't believe that Nikita dared bully her in front of so many people.

And she even swore.

Yvonne was angry and humiliated at first, and then thought that Nikita's arrogance just now must have been seen by many people. Her unhappiness was suddenly swept away, and she became secretly pleased.

Most people were confused by Nikita's face before.

And they didn't know what she really was like.

Seeing the scene just now, the boys who originally admired her might only feel nauseous.

Who would like such a girl only with empty beauty but no connotation?

Thinking this, Yvonne felt happy a lot, and looked around with exultation.

She thought she would see a lot of disgusting eyes.

After all, Nikita was really rude just now, like an uneducated ruffian.

But at first glance, Yvonne was very surprised.

Not only did she not see the imaginary disgust and dislike, but the eyes cast on Nikita were even hotter and

more intense.

She heard several boys whispering excitedly around her: "Wow, my goddess has too much personality. I really

love her!"

"She is so cool, so beautiful, and I like her!"

"As she is so beautiful, there is nothing serious for her to have a little temper."

Yvonne:"? ? ?"

Were these boys crazy?

Were they so confused by Nikita that they couldn't even tell the basic right from wrong?

Hadn't they seen that Nikita just bullied her?

The red fingerprints on her wrist hadn't completely disappeared. Were they blind?

Yvonne's blood almost surged to her throat, and she was so angry that she nearly spat out blood.

Jealousy was like a vine, deeply rooted in her heart, and then began to grow wildly.

She looked around at the pairs of eyes full of fervor and admiration. None of them looked at her.

Yvonne suddenly felt panic.

As soon as Nikita came to school, no one would notice her anymore. At this moment, she was standing next to Nikita, but there was not a glance that fell on her.

As long as Nikita was there in the future, would she become a transparent person?

And she had been the campus queen for five years. How could she willingly give it to others?

She should be the campus queen of the First Senior High School, and she should be the goddess in the hearts of all boys!

Nikita was just a hillbilly who grew up in a poor village. How could Nikita fight with her!

She couldn't compare with Nikita in beauty.

However, in other aspects, she was much better than Nikita!

This group of boys must not know that Nikita, a hillbilly, was pretending to read the foreign book in her hand. As long as Nikita was exposed in public and people knew that she was a bumpkin who couldn't even speak fluent English, no one would be interested in her any more

Those who could attend the First Senior High School were all have good family background.

No one would be really interested in a bumpkin who knew nothing.

Chapter 135 Did your physical education teacher teach you French?

"Someone is really bumbling. It's nothing if you don't understand. If you don't understand, but you pretend to know it well, then it will be funny." The two girls beside Yvonne seemed to be able to understand her thoughts at the moment, and they got to mock Nikita.

"She even reads a foreign book. It looks like a French book. How funny it is! Is there a French teacher in the poor village where she used to study? In my mind, there might not be an English teacher.

Yvonne, look, whether it is a French book? We don't understand, but you always know the most, you must know it." Her two best friends mocked at Nikita continuously, turned their heads and asked Yvonne beside them.

This was their usual trick.

If Yvonne couldn't say something herself, her two best friends would speak it out for her.

Looking at the "curious" eyes of her best friends, Yvonne pretended to look at Nikita's book, then pursed her lips and whispered, "Well, that's a French novel. I've read it before."

After a pause, she gently read a passage from the cover in French.

French was known as the most beautiful and pleasant language in the world.

After Yvonne read out that French with a smile, many eyes immediately turned to her.

The students of the First Senior High School were all good at English.

But few of them learned French well.

Because French was not as easy to learn as English, and compared with English, it was not a necessary language.

Although many people couldn't understand the French that Yvonne just read out, they felt very nice.

"Yvonne is really amazing. She won the third place in the national English competition before. I didn't expect even her French to be so good."

"Otherwise, how can she be selected as the campus queen of the First Senior High School? Do you think the campus queen only needs to be beautiful?"

"So, we should still vote for Yvonne as the next campus queen. We can't always choose someone who has nothing but a beautiful face to be the campus queen of the First Senior High School. Otherwise, it's destroying the image of the First Senior High School."

Yvonne got many fans back by reading the French.

Hearing the buzz, she pursed a reserved smile, and her eyes showed a trace of pride.

The confidence destroyed by Nikita was also recovering little by little.

