

## My Rebirth 307

### Chapter 307

The weekend ended. Back in class on Monday, a classmate saw Cassandra as if she was a monster.

What kind of pervert was this? She could get a full score without studying.

She could also get a full mark in physics. To her, was there anything difficult in the world?

Seeing Cassandra, Anabella looked unwilling. She angrily walked up to Cassandra and shouted, "Cassandra, I'm warning you. Stay away from Samuel!"

Cassandra raised her eyes, frowned, and asked confusedly, "Who?"

"I don't care how you make him like you, but I'm telling you, Samuel is mine. Stay away from him."

She was mad with jealousy at the thought that he went to the principal's office for Cassandra last week.

Why? Why did he like Cassandra?

"What's wrong with you? Who told you that Samuel liked me? Before you say that, please confirm it." Cassandra was getting crazy.

She had only talked to Samuel twice since she was in college. Did Anabella have persecution delusions?

“It doesn’t matter what you say. Just stay away from him. Are you reluctant to part with him?” At the thought of this possibility, Anabella was even more unwilling to accept it, and her face became more distorted. “A person like you will never deserve Samuel. Why don’t you have a sense of shame?”

Most of the students in the class were watching the fun. They knew that Anabella liked Samuel, who is from the Physics Department, so Cassandra was trying to seduce Anabella’s boyfriend.

Cassandra was a bad girl.

It was a terrible feeling to be scolded by someone for no reason. Cassandra asked, “Anabella, we are not friends, but we are not enemies either. Why did you target me? Now you’re warning me to stay away from Samuel. When did you see me. getting close to him? Who you like is your business. If you can’t get the boy you like, the problem is you. Is it useful to warn me?”

Cassandra snorted. “You value Samuel, but I won’t take him seriously. Do you know why?”

She looked at Anabella without a trace of warmth in her eyes. When she looked at- the students in the classroom, only Sofia and Cassidy showed a hint of worry on their faces. Others were gloating over it.

Anabella asked, “Why?”

“Because I almost sent him to court at the beginning. Do you think I will like him or will he like me?”

Those who had this kind of thought were mad.

Anabella was stunned. She had guessed many reasons in her mind just now, but this one she never thought of.

“Do... Do you think I will believe what you said? Anyway, stay away from Samuel. I don’t want to see you get too close to him,” Anabella did not forget to warn Cassandra.

In the end, Sofia couldn't stand it anymore. She slapped the table and stood up, pointing at Anabella, shouting, "Are you out of your mind? Do you

think everyone likes Samuel? Cassandra has a boyfriend, OK? He is much better than Samuel. Rather than warning Cassandra to stay away from Samuel, you should think about how to make him like you. He didn't even know your name until now. Why are you showing off here?"

Sofia's words made Anabella break down. She pointed at Sofia's nose and scolded, "You bitch! How dare you speak to me like that?"

"Why are you so noisy?" Suddenly, a cold voice came from the lecture table. It was Giancarlo who taught the basic theory of traditional medicine. "Can't you see the time? How's your study?"

When he looked at Cassandra, there was a trace of gentleness and pride in his eyes.

Such an excellent student was in his class.

As a traditional medicine practitioner, she would be outstanding.

Moreover, if he remembered it correctly, they were already discussing what position to give her.

"Cassandra, go back to your seat," Giancarlo said gently.

Then he looked at Anabella, who was causing trouble, and said in a slightly cold tone, "Since you don't want to attend my class, then leave."

"Mr..."

"Get out."

Anabella stamped her feet in anger, but Giancarlo didn't give her a chance to explain at all. She could only take the things and walk out of the classroom.

Before she left, she glared at Cassandra fiercely.

Cassandra shrugged her shoulders indifferently.

In the class, Cassandra was asked to answer questions at least 20 times.

The students wondered if Giancarlo wanted Cassandra to teach his students.

Cassandra also felt puzzled. She was asked to answer questions so many times, and she had no idea what was going on.

The most important thing was that in the following classes, the teachers of different subjects all brought up a lot of questions for her.

Her schedule was full, so she had been answering questions from morning to night. In the end, she almost got angry,

When the last class was over, the loudspeaker in the classroom suddenly rang.

"Hello, everyone. I'm Emma from the Physics Department. Here, I would like to apologize to Cassandra from the Traditional Medicine Department..."

When she finished speaking, she cried in the end as if she had been greatly wronged.

She believed it was Cassandra's fault. Why should they blame her?

She was not only asked to apologize but also got a major punishment. If she did it again, she would be expelled from the school.

This made her feel embarrassed. It was a humiliation to her.

Emma cursed in private, “Cassandra, I’ll never let you go. You are the loser, not me.”

After Emma finished her apology, the class was in an uproar. They all looked at Cassandra with eyes that were no different from looking at a monster.

“Cassandra is badass. How could she let Emma apologize? She even apologized on the radio. Everyone heard her.”

“Who the hell is Cassandra? I heard that Mr. Hathaway even got involved. And the Houston family was completely ignored.”

“Oh, my goodness, Mr. Hathaway? But his last name is not Yates.”

“Who cares? Let’s not mess up with Cassandra in the future. She didn’t do anything and was targeted for no reason. It is quite miserable.”

“I also think we shouldn’t look down on Cassandra. Anyone that messes up with Cassandra will end up ugly.”

“Yeah. Sofia said that Cassandra has a boyfriend, so she doesn’t like Samuel.”

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Although they talked in a low voice, others could still hear them. Sofia secretly laughed.

It seemed that people in the school were afraid of power.

“Cassandra, Mr. Huddleston wants to see you in his office.”