

She Becomes Glamorous After The Engagement Annulment - Chapter 1017 –

C, the God of Gaming (4) -

Chapter 1017: C, the God of Gaming (4)

She blinked, then replied, “Trinity School.”

“Wow! Zac was also from Trinity School. This means that you two are about to become alumni of the same school!” The rest echoed.

In order to leave a good impression of himself on Cheryl, Lionel sang Zac’s praises. “Do you know? Zac almost topped the college entrance examination in your school, but there was a mutant in your school that year who got a perfect score on the exam... But this doesn’t matter; what matters is that Zac legitimately enrolled in Harvard through the college entrance examination. If you stay here and ever need help with your studies, you can just approach him!”

Lionel patted his chest and added, “Zac almost got a perfect score in Mathematics in the college entrance examination, you know! He’s unbelievable! God C, do you want to know how to get an almost perfect score in Mathematics? If you do, you can ask the captain to explain it to you!”

Cheryl: “?”

She was stunned for a moment. After thinking briefly, she answered seriously, “Is it by solving one fewer multiple-choice question?”

Everyone: “?”

Lionel: “???”

What did she mean by solving one fewer question?!

What he’d meant to express was that it was impressive how Zac had achieved a near-perfect score in mathematics, but why was God C’s response making it seem like she was a star student?

The corners of Zac’s lips spasmed.

Suddenly, he found the kid in front of him pretty cute.

Still, he hesitated for a moment before he looked at the coach. “When our team was recruiting, we had stated that candidates must be at least high school graduates. Never mind that she’s a minor; after all, there are players who started playing professionally when they were only 16. Is she going to be a pro player when she hasn’t even finished high school, though?”

He broke into a frown and his tone turned serious, completely forgetting that the cute Cheryl in front of him was God C. “This is not right,” he said.

“How so?”

The coach said, “She has already graduated high school! She even took the college entrance examination this year!”

In recent years, the game industry had been growing more and more rapidly. Many teenagers addicted to the Internet wanted to become professional e-sports players, resulting in many children neglecting their studies and getting preoccupied with thoughts of dropping out of school to play games.

Thus, there was now a new rule in the professional league—one must finish at least high school or vocational school before they could pursue a career as a professional e-sports player.

This rule was passed for the good of the children.

Lionel was stunned. “How can that be? She’s only fifteen! Yet she has already taken the college entrance examination?”

Cheryl nodded.

Lionel found it a little incredulous. “You skipped a grade? Why?”

She had definitely skipped a grade.

Cheryl replied, “So that I could play games!”

Her parents had requested that she pass the college entrance examination before she started her career as a professional e-sports player, so Cheryl had to study as quickly as possible! If it wasn’t for the fact that her brother was too demanding and insisted that she get a full score on the exam before she could skip a grade, she could even have taken the college entrance examination a year earlier!

Lionel suddenly understood something...

There were cases like this in the professional league too.

Some children had gaming talent, and ages between 16 to 22 were optimal for one to play professionally. To avoid letting those few years go to waste, parents of the really talented children would help them skip grades and graduate from high school as soon as possible so that they could compete.

A kid who joined the league this year had mediocre grades, yet he kept skipping grades in order to play professionally. After graduating from high school this year, he finally became an official player!

Thus, Lionel thought that Cheryl's case was a similar one...

He smiled and changed the subject. "Does this mean you're not going to university?"

Cheryl shook her head again. "No, my parents requested that I go to university, but they have agreed to let me take a year off from school this year."

"Well, that's true. Aside from Zac, going to university would only be a boring affair for the rest of us. You're probably only eligible for a third-rate university like me, right?"

"... That shouldn't be the case," replied Cheryl.

"You mean it may be worse?"

Lionel frowned. He wanted to say something, but he suddenly realized that he was speaking to a delicate young girl, so he shouldn't rub salt into her wound. Therefore, before Cheryl could explain, he changed the topic and said, "Alright, let's not talk about this anymore. Let's instead talk about what to do now. I see that you don't have much luggage with you. Shall I take you to the supermarket to get the things you need? Oh, by the way, there are only premium supermarkets nearby..."

After speaking, Lionel looked at Cheryl.

The teen girl looked dainty, but she dressed simply, and none of the clothes she wore had brand names on them.

Lionel had only decided to pursue a career in e-sports because his financial situation at home was not good.

Over the past two years, he had earned more than a million dollars in wages and bonuses in the club each year, so one could say that he was now exposed to various luxury brands. Since there weren't brand names on the teen's clothes, this meant that her clothes must be from fast fashion brands...

With that in mind, Lionel thought of how he had only thirty bucks on him when he first came to the club back then.

He had gone to the supermarket for daily necessities, but after entering the premium supermarket, he accidentally spent \$300 just shopping casually inside.

He had been dumbfounded at the time.

Why was a towel \$15 when they were sold for two or three bucks back in his hometown?!

He couldn't pay at all!

It was Zac who noticed his embarrassing situation and then footed the bill for him...

After recalling his own situation, Lionel looked at Cheryl even more kindly and said, "Come on, let's go, God C! I'll take you shopping. I have a membership card, so leave tonight's bill to me!"

"I can do it too!"

"Me, I can do it! I have money!"

Two other teammates also scrambled to pay.

Zac looked at them, the corners of his lips spasming. He said, "You can ask the coaching team for an advance on your first month's salary."

... *That isn't necessary at all*, thought Cheryl.

She touched the black card in her pocket and said quietly, "Um... I can pay for myself."

"How much can you possibly have?"

Lionel beckoned to her and said, "Come on, I'll drive you there."

Cheryl originally wanted to refuse, but when she heard the word "drive", she let out a quiet sigh.

She wasn't old enough to even get a driver's license yet...

Even though she could clearly drive and even ride a motorcycle...

Cheryl could only follow Lionel out the door. There was nothing in the room, so she did have to buy things like shampoo, shower gel, etc.

After Cheryl left, Zac suddenly picked up his cell phone and sent a text message to his former homeroom teacher: 'Hey, are you there? Can I ask you about a student?'

He wanted to know what Cheryl's grades were like so that he could decide if she needed his help in finding a good school after the college entrance examination.

After all, his family did have some status. Lionel's college entrance examination results had been mediocre back then. It was his family that had helped him enroll in an acceptable university. Otherwise, he would not have even been able to enroll in one.

As captain, Zac showed his teammates a lot of concern. If there was anything he could help with, he definitely would. He was much more reliable than their boss, Chester.

After he sent the message, his homeroom teacher replied: 'Who are you asking about?'

Zac: 'Do you know Cheryl Smith?'

His teacher: 'Of course! She's famous!'

Chapter 1018: C, the God of Gaming (5)

Famous?

Zac was a bit taken aback as he stared at the reply. He asked: 'What's going on?'

However, his homeroom teacher left him on a cliffhanger: 'Wanna guess?'

Zac: "..."

Guess? What for?!

He sent another message to the teacher: 'I'll bring you a couple of bottles of good wine when I go to New York for a competition during summer vacation.'

Only then did his teacher laugh and reply: 'Cheryl skipped two grades in a row, jumping directly from freshman year to senior year in high school. I heard she did it so that she could take part in a professional competition for the same game you're playing. Oh, by the way, she is also a star athlete. She was specially head-hunted by the school.'

A star athlete?

Zac thought of Cheryl's docile and soft appearance. She probably wasn't a student specializing in track and field, was she?

His attention was successfully diverted, and he asked: 'In arts?'

His teacher: 'No, shooting.'

Zac: "..."

He thought of how thin and frail she looked, yet she had enrolled in her high school as a shooting sports specialist. In addition, there was a charming contrast when he thought of a cute girl like her holding a gun.

The teacher sent another message: 'She stopped practicing during the last few years, though. But with the awards she has won, she won't have any problems enrolling in university...'

Zac suddenly realized what was going on.

So, that was what Cheryl was doing.

As an important sport and even a competitive segment in the Olympics, shooting had indeed become very popular in recent years. If her family's financial situation was good enough and they had exposed her to the sport since she was a child, this was indeed a viable option for her.

By now, he was already under the impression that Cheryl had poor grades and could only get into university by being a specialized student.

Thus, he stopped asking about her grades. Instead, he asked: 'She won't have problems enrolling in university?'

His teacher: 'Of course not. She's very talented in shooting...'

Cheryl was so sought after by various schools precisely because she was a hot favorite for marksmanship champion in the next Olympics.

Of course, his homeroom teacher didn't dare to say this out loud, so he could only hint at it vaguely.

After all, Cheryl was so young. If they put so much pressure on her, she might not be able to perform at her usual standard... Therefore, the coaches of the national team never let teachers show off to outsiders.

She was the national team's hidden trump card for the next Olympics.

Zac understood now. He asked: 'I see. By the way, which university did she choose in the end?'

His teacher: 'She hasn't picked one so far. The college entrance examination scores aren't out yet.'

Academic scores were taken into consideration for specialized students too.

As a result, Zac felt that the teacher must have been exaggerating when he said that she had a lot of talent.

If she was really that talented, why would she still need to take part in the college entrance examination? Schools would just find a way to directly recruit her...

Zac felt that he now had a better understanding of Cheryl.

Her family's financial situation was not bad and her grades were average. However, because her family was rich, they groomed her interest in shooting, where she then used her talent to enroll in a top high school and eventually university.

C had been playing games since she was five, and she had spent a lot of time playing games over the years, so her forte was still gaming.

Zac, who seemed to have realized something, ended his chat with his homeroom teacher.

However, the head coach of the team walked in with a sullen look on his face. "This is too much!"

Zac was surprised. "What's wrong?"

The head coach picked up his cell phone and handed it to Zac. Only then did he realize that their team was being roasted on social media.

Only Cheryl's back was pictured, but someone had taken a photo of Cheryl, Lionel, and the others shopping at the supermarket, as well as of her entering the club.

The paparazzi must have taken the photos.

However, as soon as the photos were released, all hell broke loose.

Team HS had failed to win the championship this year and came in second place because their gunner had injured his hand during the last season. This had angered the fans.

In the beginning, everyone was just sad, but because of these photos, the fans now behaved as though they had caught on to something and started roasting the team.

'No wonder they lost the game! Their minds are no longer on the game after they made some money, right? Are they just having fun with girls now?'

'Us fans can't even go to a sacred place like the club, yet they brought a girl in? Has HS given up on themselves after losing the competition once?'

'The whole team was performing below expectations in the competition. Their success has obviously gotten into their heads!'

'Hah, they still haven't officially announced their new gunner. Has the club given up on recruiting? Has everyone given up?'

'If you have given up, then please let your fans know, lest we continue to foolishly wait for the champions to return!'

...

...

Their comments were extremely unpleasant and unbearable.

After losing a game, even dating would be seen as a sin.

This was the reality that professional players had to face.

Seeing this, Zac's expression darkened. "Get rid of it, lest the kid sees such a disgusting thing and has her mood ruined when she has only just joined."

The head coach sighed. "I'll go clarify the matter, then."

Chapter 1019: C, the God of Gaming (6)

The head coach quickly logged in to the club's Facebook account and posted a clarification notice.

Club HS E-Sports: 'We believe that our players have the freedom to engage in romantic relationships, but we would still like to clarify that Lionel is currently not in one; the young lady is a new member of our club. As for who she is, we're keeping it a secret for now.'

Players easily became targets in e-sports competitions.

C was an expert gunner who could be said to be among the top tier of players in the league. Because of this, there were many who liked to study her habits and play style.

This made it easy for her to become a target for other teams.

Though she would reveal her presence in competitions sooner or later, having their competitors study her play style after the start of the competition was still preferable to revealing her identity at this point and giving them sufficient time to target her.

They would just keep it a secret for as long as they could.

It would be ideal if they could keep it a secret until the first round of the competition so that they could catch the opponents by surprise.

This was what everyone in the club had agreed upon previously.

As soon as the coach posted the notice, the fans calmed down.

To be honest, the fans were just expecting better from Club HS, that was all. They were the champions every year, yet they had come in second place this year. The retirement of the top gunner in the league due to injury had led to everyone paying special attention to Club HS.