Nikita had only a beautiful face.

In addition to the face, she had nothing that could be compared with her!

“You just mispronounced two words in French, and there was something wrong with your grammar.”
The girl looked up, and her voice was faint. Then she re-read the French that Yvonne had just read.

After reading it, she looked up at Yvonne who had a stunned face and whispered, “ You pronounced wrong even such a simple sentence. Did your physical education teacher teach you French?”

Nikita was too lazy to pay attention to Yvonne and her two stupid best friends.

But she liked French very much.

After listening to Yvonne mispronounce a very simple French sentence, and people around her even thought

that she was knowledgeable, Nikita couldn't stand it anymore.

It was nothing to show off..

But she shouldn't mislead others.

When Nikita read out the French, even those who didn't understand it would immediately recognize the gap.

By contrast, Nikita's French was obviously more fluent, and her accent sounded pure.

While Yvonne, just got stuck and didn't read it so smoothly.

It was true that they didn't understand.

But Nikita said Yvonne had mispronounced two words and had grammar problems?

Suddenly, those who originally thought Yvonne was very capable and were still thinking about whether to vote for her in the next campus queen contest cast questioning eyes at Yvonne.

Chapter 136 The water in your brain hasn't been drained.

Yvonne immediately got a slap in the face in public after she just got her pride back.

The person who slapped her in the face was Nikita.

Yvonne's face was full of disbelief, and the eyes around her fell on her with doubts. She pinched her fingers and felt embarrassed.

She thought Nikita bought foreign novels just for showing off.

It was impossible for her to understand it at all.

Wasn't it a joke that a bumpkin who grew up in a poor village in the mountain could read any French?

But as soon as Nikita just read it, Yvonne knew that Nikita really knew French.

Not only did she understand, but perhaps she had a good foundation.

But how was that possible!

Nikita couldn't know French!

Nikita said that she had mispronounced two words, which was also true. Yvonne knew she was wrong when she pronounced those two words, but she thought that no one would know anyway, so she found a similar sound and muddled through.

“Hey, you hick, what nonsense? Yvonne has studied French specially. How can she make a mistake?”

“That’s right, you are a hillbilly who knows nothing. What qualifications do you have to comment on Yvonne like

this!”

The two best friends of Yvonne didn’t know French either.

But they really thought Yvonne couldn’t go wrong.

How could an outstanding student whose grades were usually within the top three in this grade every year be worse than a bumpkin from the countryside?

“There’s nothing wrong with the French I just read. You said my grammar was wrong, and I mispronounced two words. Are you mistaken?” Yvonne naturally couldn’t admit it. Once she did, she would lose face in front of so many people.

Not many people know French anyway.

If Nikita hadn’t just said she was wrong, no one would have known.

What if she didn’t admit it?

According to her and Nikita’s achievements, others would only believe her words, not Nikita!

With this thought, Yvonne was no longer embarrassed. She straightened her back and confidently said, “Nikita, don’t think you can talk nonsense just because you don’t understand. I’ve been studying French for ten years. Don’t I know it as well as you?”

“Studying for ten years?” Nikita lifted her eyes, and there was a hint of undisguised sarcasm in her dark eyes. “After ten years of learning, you still speak poor French. You’d better go to the hospital and have a good check. to see if the water in your brain hasn’t been drained.”

“What water hasn’t been drained clean?” Yvonne didn’t react for a moment.

There was a roar of laughter around.

“Wow, the transfer student swore without dirty words, how smart she is!”

“I’m going to take it down on my notebook, so I can use it the next time I swear.”

Yvonne heard the laughter around her and realized that she had been scolded.

Her face suddenly darkened.

“Nikita, you ...”

“Nikita is right, Yvonne. You did have grammar problems in French just now, and two words were mispronounced.”

The second class was English class.

Miss Zola’s voice came in from outside the classroom, and then the sound of high-heeled shoes that made Class F turn pale also rang. The students in Class F were like frightened birds, and a group of people gathered in a group immediately ran away, returning to their seats and sitting properly.

Miss Zola walked into the classroom.

She glanced at the position of the last row, changed her usual serious face, and went to the last row with a smile on her face.

She went to Nikita's table and stopped.

She looked eagerly and kindly at Nikita, and her tone had never been gentle before.

"Nikita, where did you learn French? Have you ever lived in France before? Your French pronunciation is too pure, can you read two more sentences?"

