

# Always Been Yours

Chapter 1165



Chapter 1165 Mocking

Gregory nodded obediently and stuck right by Tessa's side. The school didn't allow parents to enter with the children, so Tessa

and Nicholas could only walk him up to the school entrance.

Tessa crouched down and cheered Gregory on. "Good luck! We'll be waiting for you outside." "Okay. I'll definitely get first place."

Gregory nodded confidently before walking into the school.

As Tessa watched Gregory's silhouette getting smaller and smaller, she started worrying. On the other hand, Nicholas was perfectly calm.

He had a lot of faith in his son. Noticing that Tessa was worried, Nicholas advised her gently, "Since Gregory says he'll get first

place, you should have faith in him."

Tessa felt he had a point. She should have faith in Gregory.

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Meanwhile, after entering the school, the sweet smile on Gregory's face quickly vanished.

If Tessa saw this, she would realize that Gregory looked like a mini version of Nicholas now—cool and aloof.

Even so, a fair number of teachers and girls taking part in the competition were charmed by Gregory.

When they spotted him standing in front of the map of the school, they quickly came forward to offer their help.

“Do you need help reading the map? I can help you find the right classroom to go to.”

“Thanks, but I've already found it.”

Gregory thanked them politely before adjusting his backpack and walking off.

Though the girls were a little disappointed, their young hearts were overflowing with endearment.

The child was too cool and adorable.

Gregory had no idea what was going on in their heads.

He followed the path on the map and walked around for a bit before he found the classroom.

Quite a number of other students had already taken their seats inside.

Gregory was the youngest among them.

The other contestants were surprised to see Gregory as well.

Those who were acquainted with each other began to discuss among themselves.

“Why is there such a young contestant? Can he even write well?”

“He’s so little. Do you think he’ll cry during the competition?”

“Oh, shoot. I’m going to get affected if he does cry.”

Though the contestants spoke quietly, a lot of them were making similar comments, and thus, Gregory heard some of what they were saying.

He pressed his lips together slightly and pretended to not have heard them. After looking around the classroom, he selected a

seat by the window and walked over.

A few of the older children saw him coming over, and after exchanging glances, they began poking fun at Gregory.

“Hey, little tyke. Do you even know how to hold a pen properly at your age?”

“Exactly. Don’t start crying for milk later.”

“Me wants milkies,” one of the contestants cried out mockingly in a baby voice, and the other older kids began chortling.

Some of them wagged their fingers at Gregory and taunted him. “Go home and drink your milk, little brat. This isn’t your playground.”

Gregory wasn't interested in responding to their taunts. He found them utterly childish.

Soon, it was time for the contestants to get ready before the competition started.

The invigilator stepped into the classroom and handed out the paper for calligraphy before announcing, "When I say you can

start, you can begin writing on the paper. Everyone will only have one chance, so be careful as you write."

Once every child received a paper, the competition began.

Gregory gripped his pen tightly and wrote every stroke seriously.

The older children who had been mocking him earlier kept throwing curious glances in his direction. They were dying to know

whether a little child could write calligraphy.

Perhaps they snuck glances one too many times as they soon attracted the invigilator's attention and warning.

"Some of you

need to be focusing on your writing instead of looking around!"

The older kids immediately settled down after that.

Outside the school, most of the parents were still hanging around.

Some waited right by the school entrance while others waited in the car, including Tessa and Nicholas.

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