They were afraid that the club would not fare well in the future.

Therefore, now that the club had cleared the air, the issue was resolved.

Nevertheless, when some looked at Cheryl's side profile in the photo, they couldn't help but raise a few questions.

'Is the new gunner a girl? Isn't she the first female professional player in the league?'

'What's wrong with female players? Can't we girls take part in the competition? What a joke! What age are we in now? Are there still people discriminating against girls?'

'Men have better reflexes in e-sports than women, right? Besides, the people who make it to the pinnacle of various industries all seem to be men.'

'LMAOing at the guy above. Here, let me tell you a story: the most famous surgeon in the world is a woman.'

'Here's another piece of trivia: Yanci, the top car racer in the world, is also a woman.'

'Chiming in to add that Q, the most well-known hacker in the world, is also a woman.'

...

After receiving a crash course from the rest, the person who had raised the question in the beginning immediately wussed out.

'I'm not discriminating against her. I'm welcoming her... In any case, the godly Zac is so strong that he can carry anyone anyway!'

'Yes, I welcome female players!'

The comments were relatively peaceful. After all, women had successfully achieved high positions in various industries over the years. Though there were few female competitive e-sports players, they did exist.

The head coach looked at the rest of the staff with a smile and said, "It's fortunate that women have made it into the ranks of top performers in every industry over the years, so there aren't many who question their abilities anymore when they become professional players."

However, among these comments was a question:

'Judging from her side-profile, she seems very young, though? Is she an elementary school student?'

The coach immediately replied to the message: 'Don't worry, our new member just took her college entrance examination this year. She reported for duty right after that.'

'Then it's fine.'

The problem was resolved easily and smoothly. All the dissent online seemed to have disappeared, and not many had raised doubts about girls participating in e-sports.

Even though the coach knew that there wouldn't be that much opposition in the first place, wasn't this going a little too smoothly?

Little did he know...

In New York, Alexander stretched lazily and said, "Tsk, tsk. Trending on social media when she has only just reached the club. As expected, Cheryl can't manage without her big brother!"

As he spoke, Peter, who was sitting opposite him, slowly looked up.

Differences were already starting to show in fifteen-year-old Peter and Cheryl's looks.

Cheryl still looked cute and adorable, but there was an additional sense of toughness in the same facial features on Peter. In addition, Peter had trained in martial arts frequently over the years, so his features were more defined, and he didn't have any baby fat. He looked absolutely dashing.

He slowly said, "You mean big brothers."

"... Fine," said Alexander.

He pulled his hand from the keyboard and said, "Write a program and keep an eye on the Internet. If anyone says things like 'girls can't be professional e-sports players'

again, ban their accounts! Also, Cheryl's side profile is more than enough on the Internet; all full-frontal photos must be deleted. Don't go too soft on them. I have something on, so I'll go for now."

The incident was resolved quietly. When Cheryl returned to the club after she was done shopping for daily necessities, she didn't yet know that she had trended on social media.

Her teammates enthusiastically escorted her to the room and even helped her clean it up.

When the head coach came over, he immediately saw Cheryl seated on the sofa while the rest of the team was busy with chores.

The corners of his lips spasmed.

Generally, whenever there was fresh blood in the team, everyone treated them with mild skepticism. Moreover, they were all still young and hot-blooded. The head coach had been worried that they would get into a dispute with the new member.

But from how things looked... It seemed despite having only been here for two hours, Cheryl had already become the club favorite!

However... the head coach looked at Cheryl.

The teen girl sat quietly on the sofa as she munched on a potato chip she was holding between her fair fingers. Her little mouth was moving constantly, making her look cute and well-behaved, like a little squirrel. Even he didn't dare to raise his voice at her!

So, it was only natural that she would end up as the club favorite, right?

While the head coach was musing, a staff member suddenly came over. The man looked serious as he said, "Coach, Club JQ is so shameless!"

Surprised, the head coach asked, "What happened?"

"Take a look at this!"

The staff member took out his cell phone, opened up Facebook, and handed it to the coach.

Only then did the head coach realize that Club JQ, their archrival, had officially announced a new member in their team this year!

Team JQ had also welcomed a new player this year, and everyone had been guessing who it might be...

However, they had just made an official announcement, and the new member was also a well-known player in the game—the female live-streamer, Jimmy.

A female player!

Well, that was some pretty hot news.

The problem, though, was that Team JQ had made a special mention of Jimmy's education when they introduced her—because she was a rare one with relatively high academic qualifications among the group!

She was an undergraduate at a prestigious university!

After the news went public, fans of Team JQ took the opportunity to create the image of a highly-educated intellectual for her...

They were clearly facing off with Club HS by doing this!

Fans of Team JQ were even starting to antagonize them on the Internet.

They outright @-mentioned Club HS' official account and asked, "How high can your new member score in the college entrance examination?"

The head coach: "!!!"

This was an e-sports competition!! What was the point of obsessing over the players' college entrance examination results?!

What a ridiculous way of antagonizing them!

Had they let their win go to their heads after becoming the champions just once?

They had practically come all the way to their doorstep to bully them now!

Yet...

He glanced at Cheryl.

Sensing that he was looking at her, Cheryl looked up, whereupon she saw the head coach smile kindly at her as he said, "It's okay. College entrance examination scores aren't everything. We don't look at one's college entrance examination results in this industry."

Cheryl: “??”

Chapter 1020: C, the God of Gaming (7)

Cheryl picked up another potato chip, took a bite, and then looked at the head coach.
“Oh, okay.”

Then, she saw the head coach pacing back and forth in front of her as he looked at her earnestly, looking like someone who wanted to ask her something yet didn't dare to.

“... Coach, is there something you want to ask me?” Cheryl asked.

The head coach coughed and said, “Um, I'm just asking about this casually. I am absolutely not insinuating anything, nor am I looking down on you! But, well, what kind of university do you think you can get into?”

After speaking, the head coach wanted to give himself a tight slap.

What was he even asking?

The teen obviously looked easily embarrassed. What if the young lady couldn't even get into a university at all? How was she going to answer him?

The head coach immediately tried to repair the situation. “No, what I mean to say is, it's okay even if it's just a specialist school. Er, it doesn't matter whether you go to university or not...”

“Yes, yes, that's right! I also think that academic qualifications aren't important in our industry!” Lionel had also seen the posts and comments on Facebook. He came over immediately to comfort her and said, “Look at me, I only attended a lousy second-rate university while these guys here went to even worse ones!”

The rest of the team also hurried over and comforted her.

“Exactly, so it's alright no matter how you score in the exams!”

“It's okay even if you don't attend university!”

“Haha, mutants like Captain Zac are a rarity in our industry. Nobody can ace their exams while being an expert gamer too, right?”

“We compete with our abilities, not academic qualifications!”

...

While they were talking, Cheryl sensed that something was amiss.

The smart girl blinked a couple of times and then opened up Facebook, where she saw that someone had at-mentioned Club HS.

As she stared at her cell phone, her big eyes widened in disbelief.

Upon seeing this, the head coach next to her became even more distressed. “D-don’t cry, Cheryl... Everything will be fine, they are just jealous that you’re pretty!”

“Yeah, you’re so much prettier than that live-streamer lady, so she could only try to make up for the difference with her academics...”

“Ignore them. They’re just trying to embarrass you!”

“Their fans all seem to feel some kind of sense of superiority to others online. Ha, it’s not like having good grades will let them win the championship, right?”

As everyone comforted her, they saw her look up.

On her flawless little face, they didn’t see any sadness in her eyes but faint... excitement instead?

The head coach felt like his eyes must be playing tricks on him. He was about to speak when Cheryl said docilely, “Coach, can I reply to the message?”

The head coach: “?”

The teen spoke so innocently that he couldn’t even make himself say no!

The corners of his lips spasmed as he considered the proposal for a moment. Then, he replied, “Alright, go ahead, but don’t argue with them. People online are just being led on by others... Don’t cry, either, nor do you have to feel like you’ve let the fans down just because your grades are poor... Oh, and don’t use foul language. We’ll deduct \$30 per swear word you use.”

“Okay!”

Cheryl opened up her Facebook settings and changed her name to Cherry HS.

She knew that the club didn’t want her to reveal her identity yet, so she didn’t change it to “C”. After the change, the head coach made a welcome post on the club’s official Facebook page: ‘Welcome to the club, @Cherry HS.’

With that, everyone now knew that Cherry HS was the new member of Club HS.

After that, Cheryl lowered her head and started typing a message.

The head coach watched her from a distance away and shook his head slightly.

Lionel was a little worried. "Coach, aren't you concerned that she may use abusive language or argue with them?"

The head coach replied, "She has promised me that she wouldn't. Besides, she's so innocent. Do you think she would argue with them?"

Lionel nodded after hearing this. He certainly didn't dare to even speak a little loudly to Cheryl. The girl looked so delicate that it was as if she would shatter like porcelain if he spoke even a little louder than usual.

The two of them thought that even if the girl panicked for real and argued a bit with the people online, she would probably just say something like "If you continue insulting me, I'll beat you up with my little fists".

There was no firepower whatsoever.

In fact, Lionel couldn't help but suggest, "Coach, should I help her hurl a couple of insults?"

The head coach looked at him coldly at once. "Ha ha, that would be \$30 deducted per word, then."

Lionel shut up immediately.

He was the embodiment of a miser.

While the two were chatting, a staff member of the club suddenly approached them anxiously. When he saw the head coach, his expression immediately changed, and he looked as if he wanted to cry!

"Coach!!"

The head coach looked at him. "What's wrong?"

He subconsciously looked at Cheryl and asked, "Did you use abusive language?"

Cheryl shook her head, the look in her eyes cute and innocent as she answered, "Nope!"

"Nope"...

She was just too cute!

The head coach completely believed her.

The staff member next to him was caught between laughter and tears, though. He said, "God C, it's true that you didn't use abusive language... but it might have been better if you had!"

The head coach was stunned when he heard this.

At last, he sensed something amiss belatedly and picked up his cell phone, where he saw that the welcome post for Cheryl had been pinned at the top.

In the post, someone had at-mentioned her and asked: 'Jimmy scored 1300 on her SAT. Do you know how she scored so high?'

At the sight of the question, the head coach's heart suddenly sank.

He suddenly thought of Cheryl's response when Lionel mentioned Zac's near-perfect score in his mathematics paper during the college entrance examination.

He continued scrolling down, and sure enough, he saw Cheryl's reply: 'Did she miss out chunks of questions in one of the papers?'

The head coach: "??"

He felt his vision blacking out!

He was getting that vague feeling of someone showing off again!!

Nevertheless, he asked, "S-she must be joking, right?"

The staff member sighed. He felt as though the head coach, who was strict with everyone, had been blinded by Cheryl. He said, "Keep reading."

The head coach continued scrolling down.

Then, he saw someone at-mention her again. They asked: 'Oh wow, since you are so smart, which university do you think you can get into?'

Cheryl replied: 'I am considering Harvard and MIT, but I haven't decided which yet.'

As expected, the comments that followed were full of jeering. Everyone was guffawing.

The head coach: "!!!"

He looked up at Cheryl.

Still speaking in the same innocent tone, Cheryl said, "See? I didn't use any abusive language."

“It might have been better if you had!”

The head coach panicked.

If she had used abusive language, it would at least have been because the other party had provoked her first, so she couldn't help but retaliate, which would have made her reaction justifiable. But what was she bragging so freaking much for?!

Harvard and MIT? She was considering them?

Were those two schools something one could joke so carelessly about?!!!

His voice shook as he said, “Um, if memory serves me right, the college entrance examination results will be out in ten days, right?”

Cheryl nodded. “Yup!”

She was giving him that same harmless and adorable feeling again...

The head coach felt like he had been completely bewitched by her. The corners of his lips spasmed and he found himself utterly at a loss for words.

Next to him, the staff member couldn't help but ask, “What do we do, coach?”

The head coach replied, “What else can we do? Have the PR department ready! They'd better do a good job at handling this matter on the day the college entrance examination results are released!!!”

That girl was still so young and was even so pretty, but why must she be such a huge braggart?!!

