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Everyone, including Wendy, was stunned by Donovan's words.

Then, her face lit up with impish glee.

She could not help but ask, "Mr. Baxter, what do you mean that it is still being discussed? Did Arielle cheat?"

Nodding his head, he thought about Marcus' warning and added, "Because the school's surveillance cameras are upgrading, we did not capture any footage. Therefore, we have no evidence of Arielle cheating

yet."

Arielle squinted at the teacher and stated, "If you have no proof that I did it, why are you telling everyone that my grades are still pending finalization?"

Donovan felt pressured.

Clenching his fists, he tried to regain his composure and scoffed, "You managed to score full marks for four subjects, and that shows that something is not right."

Arielle let out a dry laugh. "Mr. Baxter, did you assume that your student can't score full marks because you can't do it? I'd like to remind you that there are plenty of people in the world who are smarter than you."

Donovan's expression darkened, but he could not find words to argue with her.

The papers were written by five different teachers. As such, they decided to take it themselves too. The first

time around, Donovan only scored eighty-seven marks. Therefore, he could not retort Arielle's insult.

Donovan's jaw tightened, and he growled, "Don't try to change the subject. I have discussed it with the principal and the other teachers, and we have unanimously agreed to test you after the charity event tonight. I will come up with the questions on the spot, and if you get them right, I will believe that you deserved those marks."

Trisha panicked.

"Mr. Baxter, if you surprise someone with new questions, it is natural for them to feel nervous. If you suspect Arielle, you can make her retake the exam instead."

However, Arielle patted her shoulder and affirmed, "It's all right. I shall do what he said."

The corners of Donovan's lips lifted. He had three questions in mind, with two equally as tough as the ones in the exam. Although the third one seemed simple, it was easy for someone to make a mistake solving it.

In that situation, he thought Arielle could never get them all correct.

He said with triumph, "Since you have no objection, we shall do as planned. All of you can leave now."

Following that, he walked to Wendy. "Wendy, you cannot relax yet. You should still work hard to get into Maxwell University since you are the student in our

school with the highest potential to get in."

"Yes, Mr. Baxter." Wendy felt more confident than before, and she shot a provoking look in Arielle's direction.

I have Mr. Baxter backing me, but who does she have? I don't believe that someone from a small town with the most basic education could do better than me. After all, I have received the best education possible. I'm sure Arielle cheated in the exam this time and that was how she made no mistakes in all the four papers.

After Donovan left, Cecilia cautiously uttered, "Susanne, did you hear that? Even the teachers and principal are suspicious of Arielle's grades. Do not be fooled by her."

Susanne gulped, unable to respond.

She did not expect Arielle's grades to be questioned.

If Arielle did cheat, it would be more embarrassing for Susanne than if she did not do well.

Despite so, Susanne had a feeling that Arielle did not cheat.

She took a deep breath and looked straight at Arielle. "Did you cheat?"

Wendy laughed. "Mrs. Nightshire, since we have no evidence against her, why would she admit that she cheated?"

Regardless, when Susanne heard Wendy's words, she frowned. "That question was not for you."

Susanne's cold tone made Wendy's heart drop.

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Her voice was filled with hostility, and she had an indifferent look in her eyes. To Wendy, it seemed similar to how Vinson looked at her.

Although they were staring at her, they looked as though they did not see her there.

Immediately, Wendy's face turned pale as she croaked, "Mrs. Nightshire?"

To her dismay, the older lady ignored her and repeated her question, "Did you cheat?"

Although Arielle was shocked by Susanne's reaction, she did not hesitate to deny, "I can assure you that I did not cheat."

"Good," Susanne acknowledged. "I believe you. You'd better not let me down at tonight's charity event."

Fervently nodding, Arielle promised, "Don't worry. I will not disappoint you."

With a grunt in response, she turned to Cecilia, who looked uneasy with a smile. "Let's go to the flea market. You prepared for it the whole morning, right?"

Cecilia plastered a smile on her face and hurriedly followed behind the other lady.

When she walked past Arielle, she whispered in a harsh tone, "Don't get too happy about this. Your good time will not last long."

Arielle's lips twitched. "What do you mean that it will not last long? Are you going to send people to kill me?"

As soon as Cecilia heard the response, she froze with fear in her eyes.

Please don't tell me that Arielle knows that we were responsible for the matter yesterday.

Susanne, who was in front of them, did not overhear the conversation, but Wendy heard it all.

She was equally as stunned. However, she thought about it carefully. Well, even if she guessed that it was us, does she have any evidence to prove it?

Wendy looked at Arielle and feigned an innocent look. She reminded, "I guess you shouldn't go to the flea market. You should be preparing for the questions you will get tonight."

With a mocking smile, Arielle responded, "Oh, I don't have to prepare for such things."

