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Smack!

Regaining his senses after a few seconds, Zack quickly closed the book and looked frantically at Giselle. However, he noticed that she was already glaring coldly at him with disdain.

“Gigi, let me explain! This book isn't mine!”

Just as Zack attempted to explain, Giselle turned and walked away. She had no intention of listening at all.

“Gigi! Gigi! Wait for me!”

Zack ran after her. However, Giselle suddenly stopped and turned around, giving him the side-eye. Her tone was calm, her expression indifferent.

“Mr. White, I still have classes to teach. If there's nothing else, please don't follow me around. Also, the next time you confess to a girl, please don't bring that kind of book along with you.”

After she said her piece to Zack, she turned away and left.

Zack was stunned as he watched Giselle's silhouette disappear into the building. Overwhelmed by rage, he threw the book and roses onto the ground. Turning

around, he saw Casper smiling gleefully.

“Damn you, kid! Speak, why did you set me up?”

“Set you up?” Casper pretended to look innocent.

“Mr. White, what are you talking about? I only reminded you that you dropped something. That aside, why are you even walking around with a book like that?”

“F\*ck! Stop pretending!”

Trembling all over, Zack swore at him.

“It's not even mine. Where did it come from? Obviously, you are trying to sabotage me. What's your agenda?”

“Mr. White, I really have no idea what you're talking

about.”

Casper remained calm as he continued with his innocent act.

“You!”

Bursting with rage, Zack glared furiously at Casper.

“Fine! If this is how you want to do it, just you wait, kid.”

With that, he turned around and stormed off to his car.

“Mr. White, you have forgotten something!”

Smiling gleefully at Zack's silhouette, Casper pressed his advantage mercilessly.

“I don't want it anymore!” Zack bellowed after a brief

pause.

Without even looking back, he quickly got into his car, slammed the door, and sped off in anger.

Watching Zack's car disappear from sight, Casper couldn't help but sneer.

Despite how scholarly he looks, he is nothing but scum. How dare he try and trick Ms. Clauder! I will definitely teach him a lesson.

Holding that thought, Casper bent down and picked up both the roses and the book. After chucking the flowers into the bin, he discreetly placed the Shakespearean Sonnets into his pocket before rejoining his friends.

“Casper, you're amazing!”

The guys walked up to Casper and gave him a thumbs-up. All of them looked at Casper with admiration.

“Here's your porno book.”

Casper chuckled as he flung the book back at Colton.

“How impudent! This book is a masterpiece that describes how humans are made,” Colton explained in a serious manner after shooting Casper a glare.

Casper stared at him, speechless.

He is... never mind.

“Hmm? Lillian! Over here!”

At that moment, Felix suddenly called out.

“Damn it, Felix. What's wrong with your?”

Just as Casper wanted to stop Felix from crying out, he noticed that Lillian was already looking in their direction.

“It's a surprise to see you guys,” Lillian remarked with a smile. However, when she saw Casper, she averted her gaze subconsciously.

“Casper, what are you just standing there for? Quick, go over now!”

Felix gave Casper a look and began nudging the latter forward.

With no choice, Casper resigned himself to the encounter.

“Good morning.”

“Mmm-hmm... I'm going to class. See you some other time,” Lillian replied as she lowered her head to avoid eye contact.

After that, she quickly walked toward class instead, surprising Casper with the abruptness of her response.

“Casper, could it be that she's still shy?” Felix asked while walking over.

Furrowing his eyebrows in curiosity, Casper did not reply.

She does seem to be out of sorts today. Is she shy? Obviously, it's not that.

She is a really daring girl; she even kissed me yesterday. How did her mood change so much



overnight to the extent she barely dares to say a word now? Isn't that strange?

He gazed thoughtfully but soon shook his head instead.

“Forget it. Let's go. It's time for class.”

Casper changed the subject without answering Felix's question.

Nodding, Felix did not think any more of it and walked on.

As their classroom was on the third floor, they would have to pass by the washroom the moment they came up from the stairs.

Stopping abruptly, Casper remarked, “You guys go on ahead. I'll need to use the men's.”