Chapter 1021: College Entrance Examination Results Are Out!

What happened next was true to the head coach's expectations—Club JQ's fans went into full-out ridicule mode.

By the end of it, the situation had turned into “The presumptuous new member of Club HS is competing with Jimmy over academic qualifications!”

This was despite the fact that they had started the argument first!

It was just a shame that Club HS couldn't clear the air even if they wanted to because Cheryl had personally made those outrageous claims.

In the end, the head coach had no choice but to implement a new rule—uninstall Facebook!

All of them uninstalled Facebook for a period of time. Once the whole thing blew over, they would download it again... Their accounts were managed by club staff anyway.

Cheryl had no choice but to do the same. She had always been an obedient girl, so she also did as told and uninstalled Facebook.

“Starting from tomorrow, you and Zac will team up in ranked matches to build up a rapport with each other.”

The head coach said to Cheryl.

Zac, who happened to exit his room at this point, nodded when he heard him.

Zac was the jungler and ganker of the team. By having the two of them play together, the head coach wanted to let Zac have a look at Cheryl’s play style and habits so that he could work with her to take down opponents.

After all, the jungler was the one in control of the overall pace in a game.

“Okay. We’ll try a ranked match at eleven o’clock tomorrow morning.”

“Okie-Dokie!”

After bidding goodbye to the others, Cheryl entered her room.

Everything in the room had been tidied up, so she only needed to unpack her belongings.

Cheryl spent a bit of time unpacking and then washed up. Then, she lay on the bed and picked up her cell phone.

There were a lot of messages in the family group chat.

Her brothers and father were asking her how her new club was, whether she was lonely living in a villa all by herself, and whether she wanted them to find her a caretaker.

Cheryl glanced at the cramped room and then, with a guilty conscience, replied: ‘No, it’s fine! I like being by myself!’

As soon as she sent the reply, she received a video call from Justin.

Cheryl: “...”

She answered the call and pointed the camera at the ceiling.

The room layouts in the two villas were similar. After all, both had been renovated before they were handed over to their owners...

Justin's voice was low, and the beauty mark at the corner of his eye was as alluring as ever. As Cheryl looked at him, she couldn't help but wonder why her father seemed like he simply didn't age at all.

People would believe him even if he stood next to her brothers and claimed that the three of them were brothers!

"Show me the room," Justin said.

Cheryl's guilty conscience immediately took over. "No, I just took a shower, so I can't right now!"

The little girl was already fifteen years old, so Justin did have to watch himself.

He kept quiet for a while and then handed the phone to Nora. "Then show your mom the room."

Cheryl: "!!!"

She stared at the sleepy Nora on the screen...

Her mom looked even younger than her dad. Even after so many years, she still looked like a 20-year-old... Of course, this was taking into consideration the fact that she was only 35 years old that year.

She yawned loudly and asked in a low voice, "Must you?"

She was talking to Justin.

Justin replied, "Check whether she is living in the villa next door. A girl mustn't stay by herself in the same house as a group of boys."

"..."

Cheryl felt even guiltier now.

Then, she saw Nora's lazy eyes glance at the phone. It was as though she could see right through her through the screen.

Cheryl immediately gave her an ingratiating smile. "Mommy, you seem to have become even prettier after a few days of separation! It's Hollywood's loss that you didn't become an actress! It's humanity's loss that they can't see you on the big screen!"

Nora: "..."

The obvious flattery clearly indicated a guilty conscience.

She glanced sideways. When she saw Justin's head leaning over, she immediately switched the video call to voice only. She sounded as lazy as ever, and she spoke like a big boss as she said, "What are you looking at? Cheryl says it's inappropriate."

"... Okay."

Her arrogant and domineering CEO of a father was like a little kitten right now.

Cheryl secretly giggled.

Mommy was the only one in this world who could do something about Daddy!

After chatting with them a while more, Cheryl hung up.

Then, she saw a message from Mia: 'Cherry, you're so daring.'

Little Mia did not have an insanely high IQ like her, but she was very hardworking and diligent, so she had also skipped a grade. Thus, even though she was fifteen years old, she was already in her second year of high school.

Cheryl called her.

Mia picked up quickly. The gently speaking girl was no longer the pushover she used to be, but she had such a frail temperament that it made one want to protect her.

Her face was still pointed and oval-shaped like before, except that she was even prettier now after growing up. She had combined the best features of Joel and Tanya, so she was also well-known for her beauty in the New York circle.

On the other hand, Cheryl didn't like appearing in public, so few people knew her.

Mia asked slowly, "Aren't you afraid of not performing well?"

"How can that be?" Cheryl replied sweetly, "Even if I can't get a perfect score like Pete, I'll still score at least 1500!"

At the mention of Peter, Mia paused and changed the subject subtly. "How I wish half a month could pass when we wake up tomorrow! Then you could've slapped their faces with your score!"

"D'aw, time flies by anyway! By the way, what are you doing?"

"Studying," Mia replied.

"You have good grades, so you definitely won't have any problems in the college entrance exam. Why are you still working so hard this late at night?"

Mia was briefly taken aback. Then, she replied, "Mm, I want to do better on the exams."

So that you can go to Pete?

However, Cheryl held herself back and didn't say it out loud.

As Mia and Peter grew up, their relationship gradually became unfathomable. Mia was his younger cousin, yet Peter had gradually put distance between him and her.

This was the same for Mia. She stopped sticking to Peter whenever the two families got together and started sticking to Cheryl instead.

Both their parents were busy with various things and didn't notice this, but Cheryl had.

"Alright, I'm cheering for you," said Cheryl.

—

After hanging up, Cheryl threw everything to the back of her mind.

The next morning, after waking up and playing a ranked match with Zac, Cheryl felt some long-lost pleasure!

She always had to carry her teammates in the past, but when she played in the ranked match with Zac, she felt the capabilities of a professional player. Zac seemed to know what she wanted to do all the time. Whenever she wanted to rush forward, he was already lying in ambush in the bushes at the side.

And whenever she wanted to retreat, Zac would retreat even faster than her...

This made Cheryl's eyes light up more and more!

As expected, professional players were different!

Immersed in the training, Cheryl didn't even realize that a whole week had passed.

A week later, when the head coach held a routine meeting with Zac, he asked, "How is C?"

The corners of Zac's lips curled into a smile and he replied, "She's great."

He seldom had such high praise for anyone, especially a teammate.

Therefore, the head coach could tell that Zac was very satisfied.

He had also studied the recordings of Zac and Cheryl's ranked matches.

Zac's skills were at a much higher level than what he showed. However, Lionel and the other teammates couldn't keep up with him, so he could only lower his level to cooperate with them.

After all, they played this game as a team, not as individuals.

As a result, this severely limited Zac's performance.

However, the head coach found out that God C could keep up with him!

It was as though the two of them shared the same brain. No matter what Zac did, Cheryl could always react quickly and keep up with him. Sometimes, she even reacted earlier than him...

To be honest, before God C joined the team, he'd had a lot of doubts about the decision!

Not only was God C a girl, but she was also only fifteen years old. Could she really do it?

But after observing her for a week, he realized that she really could!

In fact, with her in Club HS, the team had become even stronger. The combination of God C and Zac had demonstrated exponential results!

The head coach felt as if the champion trophy of the new season was waving at Club HS right now!

He let out a delighted laugh.

However, the next moment, he frowned and said, "Sigh, God C's gaming capabilities are undeniable, but so is her ability to stir up trouble!"

Upon hearing this, Zac's expression darkened. "Is that incident still not over yet?"

“No, it’s not!”

At the mention, the head coach became even angrier. He said, “The situation had originally calmed down, and there weren’t many still mocking her. But during Jimmy’s live-stream last night, she made insinuations about the situation again, bringing it back to people’s attention... I initially thought that after the incident died down, everyone would forget about it by the time the college entrance examination results came out. But she’s gone and reminded everyone that the results will be out in a week now, which revived the topic... Club JQ is so shameless when it comes to leeching off others’ popularity and hot topics!”

Zac stayed quiet for a while before he asked, “What did the boss say?”

He was referring to Chester.

Chester was very protective of the club members. A couple of years ago, when Lionel had a small accident, Chester had immediately paid to get the heat off him and suppressed the incident.

He was sure that the boss would step forward and defend her this time too...

But as soon as the thought formed, the head coach frowned and replied, “Come to think of it, the situation is rather strange this time. Usually, the boss would ask how things are whenever the club met with even a bit of trouble, but he hasn’t said even a word this time. In fact, when I approached the boss about this matter today—so that he could do something about the Facebook activity—he actually said... to let it be!”

Zac was taken aback. “Let it be?”

“Yeah.”

The head coach was so troubled that he was close to having insomnia. He said, “To be honest, being insulted or mocked a little is not a big deal. I’m mainly just concerned that the young lady won’t be able to take it, leading to her frame of mind being affected... That’s exactly what Club JQ is doing this time—toying with the young lady’s frame of mind. They are so insidious!”

Zac frowned and kept quiet.

He thought of the kid’s seemingly inexhaustible energy whenever she was gaming. Even if there were rumors flying about, surely it wouldn’t get her down, right? Besides, the boss had always been reliable...

With this in mind, he said, “Then let’s do as the boss says.”

The head coach nodded. "Maybe we should see this as a chance for the newcomer to train her mental resilience. If she can overcome it, nothing will get her down in the future. If she can't, it won't do her good if we are overprotective of her anyway."

Amid the few people's anxiety, at last, the college entrance examination results were released.

Chapter 1022: The Scores???

As the date of release for the college entrance examination results approached, the Club HS members grew increasingly nervous.

After two weeks of interaction, everyone had grown fond of Cheryl, who was good at gaming, looked cute and sweet, and was soft-spoken!

Sometimes when they saw her watching videos as she munched on fries, they couldn't even imagine that she was the little girl blasting people with her cannon in the game.

In the game, Cheryl, whose forte was being a gunner, played as a female character who carried a cannon as big as herself and could take out half an opponent's HP with just a single blast.

Moreover, the character could move quickly from one spot to another, so her movements were flexible and she was not easily caught. This simply fitted her image too well.

As a result, everyone subconsciously became protective of her... They even subconsciously gave her the best of everything in daily life.

Take for example their lunch. In the past, whenever they had fried chicken, everyone would fight for the drumsticks. This wasn't because they really wanted the drumsticks; rather, it was just the boys' competitive streak.

But now...

"The watermelon is really sweet today! Come on, cut them into pieces and give some to God C! She likes munching on fruits when she watches game replays."

"Oh, this crab has so much roe! Here you go, C!"

"What? They are customizing new equipment for us again? I'm not in a hurry, so God C can go first! Ladies first!"

"..."

Cheryl had become the club's favorite.

Even the strict Captain Zac had turned a blind eye to the situation, and was no longer the 'Demon Lord Jungler' he was previously known as. In fact...

"You can have the first red buff we get."

The first wave of the game was spent clearing monsters in the jungle. In the past, in order to reach level 4 quickly, Zac had to set the pace, so he never gave the first wave of monsters to the gunners or mages.

Even Lionel, the mage, didn't have such privilege!

Yet Cheryl had been given the team's first red buff.

When Lionel heard this during a team match, he wanted to cry. He asked, "Captain, when will you ever give me the first blue buff?"

Zac, who was controlling the mouse, replied perfunctorily, "Hmm... Try having a sex change first?"

Lionel: "..."

That evening, they played until it was late in the night—because they would be able to check the examination results online once it was midnight!

The matter had been on everyone's minds all this time; they just didn't dare to mention anything about it, that's all. One by one, all of them looked at Cheryl—only to see her hands flying across the keyboard at high speed. She didn't look nervous in the least.

Had she forgotten about it?

Despite thinking so, they found it somewhat of a positive development.

While they were having a break after the match, Zac quickly went to the club's public relations department, where he saw the head coach and some others on standby.

Upon seeing him, the head coach extended his hand to him and said, "Don't worry, we are ready!"

Since the day before, fans of Club JQ had been @-mentioning Cheryl constantly.

A verified big-name fan of Club JQ had made a post, which was subsequently liked and reposted by many:

'The college entrance examination results will be out soon. Are you scared yet? So, have you decided which university to attend? Is it Harvard or MIT?'

