

The Girl CB 141

Chapter 141 Nikita got the short end of the stick before.

Miss Morris was somehow enthusiastic. She pointed to the opposite seat. "Sit down, please."

Nikita was not deliberately trying to be polite either. She went next to the desk and sat down.

Miss Morris sat opposite to her. Her sight, which was always severe and critical, fell on the girl with outstanding looks, and turned gentle and tolerant, which was very rare. "Nikita, I called you to ask if you are interested in participating in the National English Competition."

Nikita was stunned: "The National English Competition?"

"Yes," Miss Morris smiled warmly. "It's a competition jointly held by 100 well-known high schools in the country. Students in rocket class and international class have signed up for the competition. For so many years, no one in class F has signed up yet"

Speaking of this, Miss Morris put on a bitter expression.

Every teacher has a dream of cultivating excellent students to add luster to her face.

Just like every parent wants to cultivate excellent children to earn face for themselves.

Miss Morris had a strong character in the first place. She was ambitious when she just graduated from college and started to teach.

But later, she was assigned to teach class F.

No matter how big her ambition was, it had been almost wiped out over the years.

Seeing the teachers in other classes cultivate excellent students one after another, which are either the top students in the grade or the winners in various competitions. How could she not envy them?

She couldn't be more jealous.

Thinking of herself,

she felt more bitter and grieved in her heart.

Let alone others, that Yvonne from class A she just criticized today did have some good grades, although she was not very good at French. She was in the top three every year in her grade. And she won prizes on the English contest and the Olympic math competition. She was also good at playing piano and won some prizes,

100.

Before she met Nikita, she really thought her teaching career would be just like this.

But now, she had hope again.

She looked at Nikita eagerly. "Nikita, since you can learn French so well within one year, I believe you can't be bad at English. The bonus for winning this National English Competition is very high. Besides, if you can get in the top three, it can add some points for you in the National College Entrance Examination.

It's a very rare opportunity.

If you can participate..."

"Sorry, Miss Morris, I have no intention to participate in any contest." She interrupted Miss Morris before she could finish her words. She seemed to be lack of interest and said: "I didn't come to this school to study. So there is no need for you to put faith on me."

She just needs this identity as a student now.

Add points in the National College Entrance Examination? The Bonus?

She doesn't need to care about those things as a person who has already graduated from the college long ago.

Nikita didn't expect that this would be the reason of Mins Morris calling her. She believed she would be good at English too Just because she could speak French well. So she wanted her to represent Class F to participate in the competition, didn't she?

Although she had past CET-8 in her fresh year of the Junior High School, and she used to participate some contest to earn some bonus when she was in short of money, she just wants to keep a low profile now.

As low as she could.

If it weren't for she was too excellent and too abnormal to others, she wouldn't have been imprisoned by the Hamlin Organization for almost two years.

Nikita got the short end of the stick before.

She knew that it wasn't a good thing to be too abnormal to others.

Now, she only wants to act like an ordinary person, or even lamer than some of them.

Miss Morris was suddenly interrupted while she was saying those things with hope in her heart. She was stunned when she heard Nikita didn't want to participate in the competition. "Why? Is it because you don't have enough money to participate in the competition? If that's the reason, I can offer you the money."

Chapter 142 You are trying anything when in a desperate situation.

Nikita was a poor student who relied on the financial help from the Swift family to finish school.

So Miss Morris thought she refused her because of her financial problem.

It would cost money to take part in the competition. The competing information alone would cost thousands of dollars.

Maybe it's nothing for other students.

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But for Nikita, it would be a big deal. She probably doesn't think it's appropriate to ask the Swift family for this money

"No, it has nothing to do with that. I just don't like studying. And I have no interest in participating in any contest." She refused Miss Morris's kindness in a polite tone without hesitation. "Besides, I'm actually not good at English, which may disappoint you. I'm not qualified for this competition."

Miss Morris was surprised. "Nikita, you..."

Nikita stood up. She remained a polite tone, but her eyes showed her attitude, which was quite firm. "If Miss Morris don't have other things, I'll go back to my classroom."

