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Coollest Girl in Town Chapter 655 - 656

Chapter 655 The Answer Sheets Have Been Tampered With

Martin froze on the spot, feeling a little overwhelmed.

Elise had used the excuse of checking the answer sheets to somehow pass the exam last time. However, Mason was the person in charge of marking the answer sheets this time. All I did was perform a little trick. Don't tell me; does Elise intend to cause trouble without giving Mason due respect?

"Miss Sinclair, I know that the results are very difficult to accept. But, unfortunately, you have to trust that I am fair and impartial. I swear that I have not done anything to alter your scores." Mason reassured Elise.

"You heard him, Elise." Martin narrowed his eyes and continued angrily, "Mr. Young has always stood on your side. This is not a minor issue like what happened during the exams at the start of the class! You are the one who scored badly on the exam. That has nothing to do with anybody else!"

"That's right. That's why I got one more multiple-choice question wrong. I scored 96 last time, and I scored 90 this time. Is there a problem?" Elise sounded very sure of herself. Scoring six points less than before sounded as normal as eating one bite of rice less when the words came out of her mouth.

"Hah!" He sneered contemptuously. "You got one more multiple-choice question wrong? Are you saying that your brain is filled with all the right answers? Do you think you can score as many points as you wish?"

"Why not?" Sheldon refuted. "A real top student is capable of manipulating how many points they can get!"

"That's just trickery! It's absolutely unreasonable!" Martin dismissed those words completely.

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However, he knew in his heart that there were indeed a small number of students who could manipulate their test scores rather accurately in Cittadel's test-oriented education. However, he was confident that these people did not include Elise.

"So, as long as I can score full marks on the exam, I can prove that Stefan and Sheldon are not being unreasonable. Is that right?" Elise asked coldly.

"There's no need to go through such troublesome means." Mason interrupted. "I brought all the answer sheets. I was planning to distribute them back to all of you later. However, since you are dissatisfied with the test scores, I will re-check the test sheets again in front of you."

Then, he took out the answer sheets from under the lesson plans while he was speaking and placed them on the desk. However, he realized that rechecking the test sheets one by one was far too time-consuming. He hesitated for a moment before lifting his head and saying, "I will focus on re-checking Elise's answer sheet. If there are any other students who are dissatisfied with your test scores, you may mention the issue to me now. After all, this is related to the number of places among the students who get to study abroad. Therefore, it's okay to err on the cautious side."

It was just that most students knew their own abilities, so nobody said a word.

A moment later, he nodded and continued, "Good. Then, I will place Elise's answer sheet on the projector. We can all help to check her answers. Class monitor, please help me turn on the projector."

Thanks to Stefan and Mason's joint efforts, it didn't take long before Elise's answer sheet, and the standard answer sheet were displayed on the blackboard simultaneously. Elise was quite popular among her classmates, so almost every single student examined the test sheet. Regretfully, there were no mistakes to be found in the answer sheet.

The answer sheet consisted of four pages, and every page was displayed for a total of five minutes. Even though twenty minutes had passed, not a single student stood up to testify for her. That meant that there was no mistake in the marking process and the calculation of the scores.

Martin quietly adjusted his glasses, a smug smile flashing in his eyes. He had long anticipated that Elise would ask for a re-check of her answer sheets. That was why his petty

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sabotage was seamless. This time, there was no turning the truth on its head, no matter how great her skills were.

Mason was the first person on the podium to finish checking the test papers. He couldn't help sighing in disappointment. The rest of the students had the same regretful look on their faces.

Be that as it may, Elise remained calm and indifferent. Other people might not know, but she knew the truth. Someone had clearly changed the answers of two multiple-choice answers from 'C' to 'D'. It was just the additional stroke along with a slight retouch here and there; there was no way to spot any significant changes. I would have been forced to suffer this loss in silence if not for my extraordinary memory. It looks like Martin is willing to do anything to kick me out of the Elite Class. But, I can't prove that my answer sheet has been tampered with. How can I get another chance to prove my abilities again?

"Boss," Sheldon asked anxiously, "Do you see anything? Tell me if there are any problems. I'm not scared of causing trouble. I will definitely get justice for you!"

"It's not that simple." Elise stared at the blackboard and quietly said, "Do you see questions three and seven of the multiple-choice questions? I wrote 'C' for both answers, but the answer sheets currently show 'D' instead. There's no way to explain this discrepancy."

When he heard those words, he followed her gaze only to see two large and distinct alphabet 'D' displayed clearly on the projector. It was impossible to notice that someone had changed the answers from the alphabet 'C'.

Our words will be mere accusations without evidence unless we can find the culprit who changed the answers. He swept a vigilant gaze over everybody in the classroom. His hands that he placed on his lap clenched into fists without him noticing. Who is it? Who dares to betray Boss with such dirty and underhanded methods?