They even included a mocking GIF in the post.

It was obvious that they were being sarcastic.

There was still more than an hour until midnight.

This hour-long period tormented everyone in the club.

When Zac returned, he saw Cheryl still gaming with a lollipop in her mouth. She looked as though she had really forgotten about the matter.

Suddenly, he felt awfully unsettled.

He wanted to ask her what exactly was going on.

From the side, Lionel also couldn't help but ask, "Hey, God C. Um, did you ever try estimating your score after the college entrance examinations?"

Cheryl glanced at him with her big and pretty eyes and then answered, "Nope!"

Ever since she started scoring full marks in the mock exams, she seldom looked at the answers. She had absolute confidence that she could get everything right!

Lionel: "..."

He wanted to ask further about the matter, but the person next to him covered his mouth and gave him a look that screamed "Stop asking about it! Why are you so clueless?!".

Lionel muttered, "It's obviously because she looks so calm and relaxed, so I thought she might really pull it off... That's why I asked..."

She didn't even try estimating her score... Just how much did Cheryl love her games?!

Although he was awfully anxious about it, he didn't dare to probe any further. Thus, he tried to incite Zac to do it instead. He said, "Captain, why don't you try asking your teacher for some information again? Ask him if she can get into a prestigious... nah, a first-rate university. A first-rate university would sound reasonable too. This way, they won't mock her too badly..."

Zac glanced at him and then shoved both hands in his pockets. "Ugh, look at how impatient you are!"

Lionel: "!!"

He hung his head upon being chastised. But when he noticed Zac going out again, he couldn't help but ask, "Captain, where are you going?"

"To the bathroom."

Lionel: "?"

He scratched his head. "Captain, do you have bladder issues? Didn't you just go?"

Zac: "..."

This time, Zac indeed entered the bathroom next door. He took out his cell phone, opened up his chat with his ex-homeroom teacher, and then sent a text message: 'Hey, can I ask you a question? Based on your understanding of Cheryl, can she get into a first-rate university?'

After a moment's consideration, Zac changed "first-rate" to "second-rate" and then sent the message...

After sending the message, he waited anxiously for his teacher's reply.

Time was creeping closer and closer. Like the other members of the club, he was also becoming more and more nervous.

People were also starting to become more and more active on the Club JQ social media pages.

But why wasn't his teacher replying? Was he already asleep at this time?

Wasn't it too early?

He couldn't help but call his teacher.

As soon as he dialed his number, someone picked up.

His teacher's cheerful voice reached him from the other end of the call. "What are you doing, Zac? College entrance examination results will be out in a moment, so we are all waiting! The students' parents are all trying to talk to me, yet you're taking up my precious time. Those who didn't know better would have thought you had a daughter taking the college entrance examinations!"

Zac: "..."

He suppressed his annoyance and said, "Er, take a look at the message I sent..."

The head teacher seemingly glanced at it, upon which a strange silence ensued for two seconds. Then, he asked, "Do you actually think Cheryl is aiming for a second-rate university?"

An uneasy and nervous Zac asked, "... Is there no hope of that happening?"

"... No." The teacher replied.

Zac: "..."

He broke into a frown. Just as he was about to speak, his teacher suddenly raised his voice. "Do you actually think that she can only get into a second-rate university? Who do you think you're looking down on?!"

Zac: "?"

He wanted to respond, but his teacher cut him off and said, "Alright, I have bawling students who need me to comfort them because they didn't score well in the exams. Don't take up any more of my time!"

After saying that, he hung up.

Zac: "..."

For some reason, he now felt even more uneasy after the call.

What on earth did his teacher mean by that?

—

Cheryl was awfully weirded out by the strange atmosphere in the club tonight. The others would glance at her from time to time, but when she looked back at them, they would quickly look away.

She glanced at the time—the scores would be out in another ten minutes. Thus, she didn't start a new round after finishing the current one. Instead, she picked up a bag of potato chips and a slice of watermelon and started munching on them.

As she did, next to her, Lionel slightly pushed the paper napkins on his table toward her. He did it again and again until they were right in front of her.

Cheryl: "?"

The girl was confused for a moment. Then, she picked one up and wiped her fingers with it as she said, "Thanks."

"You're welcome." Lionel coughed and added, "These tissues are specially made for wiping tears and snot. Ordinary tissues may irritate the nose and make it turn red if you blow your nose with them..."

When Lionel came down with a cold some time back, the skin at his nose had gotten rashes from wiping his nose with normal tissues. Knowing that the exam results would be released soon and afraid that God C would burst into tears, Lionel had specially searched for these tissues on the Internet and even placed an order a week ago, for fear that they would not come in time for today.

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Cheryl: "..."

She blinked and replied, "Oh."

Not only was Lionel behaving strangely, but the others around her were also looking at her with slight... sympathy in their eyes?

She thought of telling Zac that something seemed wrong with everyone today, but as soon as she turned her head, she saw Zac taking out a few ice cubes from the refrigerator and putting them on a towel. Then, he coughed and said, "I heard that people should apply an ice pack on their eyes before they go to bed if they cry their eyes out. Um, just so you know, the club has lots of ice cubes!"

Cheryl: "??"

She broke into a frown, not quite sure what was wrong with all of them. Why were they all expecting her to cry?

Amid the strange atmosphere, Cheryl picked up her cell phone, where she found that midnight had struck!

Cheryl's eyes lit up.

She could check the scores now.

The family had been chatting about this earlier in the day.

Alexander had asked her how many points she thought she could get in the exam, after which he said that they would be able to find out whether she had achieved a perfect score tonight.

Justin had comforted her and told her that it was alright even if she didn't get a perfect score.

Even her mom, who was always lazy and only cared about sleeping, had popped up in the group chat and added a "+1" below Justin's text message.

Peter hadn't appeared in the chat.

Alexander even took the opportunity to mock Peter for not showing concern for his sister.

When it turned midnight, Cheryl stopped munching on snacks and opened up the exam results website, where she then entered her admission ticket number...

It went without saying that she was concerned about her grades too. There was no doubt that she would be able to enroll in Harvard University; what mattered now was the score she got in with... Once she knew her score, she would also be able to update her family in the group chat.

While she was doing all this, the people behind her crowded around her.

One... two... three... four heads leaned in from behind her, and everyone held their breath as they watched Cheryl hit the Enter key.

The page immediately changed to a loading screen...

Soon, Cheryl's score appeared.

Everyone immediately looked over, and one by one, their eyes widened.

Were their eyes playing tricks on them?!

Chapter 1023: Fighting For The Same Candidate!!

Cheryl also found herself stunned for a moment. Then, she heaved a disappointed sigh.

Displayed on the screen was a score of... 0?

While Cheryl was spacing out, a furor went through the rest of the team.

"How can this be?!"

"Is something wrong with the system? How can the score be 0?"

"Even if you guess your way through the papers and choose C for every question, you still won't get 0 points, right?"

"Yeah, there must have been a mistake somewhere!"

“Even I scored more than 100 points on my college entrance examination back then! It’s too difficult to get a 0!”

Someone even entertained a ludicrous thought and asked, “Hey Cheryl, you couldn’t possibly have skipped every single paper and just filled in your name, right? Did you do that just to shut your family up because they wouldn’t let you join the team unless you took the college entrance examination? Are you trying to get back at them?”

Cheryl: “...”

The corners of her lips spasmed. When she was about to say something, next to her, a contemplative look came over Zac’s face.

0 points... He had seen that before.

But compared to those people, this young lady in front of him was... So, how could it possibly have been 0 points?

At the same time, Cheryl lowered her head and saw Peter leisurely send a message in the group chat:

‘Cherry won’t be able to see her scores tonight. The scores of the top 50 in each city are protected, so their scores will be masked and displayed as 0. A certain somebody did not take the college entrance examination, so it’s only natural that he wouldn’t know. @Alexander]

He was dissing Alexander for saying that he didn’t care about his sister.

Alexander responded very quickly: ‘Even if they have masked it, as a hacker, couldn’t you have hacked into the system to take a look? At the bottom of it all, it’s still because you don’t care enough about Cherry.’

Peter replied: ‘I tried hacking into their system to check Cherry’s score just now, but they are using the latest firewall technology, so I didn’t manage to get in.’

A proud Justin immediately sent a message: ‘That firewall was enhanced by Nora.’

Everyone: “?”

Cheryl’s lip corners spasmed. What was her dad being so proud of when it was her mom who wrote the firewall program?

Peter asked: ‘Can Dad hack into it?’

Justin, who was completely unashamed of the fact that he couldn’t get past his wife’s firewall, replied proudly: ‘Of course not.’

Alexander: "..."

Peter: "..."

Cheryl: 'I have six things to say:'

Cheryl: '...'

Just as the three were utterly speechless, Nora finally popped up in the chat: '1598. Two points were deducted in the essay.'

Cheryl: "?"

The others: "???"

After that, Cheryl received congratulatory messages from Alexander, Peter, and Justin. However, she was still a little disappointed, so she hung her head.

Her reaction made Lionel and others even more nervous. Everyone asked, "Hey God C, you... you didn't really submit a blank paper, did you?"

Zac was also a little confused.

As far as he was aware, the scores of the top 50 in each city were masked as a protective measure. And of course, those 50 candidates were basically split between Harvard and MIT.

Should this really be the case, then there wouldn't be anything wrong when Cheryl said that she was still considering Harvard and MIT!

Zac felt like he had stumbled upon the truth.

Cheryl was actually a star student.

He clearly felt like he had guessed the truth, so why was Cheryl suddenly showing such an abject look of disappointment? Had she really handed in a blank paper like what Lionel and the others were saying?

Zac became uncertain again.

Just as everyone was bewildered and confused, Cheryl heaved a huge sigh and said, "I didn't get 1600 points. This is so maddening!"

Everyone: "..."

The difference between 0 and 1600 was kinda big, wasn't it?

Was God C still in lala-land?

Or did she decide to go for the lowest score possible because she couldn't get a score of 1600?

It was certainly true that nobody had a lower score than that in the entire country!

Everyone's lip corners spasmed. They wanted to say something, but they didn't know how they should comfort her.

0 points... God C sure was pitiful!

The only one with a different reaction was Zac. His pupils shrank fiercely, and he confirmed his suspicions.

Originally, he had thought that Cheryl barely made it into the top 50, but judging from what she just said... her score was nearly perfect?!

So, she was even smarter than he'd thought?!

Where did a star student like her pop up from?!

Zac frowned.

It was at this point that the head coach also rushed into the room. "God C, how many points did you score?"

Cheryl closed the results page quietly and replied, "We'll have to wait a little longer to find out."

"Wait?" The head coach, who had never associated with true star students before, was confused. "Aren't the college entrance examination results out yet? But I saw many people showing off their scores on social media!"

Lionel and the others immediately lowered their heads and kept quiet.

Sigh. Since God C was embarrassed to talk about her exam score, then they'd better not expose her.

Zac, however, clenched his jaw, his dark eyes glued to Cheryl. The adorable young lady in front of him looked harmless and easily made one let down their guard against her, but as it turned out, she wasn't just amazing at games... Was she so full of surprises even when it came to studying?!

He pressed his lips together.

As for Cheryl, she downloaded the Facebook app onto her cell phone.

As soon as she did, she saw that fans of both Club HS and Club JQ had poured into her Facebook page and were asking her about her college entrance examination score.

Cheryl could only reply: 'It isn't out yet.'

As soon as she sent the reply, her cell phone rang. She glanced at the number and then stood. "I have to answer a call."

The head coach nodded.

Cheryl tapped on the answer button as she walked past the few of them. Zac happened to be standing right beside her, so he overheard the voice coming from her cell phone: "Hello, can I speak with Ms. Cheryl Smith? Hello, we are calling from the Harvard University admissions office. As you have scored particularly well in your college entrance examination, we would like to invite you..."

Zac: "!!"

He was not only an excellent player in the gaming industry, but he had also been a Harvard student. This had always been something that gave him extraordinary status, as well as something he was proud of.