Miss Morris realized that Nikita didn't want to participate in that competition at all.

She thought it must be Nikita's excuse that she was not good at English.

If she were terrible at English, she wouldn't sound so confident when she said those words.

Moreover, she still thought that if one person could learn French well in a year, his English would have no reason to be bad.

“Well... Okay.” Miss Morris couldn’t force her to do things, Although she felt deeply distressed in her heart, she sighed with disappointment. “Since you don’t want to do this, I’m not going to force you. The National English Competition will be held in half a month. The registration entrance will be closed in a week.

Miss Morris paused for a second, and there was still some hope in her eyes. She looked at Nikita and said: “If you change your mind, you can come to me anytime you want.”

Nikita nodded with a cold look and didn’t say anything more. She put her hands in the uniform pockets, turned around and left the office.

When she reached the door, she noticed someone standing there.

She was probably a teacher of the First Senior High School too, who was probably at the same age of Miss

Morris.

No one noticed how long she had been standing there.

Nikita walked to the door, and her sight met with that woman’s in the air. The woman held her arms and took a look at her with a disdainful smile. Then she stepped into the office with her bottom wiggling.

“Ha-ha... Does Miss Morris also want your student to participate in the National English Competition this year?”

The woman walked slowly to the desk next to Miss Morris with her ass wiggling and sat down. She first picked up the mirror on the table and looked into it. Then she took out her make-ups to make an improvement

of her look.

After finishing all this, she turned her head and looked at Miss Morris arrogantly. Her voice was mean. 'Is there a new student in Miss Morris's class? Why didn't I know that there was an actual talent in Class F who could participate in the competition?

I did hear that there was one more transfer student in Class F. Was the girl just now that transfer student? Miss Morris wants her to participate in the competition?"

Then, without waiting for Miss Morris to speak, she continued to say in a strange tone. "Miss Morris, You are

trying anything when in a desperate situation. You can't casually pull someone to participate in the competition just because you watch our students win prizes every year and get really jealous?

I heard that the transfer student in your class came from a poor town. Let's not talk about her grades. Do you think even if she has good grades in that small town, she can be useful?

Can the education in that place keep up with that in our First Senior High School?

Even if she was the first place in their grade in that poor town, when she arrived at the First Senior High School, she became nothing."

Chapter 143 What are you doing as a student?

"Moreover..." The woman smiled, and her eyes looked even more mean than before. I heard that the transfer student in your class was a thorn, who often picked up fights and truanted. And she always gets zero points in the exam. Miss Morris, if you find a person with zero scores in the exam to participate in the competition, aren't you afraid of being laughed at?

Even if you are not afraid of being laughed at, you have to care about the reputation of our First Senior High School. The First Senior High School has been a famous school for a hundred years. Miss Morris, you can't ignore the reputation of the school just because you feel jealous.

This woman and Miss Morris obviously don't get along. It seemed that they held grudges to each other.

Every single word from her sounded mean.

Miss Morris blushed with anger. "Don't be so mean, Una. When did I want to ruin the reputation of our school? Also, what's wrong with our class F? Are there no excellent students in class F? Are the students in class F not qualified for participating in the competition?"

"Ha-ha..." The woman called Una sneered. She replied in a sarcastic tone and didn't leave her any dignity. "Are you truly unaware of your students' condition in your class? Every year among the ten classes, your class always has the lowest average score. If I were a teacher in this class, I would be ashamed and flustered, and I couldn't lift my head in front of others!

As long as there were one student in your class who is competitive and shows everyone his talent, I wouldn't have said this. But is there one?" Una evoked her red lips which had just been filled with lipstick, and looked at Miss Morris contemptuously. Every word from her hurt. "Miss Morris, I suggest you not to have such an unrealistic dream. If something is not yours, it will never belong to you.

"Well, you are quite skilled at stealing man from others. Why can't you do anything else? It seems that you engage every energy in other stuff." After Una finished macking, she picked up the cup on the table, and got up to get some water with her ass wiggling.

"Una Turner, don't you dare to say that again? Who did you just say stole man from others?" Miss Morris stood up with her face turning green. Her eyes were forbearing anger, and her hand on one side of her body tightly clenched into a fist.

