

Chapter 15 The Wife Behaves Strangely Around Us

Finally, twenty minutes later, they arrived at Royal Creek Institute. Royal Creek Institute was a century-old school with a solid background; its campus architecture was majestic, with a stone-carved gate reflecting Hustuaburg's characteristics. It looked classical and showed signs of age. As the car was parked in the parking lot, the three of them got out of the car. As soon as Nicole arrived, she felt that there were many girls secretly looking in her direction. "Please don't mind. Those are all fans of the school basketball team who came to catch a glimpse of Samuel." Spencer rolled his eyes at Samuel in disgust. "Who said that? Some of them are fans of your music society." Samuel stared back unapologetically.

Nicole did not expect that these noisy twins would be so popular at the school. "I have seen Norah, but who is that girl?" "Could she be Samuel's girlfriend?" "Huh? I envy her walking with them." Many girls chattered among themselves. Norah's face darkened. The person who had been envied before this was her Norah, but now Nicole has all the limelight. Nicole did not expect these two brothers to be so popular. She turned her head and said, "Spencer, Samuel, thank you for sending me to school. I will report to the school registrar now." Since her identity was unique, she had better keep a low profile, reducing her exposure. "Oh, well." Samuel said, pointing the way for Nicole. With Samuel's guidance, Nicole quickly walked away from the two of them.

"Sigh, Nicole went away because of your fans." Spencer scoffed. "It was you," Samuel retorted, not wanting to be outdone. Pretending to be gentle and demure, Norah looked at the two of them and said, "It is almost time. I will go to class now." "Okay." The two responded and also turned to leave. Norah breathed a sigh of relief and went to her class. She was curious, not knowing which class Nicole would go to. But judging by that hillbilly's results, she was sure that Nicole would be assigned to Class F. By this time, Nicole had arrived at the headteacher's office to report herself. She introduced herself upon entering the office. "My name is Nicole. I was told by Mr. Ellison to report to the school today."

"You are Nicole?" The headteacher, Ms. Farrell, immediately broke out in a smile. "Mr. Ellison has instructed me to assign you to the best class. The two teachers of Classes A and B will be here later. You may choose your teacher." Nicole was a bit surprised, not expecting that Mr. Ellison would be so thoughtful, giving her the freedom to choose her teacher. She was really flattered. Ms. Farrell studied her and was quietly surprised. According to records, Nicole was from the Riddle family. Mr. Ellison used to be unenthusiastic about the first few children of the Riddle family. There must be more to this little girl than meets the eye. It was not long before two teachers knocked on the door and walked in.

The one coming in first was wearing a white shirt and a red skirt. She rushed up to Ms. Farrell at the desk without noticing Nicole. "You did not finish talking on the phone, Ms. Farrell. Did you say you were going to place a transfer student from the countryside in my class?" "Ms. Emerson, that student is right here." Ms. Farrell winked at her. Ms. Emerson looked back and was startled when she saw Nicole. The girl looked younger than most of the students in her class. But she was beautiful, with a pair of bright, energetic, deep-set eyes. She was not inferior in any way to any girls from wealthy families. "This—is this the student you are transferring to my class?" If it was not because she had asked Ms. Farrell before where Nicole came from, she could not really tell Nicole was from the countryside. "That's right, this is Nicole.

Nicole, these two are Ms. Emerson and Mr. Kennedy." The man wearing glasses, who came in later, also looked surprised when he saw Nicole. But he was more composed than Ms. Emerson. "Hello, I am the class teacher of Class A in the eleventh grade. You can call me Mr. Kennedy." "Hello, nice to meet you two." Nicole nodded her head lightly and gracefully. Ms. Emerson liked Nicole because of her appearance, but thinking of the fact that Nicole came from the countryside, she was worried about her grades. Class B lost to Class A in the first semester in terms of overall grades, and there would be an excellent teacher award in the second half of the semester. She could not afford to let anyone drag down the overall grade of her class. Since what she had said was already pretty offensive, Ms. Emerson might as well be frank. "Ms. Farrell, now I have met the student.

We have five more students in Class B than in Class A, and I really do not have the energy to take care of so many students. Let Mr. Kennedy take her in." Mr. Kennedy pushed his glasses up his nose and smiled at Ms. Emerson. "What are you talking about? You are young and capable, and that is the reason the school assigns more students to you. I am older and have no experience dealing with transfer students. You are the right person to take her in." "You... Mr. Kennedy, you can't always say such irresponsible things because you are older, can you?" "I am not. I said that out of good intention. I heard that she had scored top grades in the countryside. You don't have to worry about dragging down the overall results of your class." Mr. Kennedy unceremoniously exposed Ms. Emerson's hypocrisy when he was accused of being irresponsible. "You—" Ms. Emerson looked flushed and could not find a word to respond. "Well, I didn't call you two here asking for your opinion." Ms. Farrell then looked at Nicole with a smile. "Nicole, Mr. Ellison has said it—choose whichever teacher and class you like." "What?" Ms. Emerson and Mr. Kennedy were wide-eyed.