But in this instant, he suddenly felt that his academic qualifications were worthless...

While Cheryl was on the phone, the head coach looked at the Facebook page again. The comments on the page were going crazy.

Cheryl's reply had stunned everyone.

Everyone thought she was pulling a diva act.

Fans of Club HS were defending her while fans of Club JQ were attacking her madly.

'Ha, didn't somebody boast about choosing between two universities previously? Yet she is staying quiet when the results are out? What a joke! Is she afraid that we'll mock her if she announces her results?'

'Everybody else's grades are already out except hers? Yeah right, does she think she's special or what?'

'Special? What nonsense! A certain somebody is just scared! Since she sucks at studying, why even bother competing with Jimy over education qualifications?'

'Isn't that obvious? She's just trying to leech off Jimmy's popularity by competing with her over academic qualifications! Trash!'

...

...

Club HS fans panicked.

'This is e-sports, not school!'

'Are exam scores even that important? Did everyone in your club go to college?'

'What a joke! Who's even trying to compete with Jimmy? It was obviously you guys who came forward, okay? Has Club HS ever claimed that she is a star student?'

However, Club JQ fans refused to listen to the explanations.

During this period of time, everyone had focused only on what Cheryl had said about how she was considering Harvard University and MIT and flamed her for it.

Her statement had been posted on Facebook without any context. Who would care about the actual circumstances behind it when they were just onlookers?

All they knew was that they simply found her statement too arrogant!

Many fans even started to at-mention the two schools and inquire if they had admitted her.

MIT was the first to respond.

On MIT's official page: 'We don't admit just anybody into the school.'

They outright mocked Cheryl with just one sentence.

This elicited even more laughter from Club JQ fans.

Even Jimmy herself stepped forward and at-mentioned MIT: 'It has always been my dream to attend MIT. I hope I can enroll in the school as a student...'

However, the cold and aloof MIT ignored her.

This did not stop the others from ridiculing Cheryl, though.

The head coach was in a huge panic. "They are dragging MIT into it as well, it's going to be even harder for God C to respond now!"

As soon as he said that, Zac narrowed his eyes.

He suddenly realized that MIT might not even know the name of the new Club HS member.

Zac clenched his jaw.

He walked toward the door and Cheryl happened to end the call with Harvard University when he did, so Zac immediately showed her what MIT had posted on Facebook.

At this moment, Cheryl's cell phone rang again.

At MIT.

Student Admissions Office.

A teacher was frantically calling someone on the phone. "The New York top scorer's phone has been busy this whole time. She must be on the phone with Harvard University! Why are they on the call for so long?"

"The top scorer's name is Cheryl?"

Just as the teacher was wondering why the name Cheryl sounded so familiar to her, she suddenly realized something and looked straight at the other teacher. "Are you talking about the Cheryl I think you're talking about?!"

"Yes!"

"Hurry up and call her! We have been trying to recruit her into the school since last year, but she has refused us all this time! The principal even personally instructed me to recruit her into the school, no matter the method and no matter what the conditions I must offer!"

While she was talking, the phone call finally connected.

She spoke in a very friendly tone and said, "Hello, Ms. Cheryl Smith. I am calling from the student admissions office at MIT. You..."

But before she could finish, Cheryl replied coldly, "Oh, it's you... No, I'm not going there."

The teacher was stunned. "Why? We are below Harvard University in any form. In fact, our school has a better shooting team, which suits your future plans better. You..."

Before the teacher could finish her proposal, Cheryl snorted coldly and said, "Didn't you guys say that not everyone is worthy of being admitted into the school?"

The teacher was bewildered.

After Cheryl said that, she hung up at once.

It was obvious that the girl was furious.

The teacher was stunned. "When did we ever say anything like that?"

The teacher next to her was also stunned. "Students indeed see our school as the best, but how would we ever dare to say anything like that to a genius like Cheryl? There must be some kind of misunderstanding in here!"

Next to them, a teacher said quietly, "I... think I know what's going on."

Chapter 1024: Our New Member is Cheryl Smith

"What's going on?"

The director of the admissions office was right next to him. When the other teacher was talking to Cheryl just now, he desperately wanted to grab the phone and talk to her personally, but Cheryl hadn't given him a chance to do so at all, hanging up right away instead.

Upon hearing one of the teachers speak up, he immediately became anxious.

The teacher, who happened to open up the university's Facebook page, showed the post to the director.

The director was stunned when he read it. "But we didn't say anything wrong in our Facebook post, so why would she be angry? Is she a fan of Club HS? But isn't Cheryl Smith a shooting athlete? Does she follow gaming news?"

The teacher didn't understand what was going on, either. He replied, "But she was obviously referring to this statement. Maybe she is a fan of Zac Stannard? Stannard is not only a Harvard student but also good-looking. He's very popular in the gaming circle."

"... Youngsters are just so impulsive. How can she reject our school just because of this? She didn't even bother listening to our offer!" exclaimed the director.

After grousing, the director looked at him and instructed, "Contact the people managing the school's official Facebook page immediately and tell them to delete the post!"

"... Got it!" The teacher replied.

When the people managing the school's Facebook page received the news, they were also stunned.

The school hadn't said anything wrong. After all, a small-time professional player boasting that they were hesitating between the two schools... was indeed disrespectful to them.

The university's Facebook page was managed by students, who had made the post in a moment of pique.

There were countless students who woke up early and stayed up late to study just so they could be admitted to the university. Moreover, most of the students in the university were the top students from all over the world. Even if they weren't the top scorers in their cities, they were at least the top scorers in their schools. Why should the university that they were so proud of be relegated to a mere choice in someone else's eyes?

As a result, one of the students, who had been stewing over this for a long while, couldn't hold himself back from making such a post earlier in the day.

Yet they were saying that he had made a mistake?

The student was furious and outraged.

He said to his classmate, "For their mediocre grades, those professional players sure are divas! They have actually attracted the attention of the school leaders! Do they make as great a contribution to society as we do when all they do is play games? All of us will be elites in society after graduation, so how are we any inferior to them?! Every single one of them acts as if they are celebrities... What kind of world is this?! Not only do celebrities make more money than scientists, but they are also more respected than scientists..."

Despite the indignant student's complaints, he nevertheless deleted the post from the school's official Facebook page.

However, after he deleted it, the more he thought about it, the more indignant he felt.

In the end, he simply couldn't help but post about it on his private Facebook account.

—

"They deleted the post."

In the dim corridor, Zac's low voice rang out as he stared intently at Cheryl.

"Okie-Dokie."

Cheryl replied adorably. She turned around to return to the training room, but she had only taken two steps when Zac suddenly grabbed her arm. “Hey kid, don’t you have anything to tell me?”

Cheryl: “?”

Stunned, she blinked a couple of times, not quite understanding what he meant. “Like what?”

“Like how many points you really scored in the exam?”

Cheryl let out a sigh, which was followed by another sigh. This made Zac suspect that she had botched the exams. Perhaps the girl usually had stellar grades but had been off-form on the college entrance examination this time?

For example, maybe she was usually one of the top five scorers but had only achieved 50th place in the college entrance examination this time?

While his imagination was running wild, Cheryl replied softly, “1598 points.”

Zac: “??”

He was utterly dumbfounded!

There were hardly such high college entrance examination scores in recent years!

He didn’t wonder why Cheryl knew her score—after all, she had chatted with the Harvard University staff for so long. They might have told her the score in a show of their sincerity.

Rather, what he didn’t understand was...

“Then why are you so unhappy?”

Cheryl pouted. “Because I wanted a perfect score!”

“...”

Zac’s lip corners spasmed, and he felt like he truly couldn’t understand how geniuses think.

He ruffled Cheryl’s hair and said, “Uh... It’s near-impossible to achieve a perfect score. With your score of 1598, you must already be the top scorer this year, so don’t ask for too much.”

Since the implementation of the college entrance examination system, his cohort was the only one that had produced a candidate with a perfect score. On top of that, the candidate had even been a ten-year-old child. This had shocked the whole country.

Surely this kid didn't think that she was that smart or that big of a mutant, right?

After all, people like that candidate must be incredibly intelligent.

But how would he possibly know that Cheryl's IQ was even higher than her brother's?! The only reason why Cheryl hadn't scored full marks was due to her having grown up abroad. Compared to Peter, she was indeed not as used to local expectations as he was.

Given how Cheryl couldn't even get her history facts right when she was a child, scoring that high in the exams was already a miracle in itself.

God knows how tiring it had been for Peter when he tutored Cheryl all these years...

Cheryl, who soon came to terms with it, grinned and said, "You're right!"

No way in hell was she going to compare herself to her brother!

Wasn't that purely just asking for trouble?

She turned and happily skipped into the training room.

As soon as she and Zac entered, they heard the head coach say, "They deleted it! They deleted it! MIT has deleted the post!"

But right after he spoke, a distressed staff member next to him broke into a frown in distress. "But an MIT student has posted an exposé..."

The public relations staff member was close to tears.

It had only been half an hour since the results were released. Why was wave after wave of trouble taking place on the Internet?

The head coach looked over to see that a student who claimed to be from MIT had made a Facebook post as follows:

Sonny: 'Hi everyone, I'm a student at MIT. Regarding the Facebook post that was just taken down, one must thank the power of celebrities for that. When did America's scientists and the best higher institution of learning become a tool for celebrities to hype themselves? How smug do you feel to trample upon us? Yet our school can't even respond because if we do, we'll be criticized for not being magnanimous... I am really worried about the future of this country. Will there come a day when university

admissions no longer look at college entrance examination results as admission criteria but the number of fans one has? The future of the scientific community is truly deplorable!

The post was pretty much short of just outright saying that the club's star power had forced the school into deleting the post!

MIT's deletion of the Facebook post had initially confused Club JQ fans, but when they saw this post, they immediately went on a mad rampage. In just the span of five minutes, the post had garnered thousands of likes and reposts!

Everyone was questioning what had happened.

'What gives the new member of Club HS the power to force MIT into deleting their post?!

The head coach, who initially thought that it was their boss who had paid his way out of the situation, was so freaked out that he was going around in circles. "How can you go head-to-head with those two schools?! Boss has really done it this time!"

The public relations department was also awfully troubled. "How are we supposed to settle this diplomatically now?!"

Club HS fans were also a little outraged.

'What on earth is HS doing? How can you be so stupid? Can money control schools?! This is terrible!

'Although I like both celebrities and HS players, I have more respect for the two universities. This behavior is indeed ludicrous...'

Seeing that both sides were now questioning the behavior of Club HS, the head coach knew that their reputation was truly finished this time.

Just as he was at a loss and in a panic...

Zac suddenly logged onto his Facebook account.

He merely made a one-liner post:

Zac: 'Introducing our newest member. Her name is Cheryl Smith. @MIT @Sonny'

This post was simply bewildering.

Fans on both sides were stunned.

Was the introduction just a name?

'Ha, what does this even mean? Is he telling everyone to attack the new member and hinting that this matter has nothing to do with HS?'

'There isn't any relation between the two in the first place. From the start, the new member was the only one stirring trouble. I highly recommend that Club HS fire her. After all, she did stir up a lot of trouble...'

'What is Captain Zac doing? Is he pushing the blame? Didn't they say that he is the most protective of his own? LOL'

...

...

Everyone went into full-on mocking mode again. However, a huge furor went through the Facebook sphere after that.

Chapter 1025: Harvard University's Response

Zac had a great number of fans. He had nearly 4 million followers, a number that was comparable to first-rate celebrities' follower counts.

His Facebook page was even more popular than the official Club HS one.

Since the incident took place, many people had visited Zac's Facebook page to ask about the situation. However, he was usually focused on training and rarely posted on social media, so he had never logged in during this period.

The post he had just made puzzled everyone.

Even Sonny, the MIT student, was perplexed.

What was the big deal about Cheryl Smith?

Was he trying to tell everybody to refer to Cheryl by her name instead of "the new Club HS member" when they were blasting her?!

While he was sneering at the post, his cell phone suddenly rang.

To his surprise, MIT's admissions office was calling him.

