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Coolest Girl in Town Chapter 657

Chapter 657 Mrs. Keller

“How is it, Mr. Kamp? How many mistakes did she make?” Mason anxiously stood beside Martin. He had already made up his mind. As long as Elise managed to score a hundred points and above, he would allow her to remain in the Elite Class even if he had to burn his bridges with Martin.

Martin lowered his eyes, looking as though he had seen a ghost. He weakly murmured, “Full marks.”

“Full marks!?” Mason was ecstatic. He immediately snatched up the test paper and reviewed the answers excitedly. When he saw the final question, he happily grinned from ear to ear. Not only did Elise answer the question, but she also answered the question correctly.

She is a genius! She really is a genius! Given enough time, she will have more extraordinary achievements than me! No, she will stand above everybody else in the classroom!

“This is amazing! Miss Sinclair, I hereby announce that you can remain in the Elite Class!” He emotionally announced.

“But, Mr. Young...”

“Mr. Kamp, please refrain from speaking.” When Martin tried to stir up further trouble, Mason immediately cut Martin off. “If my memory serves me right, you were in charge of safekeeping the answer sheets last night. Given your attitude toward Miss Sinclair, it’s also possible that you were the one who tampered with her answer sheet. Do you want me to report this matter to the principal so that he can perform a thorough investigation?”

Martin panicked when he heard those words and immediately changed his tune. “Mr. Young, what are you talking about? I am a teacher. How can I possibly do something like that!? You might have misunderstood my words. I meant to say that Miss Sinclair has such good

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scores and strong learning abilities. Therefore, we should not only keep such a good student in this class but also entrust her with some important responsibilities. Perhaps, we can appoint her as the class leader or something.”

Mason rolled his eyes. How amazing. He’s gone and said all the good things now.

Martin was very thick-skinned. He ignored Mason’s reaction and cleared his throat before shyly turning to Elise and making nice with her. “Miss Sinclair, are you willing to take up some responsibilities in the class?”

“Mr. Kamp, are you asking me?” She crossed her arms in front of her chest and lifted her chin arrogantly.

To sum things up, the meaning behind this question was equivalent to, “Are you begging me?”

Various expressions of fury flitted across his face, creating an absolutely fascinating sight as he could not stomach her arrogant appearance. Unfortunately, if he failed to coax her well and she brought this matter to the principal’s attention, Kenneth might even be summoned as a result. He would only bring a great deal of trouble down upon himself. It’s not worth it.

Thus, he forced a smile on his face and spoke in an ingratiating manner. “That’s right. Just think of it as helping the teachers and taking care of the students in the class.”

“Haha...” Elise laughed wildly. Then, her expression abruptly turned cold. She expressionlessly said, “I’m not free.”

He was thoroughly rejected even though he was only trying to please, and his expression froze on his face. Then, after gaping like a goldfish awkwardly, he could only take the attitude and remained silent.

“Alright then. Since Miss Sinclair is reluctant, then let’s not force her. The lessons for today will end here. So, everyone is free to go.” Mason waved his hand to indicate for the others to leave.

Martin was the first to turn around and walk out as though escaping from something.

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Mason held Elise's answer sheet in his hand as though he were handling some sort of treasure. Then, he turned around, walked back to the podium, and carefully placed the answer sheet into his briefcase.

"Yes! Elise, we can continue to be classmates!" Mica happily ran over to congratulate Elise.

Elise pursed her lips and smiled. At that moment, Stefan happened to pass by in front of her. So, she called out to him. "Mr. Reilly."

"Can I help you, Miss Sinclair?" Stefan stopped in his tracks and said indifferently.

"Thank you. Both for today and the last time," she said sincerely.

"It's nothing. Don't worry about it," he replied.

After they finished speaking, they stood facing each other for a moment. Then, the atmosphere between them suddenly became awkward.

Elise had heard the whispered conversation among the students earlier to some extent. A young man's love was pure and genuine, but she could not reciprocate such feelings.

She was wondering how to turn him down gently to prevent hurting his self-esteem. But, she was also worried that she might be overthinking things. It would only embarrass them both if she rashly mentioned something like that.

After a brief period of silence, Stefan seemed to realize her concerns and took the initiative to explain. "Miss Sinclair, please don't worry. I don't have any other intentions toward you. I simply cherish your talents. I knew that you were the only person in this class whose abilities surpassed mine. You didn't let me down after all."

Her nervousness suddenly evaporated, and she burst out laughing. "Thank you."

He was probably the kind of person who respected others like himself. He would only help due to logic and not due to emotions. For that reason, people like him generally received great respect from those around them.

"If you really want to thank me, then bring more challenging questions to discuss with me in the future." After saying that, he nodded at the other two in greeting and walked out.

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Outside the small white building, Elliot chewed on some chewing gum and squatted on a marble slab with his bag on his back. He was wallowing in boredom as he waited for Sheldon to come out of the classroom.