"You know who I am talking about, don't you?" Una turned around and sneered. "Since you dare to do it, you. should dare to admit it, shouldn't you? You were the one who had done shameful things, and you don't allow

anyone

else to accuse you. What's this called? Trying to manage your good social reputation both on the bed and on the ground?"

Miss Morris couldn't get more angry, with the veins standing out on her forehead.

Una took a look at her, smiled and said with a strong sense of provocation. "What? Is Miss Morris ashamed into anger and going to hit me? I'm just telling the truth. Since you've done those things, you can't seal other people's mouth and don't allow them to talk about it."

Miss Morris couldn't bear it anymore. She waved her fist and rushed to Una.

Una's expression suddenly changed. Seeing that she actually want to hit her, she subconsciously picked up the cup in her hand and smashed over.

Miss Morris rushed to Una's front. She saw the cup smashed over, paused for a second, and wanted to avoid

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However, it was too late.

The cup was aimed at her, and Miss Morris hurriedly covered her face with her hand and closed her eyes.

One second, two seconds, three seconds passed.

Instead of feeling the pain in her imagination, she heard Una cries out in pain.

"What are you doing as a student? Let go of me."

Miss Morris opened her eyes in astonishment.

The cup which used to be in Una's hand was now tightly pinched by Nikita who had already walked out of the office. And Una's hand was also pinched in Nikita's hand,

Chapter 144 To be honest, she felt quite happy in her heart.

Una looked very painful and her face wrinkled because of the pain.

She shouted at Nikita: "Let go of me! You! Let me go! Are you crazy? How dare you hit a teacher as a student? I'm going to let you get expelled!"

Nikita looked down at her with her black eyes showing coldness and indifference. Then she let go of her hand.

Una immediately shrank her hand back as if it were burnt. When she looked up at the girl's indifferent and cold black eyes, she felt surprised in her heart and took a step back with a trace of fear in her eyes.

The girl's eyes seemed to be dipped in ink, black and pure, and she couldn't find a trace of variegated color in it. Her eyes are bright, beautiful and full of energy.

But she couldn't feel a trace of temperature in her eyes. This pair of eyes seemed to be quenched with a layer of ice. When the eyes wrapped in frost look at her, she felt a sudden chill on her back, as if a stream of cold air were swishing into her body from the soles of her feet.

Then the cold feeling spread to the whole body.

The eye contact made Una feel a chill from head to toe.

It was a hot summer outside.

The air conditioner was still on in the office.

But she felt cold, so cold that she got goose bumps all over her body.

“This is... Teacher Turner?” Nikita didn’t seem to take her threat seriously at all. Instead, she turned her head, tilted her head, and confirmed with Miss Morris, “Miss Morris, is this woman with sharp teeth and mean face surnamed Turner?”

Miss Morris froze and didn’t know how to react at that time.

Nikita didn’t really want Miss Morris to answer her. She asked casually and then looked back. Her eyes were indifferent and wildly arrogant when she looked at Una. Teacher Turner, I advise you to accumulate virtue do good deeds for yourself. Don’t be too mean and too aggressive.”

“Otherwise, in the end, all the evils you caused will be returned to you in another way.”

“What? What are you talking about?” It was Una’s first time to be scolded like this. And the person who did this to her was still a student. Her face was gloomy and looked very frightening. “Are you a student in Miss Morris’s class? What’s your name? Is there such an unruly student in our school, who not only insults but also hits the teacher? Why do such arrogant students stay in school?

*Jayne Morris, I will report what happened just now to school!” Una was used to being strong and aggressive. She hasn’t been so angry for a long time, so she shouted loudly and pointed at Miss Morris’s nose. “You let your student hit me, and you acquiesced in her insulting me!”

Miss Morris frowned, looked at the girl who had cold air surrounding her, sipped her lips, but did not deny it.

To be honest, she felt quite happy in her heart.

She hasn’t been a fan of Una Turner for a long time.