Given that the admissions office was calling him again after making him delete his Facebook post just now, Sonny suddenly felt a little sheepish. When he answered the

call, the director of the admissions office roared, "What the hell are you saying on the Internet?!"

However, Sonny, who didn't think he was in the wrong at all, retorted, "I can't say what I want on the university's official page, so I've deleted the post. But why can't I say what I want on my own account? Don't I have any freedom of speech?"

The director was so mad that he could hardly speak. He yelled, "Do you have any idea who Cheryl Smith is?!"

"Heh, who is she? Or is this related to who her father is? Sir, you taught us that we should not feel sorry for ourselves. We may be penniless students, but we have ideals and ambition! There are so many students applying every year, but how many of them qualify to enroll in our school? I was also the top scorer back in my hometown! What makes her think she can look down on MIT?"

The director was so speechless that he actually calmed down. After staying quiet for a moment, he asked, "What was your score in the college entrance examination back then?"

At the mention, Sonny immediately replied arrogantly, "1442! It was the highest score in my hometown! Both Harvard and MIT called me back then, but I chose MIT in the end. But even so, I have never looked down on Harvard University."

"... Which part of Cheryl Smith's post looks down on Harvard University? It's only because of your own low self-esteem that you would find her arrogant! Even you have admitted that you were deliberating between Harvard and MIT back then, so why can't she?!" said the director.

After being taken back for a moment, Sonny immediately became indignant. He said, "Sir, are you really comparing me to her? I have been studying so hard for more than ten years, whereas she is a gamer. How can she compare to me?!"

The director kept quiet for a while and then slowly said, "She scored 1598 points on the college entrance examination this year. Be it Harvard or MIT, both are trying to contact her in hopes of recruiting her into the school. When a student like her says that she is considering enrolling in our school, she is actually giving us a chance. But now, I don't think she will be considering us as an option anymore."

Sonny: "???"

He was stunned. "What? How many points did she score again? 1598 points? That's impossible! How can anyone even achieve such a high score?!"

However, the director didn't respond. He hung up on Sonny, leaving him utterly dumbfounded.

Only then did he truly feel like he had made a mistake.

—

Though Sonny had learned about Cheryl's score, everyone else on the Internet hadn't.

While everyone was still attacking Cheryl, the Club JQ professional players, who were mostly night owls, gathered around Jimmy in the training room and chatted with one another.

"Haha! This is terrible! To think Zac actually threw the little missy under the bus. He has no conscience whatsoever."

"To think they actually recruited a female member too. But how can she possibly compare to our Jimmy? Jimmy graduated from a prestigious university, you know! Their member even boasted that she could choose freely between the two universities or something, right? Haha, does she really think she's a star student? Or does she think that Club HS would take her side? She's so naive!"

"... Exactly. Jimmy is undoubtedly the top female player in the league! With the exception of Zac, few have better academic qualifications than you..."

But while the group was gloating about Cheryl's misfortune, an uproar suddenly broke out on the Internet.

Harvard University had made a post on their official Facebook page.

Harvard University: 'We sincerely and wholeheartedly invite Cheryl Smith to be a part of our school! Thanks for giving her up, MIT. @MIT @Club HS'

Harvard had posted this at night, and as soon as it was posted, the entire Internet exploded!

Fans were stunned.

What was going on?

Fans of Club JQ flocked to Harvard University's Facebook post.

'LOL, what's going on? Has Harvard also decided to join the fray and back her up?'

'Why should she be admitted into Harvard? Is it just because she is a member of Club HS? Or did the owner of Club HS donate a library in her name or something?'

'Exactly. Even gamers can enroll into the top two universities these days?'

'This is so unfair!!'

'How much did Club HS pay you to put up this pretense?!

...

...

The fans of Club HS didn't dare to speak up anymore, either. Although it seemed like their club had won, it looked like they hadn't employed very respectable means?

Only the director of the MIT students admissions office was furious when he saw the post.

Harvard University was totally refusing to admit that they had benefited from the situation! Yet it was too late for them to do anything now!

What could they do when they were the ones who had made a dumb move first and offended the girl? It was no exaggeration to say that they had offered up a student with immense potential on a silver platter to their nemesis!

Given what they had posted on their official Facebook page at that time, it would be a cold day in hell before Cheryl would pick them!

The furious director of the admissions office immediately called up one of the school leaders. "Wherever did you recruit such a stupid administrator for the school's Facebook page?! Fire him right away!!"

At Club JQ.

Everyone frowned.

"What the f*ck?! Why?"

"What's up with Harvard University? Are they really recruiting her? Special admissions? Is gaming her specialty? If so, then doesn't that mean we can all go to Harvard University now?"

"They are too much!"

Jimmy's brows drew together as she balled up her fists. Having high academic qualifications had given her grounds to be arrogant in this industry. What gave the other girl the right to be admitted into Harvard University?

Nevertheless, she didn't voice her thoughts. Instead, she comforted her teammates and said, "Alright, alright. We all know the owner of Club HS is rich anyway. To be honest, is

there even anything money can't buy these days? After all, it would be great promotional material if their newly recruited club member was a Harvard student, right? Come on, don't be mad anymore. I'm fine.”

But her words only served to make her teammates even angrier.

One of them even logged in to their Facebook account and left a comment on Harvard University's post.

'In that case, can I also be admitted via special admissions? I play better than Cheryl Smith. :)'

The smiley at the end couldn't get any more sarcastic!

On top of that, as he had many fans, his comment quickly garnered tens of thousands of likes and became the top comment on Harvard University's post.

His comment was simply oozing sarcasm!

In fact, it even made headlines on social media.

As a result, everyone started to ridicule Cheryl even more.

However, it was at this moment that Harvard University suddenly replied to the Club JQ member's comment.

Chapter 1026: Moving Out

Harvard University: 'Well, did you take the college entrance examination this year? And did you get a score of 1598? :)'

They had also added a smiley face at the end.

Their reply was overflowing with counter-mockery!

1

As soon as they replied, all of Club JQ went into an uproar!

The member who had mocked Cheryl in his comment widened his eyes, somewhat confused. "What is Harvard University talking about? Why would I take the college entrance examinations this year? A score of 1598? Are they trying to be funny or what?"

But as soon as he spoke, he saw the looks in his teammates' eyes change.

After the momentary surprise, the guy finally understood something. “N-no way? You must be kidding, right?”

Likewise, all the netizens also went into an uproar.

Everyone pressed Harvard University for more details.

‘A score of 1598? You mean to say that Cheryl Smith achieved a score of 1598 in the college entrance examinations?’

‘What the actual f*ck? Am I dreaming? On top of the guy who got a perfect score five years ago, a new mutant has emerged now?’

‘No wonder she said that she’s trying to decide between the two schools! With those results, she must be the top scorer this year. It’s obvious that she can decide freely between the two schools! She can even take her pick from among all the majors available!’

The news didn’t just excite the netizens. The fans of Club HS, who hadn’t dared to say anything just now, instantly became elated.

One by one, they swarmed into Club JQ’s Facebook page and attacked them furiously.

‘Hmm, didn’t someone just say that they wanted Harvard University to recruit them via special admissions? How shameless. Did he become full of himself just because he is a professional e-sports player? Or does he think the whole world has to pander to him or what?’

‘Wanna hear a joke? Jimy has the highest academic qualifications among the female professional e-sports players.’

‘Oh my, I’m sorry but the two players with the highest academic qualifications are both in our favorite, Club HS now. As for who they are, I’m sure that nobody needs further elaboration about Zac, while the other is the cutie Cheryl!’

...

...

Upon seeing the sarcastic comments, an awful look came over Jimy’s countenance.

She bit her lip.

Her teammates were also incensed. “What’s the big deal about having better grades? What are they being so cocky for?”

However, someone said sheepishly, “Weren’t we the ones who started this...?”

Everyone: “?”

Was this fellow unable to read the room or what?!

However! They weren’t going to take it lying down just like that.

Jimmy thought for a while and then smiled and said, “Aren’t we e-sports professionals? Is that star student here to just fool around or something?”

The rest instantly understood what she meant.

“Exactly. We’re e-sports professionals. What’s the use of having good grades? The competition is about our gaming abilities... Who exactly is Cheryl Smith? Club HS’ recruitment of her is rather surprising. What class is a girl like her going to be? Support class?”

“She’s a support class for sure. Have you forgotten that the person currently playing as support in their team was initially a gunner? It’s not like girls can be gunners anyway, right?”

“Well, she won’t be a threat if she’s just a support class, then! Jimmy is the top support class player in the local server! There’s no way she can outclass Jimmy when it comes to being a support!”

While they were dissing Cheryl, the member whom Harvard University had mocked just now couldn’t stop himself from posting a new comment:

‘Whoops, sorry about that, it was just a joke. I didn’t expect Ms. Smith’s score to be so good. But since she has spent all her time studying, I wonder how good she is at gaming?’

With just one sentence, he had mocked Cheryl again.

Even Jimmy couldn’t resist joining in and posting a comment this time.

Jimmy: ‘Nice to meet you. You must also be a support class like me, right? See you in-game. @Cherry HS]

Immediately after she posted the comment, Club JQ fans seemingly found a direction to go in again, and they tried to reverse online public opinion by saying things like how e-sports were ultimately still all about games and so on...

In Club HS.

“Don’t bother looking at it anymore. They are just a whole bunch of keyboard warriors who can’t stop flaming others the moment they find even the most trifling thing to nitpick about. Our fans are no pushovers, though. They have already begun to fight back.”

Zac said in a bid to comfort Cheryl. As the girl nodded, the corners of her lips curled into a smile and she said, “They think I’m playing as support.”

“Yeah.”

Zac was not surprised, though.

They were not trying to look down on women in e-sports. However, biological differences were such that men’s reflexes were indeed sharper than women’s. This was no different from how most men were physically stronger and taller than women.

This was an undeniable fact.

However, there were also cases where women would outclass men.

If anything, after partnering with Cheryl for the past half a month, Zac had already become fully convinced of her capabilities and didn’t dare doubt her prowess anymore. He smiled and said, “Let them say whatever they want for now. When it’s time for the actual competition, you will be a real eye-opener for them, as well as a big surprise for our fans.”

Though the fans of Club HS supported the club’s decision, they were ultimately still apprehensive about having a female player on the team.

Everyone was worried that Cheryl would have trouble keeping up...

Cheryl nodded. “Yeah. I’m not bothered about their comments. We’ll see who has the last laugh once the competition starts.”

After speaking, she popped into her mouth a lollipop that she had removed the wrapper of at some point and then blinked at him.

The way she looked so sweet and cute made Zac’s heart flutter.

But immediately after, he couldn’t help but be horrified at himself. She was only 15 years old! She was still a kid!

He coughed and turned around, whereupon he saw his teammates utterly stunned.

The head coach was also bewildered.

Everyone in the PR department stared blankly at the battle of words on Facebook.

How did they win the public opinion battle when they hadn't even done anything yet?

Among them, Lionel was the first to break the silence. He said, "Um, hey, Cheryl. What does Harvard University mean by this? I know you took part in the college entrance examinations this year, but what does this part about having a score of 1598 mean? What am I failing to understand here?"

"..."

Zac couldn't make himself look on.

Here he was thinking that Lionel had finally smartened up for once, but as it turned out, he was just utterly bewildered!

The corners of his lips spasmed and he said, "Cheryl scored 1598 points in the college entrance examinations."

While the others hadn't recovered from the shock, Zac said to Cheryl, "You can head upstairs and rest first."

"Okay."

With the lollipop in her mouth, Cheryl went upstairs. Along the way, text message notifications from a group chat popped up on her cell phone.

Alexander: 'I bet you had candy, right? Don't forget to brush your teeth before you go to bed.'

Peter: 'Peace has returned to the Internet. I'll be there when your competition starts.'

Cheryl smiled at the messages, but right after she did, she saw a message from Justin that surprised her.

Justin: 'Move out tomorrow, you hear?'

Cheryl: "!"

The corners of her lips spasmed.

However, even she understood that her presence was inconveniencing all the occupants of the villa.

For example, the morning after she moved into the villa, when she exited her room in her pajamas after she woke up, she had bumped into a shirtless Lionel having breakfast in his floral-patterned boxers.

