

Deep Affection 913

Chapter 913 Extra Story The Transfer Student

In the No. 3 High School in Spring City.

It was September, and cicadas chirped noisily on the tree. The warm sunshine sprinkled on the desk through the glass.

It was the end of the class. The students of class nine in grade two were chatting happily or studying quietly in the classroom. A boy was bending over the desk in the last row.

The collar of his blue school uniform was turned up, his head resting on the stretched arm, and the other hand curled behind his head to block the light.

His face couldn't be seen clearly. One could only see his soft black short hair, faire wrist and slender fingers, and a conspicuous red bracelet tied to his wrist.

The red bracelet was worn. Some parts of it had faded and broken. It was just a broken thing that could be discarded, but the boy had been wearing it on his wrist. If one looked at it carefully, he would find a taut knot on the bracelet.

"Big news! Big news!" A boy rushed in from outside the classroom and his voice immediately attracted everyone's attention.

A classmate asked in a loud voice, "Reid Lin, what's that? Will we have a holiday tomorrow?"

"It's Monday today. How can you think of the holiday? You must be dreaming!" "There will be a transfer student in our class

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on? I noticed that you were staring at him just now."

Sound thought their relation was even closer than that.

They had grown up and lived together day and night for five years. In the next twelve years, they met and played with each other every year during the Spring Festival.

Somehow, when she was seven years old, Sampson stopped playing with her often.

Just now, Sampson didn't even take a greeting gaze at her. She didn't know if she should say that they knew each other.

Without answering this question, Sound asked in a low voice, "Sampson?"

"Yes." Keyla's eyes suddenly lit up with adoration. "He is the top student in our grade, so now the teacher won't say anything to him when he sleeps in class."

"I see." Sound secretly turned around to have a look.

Sampson had already raised his head. When their eyes met, Sampson was slightly stunned, and Sound was smiling at him brightly.

Sampson looked away, leaned back lazily, picked up his book and turned to the question which Giacomo was talking about.

Without any writings on it, his book looked like a new one.

Reid was in utter shock.

'Is Sampson opening his book and listening to the class? How could it be possible? And, that is not his book! It's mine!'