Una used to like a male teacher in their school before and pursued that male teacher for a while. Later that male teacher became Miss Morris’s boyfriend. Therefore, Una started to hate her.

From then on, she was regarded as a thorn in her flesh.

As long as she caught an opportunity, she would satirize a few words.

Miss Morris has endured her for a long time. Una always took the grades of Class F as an example. Miss

Morris suffered a lot in this area. However, her students were indeed not good enough at the grades. And Una's students from Class A got much higher grades. So every time she was insulted by Una, she could only take it silently.

After all, she can't refute her.

The average grade of Class F was always the last one among the ten classes every time.

The reason for her outbreak this time was that Una accused her stealing men from others.

Not to mention that she had just been assigned to First Senior High School, and she didn't know that Una used to pursue her present boyfriend. Even if she knew, why couldn't she take him as her boyfriend?

Her boyfriend didn't accept Una. He always refused her. However, Una was the one who wouldn't give up.

Chapter 145 You will find a lot of surprises.

Miss Morris's silence aroused Una's anger. "What kind of teacher teaches what kind of students. A crooked stick throws a crooked shadow! This is the quality of the teacher and students in Class F! Jayne Morris, no wonder you can only teach Class F. This is what you would achieve in your life!"

"What's wrong with our class F?" Miss Morris remained silent all the time. But now she spoke up, "The students in Class F are very good, and I don't think I am worthless in teaching Class F. Grade is not the only criterion to judge a person."

Miss Morris has been teaching Class F for so many years, and she really didn't think the students in Class F were bad.

In terms of grades, they couldn't compete with other classes.

But she always felt that a person's quality should not be measured only by his grades.

In her eyes, the students in Class F are also a group of lovely children.

Although she often gets angry with those children being not hardworking enough, and she sometimes secretly complains about why she was so unlucky that she was assigned to the worst class in the First Senior High School.

But she thinks she is the only one who can hold this kind of dislike and complaint.

Why could teachers from other classes easily judge the students in her class?

"Ha-ha." Una seemed to have heard some ridiculous jokes, and she couldn't help rolling her eyes over her head. "If students don't compete grades with others, what else can they compete? Who fights more and who scores zero points more often?"

Una's last sentence was said to Nikita with her eyes rolling.

Miss Morris's face changed slightly: "You..."

Nikita was not angry at all. She picked up a smile and looked at Una, who looked proud because she had a verbal advantage. Her voice was not in a hurry and said, "There is no need for unrelated people from other classes to worry about whether the students in Class F are good or not. Teacher Tang has so much time, but he still worries about himself." If Teacher Turner has too much time, you should worry about yourself."

“I notice Mr. Turner has a sharp nose like a knife, a sharp mouth, a sharp chin, and high cheekbones. You must be a mean and aggressive woman. Not only were you not liked people around you, but even people close to you will be tired of you because of your aggressive, stubborn and mean temperament and want to stay away from

you.

If I’m not wrong, Teacher Turner’s marriage life must be unhappy. There are lots of fighting between you and your husband. Recently, your husband should come home late every day. Teacher Turner, are you not curious at all about what he is doing outside which makes him go home so late every day?”

“You... What did you just say?” Una was furious.

Nikita tilted her head and smiled: “I was doing the Face Reading for Teacher Turner just now. And I noticed that your love life wouldn’t be satisfying, and your marriage life with your husband would be almost over. Besides, you would lose some fortune with your marriage too. If Teacher Turner doesn’t want to lose both your husband and your money, I suggest you don’t waste your time and energy here quarreling with others, and quickly check. your joint account with your husband.

Maybe, Teacher Turner will find out a lot of surprises.”

Una’s expression couldn’t get any worse.

Even Miss Morris thought that Nikita had just gone too far

She did hate Una, and she was very happy to see someone help her mock Una. But no matter what, she

shouldn’t take Una’s married life as an example.

Moreover, wasn’t she just cursing Una that her husband would divorce her soon and take all her money so that she would end up with nothing?

“Nikita, that’s enough!” Miss Morris turned around and gave Nikita a wink. “It’s time for class to begin. You should go now.”

Chapter 146 She treats people depending on her mood.