Lionel had been caught completely off guard at that time. Then, he let out a piercing shriek and ran into his room.

As for herself, she also realized that it wasn't appropriate for her to be walking around in her pajamas, either, so she had returned to her room and changed into another set of clothes...

Besides, the villa she was supposed to move into was right beside this one, so it wasn't like it was inconvenient for her to report for duty, either!

Cheryl wanted to head back down to inform her teammates that she was moving out, but the moment she turned around, she heard her teammates' exclamations.

"Oh my god, God C scored 1598 in the college entrance examinations?"

"Is she really human?!"

"What the f*ck? How can someone be so good in their studies, yet also be crazy good at games?!"

"..."

After a moment's thought, Cheryl decided that she would tell them about it the next morning instead.

—

The following morning.

"Pfft!" Lionel choked and spat out his mouthful of bread when Cheryl mentioned that she was moving out. "God C, are you going back to heaven?"

Cheryl: "?"

What on earth was he talking about?!

The corners of her lips spasmed and she replied, "I'm just moving out. My dad said that he's worried about me because it's not appropriate for me to stay here with you guys. Plus, he has a house nearby, so..."

Only then did Lionel breathe a sigh of relief.

Everyone tried to reassure her that everything was fine and that they didn't feel inconvenienced.

Zac was the only one whose eyes dimmed a little.

He thought of how the girl had exited her room with a blank look on her face in the morning, and how adorable she had looked half-asleep. But the next moment, he thought of how Lionel and the rest often made dirty jokes...

He coughed and said, "You can move out if you want, but is the house good enough?"

Lionel immediately nodded. "Yeah. Look at all the fabulous benefits you get when you live here. Your room here is also a spacious one. Your dad's property is probably an apartment, right? Or a two-bedroom house? In any case, it won't be any better than this big villa, so why bother moving out..."

Just as Cheryl was about to explain, Zac smacked Lionel on the head and said, "Shut up and eat. Why are you talking so much?"

Lionel curled his lips disdainfully. A short pause later, though, he said, "Fine, I suppose. We'll help you with the move later, God C."

Then, he sent a message to the team group chat.

'When we help God C move out, no one is allowed to mock her for having a small house, you hear? We must be considerate toward her self-esteem!!'

After he sent the message, all the other teammates responded affirmatively.

After breakfast, Cheryl headed upstairs to pack her luggage.

Lionel hurriedly took the suitcase from her and then lugged it out the door. Then, he asked, "Where are you moving to, God C? How long will it take to drive there?"

Chapter 1027: ... Well, Her Family is Worth At Least \$1.5 Million

Drive?

Cheryl kept quiet for a while.

This upscale neighborhood was relatively quiet, so there was indeed quite a distance between each villa, and traveling to another villa by foot would take at least ten minutes.

However, it took only three to five minutes by car.

In that case, they would just drive, then.

But before Cheryl could answer that it would take only a few minutes, Lionel had loaded the suitcase into the trunk and slipped into the driver's seat.

This was a seven-seater multi-purpose vehicle. When Lionel sat in the driver's seat, the rest got into the car immediately. One sat in the passenger seat in the front while others sat in the back, leaving the two seats in the middle to Cheryl and Zac.

After the two got in, Lionel asked, "Where are we going? I'll set up the GPS."

"We don't need the GPS."

Cheryl said, "Just drive forward."

"Huh? Oh, okay."

Lionel started the car obediently and left Villa No. 8. Just as he was about to turn to the gate, Cheryl said, "Turn left."

He subconsciously turned left as instructed, but after he did, he said in confusion, "You're pointing me in the wrong direction, God C. The exit is to the north while the entrance is to the south... Never mind, I'll just circle back here."

After Lionel spoke, a teammate nicknamed Chonk, who played as a support class, asked, "How big is the house, God C? Is it bigger or smaller than your room in the villa?"

Chonk's question arose purely out of curiosity. The room in question was referring to Cheryl's suite in the villa.

However, Cheryl, who had automatically overlooked the word "room", thought that he was comparing villa to villa, so she naturally replied, "They are the same size!"

Her voice was simply too cute.

Chonk, who was entranced by her voice, subconsciously voiced his true thoughts and replied, "Isn't that really small?"

All the members, no matter their financial status in the past, had made a lot of money during their few years of being professional gamers.

Lionel raked in about \$1.5 million per year from prize money from competitions, various product endorsements, live-stream appearances, and more. After a few years as professional e-sports players, all of them had accumulated substantial wealth that allowed them to purchase property, cars, and more...

Therefore, Chonk found even a house about 500 square feet small these days. After all, he had bought a big villa for his parents back in his hometown! Even the penniless Lionel had bought a 2000-square-foot house in San Francisco!

They weren't looking down on Cheryl; rather, they truly found the house small.

However, Chonk quickly came back to his senses and patted Cheryl on the shoulder. He said, "Don't worry, it's not a big deal. If you work hard in the club, you will be able to afford a big house within two years!"

As one of the only two female professional e-sports players in the league, Cheryl must have an even higher endorsement fee than them.

Lionel also nodded. "Yeah, ignore Chonk. It's already fortunate that you can afford to live in a 1000-square-foot house. Back then, I was so poor that we had to sell almost everything we had just to cover my travel expenses to the club. Later, when the boss found out about this, he quickly sent some money to my family. Otherwise, my parents would have fainted from hunger... Even though I was poor back then, it doesn't matter anymore. Look at me now! I have already escaped poverty!"

Lionel was afraid that they had upset Cheryl.

That was why he was bringing up his embarrassing past.

Chonk immediately followed up and added, "Yes, yes, I can still remember how Lionel looked when he arrived! All the clothes he was wearing were patched and mended! When he took off his shorts at night, even his underwear was full of holes..."

"Piss off! Watch what you say! Why are you telling dirty jokes?!"

Lionel was furious.

However, it was mainly because such details were simply too embarrassing. How could he tell the pretty girl something like that?

In the backseat, Benjamin, a reticent top-laner, couldn't help but nod when he heard Lionel. He frequently cleared obstacles in the top lane alone in the game and was a rather reserved guy by nature. In all the time that Cheryl had been here, she had never heard him say much.

If he could just grunt in response, he would never choose to utter an "okay".

If he could express what he wanted to say in just two words, he would never utter a third.

Now, though, he actually spoke up for once. "Everybody starts somewhere. You guys don't have to overthink this, though. Cheryl's family is definitely not a poor one."

Would a poor family be able to raise someone as spoiled as Cheryl?

Benjamin had always been one to observe others quietly.

Lionel and Chonk might not have noticed anything, but Benjamin had long since discovered that God C was actually very spoiled.

During meals, she would never take a second bite of food that tasted even a little overcooked.

And when she ate apples, she would only eat them if they were peeled and cut into small pieces, or she'd rather just not have any... When she first came to the villa, he had thought that Cheryl didn't like fruits.

It wasn't until one night when they ordered a fruit platter takeout that he found her munching away like a little hamster. In addition, she only ate the fresh fruits. For example, she didn't touch the watermelon, which seemed like it had been left out all afternoon.

Later, when Benjamin quietly cut a few apples into small pieces and placed them on the dining table, sure enough, Cheryl dug into them immediately after dinner... She was undeniably a pampered little princess!

Or at the very least, her family doted on her very much.

Benjamin had then thought deeper into it and arrived at the conclusion that Cheryl must come from a rich family.

After all, for them to be able to afford a 1000-square-foot house in San Francisco, they were undoubtedly no ordinary people, alright?!

After all, real estate rates in San Francisco were sky-high... The houses nearby cost about \$150 per square foot... Yup, her family was definitely worth at least \$1.5 million!

Lionel echoed him. "Yeah, Benjamin is right! Everyone starts somewhere!"

Just as he was about to continue, Cheryl said, "We're here. You can stop here."

Chapter 1028: God C is a Rich Second-Generation Heir!!!

Lionel subconsciously stepped on the brakes.

But when the car stopped, he looked out to find that they hadn't left the neighborhood at all.

Confused, he asked, "What's going on? There isn't any house here except for Villa No. 9..."

But when he uttered that, his words trailed off in astonishment.

The rest of the team was also stunned.

Zac stared at Villa No. 9, his lips curling up into a near-imperceptible arc.

Oh my, the kiddo's family is pretty well-off, isn't it?

A villa in the neighborhood cost more than \$7.5 million. On top of that, Villa No. 9 was situated by the lake and was slightly larger than Villa No. 8, so it was worth almost \$15 million!

When they first moved in, Lionel had passed by the villa on an evening run once and remarked enviously, "I wonder who the owner of Villa No. 9 is. The scenery here is even better than ours, and it also seems a bit bigger. Damn the rich, why do they get to enjoy life so much?"

But now!

He seemed to have found out who the owners of this villa were.

Zac coughed.

Lionel also swallowed and asked incredulously, "G-God C, sure... surely you don't mean to say that Villa No. 9 is the 'house' you were referring to, right?"

Cheryl nodded. "Yup!"

"Yup"...

Lionel felt like crying. Come on, no acting cute in the club, alright?! Who would have thought that an adorable girl like her would turn out to be a little money bag in disguise?!

He was this close to shedding tears of envy. He said, "A-are you living here alone, God C? How lonely would it be if you don't have anyone cooking for you, right? Do you want us to come over and accompany you...?"

As soon as he spoke, though, the door to the villa opened and a full-time butler stepped out. Dressed in a suit, he looked at the car with a smile and quickly walked over. He made Zac step aside and then opened the door for Cheryl.

Only then did Cheryl get out of the car.

“Ms. Cheryl, the villa is ready. This way, please.”

M... Ms. Cheryl?!

What the heck was this?

Also, the butler looked awfully professional!

The group was stunned.

They had met rich people—for example, Zac—before... Lionel and the others had even visited his home. Only manors like the Stannards’ home would need a butler, come on!

So, was God C’s family as rich as Zac’s?!

Zac was also taken aback—because he recognized the butler.

The housekeeping industry had a ranking of its own, and this particular butler ranked among the top five in the United States. A few years ago, his family had contacted him with the intention to hire him.

Hoover, the butler, had told them that he was already employed by someone else.

Little did he think that it would turn out to be Cheryl’s family!

Just who... exactly was her family?

Even Zac, who was exposed to the wealthy and dignitaries, felt a little lost now.

Smith...

Was Cheryl part of the Smiths from New York?!

But as far as he knew, the Smiths only had one fifteen-year-old girl in the family, and she was currently in her second year of high school. The girl was said to be shy and gentle, and was also renowned for her beauty...

Of course, Cheryl was also a beauty, but she was no “shy and gentle” girl!

While Zac’s imagination was running wild, the butler picked up Cheryl’s suitcase and politely invited Lionel and the others into the villa.

The housekeeper was currently occupied in the kitchen, which was wafting an aromatic smell of something cooking.

Lionel swallowed hard. "God C, I'm so envious that my tears are flowing out from the corners of my mouth. Why does your housekeeper's cooking smell so good?"

"... Wanna stay for lunch, then?" asked Cheryl.

"No problem!"

Lionel walked straight to the dining hall and seated himself at the dining table.

Zac and Benjamin looked around at the interior decor. It was obvious that the decor here was cozier than in the club, and all the little details exhibited low-key luxury.

After the meal, Lionel couldn't help but secretly look at Cheryl and ask, "Hey, God C. Um, I kinda wanna ask you something, but I don't know if it's okay to?"

"... Go ahead," replied Cheryl.

Lionel coughed and asked, "What business is your family in, God C?"

Cheryl thought for a while. "Actually, I'm not sure myself."

The Hunts had businesses in a large number of industries, while her grandaunt was involved with mysterious matters overseas. On top of that, her mom was also an enigmatic one who disappeared for a couple of days or so every month for some inexplicable reason.

In the entire family, her brother, Peter, was the only normal one who went through his education systematically. She had heard that their father intended to hand over the Hunt Corporation to him this year.

Her other brother, Alexander, was also an unfathomable one. Nobody knew what their father was doing with him every day, and she had heard that he was planning to have him inherit something to do with "King" and whatnot...