She exuded confidence which terrified Wendy.

Unable to bear staying there any longer, Wendy tugged Cecilia away.

Similarly, Cecilia felt as scared as Wendy. The mother worriedly probed, "Wendy, do you think that b**** already knows that we sent people to capture her?"

"No." Wendy shook her head. "The mercenaries are

willing to hand their lives to their owners, and Dad mentioned that he had already seen two of them sacrifice their lives from taking poison. I think Arielle only guessed so, but she does not have any evidence to prove it."

Hearing that, Cecilia finally let out a breath of relief. "That is good then. I was scared out of my wits earlier. When she said that, I thought she had already figured out that it was us."

"You don't have to worry about this matter at all. On the other hand, we should worry about whether Arielle can answer Mr. Baxter's questions later," Wendy reminded.

A worried expression was seen on Cecilia's face.

"But," Wendy suddenly straightened and added. "Mr. Baxter probably hopes that Arielle can't answer his questions even more than I do, so he would not set any easy questions."

“Really? Is there a reason for it?”

Wendy quietly thought about it. Because Arielle is a threat to him, and she humiliates him. Mr. Baxter is a proud man. Thus, he will not allow someone he hates to continue hovering around him.

Even though she knew the reason, she replied, “No particular reason. You only have to know that Mr. Baxter would not allow Arielle to make it to Maxwell University so easily.”

While the pair were conversing, Susanne curiously turned back. “The event is about to start. Why are both of you walking so slowly?”

Instantly, Cecilia quickened her pace.

She had already found out that the stall that made the most profit would win an award at the charity gala tonight.

Confident in her baking skills, she was sure that the award would belong to her daughter, Wendy.

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“Let’s go then.” Cecilia hugged Susanne’s arm firmly, slightly displeased. “Susanne, you shouldn’t have accepted her invitation. If she really is with Vin, what good could she bring him besides troubles and negative rumors? On the contrary, Vin’s project in Horington still needs to deal with us.”

She meant it as a reminder as well as a warning.

Meanwhile, Susanne had gotten used to Cecilia’s tactics.

She did not seem to be affected, as she displayed a smile. “I didn’t do it for Vin.”

“Then?”

“Maybe you didn’t know. Arielle’s mom used to be my close friend many years ago. For her sake, I feel I should take care of Arielle somehow.”

Cecilia was stunned upon hearing that. "I didn't know about that. Isn't she a bastard?"

Susanne's expression darkened as she uttered coldly, "Mrs. Greene, I hope you would watch your mouth. Even if she isn't Henrick's child, she was born by my good friend who had passed away. I never want to hear such words from you again. Or else, you'll regret the consequences!"

If that man were to hear this, he might even destroy the entire Greene family.

Nevertheless, Cecilia did not know what Susanne meant

by consequences. She only thought the latter was trying to stand up for Maureen.

With that, she pursed her lips. "Fine, I won't mention it again."

Even if I don't mention it, it will always be the truth.

On the other side, Arielle did not rush to the field to join the flea market. Instead, she brought Trisha to the bulletin board.

Even though there was a picture of the result in the forum, the angle was not good. Thus, they could only see the top three winners.

The first place went to Arielle, the second was Wendy, while the third went to Wendy's deskmate, Terry.

Except for Arielle's rank, the ranking did not differ much from the usual class test result.

Trisha was so nervous that her hands were clammy, but still, she was concerned about Arielle.

"Sannie, why don't we do as Wendy said and skipped going to the flea market. Let's go to study at the library, okay?"

"No need." Arielle pinched Trisha's face gently. "I believe I can answer the questions without needing to prepare. Don't forget I've got full marks for four

papers."

Wendy let out a sigh upon hearing that. "If you had taken the Chanaean paper, it would be

five full marks. If so, the gap between you and Wendy would be much more than twenty-six points.”

Arielle displayed an awkward smile upon hearing that.

She was not good in Chanaean. So, even if she had taken that paper, the result would be more or less the same.

In the blink of an eye, they arrived at the bulletin board.

Due to the post in the forum, many students of Jadeborough University had gathered there, hoping to see the genius of their university.

As soon as Arielle arrived, someone recognized her.

“Look! Goddess of Study is here!”

At once, the crowd clustered around her.

The next instant, they lined up in front of Arielle and bowed toward her simultaneously.

Arielle was left bewildered upon seeing that scene.

Trisha smiled while explaining. “I heard there’s a legend in this university. It is said that we can get good luck by bowing to Goddess of Study.”

No wonder all the students from the preparatory class worshipped her before their results got announced.

That superstitious ritual made Arielle utterly embarrassed.

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After a long while, they finally got rid of the crowd and got near the bulletin board.