She felt that Nikita made Una so angry that she was going to faint.

Una has always been good at quarreling with other, and she has strong character. No one could make her suffer before.

This is the first time for Miss Morris to see Una suffer indignities from others.

This transfer student in her class... is a bit powerful indeed.

“No need to hurry. I haven’t finished yet.” Nikita looked at Una whose face had become as black as the bottom of the pot. Her porcelain white delicate little face suddenly showed up in front of Una, and the tip of her nose moved slightly.

Una was startled by her move. She hurriedly dodged back and said angrily: “What are you doing!”

Una is a little afraid of this transfer student.

She doesn’t seem to be a good person with all the evil spirits around her.

People’s intuition can be very accurate.

She felt danger from the transfer student in front of her, and instinctively wanted to avoid her.

The girl’s sights were cruel and cold. When staring at people, she looked like a wolf locking her prey. If she didn’t avoid her, her throat would be bitten off in the next second.

Does Teacher Turner have palpitations, chest tightness recently? Do you feel uneasy to fall in sleep at night but sleepy during the day? And you occasionally feel dizzy and short of breath, don't you?"

Una was stunned, then widely opened her eyes and suddenly raised her head: "How do you..."

Nikita ignored the shock and doubts in Una's eyes. The girl's voice was cold and with unique characteristics. She smiled and continued. "Teacher Turner, you will come to me one day. I will wait."

After finishing her words, she took a step back, turned her head and looked at Miss Morris beside her. She said, not in a guessing tone but in a firm tone: "Teacher Morris should also have these symptoms."

Miss Morris also looked stunned: "I do have these symptoms recently, but how do you know?"

Nikita didn't say much. She raised her eyebrows and put her hands in the wide pocket of school uniform as if she was looking for something. Then she took out a small blue box.

She opened the small box, poured out a few small blue pills from it, and then handed them to Miss Morris, who was still looking stunned. "One pill every day for three consecutive days."

Miss Morris looked at her with a dull face. "This is..."

"You don't need to know what it is. If you believe me, you can eat it. If you don't believe me, you can refuse this." Nikita felt too lazy to explain, and there was nothing to explain. She treats people according to her mood and whether she likes this person or not. If she is willing to treat her, she doesn't have to spend a penny.

While as for the people she didn't want to cure, she won't help them even if they offer her a lot of money.

Miss Morris happened to be the one she likes.

So the small pills which can cost tens of millions in the drug market, was casually sent out for free just like

that.

It was like sending out a normal sugar pill which was worth ten cents.

Miss Morris looked down at the three small pills with bright colors in the girl's palm, which has the same color as a white jade. She hesitated for a few seconds, but still reached out and took it.

"Of course, I believe you." Miss Morris didn't want to strike down her students' confidence. She thought about

what Una said about Nikita just now. If she refused Nikita in front of Una, the child would be hit hard.

In any case, the child meant good.

Thinking so, Miss Morris raised her head and took a look at Nikita. She saw the girl stared at her with her eyes sparkling, as if she was looking forwards to something.

Miss Morris hesitated for a few seconds, smiled and swallowed a small pill in front of Nikita: "I really believes you. Nikita, thank you for your kindness."

As she swallowed the pill, she felt an indescribable fragrance.

It tasted slightly sweet, which melted in her mouth.

Chapter 147 She will beg her one day.

It tasted slightly sweet, which melted in her mouth.

Originally, Miss Morris just didn't want to hit her student's self-esteem, and wanted to give her some confidence, so she took a small pill in front of her.

However, she didn't know whether it had some kind of placebo affect or not.

As soon as the pill was swallowed, she felt that her nose and mouth suddenly became much fresher, especially the bitter taste in her mouth, which always couldn't be dispersed, immediately faded a lot.

This is a psychological effect.

Even if this pill really works, it can't show its effect so soon.

Nikita took a look at Miss Morris's office table, walked over, picked up the paper and pen on the table, and quickly wrote a prescription.

