

Chapter 16 He Wife Behaves Strangely Around Us

Royal Creek Institute was a top education institution that had received all kinds of talented students. The teachers were the ones assigning a student to a class. There had never been a situation where students chose teachers and classes. Who was this student from the countryside? “Class B,” Nicole said casually. Ms. Emerson was wide-eyed instantly again. Compared to the hypocritical Mr. Kennedy, Nicole preferred the forthright Ms. Emerson. “Okay, then Class B.” Ms. Farrell nodded in agreement with a hint of flattery in her eyes, which surprised the two teachers. They wondered who Nicole was so she could make the headteacher grovel. “Ms. Farrell, how can you let students choose classes?”

This was unheard of. Class A and B were the best classes in the eleventh grade. “It has been decided, Ms. Emerson. Take Nicole to class.” Ms. Farrell looked a little dissatisfied now and gave the order. “Ms. Farrell...” Ms. Emerson’s face turned pale. She did not expect that there was no room for negotiation. Mr. Kennedy smiled triumphantly and said, “I will go now, Ms. Farrell.” Ms. Farrell nodded and sat down, as if she did not want to waste time talking any further. Ms. Emerson bit her lip in frustration and turned to look at Nicole. “Let’s go!” Nicole followed her out of the office. Ms. Emerson walked quickly to the classroom in her high heels, as if she were eager to shake her off. Upon arriving at the door of the classroom, Ms. Emerson suddenly stopped.

“I don’t care who you are. Since you have chosen my class, don’t drag my class down with you. I want you to catch up with the rest of the classmates within a month.” With that, Ms. Emerson turned around and entered the classroom. Nicole could not help but raise an eyebrow. Why did this teacher think she would drag the class down? Just because she was from the countryside? She was slightly unhappy but still followed Ms. Emerson into the classroom. “Be quiet, class! We have a new classmate here. Please welcome Nicole.” As reluctant as Ms. Emerson was, she still introduced Nicole to the class. Everyone looked up and saw an attractive young girl with exquisite facial features walk in. For a moment, the class fell into silence before Bradley Robertson, a committee member of the sports club, stood up and clapped his hands. “Welcome to the new student.” Then the boys in the class clapped their hands together.

They were delighted to welcome such a beautiful classmate. “Hey, Gary, look, there is a beautiful girl in the class!” Wayne Atkinson elbowed Gary Finley, sitting in the last row. “Forget Gary. He is only interested in the hottest girl in the school.” “But this little chick seems to be even hotter,” said Jack Pearson, who was frivolously looking at Nicole with satisfaction. Gary frowned when he heard Jack’s comment. His inky eyes then meet Nicole’s crystal-clear eyes. A ray of sunlight scattered over the beautiful girl. Her well-proportioned body stood straight with a trace of arrogance and aloofness in it, which made her beauty look even more unapproachable. “She is indeed pretty, but... how come she resembles Snow?” Wayne was curious. Jack rolled his eyes at him and said, “All girls are like snow in your eyes.” While the two were picking at each other, Nicole started introducing herself.

“I am Nicole, a transfer student. Nice to meet you all.” Ms. Emerson had expected Nicole to say a few more words, but Nicole did not. So, she said, “There is an empty seat in the third row from the last. You may sit there.” “Tsk, tsk. An eleventh-grade transfer student. I thought she had some solid background to brag about. It turns out she can only sit in the third-to-last row.” Jack bemoaned. In Class B, the last three rows were usually reserved for those with the worst grades. It seemed that the grades of this new classmate were not too good. Nicole seemed to have not noticed their stares. She leisurely sat in the empty seat. Only then did Ms. Emerson start the lecture. Gary took a few more glances at Nicole and started to think Nicole looked somewhat like Raine Riddle and Snow Riddle, and Nicole’s last name was also Riddle.

When the lesson ended, Ms. Emerson handed everyone a few assignments and stood on the podium. “These assignments are today’s homework. You are required to complete them in the evening self-study time.” “Huh?” Everyone wailed. Ms. Emerson shot a cold glance at everyone. “Stop whining. If anyone drags the overall results of the class down in this month’s exam, the person will have to stand in the corridor to listen to my lecture.” Ms. Emerson then looked at Nicole. Nicole was not surprised. There was amusement in her eyes. It was Ms. Emerson who was stared down at by Nicole. “Class is dismissed!” After Ms. Emerson left, everyone started to talk about her, saying that she was scarier than ghosts. Some students utilized the time after class to do the assignment.

Nicole just flipped through a few pages and set them aside. “You don’t know how to do that, do you?” The boy was in the front seat before Nicole grinned at her, revealing his canine teeth and dimples on his cheeks. He looked cute. Nicole remembered him; he was the boy who clapped his hands earlier. “I am Bradley Robertson, the sports club committee member. You can ask me anything you need help with.” Bradley volunteered himself. Wayne, in the last row, laughed sarcastically. “Bradley, you are sitting in the fourth row, and your grades barely make it. Who else do you want to coach?” “That’s better than you, who are last in every exam.” Bradley shot back. Students in the fourth row all got a pass. Students who got a pass in the high school at Royal Creek Institute were considered top-notch in other schools. “You—” Wayne wanted to retort. “That’s enough!” Gary snapped impatiently.