"Little Sheldon, what are you doing? Why do you look so serious?" Elliot leaned over and acted coyly.

"Shut up." Sheldon didn't even bother to look at Elliot. "Boss' answer sheet has been tampered with. We need to find the culprit. That's the only way for Boss to remain in the Elite Class."

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"Is there such a thing!?" Elliot immediately turned serious. He turned sideways and glanced at the podium for a moment. Then, he slammed his hands on the table with a loud thud and stood up abruptly.

All the students in the class jumped in fright. Mason was so shocked that his glasses nearly fell off his nose. Then, after he hurriedly put his glasses back in place, he reprimanded Elliot with a gloomy expression. "Elliot Howard, what are you doing!?"

"Teacher, I would like to turn myself in!" Elliot rakishly tapped his leg and spoke proudly.

"Turn yourself in? What wrong did you commit?" Mason asked suspiciously.

"I was mad at Elise, so I snuck into your office and tampered with her answer sheet!" Elliot announced.

"Nonsense!" Martin was certain that Elliot was causing a fuss on purpose. "Who doesn't know that you are terrific friends with Miss Sinclair? What reason would you have to do something like that? Hurry up and return to your seat!"

"Who is being nonsensical!? I'm being serious!" Elliot smacked his lips together, trying to think of a plausible excuse. But unfortunately, his brain was coming up blank. So, he swiveled his head around for an idea, and when he saw Sheldon, he immediately blurted out, "Elise always walks so closely to Sheldon, and I was unhappy..."

The entire class cheered ambiguously as soon as those words left his mouth. "Wow! This is explosive news!"

Sheldon's nose practically trembled when he heard those words. He glared at Elliot with a gaze that was as sharp as knives. This guy... I wish I could give him a knuckle sandwich! Wait, wait! Why are people looking at us!? I'm innocent!

Mason's expression froze for several seconds. When he returned to his senses, he gave a dry cough and placed his fist next to his mouth. He awkwardly said, "Uh... Mr. Howard, you don't need to be sad. There are many other guys in this world. Cough. I mean, girls. Don't get hung up on a single person..."

"Mr. Young! Is that the point!?" Martin reminded forcefully.

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"Oh! Right..." I got caught up with gossip. Mason slapped his head lightly and got back to the main topic. "Elliot, tell me. Which answers did you switch?"

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Chapter 656 All-Subject Straight-A Student

"Which answers?" The question tripped up Elliot. "Wait a moment."

He bent down while speaking, hooked his arm around Sheldon's neck, and turned them around. "Which answer was tampered with? Quickly tell me!"

"F*ck your grandfather, Elliot Howard!" Sheldon suppressed his voice and spat out those words through gritted teeth.

"I don't have a grandfather." Elliot was unfazed by the curses and tightened his arm around Sheldon's neck. "It's urgent! Don't you want Boss to remain in the Elite Class?"

At the mention of Elise, Sheldon endured the embarrassment and explained the situation to Elliot word by word. "Multiple-choice questions number three and number seven. The 'C' has been changed to 'D'!"

"Thank you, darling!" Elliot roughly patted Sheldon on the shoulder and gave him a flying kiss. After that, he swiftly turned around and shamelessly mechanically repeated those words. "I changed the multiple-choice questions number three and seven to 'D'."

"What!?" Mason hurriedly picked up the answer sheet when he heard those words. Then, after he put on his glasses, he squinted at the paper and gave it a good hard look. Sure enough, the 'D' from those questions was clearly flatter than the 'D' from another question. It looked very unnatural.

He was so furious that he slammed the answer sheet on the table. Then, he pointed a finger at Elliot and admonished the latter. "Why would you do something like that!?"

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"I already did it anyway. So, you can go ahead and scold me. But, in any case, I'm used to it," Elliot said in a devil may care attitude. He even tilted his head to the side and tapped his foot, looking extremely at ease.

Mason sighed and put on a regretful expression. "If that's the case, then you can leave the Elite Class immediately. Don't ever claim to be my student."

Martin was dumbstruck by the scenario playing out in front of him. What is going on here? Are they singing a duet? It's obvious that Elliot and Sheldon are colluding with each other. It's so obvious! How can Mason not notice!?

"Thank you, Mr. Young!" Elliot swung his shoulder bag over his shoulder and swaggered toward the classroom door. "I get to finish class early again!"

"Stop right there!" Martin was so furious that his chest was heaving up and down violently. "How can you believe his words just like that!? How can you accept that he changed the answers just because he says so!?" I cannot allow the plan that I so painstakingly carried out to be ruined in the hands of a lousy student like Elliot!

"What else can I do?" Mason looked innocent. "The culprit who changed the answers has been found, and the answer sheet does indeed contain traces of being modified. Both the evidence and the culprit are here in front of us. What else is there that you do not understand?"