After she finished the writing, she put the pen on the paper. She straightened up, looked at Miss Morris's puzzled eyes and said faintly. "If you feel better after three days, take this prescription to the pharmacy to get some medicine. Normal pharmacy can't get all the medicine ready on my prescription. You need to go to Euston Pharmacy, which is the biggest pharmacy in N city

"Euston Pharmacy?" Miss Morris paused for a while.

It is the largest pharmacy in N city. And it is also the most expensive pharmacy.

Monopolizing all kinds of precious medicinal materials.

The medicine there which people casually pick will cost thousands of dollars. If it's a precious medicinal material, it will cost tens of thousands, hundreds of thousands or even more.

It's not something these ordinary people can afford.

Even Una standing next to them sneered and said: "People have to go to Euston Pharmacy to get the medicine you prescribe? Why don't you say people need to go to the National pharmacy to get your medicine? You think you can look unique by saying these mysterious words, don't you? A bad student is nothing but a bad student.. As a student, the most important thing is to study. If you can't get good grades, no matter how many other things you know, it's still useless!"

Miss Morris couldn't bear others saying that her student was a bad student. So she stared at Una with a cold face: "How can you say that? Getting poor grades doesn't mean you won't be excellent in other aspects. I believe in my students. You don't need to be so surly."

Una held her arms with her hands and smiled coldly. "Am wrong? Judge people's marriage life and health condition according to nothing. What's this called? A witch won't be so exaggerated. Miss Morris, I suggest you to visit the hospital as soon as possible. Don't be poisoned by some strange pills and lost your health because of it, which will be hilarious."

"You!"

"Hum! If you are willing to take some poison pills, go ahead. But when something happens, don't blame me for not reminding you!" Class was about to begin, and Una still had one class to attend. She rolled her eyes at Miss Morris and Nikita, turned around, picked up a stack of test papers and records on the table, and walked out of the office with her ass wiggling.

"Teacher Morris, take the pills on time. Three days later, go to Euston Pharmacy to get medicine. Don't worry about the money. Just take the prescription and show them. They won't charge you." After Nikita enjoined Miss Morris, she also turned and walked out of the office.

As for Una, Nikita couldn't care less about her. She even didn't bother to take one more look at her. Anyway, The time when Una begs to her will always come. So she is not in a hurry

When Nikita got back to the classroom, she saw someone sneaking around her desk and stuffing something into her drawer.

It was a girl.

She sipped her lips and narrowed her black eyes. Then she walked slowly towards there with a pair of straight slender legs.

She didn't catch anyone's attention.

Instead, she just stood aside and watched the girl stuffing for a full minute.

The girl finished stuffing her things, straightened up, clapped her hands, and then turned around.

When her eyes met with Nikita's in the air, the girl was stunned. And then she cried out while covering her mouth with her eyes being big and round.

Chapter 148 You are so charming scolding that phony girl.

Nikita put her hands in the pocket, with her porcelain white face looking indifferent. She looked at the girl, and her voice sounded light: "What are you doing? What did you stuff into my drawer?"

This girl was obviously not one of the students in Class F

Nikita never forgets a face she used to see. She remembers all the people in Class F.

But the girl standing in front of her now, had a round face and round eyes. Her skin was white, and she had curly hair. She looked strange.

"I, I... "The girl covered her mouth and stared at Nikita for a few seconds before releasing her hand. Then she grabbed Nikita's arm and said in an excited tone. "Sister Nikita, I'm your fan. My name is Tammy Lambert. I saw the post about you on the forum. You are so charming scolding that phony girl. I felt quite relief after reading it!"

Nikita: "..."

What the hell?

The girl named Tammy looked at her with her eyes sparkling and full of worship. "Sister, I tell you. I have been tired of Yvonne being so phony for a long time. She puts on a delicate and pitiful appearance all day long. Seeing her act like that all the time, I really wanted to blow her head!

However, a group of people in the school were so blind that they were all fooled by her. They still thought she was beautiful and kind. Especially those boys, no matter what Yvonne had done, they stood up for her like people with no intelligence. I can't afford to provoke her, because I don't want to be the public enemy of the whole school. Therefore, when I watched the video of you scolding that phony girl on the forum, I felt super relieved. Sister, you are so charming. From now on, you are my idol."