Chapter 137 Other students had never been treated like this!

Before Nikita could speak, she said with a little excitement. "I've also studied French for many years, and I've been studying it since I was in college. Although I can communicate with people fluently in language communication, there is always a problem with my accent.

"My teacher also told me that my accent was not pure enough. But Nikita, your French accent just now was really pure, so I want to know, have you lived abroad for a long time?"

Nikita looked at Miss Zola, who was eager for knowledge, and pressed her lips. After a few seconds of silence, she said, "I lived in F country for a year."

She did learn French at that time.

"After only living for a year, your accent can be so pure?" Miss Zola seemed a little surprised.

It was nothing surprising to know a foreign language.

But being able to speak and being able to speak well were two different things.

For example, Yvonne could say it, too.

But she didn't pronounce French fluently just now, and there were some mistakes in words.

Compared with Nikita, there was a big gap.

“Hmm.” Nikita nodded.

She didn’t like to stay in one place for too long.

So if she stayed one place for a year or so, she would move to another place.

This was quite similar to that strange old man Lemuel Lawrence.

“So you started learning it from an early age?” Miss Zola just asked this sentence, and then she thought that Nikita seemed to have transferred from a remote mountain village. It is said that her family was so poor that she couldn’t even read books if it weren’t for the support of the Swifts.

She studied in an ordinary town.

There couldn’t be a French teacher who could teach her.

“No, I learned French in the year when I lived in country Fr Nikita answered truthfully.

Actually, to be more precise, it took her a week to learn it.

After a month, she could communicate fluently with local people.

As for her accent, because she had lived in country F for a year and dealt with local people every day, her accent followed the people there.

Nikita didn’t think it was difficult.

But looking at Miss Zola's reaction, it seemed that it was not an easy thing to do?

"So it only took you a year to learn French, and you could still speak it so well and fluently?" Miss Zola looked

at Nikita more and more eagerly, as if she were looking at a treasure found by accident, and her eyes were full of surprises.

Nikita nodded again: "Hmm."

Miss Zola's first impression of Nikita was not good.

Listening to Teacher Zachary, she was a bad girl who had no knowledge or skills.

She had fought with others, cut classes, and even got zeros in the exams of all subjects.

Plus, Nikita took her first class and slept for the whole class. Miss Zola hated this kind of students who didn't study at school.

If students didn't focus on their studies. Why did they come to school?

If it weren't for the leader asked them to leave this student alone, how could she tolerate another problem student sleeping in her class?

Now, Miss Zola's eyes on Nikita weren't disgusted any longer. Her eyes were gentle, while other students had never been treated like this!

She felt that she needed to redefine this so-called poor student.

Even if her academic performance was really poor, if she was gifted in language, she still could be cultivated and be an excellent talent in the future.

Yvonne blanched, clenched her fist, and her lips kept shaking.

When her two best friends saw that she looked pale, they immediately sneered at Nikita.

Chapter 138 They didn't expect Yvonne to be such a person.

"Are you joking? Ha ha, how could you have lived in country F for a year? Do you think others don't know where you come from? A poor student who has to rely on others to support her studies has the money to live abroad for a year?"

'Miss Zola, don't be fooled by her. This Nikita was transferred from a poor mountain village. How can she afford to go abroad? She's just bragging. Why doesn't she say that she's been to the moon?"

"Are you students from other classes? It's time to go to class. Why are you still in the classroom of Class F?" Miss Zola, nicknamed "Nun Killer", had never been a good-tempered person. She glared at Yvonne's two best friends and said sternly, "No matter whether Nikita has lived in country F or not, she does speak French very well."

"Instead, Yvonne," Miss Zola looked sternly at Yvonne, whose face turned pale, and frowned. "you said that you had studied French for ten years, but you still hadn't figured out some basic grammar."

"Nikita's words were in very poor taste, but the French level of ten years really shouldn't be like that."

Miss Zola knew Yvonne of course.

She was a famous good student of First Senior High School, and as well as its campus queen.

Miss Zola's attitude towards good students was generally gentle, but at the moment, she didn't let her down easy.

It was not that she wanted to help Nikita out.

She just felt angry for her poor performance this time.

Nikita had only been in country F for a year, and she could speak French so fluently and so pure.