However, Trisha got intimidated as she covered her eyes. “Sannie, I don’t dare to look at it. Please take a look for me.”

"Okay." Arielle nodded while approaching the board.

At first glance, she saw Trisha's name at sixth place.

Her gaze darkened slightly as her smile disappeared.

Still, she lost by just a little. But sixth place seems like the perfect spot.

Arielle started making plans secretly in her mind.

Just when she was about to turn and tell Trisha about it,

Trisha had gotten to her side.

After seeing her ranking, her eyes started brimming with tears.

472 points. It was just three points less than fifth place.

It meant it was just the gap of one question, but it took away her chance for the early admissions exam with Maxwell University.

She had always been in sixth place during the tests in the class. She thought with Arielle's help this time. She would manage to achieve fifth place. However, the reality turned out to be cruel.

At that moment, Trisha was filled with utter disappointment.

It was the worst feeling to have come this far but to fail just by an inch.

Staring at Trisha's expression, Arielle opened her mouth. "Trisha, actually, you still can..."

"Forget it." Trisha shook her head and forced a smile. "You don't have to comfort me. Maybe it is my destiny to get the sixth place."

"It's not like that. Trisha, I want to tell you that the slots for early admission..."

"Sannie," Trisha interrupted her again. "You don't need to comfort me. Even if I get the slot, I won't be able to pass the exam to enter Maxwell University at my level. I feel more relieved if this slot belongs to another person. If not, it might be wasted. So please stop mentioning it."

"But..."

"All right. Let's go to the flea market!" Trisha took a deep breath and displayed an unnatural smile. "I want to try out the ravioli you make, okay?"

Seeing Trisha did not want to think about the exam, Arielle swallowed her words and nodded. "Okay, let's go to the field. My friend should have sent the stuff by now. Let me call and ask."

"Okay." Trisha nodded firmly. "My dad should be at the entrance now. Let me find him. See you later at the field."

"See you."

Arielle waved her hand while taking out her phone and called Sasha.

"Hello, Sasha. Are you at the school?"

"I am waiting at the field already, Ms. Moore."

"Okay, I'm on my way now."

She marched toward the field as she spoke.

Trisha left and found a hidden corner on the other side, bawling her eyes out.

Everything she said to Arielle just now was pure lie.

Only God knew how eager she wanted to go to Maxwell University.

Even if she could not pass the exam, it would be great to visit that place once.

Maxwell University was not open to the public. Thus, ordinary people would never have the chance to go on a tour in the premises.

Yet, she missed such a golden opportunity.

She did not blame anybody but herself.

Meanwhile, at the field, the flea market was in full swing.

Just as Cecilia predicted, her bakery attracted tremendous attention from the students.

On the contrary, Arielle's stall, which had not been set up, seemed relatively empty.

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Wendy and Cecilia noticed that as well.

While Susanne was in the washroom, Wendy passed the packed cookies in her hands to the students while whispering to Cecilia, "Mom, I'd never expected your baking skill would be so useful to me. Everyone thinks your cookie and dessert taste so good."

"Of course." Cecilia displayed a prideful look. "You need to find time and learn how to cook. That's the best way to win a man's heart."

Wendy let out a boisterous laugh. "What should I learn to make then? Ravioli?"

The two of them exchanged looks and started laughing.

Ravioli is hardly a decent food. How shameless is Arielle to dare to sell that here?

Cecilia said boastfully, "What do you expect from a lowly country bumpkin who has never seen the world."

Wendy could not hold back her smile. "Since so many customers want to buy our cookies, I think we should raise the price. I want to get the prize for the charity flea market this year."

"That's what I thought too. Since we've put so much effort in this, let's try to aim for the highest honor."

They were aiming for the highest prize of the event.

As such, they raised the price of a pack of cookies to

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fifty.

Soon, the customers began to complain.

"Fifty? That's too expensive!"

Wendy immediately explained with a smile, "We're doing charity here. You guys can buy delicious cookies and help the needy at the same time. Isn't that killing two birds with one stone?"

"You've got the point. But fifty seems a little ridiculous. There are only ten tiny cookies inside."

"You should not see this as a purchase. Please treat it as a charity. You can help those kids in the mountain rebuild their school by spending fifty. Isn't that great? Are fifty too much to ask for to help those poor students?"

Under Wendy's persuasion and pressure, the female customer eventually had no choice but to pay the money reluctantly

"We've got another fifty! Way to go!" Wendy posted a victorious gesture while laughing together with Cecilia.

They just needed to sell out one-third of their cookies at such a pace. Then no one would be able to surpass their revenues.

Meanwhile, Arielle's stall finally got ready.

As she arrived pretty late, she could only find a spot at

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the far end of the road. Only a few people walked past there occasionally. Not to mention, Wendy managed to set up her stall in the middle of the stadium as Cecilia instructed her bodyguard to occupy the place long before the event even started.

