

Wh-wh-what does he mean?

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Holding her phone anxiously, Giselle's eyes glinted with mixed emotions. Casper's words had caused her imagination to run wild.

Ever since she was young, she had heard similar compliments plenty of times. Logically speaking, she should have grown used to such remarks to the extent of being annoyed.

However, for some strange reason, she didn't at all feel irritated by what Casper told her.

Instead, it felt exhilarating.

After all, she assumed that he didn't know how she looked like. Or at the very least, he did not like her just because she was pretty.

Gigi: Stop talking nonsense.

After feeling uncertain for a long while, Giselle finally replied. Worried that he might misread the seriousness of her tone, she also included a pouting emoticon at the end of her sentence.

Casper responded: Nonsense? I'm not spouting nonsense at all. It certainly makes sense for me to like you since I'm a loyal fan of yours.

Casper smiled mischievously just as he replied her.

Could it be that you have misunderstood, my goddess?

Giselle was stunned having read the message along with a smiling emoticon at the end. A few seconds later, her cheeks were blushing red.

She wrote back: No, I didn't! I'm going to bed.

Mr. Simpson: But it's only eight o'clock!

Gigi: Can't I already be sleepy?

Mr. Simpson: Okay, okay. (Sweating emoticon)

After replying to the last message, Casper chucked his phone aside. Lying on the bed with his hands outstretched, a wide grin emerged on his face.

“Ah! This is so embarrassing!”

Meanwhile, Giselle put her phone face down and buried her head in her pillow. After a long while, she

cupped her chin with her hands while sprawling on the bed. Having stared blankly for more than ten minutes, she finally pick up her phone and made a call.

Ring... Ring...

The call quickly connected.

“Yo! If it isn't Gigi the goddess! I wonder what she is calling me for?”

“Jane, it's been a long while since I last saw you. Do you want to go out for a drink?” Giselle asked.

“What happened? Do you want to complain about Sawyer bugging you again?” Jane asked with resignation.

“It's not him...”

Giselle wanted to explain further but changed her mind at the last moment.

“Fine. I'll meet you at the usual place. I happen to be close by right now,” Jane quickly replied as if she could sense Giselle's hesitation.

“Okay. See you in a bit.”

“See ya.”

As night fell, the Horington cityscape was illuminated by bright lights while its streets bustled with life.

Inside a quiet cafe, a lady's giggle was heard.

“Hahaha... Are you telling me that you have feelings for this Mr. Simpson?”

Jane grinned at Giselle.

“Well, you could say that.”

Holding a cup of hot milk with both her hands, Giselle nodded as she stared at the steam rising out of it.

Snort! Snort!

“Hahaha!”

Jane burst out in laughter again after struggling to contain it earlier.

“Jane!”

Giselle glared at her in exasperation.

“I'm sorry. I'm sorry.”

Waving her hand, Jane stroked her chest to regulate her breathing.

“No, Gigi. I just want to know if both of you have met?”

“No.”

Giselle shook her head slowly in response.

“In that case, how much do you know about him? I mean, how old is he and what does he do for a living? What is his personality like?”

Giselle shook her head still.

“Therefore, are you telling me that he managed to get you interested in him despite only knowing you for three days and not having met each other in real life? Furthermore, both of you have only chatted over the

phone and know nothing of each other? Gigi, aren't you being too naive?"

Jane looked at Giselle in bewilderment.

"I understand what you're trying to say..."

Giselle hung her head.

"But, Gigi, since when did you become so easily infatuated? Sawyer has pursued you for such a long time, yet you never bothered to entertain him. Is something wrong with you today? Did you hit your head somewhere?"

Jane looked at her with disapproval but Giselle remained silent instead.

"I really don't know what's going on with you!" Jane fumed.

“Not that I like to interfere, but which one of your suitors isn't handsome or rich? Just look at Sawyer, he has desperately pursued you for more than a year. Do you know how envious people are of you? How can y-y-you...”

Jane sighed. “Forget it, I'll stop nagging you. You should go home and think thoroughly about it. Perhaps you will see the light once you have cleared your head.”

Looking exasperated, Jane finished the glass of milk she was holding in one gulp.

The next day.

“Hey! Felix, Colton, wake up! And Remy, stop sleeping. Wake up, quick!”

Casper looked at his three friends who were still sleeping like logs.

After having stayed together for more than a year, he had taken over the role of being their alarm clock.

“What's wrong with you, Casper? It's still dark. Let... let me sleep for a while longer.”

After opening his eyes to mumble a few words as if he was talking in his sleep, Colton yawned and went back into slumber.

Casper tried hard to rein in the urge to give him a hard kick.