While Yvonne, had studied for ten years, but she still mispronounced some uncomplicated words.

One was a so-called poor student, who learned at an ordinary school in the town, and whose grades were always the last of her whole age.

While the other was a good student of the First Senior High School, who ranked in the top three in the grade all the year round.

As a result, their good student at the First Senior High School was even not as good as a poor student in a small town.

This somewhat detracted from the reputation of the First Senior High School.

“Also, Yvonne, since you have studied French for ten years when Nikita just pointed out your mistake, you should know that she was right. When others point out your shortcomings, what you should do is ask for advice modestly, instead of denying it for the sake of so-called face. There is no limit to learning. It is normal. to meet people who are better than you in some aspects You should keep your mind right, instead of attaching excessive importance to winning.

Miss Zola originally had a good impression of Yvonne.

But now she thought this student was a little vain.

She took her prestige too seriously, for she hadn't admitted her mistake.

Yvonne's face was getting whiter and whiter, and the expression on her face almost cracked.

“Teacher, I didn’t...” She bit her lips tightly, and the color of her lips became whiter and whiter. She felt the eyes around her like needles sticking on her.

Her eyes suddenly turned red, and tears were turning in her eyes.

“You know it clearly in your heart.” Miss Zola didn’t give face to her at all. Yvonne’s pathetic way didn’t work on

her. She waved her hand and said, “The class will soon begin. You all go back to your classrooms.”

Miss Zola’s words were equivalent to defining this matter.

Yvonne’s French was not that good.

She knew what Nikita had pointed out was right, but she refused to admit them, and deliberately led others to think that Nikita was targeting her and jealous of her.

If Miss week didn’t show up in time.

Many people really thought Nikita was targeting Yvonne.

After all, not many people knew French,

And most people would choose to trust Yvonne.

“I didn’t think Yvonne is such a person. Isn’t it said that the campus queen is kind and simple? Why do I feel her quite scheming?”

“Miss week can’t take sides with anyone. So, Yvonne’s ten-year study of French is not as good as Nikita’s a year’s study?”

Chapter 139 I'm not interested in these things.

"How do I feel that the campus queen a little bitchy. So she failed to show off, and lost her face instead?"

Yvonne listened to the buzz, and her face became more and more pale, as if she had been severely slapped, which made her face almost burned.

She was so embarrassed that she wanted to dig a hole to hide herself.

She felt that she had become a joke in everyone's eyes and couldn't stay any longer.

She turned and pushed away the two friends standing behind her, covering her mouth, and ran out of Class F with red eyes.

When the bell rang, Miss Zola took a deep look at Nikita and walked back to the podium for class.

She took the blackboard brush and knocked it on the platform: "All right, class begins. Concentrate on studying."

A group of bystanders looked at Yvonne, the campus queen, crying and running out of their classroom, and then turned their eyes back.

Some people felt sympathy, some people felt schadenfreude.

From the beginning to the end, Nikita's face looked faint, and she also took her eyes back and lowered her eyes to continue reading the book in her hand.

Miss Zola asked Nikita to go to her office after class.

Class F was on the third floor, and Class A was on the second floor.

Nikita walked slowly from the third floor to the second floor with her hands in pockets.

A tall, graceful and handsome boy seemed to be going upstairs, holding an envelope in his hand and facing Nikita accidentally.

The boy's eyes rested on the beautiful face of the girl who was a step taller than him. His limbs looked particularly stiff, and his fair and handsome face suddenly turned red.

He didn't dare to look at Nikita. He looked at her for only two seconds, just like a shy little girl, and bowed his head with a shy face.

Someone behind him was encouraging him.

"Monitor, what are you afraid of? Give her the love letter."

"Come on, monitor, we believe you!"

The handsome and gentle boy's face was redder.

"Ni...Nikita." He spoke, stammered, and handed the white envelope in his hand to Nikita. "Here, here is my letter to you. This letter represents my heart for you, and I hope you can accept it.

The boy's voice dropped, and there was a noisy sound around him.

Nikita frowned, lifted her lower eyelids, and looked up at the boy standing in front of her.

He had a gentle and delicate face, a scholar's style, and was more than one point eight meters in height.

There were no doubts that he was a good student.

Those who could take classes on the second floor were really so-called good students.

