

Anything For Her Chapter 42

Chapter 42 Just Like That

- “Willow, let’s go. The results are out, so we should go take a look.”
- At the same time, Senior Class 1 received the news, too.
- “Bailey will come first, and Willow will either be in the second or third place. They won’t be curious about their results.”
- “Let’s go. We should take a look together. This time, the test was quite hard.” Willow got to her feet. Instead of her own results, she wanted to see Sophie’s scores.
- She was certain that Sophie wasn’t her match.
- When Willow and her friends arrived, the bulletin board was crowded.
- “Scram! Your results are that way!” The students from Senior Class 1 started chasing the others away.
- The top hundred students were usually from the honors classes, so there was no reason for the students from the other classes to crowd this spot.
- “It’s fine. I can check out Sophie’s results first. She’s my sister, so I hope she did well.”
- Willow went to the end of the bulletin board, certain Sophie didn’t do well in the test. She knew how bad Sophie’s results were back in Horington, and it was impossible for one to improve that swiftly in such a short amount of time.
- “Willa, how could you be this kind? You treat her nicely, but she might not appreciate your gesture. She has a bad reputation, so you should be careful not to let her drag you down.”
- The upper-class society cared about their reputation a lot.
- “I don’t mind. No matter what, she’s still my sister,” Willow insisted.
- “Didn’t she rank last?” Everyone assumed Sophie was going to come last, for the students at Jipsdale Premier High were pretty smart.
- Willow’s smile nearly slipped when she couldn’t find Sophie’s name among the last ten students.
- They moved up the list.
- “Willa, how bad did your sister do? Her name isn’t even on the list!”
- Hearing that, Willow sighed.
- *Her name isn’t even on the list? That means Sophie did really bad!*
- Meanwhile, Ysabelle dragged Sophie out of the classroom to check out their results.
- “Oh my god! Soph, am I seeing things?” Ysabelle rubbed her eyes incredulously.
- She opened her eyes wide and stared at the list again. Sophie had come in second, only scoring ten marks lesser than Bailey.
- “Soph, how did you score that high?” Ysabelle was shocked.
- *Isn’t Soph a terrible student and a delinquent? How did this happen?*
- “Just like that,” came Sophie’s nonchalant answer.
- She hadn’t wanted to come first and had done several questions wrong on purpose. Otherwise, Bailey wouldn’t even be her match.
- Willow came over to them and sneered, “Sophie, why isn’t your name on the list? Did you do so badly that the teachers refuse to let others see your results?”
- “Willa, just ignore her. She isn’t worth your time.”
- “I guess no one in Jipsdale Premier High had ever scored this low, so the teachers were too embarrassed to release her results to the public.”
- Willow’s friends burst out giggling.
- Ysabelle was so furious she let out a snort. *How dare they look down on Soph?*
- “Why are you snorting?” One of Willow’s friends, a girl wearing glasses, spoke out. “If you suck, you should stay in your classroom instead of embarrassing yourself in public.”
- “I’m laughing at someone who’s blind. Sophie’s name is really obvious, but someone is too blind to see it.”
- “Hey!”
- Willow went over to the top of the list.
- Bailey came first as he scored seven hundred and twenty-five marks.
- Sophie came second for scoring seven hundred and fifteen marks.
- Willow ranked third for scoring six hundred and eighty marks.
- “How is this possible?” Willow couldn’t believe her eyes. *Did Sophie rank second? She scored thirty-five marks more than me!*
- Everyone else came after seeing Willow’s reaction. They were at a loss for words after seeing Sophie’s results.
- “Seriously?”
- “Willow, isn’t your sister a terrible student?”
- “Yeah! I thought she loves to fight? What is going on?”
- “Ha! Why? Are you jealous? Sophie can fight and study well! She’s an all-rounder!” Ysabelle announced proudly. In fact, she was so delighted as though she was the one who came first.
- “Impossible.” Willow shot Sophie a disbelieving look. “You cheated during the test, right?”
- Sophie laughed icily. “Cheat? Do you think it’s possible to cheat when the test is so hard? I don’t think you can memorize the answer to the last question in the physics test even if you were given the answer beforehand!” she mocked.
- Willow scowled.
- *How could this be? Sophie did poorly back in Horington!*
- “Ysabelle, let’s go back to class.”
- Sophie led Ysabelle back to their classroom.
- Willow stood rooted to her spot. Many things had changed since Sophie’s return, and she was about to lose control of everything.
- “Willow, are you all right?” her friend asked in concern.
- “I’m fine.” *It’s just a monthly test. Never mind. I can work hard to defeat Sophie.*
- She was dealt another blow when their Chanaean teacher read Sophie’s essay out loud in class.
- The teacher kept lavishing praises on Sophie’s writing.
- For the next few classes, Sophie’s answers were used as a template for the students to learn and improve. Willow couldn’t help but feel jealous.
- That night, she went home to Charmaine, who asked her about her monthly test results.
- “Willa, you haven’t told me about your results.” Charmaine had hired many famous teachers for Willow as she wanted her daughter to get admitted into a top university. Nowadays, eligible bachelors from the upper-class society would consider their future partners’ education level and IQ as they wanted their next generation to inherit good genes. Thus, Charmaine had always paid attention to Willow’s education.
- “Not bad.”
- Willow dared not tell Charmaine that Sophie had done better, afraid that Charmaine would focus on Sophie’s good results.
- “What’s wrong? Did someone bully you in school?” Charmaine asked worriedly.
- Willow seemed to be in low spirits tonight.
- “I’m fine. I think I didn’t get to rest well as I worked too hard for the test. I’m a bit tired,” she explained.
- Charmaine told the housekeeper to heat a glass of milk for her.
- “Willa, I know it’s hard on you. You need to work hard as that’s the only way you can get what you want. Think about Mason. You’ve always liked him, right?”
- *Doesn’t she know what kind of wife the Laird family prefers?*
- Charmaine added, “Besides, you’ve neglected painting recently. You need to paint more. I’ll organize an art exhibition for you one day.”
- “Mm. I know.” Willow perked up at the mention of that.
- Indeed, having good results wasn’t enough. The upper-class society wanted more than that from women.
- For example, Mason’s mother, Constance, was a painter of some renown. With her painting skills, she was better than most women of her age.
- “Mom, the parent-teacher conference will be held on Monday. Are you free to attend it? If you aren’t, it’s fine.” This time, Willow didn’t want her mother to attend the conference. She didn’t want Sophie to get to gloat.
- “Monday? Sure, I’ll be there,” Charmaine promised.
- “If you attend it for me, what about Sophie? You should just stay home instead of showing up.”
- Charmaine assured her, “Willa, you’re my only hope. Sophie is no match for you!” *Sophie has a bad reputation. She’s hopeless.*
- Hearing that, Willow leaned into Charmaine’s arms.
- “Mom, thanks. I won’t disappoint you,” she vowed.
- “Good. You must marry Mason. I’ll figure out a way to get the twenty percent of shares from Sophie to be your dowry.”