Martin knew that Elliot did not have the brains to harm another person. However, Elliot was willing to sacrifice his reputation to protect Elise. His actions proved that Elise must have great merits as a person. Just based on the cherished friendship between the classmates alone, he had to help them finish this farce of a show.

"Then, what about Elise Sinclair?" Martin asked doggedly.

"Those two multiple-choice questions will give Miss Sinclair an additional twelve marks, and her score will exceed ninety. So, it's only natural that she remains in this class," Mason calmly said.

"You can't!" Martin clenched his fists so tightly that his knuckles made a crackling noise. "Nobody can prove that Elliot is speaking the truth. So, you can't add in those twelve points!"

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"Are you saying that Mr. Howard is lying? What good will that do him?" Mason's expression changed and became nasty. "Martin Kamp, must you think so badly of the students?"

This was the first time he called Martin by name. It was also the first time he openly confronted him.

It's time these foreign teachers know that Cittadelian teachers are simply good-tempered and not doormats to be walked all over as they please! He is not allowed to make inferences of guilt regarding the students of Cittadel!

The rebuke left Martin at a loss for words. His mouth gaped open, and he thought for a long while before he finally managed to squeeze out a sentence. "Since it's impossible to confirm whether Elliot's words are true or false, we can only let Elise prove herself. I will only agree for her to remain in this class if she can get full marks on the exam."

The last question on the monthly exam was something nobody could answer. The corresponding space for this question on Elise's answer sheet had also been left blank. It was the only remaining barrier that could stop her. He would not relent as long as she failed to score full marks in the exam.

Mason's expression twisted in annoyance, and fury lined his snowy-white eyebrows. Even Stefan could only obtain one hundred and four points in this set of questions. Moreover, the students had yet to learn the relevant content required to answer the last question on the exam. So, how could Elise obtain full marks? Martin was clearly trying to make things difficult for her.

He opened his mouth to argue, but Martin interrupted first. "Mr. Young, I believe my request is perfectly reasonable. Elise might be the victim in the case where her answer sheet was tampered with, but people are social animals. Who can guarantee that no unexpected incidents will occur in life? Sometimes, luck is also a kind of strength. If she cannot obtain full marks in the exam and prove that she is capable of remaining in the Elite Class, then I will never allow a student like her to remain in this class with those results in her monthly exam."

Now that both parties claimed to be in the right, the situation fell into a stalemate.

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"In that case, let's not waste any more time." Elise stood up. She picked up a water-based pen and twirled it around her fingers. "Mr. Young, you still have some test papers and blank answer sheets with you, right?"

"I do." Mason nodded dazedly.

"Should I take the test at the podium so that it's easier for everybody to monitor me? Or, should I just take the test at my seat?" she asked calmly.

"Up to you."

"Take the test on the podium!"

Mason and Martin spoke at the same time. They glared at each other for a moment. Then, Martin added, "The quota for studying abroad is a fair competition for each student. If you wish to remain in this class, then you will have to bear the burden of the whole class monitoring you."

Elise fell silent for a moment before responding without the slightest change in her expression. "Okay."

After she spoke, she picked up her pen and walked to the podium. Then, she took the test paper and answer sheet from Mason's hand. As soon as she sat down, she began scribbling furiously without even looking at the questions.

Mason couldn't help feeling anxious on her behalf, and he reminded her softly, "Miss Sinclair, don't panic. Instead, pay attention and check your answers." You won't be able to remain in this class if you accidentally write the wrong answer.

"Okay." She answered perfunctorily.

Her indifference left him feeling a little awkward. Nevertheless, he quietly walked away in small steps lest he disrupted her concentration while she was answering the exam.

Twenty minutes later, Elise put her pen down and personally delivered her test paper and the answer sheet into Martin's hands.

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"Mr. Kamp, please be the first to check the answers. Otherwise, you might say that the situation is inconclusive if it passes through another person's hands and another mistake occurs."

Martin gave her a side-eyed glare in irritation. Then, he lifted a hand to accept the papers and immediately began to look through her answer sheet and check the answers.

However, the more he looked, the more solemn his expression became. He swallowed nervously when he reached the final question and saw the filled-out answer box. Finally, he walked over to the podium to take the standard answer sheet before he continued checking her answers.

However, the result of his checking made him unable to smile whatsoever—it was all correct. Even the word problem that both he and Mason would have trouble solving was answered correctly.

Although she had only used elementary physics knowledge to answer the question, the process was a little complicated. However, as a result, every step of the process was logically sound and organized, and he could not find any fault in her work.

His hand that was holding the answer sheet went a little cold. There was a loud buzzing noise in his head, and he suddenly felt dizzy. Even the equations written on the answer sheet began to swim wildly in his vision.

Elise Sinclair turned out to be a well-rounded straight-A student!

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