It seemed that he did this kind of thing for the first time, for he looked very shy and nervous-he always buried his heads and dared not look at Nikita.

He just kept the posture of handing her the letter all the time.

Nikita looked down at the white envelope in the boy's hand, her hands still in her pockets, and she didn't pick up it.

She looked indifferent, and her voice was somewhat cold and distant: "Sorry, I'm not interested in these things." After that, she then directly walked past the boy.

The boy who handed the letter was in a trance. He raised his head, looked at the girl who walked downstairs. without looking back, and his handsome face showed some disappoint.

"The monitor was rejected?"

"The beautiful transfer students really have a high vision. She even refused our monitor, who is really excellent?"

"The monitor has a high vision and doesn't even take a fancy to the campus queen. Finally, he has a crush on this girl, but the girl doesn't like him. Poor guy'

The boy who confessed to Nikita was Lanny Gant, the monitor of Class A.

He also had a superior family, good appearance and good grades, and his Grandpa was also a senior official in the education department. He was the second campus beau at the First Senior High School.

And his popularity was a little lower than that of Felton.

It is said that Yvonne had ever chased Lanny in the early days.

Chapter 140 The campus queen looks more like an adopted daughter.

Later, she changed to chase Felton.

A window seat in Class A.

Yvonne saw the scene completely just now. She looked Lanny, who seemed to have been hit hard and walked back to the classroom with a disappointed expression. She almost bit her teeth, clenched her fingers, and her eyes swelled with irrepressible jealousy and shame.

She remembered what Lanny had said to her when she refused.

He said, "Students should concentrate on their studies, not other meaningless things."

Now, he turned around to chase Nikita?

So he refused her at the beginning, just because he didn't have a crush on her?

Yvonne's face, suddenly became very ugly.

Felton, Lanny...why did these excellent boys both like a hillbilly?

Because of Nikita's face?

Were they so superficial?

Her phone shook twice, and Yvonne took a deep breath, suppressing her full of negative emotions and looking

down.

“Yvonne, look at this post. Someone posted your trip to Class F on the campus forum, and now they are speaking ill of you in the post.”

Yvonne felt dizzy at the moment just looking at the title of the post, and she almost fainted.

A campus queen? Or a joke? The beautiful transfer student is too excellent, whose beauty and strength both better than those of the campus queen. It seems that the campus queen would be the newcomer.

Yvonne shook her hand, clenched her teeth and clicked into the post.

After watching for a few minutes, her face turned from livid to dark, and then from dark to white.

Someone recorded the video from beginning to end of the event that she went to Class F to find Nikita an hour

ago.

Then the video was put in the post.

Of course, the video also included the part where Yvonne spoke French and got disgraceful.

The following reply made Yvonne almost smash her mobile phone.

“I don’t like the bitchy campus queen for a long time, who is really hypocritical. In comparison, although the transfer student is not pleasing, at least she wasn’t be like that.”

“Mom, why it’s so funny! So the campus queen originally intended to show off by speaking French, which would make people think she is very powerful. As a result, she didn’t expect the transfer student and Miss Zola to both argue with her? Ha ha, she deserved it. It’s all her fault to show off.”

“It’s said that the transfer student is a poor student funded by the Swift family? I don’t think so. Whether it is appearance or temperament, it is obvious that the transfer student is better than a certain beauty

queen. Besides, don’t you think the campus queen standing next to the transfer student, is like a little maid next to a noble lady? Oh, she looks not grand enough. ”

“Am I the only one who found that the transfer student looks particularly like Nathan? On the contrary, it is the campus queen who doesn’t look very similar to him.”

“Yes, I also found out. Nathan and the transfer student have very delicate facial features. While the campus

queen looks much duller. If others don’t tell me that, I definitely think that transfer student and Nathan are brother and sister.

“Indeed, the campus queen looks more like an adopted daughter.”

Yvonne squeezed her cell phone tightly, and her teeth almost sank into her lips.

Nikita ...

Why did Nikita come to rob all her aura, and even made her a joke in the eyes of others again and again?

She really, really hated Nikita!

Nikita walked outside Miss Zola’s office.

She reached out and knocked on the door.

Miss Zola looked up and saw that it was her, beckoned to her with a rare smile on her face, "Come in."

Nikita pursed her lips, put her hands in her school uniform pockets, and went in.

"Miss Zola, what can I do for you?"