When the students of the Elite Class passed by and saw him, they grinned and teased him in a joking manner.

"Mrs. Keller! Why haven't you left?"

"Elliot, I hope you don't wait so long that you turn into stone! Hahahaha!"

"F*ck off!" Elliot leaped off the marble slab. "If you talk nonsense again, I will rip your mouth to pieces!"

"Oh, my! Mrs. Keller, you're so fierce! Can't you take a joke!?" One of the male students fearlessly provoked him.

"Fred Pearce! I'm going to kill you! Stand right there!"

Elliot chased after that student and rounded a corner. Then, all of a sudden, the boy shifted directions. Unable to dodge in time, he ran straight into Alexander, who was walking over from the opposite side. He was sent flying and fell to his butt.

"Ow..." He rubbed his chest where he had been bumped, and his small face was scrunched up in pain. "Who is so blind!?"

When he opened his eyes to see Alexander's face in front of him, he abruptly swallowed nervously and immediately forced the words on the tip of his tongue down. Then, he smiled charmingly. "Mr. Griffith..."

Alexander stood there and raised an eyebrow at Elliot. He looked at Elliot suspiciously. "What did that person call you just now?"

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"It's nothing." Elliot climbed up from the floor and muttered under his breath. "Why is this man's body as tough as a wall?"

"What did you say?" Alexander asked again.

"No! Nothing!" Elliot hurriedly explained.

Last time, Alexander beat Sheldon so badly that he could not get out of bed for three days. That incident remained fresh in Elliot's mind. So, he did not dare to mess around with this guy.

At this time, Elise walked out with Mica and Sheldon in tow.

"What are you talking about?"

"It's all because of you..." Elliot complained with an aggrieved expression. "This is great. Now everybody thinks that I have feelings for Sheldon..."

"Pfft." Mica couldn't help bursting into laughter and made fun of him. "Don't you?"

"How is that possible!? Even if all the people in the world died, I wouldn't fall in love with him, okay!?" He roared.

"Hey!" Sheldon was abruptly lit with pettiness. "Is it embarrassing to like me now? I haven't settled this debt with you! Why didn't you say you were jealous of Boss or something!? Why did you have to mention me!? How am I supposed to get a girlfriend in the future!?"

"Did you think I didn't want to!?" Elliot howled loudly. "If I said..." If I said that I like Elise and this conversation spreads to Alexander, then won't he beat me up to the point of becoming a cripple!?

"Forget it." He felt so upset that he wanted to cry, but all he could do was comfort himself. Heroes will always have to carry a heavier burden than the non-heroes.

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Coollest Girl in Town Chapter 658

Chapter 658 Sent by Mayweather Polytechnic University to Cause Trouble?

Alexander raised an eyebrow and couldn't help wondering whether he had also been this noisy when he was still in college. Even a dog will be disgusted by this noise.

"What's wrong?" Elise asked when she noticed his absent-minded state.

"It's nothing," he replied faintly. "The car is parked at the school gates. Why don't you head there first? I need to speak to the principal about something."

"What is it?" she asked.

"The principal wants me to help obtain some sponsorship for the school." He randomly found an excuse.

"Oh. Alright then. Make it quick. We are supposed to go back and give Grandma a checkup." She reminded him. After she said her goodbyes to Mica and the others, she went ahead to the gates to wait.

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Mason excitedly rushed into the principal's office, took out Elise's answer sheet from his briefcase, and placed the answer sheet on the table. "Mr. Haas! Look! We finally have a talented student in the school!"

When Leon heard those words, he immediately removed his earphones and picked up the answer sheet with a solemn expression. However, despite glancing through the entire answer sheet from top to bottom, he could not understand anything else except that the

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person who answered these questions had beautiful handwriting. Therefore, he couldn't help frowning.

"Oh! It's like this." Mason noticed the principal's confusion and hurriedly leaned across the table. Then, he stretched out his arm, pointed at the final question, and explained. "This additional question is something even Stefan Reilly, the top student of the physics department, could only get a few points for using the right processes. But on the other hand, Elise Sinclair scored full marks. Moreover, she made no mistakes when answering the entire set of questions."

"What did you say? This is Elise Sinclair's test paper?" Leon couldn't help glancing at the answer sheet again. He repeatedly nodded in satisfaction. "Yes, that's right. It looks like her handwriting."

"Mr. Haas, that's not the point. The point is that Elise has an extraordinary talent in physics. She achieved such results in less than a month! She is a genius among geniuses!" Mason rubbed his palms together. Just thinking about teaching a genius made him extremely excited.

At this moment, somebody knocked on the open door behind them. Knock. Knock.

The two turned to look in that direction and saw Alexander standing expressionlessly at the door. His expression was gloomy and stern. Furthermore, it felt as though his entire body was cloaked in a shadow of gloom.

"Mr. Griffith, please don't stand on courtesy. Come in." Leon called out.