Nikita: "..."

"Class will begin soon. I have to go. "Tammy said reluctantly. "After the next class, I'll find you again. By the way, I brought some snacks to you. If you like them, I'll buy them for you every day."

Nikita: "..."

So, the things she just secretly stuffed into her drawer were snacks?

"Sister, I really have to go. See you next class!" Tammy turned around, hopped while leaving. She seemed to be in a good mood.

Nikita sat back in her position.

When she opened the drawer, she found it was really stuffed with snacks.

Chocolate, jelly, biscuits, and a few bottles of drinks.

They were all foreign brands, the price of which was not cheap.

Nikita received snacks from boys before.

But this was the first time she got those from a girl.

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Just now, did that girl say that she saw the post which said she scolded Yvonne on the campus forum?

Nikita didn't know about this. So she also took out the mobile phone and searched curiously. Soon, she found a post related to her.

Looking at the title of the post, Nikita frowned gently.

She spent a minute reading the post and some replies.

After she finished, she was quite surprised.

She thought there would be a lot of people supporting Yvonne in the first place. But there were many people scolding Yvonne in those replies too.

A lot of people were saying that they felt great to see Yvonne get beaten in the face.

And there were many people just like that Tammy, saying that they thought she was very charming and wanted to be her fan from today.

After she finished reading, Nikita felt that it was quite puzzling.

She didn't want to tear Yvonne apart.

She was just seriously correcting her mistakes.

However, she didn't really care about whether Yvonne was being praised or trampled.

So after reading the post, Nikita turned off her mobile phone, took out noise-reducing headphones and put them on, and began to sleep on her desk.

Chapter 149 Is Mr. Lambert getting a little serious?

After the second class, Tammy really came to Nikita.

But when she arrived, Nikita was sleeping.

The chubby boy sitting at the next table lowered his voice and said to her: "Nikita sleeps for a long time every day. She doesn't like to be disturbed when she sleeps."

Tammy held the milk tea she just bought in her hand and thought about it for a while. Then she put one cup of the milk tea on the empty table which belonged to Felton. Then when she wakes up, tell her that this is the milk tea I bought for her."

The chubby boy nodded. "I'll tell her."

"Felton... He hasn't come to class for the whole day today, right?" After Tammy put the milk tea on the table, she looked at the empty position and frowned.

Chubby boy shook his head: "No, he hasn't."

Tammy frowned again. She bit her lips and whispered softly: "Felton is really getting more and more unreasonable."

The Lambert Group.

Vernon pushed open the office door, walked in, and saw the man standing in front of the French window slowly turn around.

The man's figure was long and upright. He dressed in black suit, with a unique temperament. He had profound and three-dimensional facial features. The handsome appearance and outstanding

temperament made everyone feel ashamed of themselves when they saw him.

For example, Vernon at this moment.

Every time he sees his boss, he will silently complain about God's partiality in his heart.

Being born in the Lambert family, which is one of the top dignitaries is already a blessing that can only be prepared in dozens of lifetimes.

And he also gets such an excellent look.

With the money, the handsome look and high IQ, his boss is literally perfect.

Compared with him, those who are not favored feel that they have come to this world just to fill in the population number.

"Mr. Lambert, you were looking for me." Vernon glanced at his boss's slightly serious face, feeling a little uneasy in his heart.

He thought for a while carefully, and he did do a good job today.

There should be nothing wrong with it.

"When you need to meet a girl, if you want to give her a small gift, what will you prepare?"

Vernon: "..."

Did he mishear anything?

He was out talking about a contract with people.

It's not a very important contract. But it's still worth hundreds of millions.

Mr. Lambert called and asked him to go back to the company immediately. He thought there was any urgent business to deal with.

As a result, is this all?

"Does Mr. Lambert want to give gifts to Miss Nikita?" After a brief reflection, Vernon guessed which girl Sheehan was talking about.

It's not hard to guess.

After all, the only opposite sex that Mr. Lambert has been in contact with recently is the little girl named Nikita. Although Vernon already knew that his boss might have a crush on this little girl, he was still quite surprised when his boss specially asked him to come back and discussed this matter.