In any case, Cheryl wasn't bothered about these things. All she knew was that she was the weakest in the family and that she was so rich that she would never run out of money her whole life!

However, Cheryl's teammates misunderstood and thought that she was reluctant to reveal anything to outsiders because of her desire to remain low-key, so they didn't probe further.

After lunch, everyone drove back to Villa No. 8 for afternoon training.

After the training session, Cheryl refused the butler's offer to pick her up, instead insisting on walking home by herself.

The villa was only a ten-minute walk or three-minute drive away. She would just take the walk as exercise!

Zac suddenly stood up and said, "I'm going out for an evening run, so I can walk you back home along the way."

Cheryl, who didn't think much about it, nodded.

Before they went out, Cheryl, who suddenly thought of something, said, "By the way, I have to take two days off starting tomorrow."

The head coach happened to exit the room at this point. Upon hearing this, he asked, "What for?"

"Mm, shooting practice."

Don't forget that Cheryl had another identity—a shooting athlete!

Although she had enrolled in Harvard via the college entrance examination, she had never given up on shooting as a sport.

The coach was confused. "What?"

Zac explained on her behalf and said, "Cheryl is a shooting athlete."

"... Uh-huh, and then?"

Cheryl said, "I promised the national team that I would train with them for at least two days a month."

The coach: "??"

The rest of the club seeing her out the door: "?"

Cheryl, who had mistaken their reaction as disapproval, explained, "I only need to go for shooting practice two days a month so that they wouldn't bother me. Don't worry, my focus is on the game!"

Gaming wasn't a one-man show but a team effort.

Therefore, Cheryl indeed had to spend more time training team coordination with them.

Lionel, who had pretty much become numb to further revelations, said jokingly, "Um, considering that you got a score of 1598 in the college entrance examinations, be it games or shooting, isn't either too much of a waste? Why don't you do scientific research instead?"

Celebrities and game clubs were lucrative businesses, but being a scientist was obviously a more respected profession!

Cheryl thought for a moment and then replied, "That's an option."

Everyone: "..."

"I'm kidding, I'm kidding..." After speaking, Lionel, who wanted to improve his relationship with Ms. Rich Heir God C, patted his chest and said, "For the sake of playing for our club, you have decided to patronize the national shooting team and just train with them a couple of days each month... But don't worry! You may not be able to take the championship in shooting, but we will make it up to you with the game competition! We are very confident of taking the championship this year!"

Cheryl: "?"

Who said she couldn't take the championship in shooting?

She blinked a couple of times and thought of explaining, but when she saw how moved everyone looked, as though she had given up shooting for the game... she couldn't be bothered to say anything.

She put on her shoes and went out.

Zac followed behind her.

As soon as the two of them exited, they saw a car at the door. A middle-aged lady dressed opulently then got out and walked straight to the two of them.

The woman frowned at the pair in front of her and then said to Zac, "Why is there a girl in the club? Is she the girlfriend you mentioned?"

Zac: "?"

Some time ago, his family had wanted to set him up on a blind date.

However, he couldn't be bothered to go, so he made up an excuse and said that he already had a girlfriend.

It seemed like his mother had misunderstood, though.

He was about to explain when the woman said, "Zac, you'd better be rational about this! I've already given my permission for you to become a professional e-sports player under the condition that you would only play until you are 25, whereupon you will retire and return to inherit the family business! But I will never agree to you dating just any random woman!"

After saying that, the middle-aged woman's eyes reddened and she said, "Your father has brought his illegitimate son home, and I heard that he is even planning to set him up on a blind date with the young lady of the Smiths in New York. If he really marries Ms. Smith, you'll be finished! You won't be able to inherit the family business anymore!! If he wins the Smiths over, unless you marry the mysterious young lady of the Hunts, you really won't have any hope of inheriting the company anymore! Are you trying to drive me to my grave?!"

As she spoke, she took out a handkerchief and started to dab at her eyes. "Never mind that he's fooling around outside, but he's even brought his illegitimate son home now. Is he so confident that we won't fight back? Zac, you heartless boy. I suffered so much all these years, yet you don't care about how I feel at all... I have given you everything you wanted all your life... How can you treat me as heartlessly as your father? Are you going to let that homewrecker step all over me in the future, too?"

Zac heaved a helpless sigh and said, "Mom, stop that act of yours. She is not my girlfriend but a new member of the club."

After a moment, the stunned woman stopped crying and then smiled awkwardly at Cheryl. "Oh, is that so? You should have told me earlier. I ended up crying for nothing..."

Zac: "..."

Cheryl: "..."

Cheryl was thinking about what the woman had said just now, though. Did she say that the Stannards' illegitimate son was planning to befriend Mia?

She tilted her head and took out her cell phone to inform Mia of the news.

But after a moment's thought, she decided not to. Mia was currently in her second year of high school, which was a critical moment for her studies. It would be better if she didn't bother Mia with such news.

Thus, Cheryl sent the message to Peter instead. She wrote: 'Hey Peter, the Stannards in San Francisco are planning a political marriage with Mia.'

After sending the message, she looked back up to see the middle-aged lady pulling Zac's ear as she said, "Listen up now. I didn't let you do whatever you want so that you don't fight for what's yours. That boy is only 18 years old now; you're a whole three years older than him! You can play games if that's what you want, but you must take back the family's assets! It'll be so embarrassing if I end up being kicked out of the family after putting up so much with the Stannards!"

An extremely helpless Zac replied, "... Okay, okay."

“Try to find the young lady of the Hunts and see if you can seduce her!”

Zac: “!!”

Cheryl: “????”

The young lady of the Hunts... Was she talking about her?!

Chapter 1029: The Boss is Here!

Surprisingly enough, Cheryl ended up listening to gossip about herself in the end!

She grinned and said, “Um, I’ll go first.”

“... Okay,” Zac replied.

Even after walking a distance away, Cheryl could still hear Mrs. Stannard nagging at Zac. “Young man, you are already in your twenties. It’s about time you find a girlfriend. It can’t possibly be that you’ve never had a girlfriend before because you’re into men instead, right?”

Cheryl: “??”

Did she just hear something she shouldn’t have?

She quickly sped up, lest she ended up being silenced by the captain.

Well, just kidding.

He wouldn’t actually kill her, of course. However, if he made her life difficult in the future, things would certainly become very troublesome.

As her mom said, one must always cut off any potential source of trouble!

It was only after Zac watched the kid speed up and escape that he finally came back to his senses. “Huh? What did you just say?”

Mrs. Stannard: “???”

—

Cheryl had a good night’s sleep that evening.

When she woke up the next day, the butler drove her to a nearby helicopter base, where she returned to New York for training via helicopter.

1

Bang!

Bang!

Bang!

Bang!

Bang!

All five shots hit the bullseye in succession.

Satisfied, Cheryl lowered the gun. Her coach then came over. "Good, it seems that you haven't been slacking."

But after saying that, he couldn't help but start nagging at her. "Cheryl, you carry the national team's hope of victory. We are counting on you for our gold medal this year. Can't you join that game club later? What's so good about games anyway? Can it win you anything? You should stay here to continue training instead. You..."

Cheryl couldn't help but interrupt. "Coach, what am I even supposed to work on if I stay here to train?"

The coach suddenly found himself at a loss for words.

Ever since Cheryl joined the national team, she had consistently hit the bullseye every time. It was indeed true that there was nothing she could improve anymore!

After all, how would he know that Justin was the one who had taught Cheryl her shooting skills?

However, she was not allowed to skip her monthly training. This was the furthest the coach would relent.

Cheryl had agreed to it as well.

After all, she did have to practice a bit every month to prevent her skills from becoming rusty.

It was currently June. Once the Olympics rolled about in August, she would be competing for Team America!

When she thought of how neither of her brothers was involved in such activities, Cheryl couldn't help but smile.

After a whole afternoon of training, she finally found her groove.

Then, she went straight home in the evening.

As soon as she stepped through the door, she spotted Justin sitting on the sofa and staring at the door. At the sight of her, the man got up. In a low but gentle and cheerful voice, he said, "You're back."

"Uh-huh!" Cheryl skipped over and asked, "Where's Mom, Dad?"

Justin replied, "Why are you looking for your mom the moment you return...? She's already asleep."

... I knew it! Cheryl thought.

Her mother's terrible habit of excessive sleeping still hadn't changed, despite so many years going by. She fell asleep all the time without any warning.

This was due to her mother's physical constitution, though.

She was about to go upstairs when Justin said, "The kitchen has prepared your favorite chicken soup. New clothes and dresses from the current season have also been brought upstairs."

After speaking, he looked at Cheryl disdainfully and said, "Girls should dress up more!"

Cheryl: "..."

Since she was a child, it was actually her father who had dressed her like a little princess all along.

She had indeed loved princess dresses when she was a child, but now... She wore whatever she found convenient, of course.

On the other hand, though, her father didn't have similar expectations of her mother. Even if her mother wore a sack, he would still compliment her in it, even if he didn't really mean it. Yet he now had so many expectations when it came to her?

She pouted and said, "Alright, alright!"

Then, she went upstairs.

Before she entered her room, she glanced behind at her father to find that he had quietly walked over to the master bedroom. He opened the door gently and then tiptoed in.

Despite so many years going by, Justin didn't show any signs of aging at all, and even Nora could pass off as her sister when they stood next to each other.

It was as though they weren't affected by the passage of time at all.

Cheryl shook her head and entered her room.

The home was the most comfortable after all. When she woke up the next day, she went to visit Mia.

Mia looked as gentle as ever. She was clearly younger than Cheryl, yet her thoughtfulness made her seem as though she was the older one instead.

The two had lunch together. In the afternoon, Cheryl went to the training ground for practice again. Then, in the evening, she took the helicopter back to San Francisco.

The next day, she went back to the club and started training with everyone again.

In the blink of an eye, another week had passed.

One day, everyone in the club sobered up. Even Zac looked serious and on guard.

A curious Cheryl asked, "What's going on?"

While no one was looking, Lionel secretly replied, "The boss is coming over tonight!"

Cheryl: "?"

The boss? Uncle Chester?

While she was thinking, Lionel grumbled, "The boss loves playing games, but he's unfortunately not very good at it. Even so, every time he comes over, he makes us play with him. He's terrible at it, but he just loves playing it so much! He also has a bad temper. He disses us every time he loses... He has a real knack for insults, too. Do you know what he said when we asked him where he learned to diss others like that?"

An earnest and well-behaved Cheryl asked, "What did he say?"

Lionel answered, "He said that he learned it from his team leader and that he has already been showing us mercy!"

"..."

The corners of Cheryl's lips spasmed, and she thought back to how vicious she had been in the past.

However, she had tried to restrain her temper a little the past month. Besides, she only threw insults at others because they were dumb, but her teammates were some of the best players in the game.

They cooperated well with one another in-game. Come to think of it, she hadn't blasted anyone at all this month—because they had won all the matches!

Cheryl coughed.

Lionel went on. "Also, you know what, the boss' background is no joke!"

"What?"

Cheryl was surprised.

Did Uncle Chesty have other identities that she was unaware of? Did he have secret identities too?!

While she was wondering, Lionel said, "He is a part of the Hunts in New York!"

Cheryl: "????"

"Uh-huh? What about it?"

"What do you mean 'what about it'? The Hunts in New York! We're talking about the wealthiest family in America! Even the Smiths are a tad less powerful than them. This is why the boss is so bad-tempered. The sight of him scares us! When he gets here, you'd better not rush up to him in front..."

God C was the club's favorite person.

Lionel wouldn't want her to be scolded by the boss, of course!

Every time the boss came over, he would always scold all of them at least a little. Even Captain Zac wasn't spared. On top of that, he always scolded him for the same things.

"Can't you smile?"

"How are you going to lead the team when you talk so little? This is so worrying!"

When he thought of this, Lionel couldn't help but look at Cheryl.

Would the boss take pity on a cute little girl like her?

While he was thinking about it, he heard a voice coming from the door. "Boss is here!"

Then, a beaming Chester walked in.

As soon as he entered, his eyes locked onto Cheryl and he exclaimed, "Leader!"