Alexander walked in and got straight to the point. He questioned, "I heard that there was an incident where a student's answer sheet was tampered with in the Elite Class's recent monthly exam. I want to ask you about how the matter has been handled, Mr. Haas."

"Huh? Did something like that happen?" Leon was utterly clueless about the matter, so he could only turn to look weakly at Mason for help.

The smile on Mason's face froze. For a moment, he couldn't help feeling awkward. This incident only just happened. How did he know about this matter so quickly? He sure is well-informed.

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"It's true that such a thing did occur." He nodded solemnly, and then he continued with some guilt, "It's my fault for not taking care of answer sheets properly. I hold some responsibility for this matter."

"Mr. Young, the only responsibility you hold is that you are way too soft-hearted. If I had not come today, wouldn't this matter have ended just like that?" Alexander's expression was gloomy, and his tone was harsh.

Elise was good-natured. She couldn't care less about the people playing petty tricks behind her back, but he could not do the same. Anybody who touches Ellie will have to pay the price.

Those words struck the nail, and Mason lowered his head in shame. He did not have a confrontational nature. When he saw that it had harmed nobody's interests in the incident, he had indeed decided to take a step back and leave well enough alone, and he never expected Alexander to drop by.

"Mr. Griffith, how do you plan to deal with this matter?" Leon asked good-naturedly.

"Find the culprit who tampered with the answer sheets and severely punish him." Alexander's intentions were concise and to the point.

"Of course." Leon nodded and asked Mason, "Mr. Young, do you have any suspects?"

Mason sighed and said, "Actually, Elliot Howard has already confessed to the crime. He claims that he modified the answer sheet by himself. It's just that he was just disqualified from staying in the Elite Class. I'm afraid he might not be able to bear the pressure if we add another punishment on top of that."

"Elliot Howard?" Leon couldn't help feeling apprehensive when he heard that name. His father provided a lot of funding for Tissote University. This person is not somebody I can touch easily.

"Not him." Alexander had no patience to wait for the elderly to investigate the case themselves. Therefore, he got straight to the point. "Martin Kamp."

"Mr. Kamp!?" Leon furrowed his eyebrows in surprise. He opened his mouth to ask Mason for an explanation. Upon further thought, he realized that Martin had always been hostile

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toward Elise. It was indeed possible for Martin to do something like that, so he could only swallow all the words that were on the tip of his tongue back into his stomach.

Martin, oh, Martin... Why won't you help support your students instead? How can you do something like frame your own student!?

"That was also my guess." Mason had always been a just and impartial man. What's more, Martin was targeting talented students like Elise. A person who was jealous of talent was not fit to be a teacher, much less a lecturer at Tissote University.

Leon sighed tiredly. "Why would Mr. Kamp do something like that!?"

Alexander remained silent. Evil people do not need a reason to perform evil deeds.

After Mason thought about the question, a reason suddenly came to him. "Could it be that Mayweather Polytechnic University sent Mr. Kamp to cause trouble for us?"

Over the past few years, Tissote University has suffered various losses at the hands of Mayweather Polytechnic University. First, it started with the number of students for the college entrance examinations. Then, it was the teaching staff. If they were still dissatisfied with those results, it was not impossible for them to deliberately send Martin over to attack the best students at Tissote University.

The more Leon considered the possibility, the more he felt that it made sense. There was no better explanation aside from this reasoning.

When that thought crossed his mind, his expression became very stern. He looked at Alexander seriously. "Mr. Griffith, please rest assured. I will definitely give you and Miss Sinclair a proper explanation for this issue. It's just that this matter concerns the vicious competition between the two schools, so I hope that you can bear with this issue for a while. Then, once we investigate the matter and find conclusive evidence, we will deal with this matter."

"Do you need help?" Alexander asked coldly.

"Huh? No. Not for this," Leon replied politely but proudly. "I have the ability to deal with something as minor as this. There's no need to bother you with this matter, Mr. Griffith."

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“Do it as soon as possible.” Alexander turned around and left without even looking back after saying those words. He was absolutely arrogant and decisive, leaving Mason and Leon behind to stare at each other.

A short while later, Leon came back to his senses and quietly said to Mason, “Mr. Young, please carry out this matter secretly. Please don’t spread the news around...”

Elise was feeling very bored inside the car, so she casually checked the address of Apocalypse Strike’s meeting place that she received. The results indicated that it was in the vicinity of the National Institute of Physics.

Wendy’s seemingly kind but difficult-to-read face flashed through her mind for a moment.

Julius’ WhatsApp message popped up. The vibration of her phone dragged her back to the present.

‘Boss, somebody wants to buy your calligraphy. Will you sell?’

She tapped her keyboard. ‘Who is it?’

Julius replied instantly. ‘The other party has concealed their ID address, so we can’t figure out anything for the time being. But, he is very generous. He offered one million for each word.’

Oh? How generous. ‘Sell it.’