“Oh, be quick. Class is starting in ten minutes,” Felix replied before walking off without a care.

Just when Casper was about to enter the men's washroom, he retreated a few steps and took a peek outside. After seeing Felix and the others enter the classroom, he turned around and continued upstairs.

Arriving at the top floor, he slowed down when he approached the door to the rooftop. At that moment, he heard a conversation.

“When are you planning to come home?”

Trained since he was young, Casper had exceptionally sensitive hearing. He could even clearly hear what was being said over the phone.

“Wayne, I still have class in the morning. I can't return

at once.”

Casper recognized the familiar voice. It was Lillian's.

“Class? Didn't I tell you to come back right away? Not that I want to nag at you, but once you get together with Mr. Darwin, you won't be lacking anything. Do you know that? Furthermore, even I will be able to live well. Why can't you see how much sense this makes? You shouldn't just keep studying all day...”

“Enough!” Lillian snapped, interrupting Wayne.

She had been silent the whole time in the face of his incessant badgering.

“All right, all right, Lillian. Stay calm. Don't be angry.”

After a brief silence, a chuckle was heard over the phone.

“There's no hurry. Go to class first. Come home once it's over. I'll be here waiting for you. Anyway, remember to calm down and think through it. After all, my life is in your hands.”

After the call ended, a brief silence ensued before faint sounds of sobbing were heard.

Casper's expression darkened as he stood by the door. A moment later, he left just as quietly as he came.

Approaching the classroom, he quickened his footsteps when he heard attendance being taken. The moment he stepped in, he saw Giselle putting down the attendance sheet and lifting her gaze at him.

Meanwhile, the rest of the students looked curiously in his direction. After all, they were surprised that he

was actually late for Giselle's class.

“Erm... Good morning, Ms. Clauder,” Casper greeted awkwardly. He could feel that everyone's attention was on him.

“Come in. I'll consider you to have made it on time, but don't repeat it again.”

“Yes!” Casper replied at once.

He quickly joined Felix and the others in their seats and listened as Giselle started teaching.

If he had not seen it with his own eyes, he wouldn't have believed that Ms. Clauder was Gigi, his goddess and the one who called him “Mr. Simpson” and reacted in bashful anger over a few words of his.

As class ended quickly, Giselle walked out, leaving

the students desiring for more.

“Felix, Colton, Remy, you guys head back first. I have something to take care of,” Casper plainly remarked.

“Are you going to see Lillian?”

Casper looked at him in surprise.

“Well, well. Don't think I don't know what's going on in your head. Just go.”

Felix patted him on the back with a smile.

Not bothered to explain, Casper nodded before walking off. After he left the classroom, he loitered under a huge banyan tree.

Soon, he saw a pretty figure coming out of the building. Just as he expected, it was Lillian.

After allowing her to walk a safe distance ahead, he began to tail her discreetly so she would not notice him.

He followed her out of the school grounds to a bus stop, where she waited with a crowd. Soon, an arriving bus blocked Casper's view. After it subsequently departed, Lillian was nowhere to be seen.

At that moment, Casper quickly hailed a taxi from opposite the bus stop.

“Mister, follow that bus!” Casper instructed as he took a seat at the back.

Caught by surprise, the driver turned to look at him.

“Oh, I'm going to my friend's house but the bus is

already full and I forgot to get the address,” Casper casually explained.

“No problem.”

The driver readily agreed without suspecting anything. Flooring the accelerator, he began driving after the bus.

The bus continued on its journey, leaving the city and arriving at a shanty area in the outskirts.

Stopping at a particular bus stop, it opened its doors to allow a group of passengers to get off; Lillian was one of them.

“It's here. Keep the change.”

Just as he spoke, Casper quickly threw notes worth a hundred onto the front passenger seat. Before the



driver could react, he quickly got out and followed Lillian, maintaining his distance. Finally, he arrived at a row of houses that had been converted from shipping containers.

“Lillian, you're finally back!”

The moment Lillian entered, a man in his late twenties ran up to greet her. He resembled her and was wearing an old red shirt. With residual bruises dotted all over his face, he welcomed her with a delightful smile.

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