Suddenly, Casper had an idea. Instead of urging them to get up, he walked to the door and yelled toward the ceiling.

“If you still don't want to get up, I will go on ahead without you. It's Ms. Clauder's class this morning so don't blame me for not reminding you!”

“What?!”

Just as he spoke, the three of them sprang up from their beds in unison.

“Casper, wait for me!”

“Where are my pants? Colton, did you see my pants?”

“Damn it, who threw the tissue used for wanking on my bed? Felix, was it you?”

Casper chuckled as he leaned by the door. Looking at the three of them jumping down from their bunks and getting dressed at lightning speed, he was amazed at how the trick never failed him.

Soon, all of them washed up and left the dorm together. After having a light breakfast, they headed to their classroom and were there within minutes.

“Hey, look! It's Ms. Clauder!” Colton called out softly as his eyes shifted discreetly in a particular direction.

When everyone turned to look in the direction he was pointing at, they saw a blue Beetle stopped at the parking lot. The moment its doors opened, Giselle stepped out in her office clothing. With her sunglasses on and holding a bunch of teaching materials, there was a scholarly look to her.

“She's coming! She's coming!”

Felix's gaze froze as he started at Giselle walking in their direction. Widening his eyes, he began to feel short of breath.

Equally nervous, Colton and Remy didn't dare to breathe.

After all, this was an opportunity for them to interact with Giselle in close proximity.

Only Casper was shocked by how the three of them reacted.

What happened to them?

“Giselle!”

At that moment, a jarring voice rang out in everyone's ears.

Shifting their attention, the guys saw a scholarly-looking man dressed in a suit running over. He was holding a big bouquet of roses as he approached

Giselle. Falling onto one knee, he presented them to her.

“Giselle! I like you very much. Please be my girlfriend!”

The man screamed at the top of his lungs, attracting the attention of all the students present.

“Damn it! Who is that guy?”

Appearing calm just a moment ago, Casper was shocked by what was happening. Gritting his teeth, he had the urge to dash forward and give the guy a beating.

How dare you confess your feelings for Ms. Clauder in front of me?

“He seems to be a teacher here, too, but I have

forgotten his name. Anyway, I heard his family is well off as they run a business. Furthermore, he is popular with the girls because of his pretty-boy looks. Most of the girls in our class know him,” Colton explained with contempt.

Squinting, Casper's gaze fell upon the book Colton was holding - Shakespearean Sonnets. With a smirk on his face, he snatched the book away.

“Damn it, Casper, what are you doing?”

Colton was given a fright by Casper's sudden action.

“Lend me the book for a moment.”

Just as he spoke, he stuffed the book into his pocket and walked in Giselle's direction as if nothing was happening.

“Giselle, I've had my eye on you for a very long time but I didn't dare to confess my feelings for you. Now that I have gathered my courage today, please accept me as your boyfriend.”

Looking longingly at Giselle, the man was still on one knee as he held up the roses.

“Mr. White, please have some self-respect. This is a school, and what you're doing negatively impacts a teacher's reputation,” Giselle replied calmly despite furrowing her eyebrows in annoyance.

“No, Giselle. I don't care about all that. All I want is your agreement. Even if I need to quit, I would willingly do it!”

Zack White looked as if he didn't seem to care as he persistently knelt on the ground. He acted as if he was not going to get up until Giselle agreed to his

request.

Knitting her eyebrows intensely, Giselle wanted to reject him outright. However, considering that he was a colleague and there were many students watching, she felt the need to avoid humiliating him.

Hence, she was stuck in a dilemma.

“Mr. White, why don't you get up and we can talk?”

“Does this mean you agree?” Zack asked in delight.

Giselle frowned.

“I don't mean that, Mr. White. Please don't misunderstand.”

“Haha, Gigi, stop addressing me as Mr. White. It's too formal. You should call me Zack instead.”

Just as he was speaking, Zack got up from his knee. At that very moment, Casper came up from behind him and discreetly threw the book Shakespearean Sonnets onto the ground.

Smack!

A loud noise then caught both Zack and Giselle's attention. At that moment, Casper stopped in his tracks and turned around, looking surprised.

“Whoa! Mr. White, did you drop something?”

“What is it?”

Zack furrowed his eyebrows as he was stunned by the sight of the weathered-looking book. As if by reflex, he picked it up and stared at its cover.

“Shakespearean Sonnets? Since when I had this on me?”

He was surprised when he saw the cover had nothing other than a title. Subconsciously, he held the roses beneath his armpit and flipped through the book.

When Casper saw what Zack was doing, a devilish grin appeared on his face.

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