Is Mr. Lambert getting a little serious?

Sheehan sipped his lips tightly and remained silent with no expression. He only glanced at him coldly.

This silent glance made Vernon tremble.

He immediately stood up straight and said with respect. "If you want to send some expensive gifts, you can choose expensive jewelry, luxury cars and luxury houses..."

Before he finished speaking, Sheehan raised his hand and interrupted him: "Just a normal gift, which is not too expensive."

If it's too expensive, he's afraid that she won't accept it.

That little girl is different from ordinary women.

For other women, he only needs to meet their material requirements. Expensive gifts will be good enough....

But for that little girl....

Sheehan doesn't think she is a person who takes material seriously.

Chapter 150 They are not that close.

"Then you can send flowers." Vernon said in a firm tone. "Girls like flowers."

"Flowers?" Sheehan has never given a girl gifts before, so he has no experience in this field. His cold and deep eyes reveal some doubts. "Are you sure?"

"Yes, I'm sure! It was a bunch of red roses every day that helped me pursue my girlfriend."

The handsome and noble man lowered his eyebrows, and thought for a moment. Then he nodded and said,

"Then you can order a bunch of red roses now. Then go to Gemy Hall to pack up one dessert, and find a place which sells milk tea. Buy a cup and bring it back."

When they had dinner last night, he remembered that the little girl said she liked drinking milk tea.

“Yes, Mr. Lambert. Then what about the contract we are discussing with the Zack Group?”

“It doesn’t matter.” The man’s voice sounded light. “You go and do what I said first.”

Vernon: “... Okay”

He now understands why there were “fatuous” kings who could give up his whole country for a beauty in

ancient times!

Mr. Lambert is always so calm and self-sustaining. He has always a pure heart and few desires. And he did not close to a woman for many years.

When a person like that finally has a crush on someone, he can be quite terrifying.

He completely has the potential of being a “fatuous king”!

Vernon left soon.

When the office door closed, Sheehan walked to the black desk, picked up the mobile phone on it and clicked

on WeChat.

The first position at the top of WeChat chat page showed the cute avatar, which was a short-legged cat.

When Sheehan looked at the silly but cute short-legged cat on the avatar, what emerged in his mind was a beautiful and refined face of a girl, and her black and cold eyes, which were very beautiful and full of aura, but always showed some alienation and coldness.

She was really nothing like the cat on her avatar.

The cat was silly, but the owner of cat avatar had a unique character.

Sheehan clicked on the chat box with his finger. After hesitating for a few seconds, he sent a WeChat message.

When Nikita woke up, it was almost the time for the students to leave school.

She reached out her hands to rub her eyes and took out her mobile phone to check the time. When she clicked on the screen, she saw an unread WeChat message.

It was from Sheehan.

Lambert: It's almost time for you to finish class. How about I go to pick you up now? Do you have anything you want to eat? I'll bring it to you.

Nikita just remembered that she needed to help Old Mr. Lambert with his disease tonight.

She hasn't even eaten lunch since she slept, and now she is a little hungry.,

But if she let Sheehan bring some food for her.

Nikita thought they were not that close.

And she didn't know if it was her illusion. She thought that the way he talked to her seemed to be too intimate.

They were not that close.

If he let some unrelated people see their conversation, they would think they had a special relationship.

As Nikita clicked on the screen to reply his message.

Her phone vibrated again, and it was another message from Sheehan.

Lambert: Don't you like the dessert from the Gergy Hall? How about I pack one and bring it to you?

Nikita hesitated for a long time and didn't send out the message which said "No."

The dessert from the Gergy Hall is really delicious.

The dessert she packed and brought back last night was finished by her this morning.

After thinking about it, she clicked on the screen with her finger and deleted the previous reply. She sent a new one to him.

Nikita: Thank you then.

Sheehan's reply came in with a second: You're welcome. If Miss Nikita likes it, I can pack one and bring it to you every day.

The strange feeling surged up in Nikita's heart again.

She frowned and replied, "No need for that. It will be too much trouble."

