Chapter 33 Smug

- *That's right; there's no way Sophie can win against me! I've been studying hard for the past five years! All Sophie has done is either fight or skip classes. There's no way I'll lose!* Willow gritted her teeth.
- Ysabelle had arrived before Sophie. Hence, when the former saw the latter, she called out to the latter immediately.
- "What's wrong?" Sophie ate her buns as she approached her friend.
- "Here," Ysabelle said as she handed a piece of paper to Sophie.
- "What is this?"
- "Didn't you have a bet with Carrie? That you have to pass the physics exam?"
- "Yeah." Sophie nodded. *I did do that.*
- "These are the questions I suspect will be coming out. You should take a look. We're having a Chanaean exam in the morning and a maths exam in the afternoon. The physics exam is tomorrow, so you'll still have time to study."
- Sophie couldn't help but chuckle when she saw how cute her friend was acting.
- "What's the matter? I'm being serious right now, you know! What are you laughing about?" Ysabelle pouted.
- "My grades aren't bad, you know."
- "I know you're a prideful person, Soph, but we still need to face the reality of things."
- "Fine, fine, I get it."
- Sophie didn't pay attention in class because she already knew what the teachers were talking about. It was why she opted to spend her time in class sleeping instead.
- Back when she was in Horington, the teachers there didn't like her that much. No one really paid attention to her grades. When she was sitting for her exams, she only glanced at the questions.
- Because of that, people thought she wasn't a bright student.
- She didn't tell Ysabelle that she also needed to beat Willow because she was worried Ysabelle would steal the answers to the exam papers for her.
- When nine o'clock rolled around, it was time for the exam to commence.
- Sophie glanced at the essay question, took five minutes to plan what she wanted to write, and began putting words down on the exam paper.
- It only took her half an hour to finish the essay.
- Then she flipped to the first page and spent ten minutes answering basic grammar questions.
- She spent twenty minutes on the reading comprehension section and then another ten minutes writing all the answers down on the answer paper.
- Without even double-checking her work, she began sleeping.
- When the time was up, she was the first to hand in her paper.
- Ysabelle was worried when she saw her friend handing in the exam paper so quickly. *Is she done already?* The amount of time given for the Chanaean exam was just about right. Although, some who wrote much slower still hadn't finished their essay yet.
- It wasn't until there were ten minutes left on the clock that Willow finished her essay.
- Her red lips curved upward as she stared at her answers with satisfaction. *There's no way I'll lose to Sophie! I'm no longer the Willow from five years ago!*
- The exam ended at eleven o'clock. When Ysabelle walked out of the exam room, Sophie was already waiting for her outside.
- "What do you think about the exam, Soph?" Ysabelle asked.
- "It was okay," Sophie replied.
- While the exam was difficult for many students, especially the classical prose part, it wasn't at all hard for Sophie.
- "How confident of you, Sophie." Amanda Poole then turned to Willow. "What about you, Willow? How hard do you think the Chanaean paper was?"
- They were in the top class of their grade, and all of their classmates were aiming to attend the best university in the country after they graduated. Even though all of them thought the exam was difficult, Sophie was there saying it was okay.
- "I also think it was okay." Willow smiled, still maintaining her elegant facade.
- "Why are you asking Willow that question? She always sits in the top three each year! No matter how difficult the questions are, she'll always get more than one hundred and forty marks!"
- Amanda smiled. "I suppose so. You know, since Sophie is Willow's sister, I guess it's only natural that she also finds the exam easy."
- She was clearly trying to make fun of Sophie, who she thought was bluffing about the exam's difficulty.
- "It's fine if you don't know how to answer the questions, Soph. I can tutor you after the exams end." Willow smiled.
- *What a pretentious woman!*
- "It's not certain who will be tutoring who at the end!" Sophie ignored them and left with Ysabelle.
- She could hear a few other girls still praising Willow.
- "Even though Sophie handed her paper in in less than two hours, she still had the gall to say it was easy."
- "The questions this time around are pretty difficult. It's only natural that Sophie didn't know how to answer them since she spent her time at a school like that in Horington."
- Jipsdale Premier High came up with its own exam papers, and it was a lot harder than university entrance exams.
- Ysabelle waved her fist. "They're all so smug about it!"
- "It's all right. Just let them have their moment," Sophie replied.
- "You don't need to care that much about grades, Soph. Everyone pays attention to it during school, but when we enter society, all people will see is a person's capability!" Ysabelle was worried Sophie would mind.
- At noon, Tristan ate lunch with the two of them.
- Tristan's company was half an hour's drive away from the school. However, he spent fifty minutes on the road because it was rush hour.
- "How was the exam in the morning?" he asked. He knew their monthly exam was starting today.
- "It was quite difficult. I don't even know if I can score over one hundred and twenty," Ysabelle replied.
- Tristan didn't press on with his questioning. He didn't really care if her grades were good or not. "Take a nap after you finish your meal."
- "Okay." She always obeyed her uncle's words without hesitation.
- To be more precise, it wasn't because she was actually being obedient.
- She was just afraid of him because the consequences of her being disobedient would be awful.
- After Ysabelle went to take a nap, Sophie began cleaning up the table. The housekeeper had left after preparing their lunch and would only return to clean up during the afternoon after Sophie and Ysabelle had gone back to school. However, Sophie couldn't bear looking at the leftovers sitting on the table.
- After she cleaned the table up, Tristan gave her a notebook.
- "What is this?" she asked.
- "It's a notebook I prepared for you."
- When she opened the book, she realized it was a physics notebook.
- The contents inside were tidy and easily understandable. The handwriting was also pleasant to look at.
- "You made this for me?"
- "Yes." Tristan intentionally wrote it slowly and neatly because he was afraid Sophie wouldn't understand his handwriting.
- While she wanted to say she didn't need it, she was touched by how much effort he put into the notebook.
- "Is this how you chase after girls, Mr. Tristan?"
- "Nope. You're the first and last person I'll ever chase after." He might appear cold, but he was actually a passionate person.
- Sophie was speechless.
- At three in the afternoon, the math exam started.
- Sophie only took ten minutes to finish the twelve multiple-choice questions.
- It was even easier for her to complete the questions where she needed to fill in the blanks.
- When she started on the subjective questions, she spent more than half an hour doing so because she needed to write down all the steps.
- There were still forty minutes left on the clock when she finished the paper.
- Due to the monthly exam, she wasn't going to attend the night self-study sessions for these two days.
- After Sophie walked out of the exam room, Josiah called. "Can you come back tonight, Soph? I've already asked the lawyer to prepare everything."
- He had promised to give her the shares, so he would.
- "Can I refuse to take it, Grandpa?"
- "Listen to me, Soph. I know you don't like dealing with this, but this is my way of protecting you," he persuaded. *With the shares in her hand, her husband's family won't dare to bully her after she gets married. This is the best I can do to help her face the harsh reality.*
- "Fine, I get it."
- Before Sophie returned, another person called her.
- It was Yale. "I'm waiting at the back of the school. Come now."
- His authoritative tone made her uncomfortable.
- After she exited the school through the back entrance, she saw Yale's Mercedes-Benz sitting at the side of the road.
- When the driver saw her, he drove toward her and let her enter.