However, compared to Wendy's tensed spirit and determination to win, the atmosphere at Arielle's stall was full of joy and peace.

Arielle cared more about how everyone felt about her ravioli. She had never thought of winning a prize.

Meanwhile, Blake was a talkative and funny person, so his jokes made Sasha laugh uncontrollably.

"All right. Stop fooling around. Let's get on with business. Please take out the ravioli," Arielle instructed. Without delay, the bodyguard carried the small fridge to the stall.

Then, she put lots of ravioli into the pot right away. While waiting for them to get cooked, she prepared her secret sauce.

Seeing Arielle putting so many portions of ravioli into the pot while there was still no customer, Sasha could not wrap

her head around it. "Are you putting in too many ravioli? Maybe we should prepare a portion for the customers to test first. We can put in the rest if there are more customers. Or else they might be wasted in the

end."

"Don't worry about it. They'll be sold out," Arielle

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responded casually while taking the cap off her head.

She figured since she was treated as Goddess of Study in this school, she should at least try to make full use of that advantage.

As expected, as soon as she showed her face, people began to notice her stall.

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Terry was the first one to come and greet them.

"Goddess, are you having a stall here too? We thought you'll be studying for Mr. Baxter's exam tonight."

Arielle shrugged her shoulders casually. "There's nothing much to prepare. I can't possibly guess his question too. Have you eaten your lunch? Do you want to buy some ravioli? It's fifty per portion."

"Fifty? That seems a bit expensive."

Arielle responded while frying the ravioli masterfully, "Don't worry. I'm sure you won't regret it. You might even want to buy a second portion."

"Really? What makes you so confident about it?"

"Haha. Have some faith in me. I cook better than I study."

Upon hearing that, Terry took out his cash without hesitation. "One portion, please!"

Arielle turned to Blake with a smile. "Blake, prepare a bowl, please."

"Here you go!" Blake passed over a bowl without delay.

Since it was their first customer, Blake was utterly nervous, as though his life depended on it.

On the other hand, Arielle seemed rather calm,

She put the other ingredients into the bowl in the right portion. Meanwhile, her other hand continued stirring the big pot.

At that moment, all the ravioli seemed swimming lively in the pot.

Seeing that, Terry somehow had craving for such regular food.

“Does it mean they’re done if they’re floating?” He asked curiously.

Arielle shook her head.

Nope. It is frozen ravioli, and it takes time for the ravioli to get cooked thoroughly.

She put in some more water and cooked for a little while more. A moment later, she clapped her hands and said, “All right. Now it’s done.”

She poured the ravioli into the bowl and added her secret sauce. Instantly, a pleasant fragrance filled the entire compound.

Terry’s saliva dripped uncontrollably upon smelling that.

He immediately wiped the saliva off his mouth. “It looks good. I wonder how it tastes like.”

“Have a try then.” Arielle passed the bowl to him.

Terry took the bowl and eagerly ate one of it.

As the ravioli was still hot, he nearly spat it out. But before he did that, the succulent meat with a full flavored creamy cheesy taste blended with herbs exploded inside his mouth.

His eyes lit up with amazement as he swallowed the ravioli even though it was hot.

The entire process was so fast that he hardly properly tasted the whole thing.

Right away, he put another one into his mouth. This time, he was smart enough to blow it a few times before doing that.

As such, he managed to taste it to the fullest.

As a food lover, he had tried almost all the ravioli from the various restaurants in the city. Nevertheless, he had never tasted something like this one. Even the ravioli from the best restaurant in the country paled in comparison with it.

From its appearance, Arielle's ravioli looked like any regular ravioli, but it turned out its dough was thinner than usual ravioli, and it had more fillings inside. Combined with the secret sauce, it created an indescribable rich taste in the mouth,

Right at that moment, there was only one thing in Terry's mind. I've never eaten such delicious ravioli!

"How is it?" Arielle asked, "Not bad?"

Terry swallowed his last spoon of ravioli slowly. "Goddess, I think fifty might be a little too cheap!"

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Arielle smiled slightly upon hearing that. "Fifty it is. I can't raise it anymore."

She did not decide the price by guts. She had done a lot of market research before coming up with this price.

She planned to sell it at the same price too in Maureen's Kitchen

As Maureen's Kitchen had countless delicious menus, it was impossible to promote each one of them. Thus, she thought of this method to let more people know about it.

She planned to use the ravioli to attract the customers' attention first, and then she would let them taste Maureen's Kitchen's menu.

While the usual people used the money to do marketing, she used ravioli instead.

Arielle lifted her head and wanted to ask about Terry's feedback. But before she could open her mouth, the latter took out another fifty note and shouted, "One more portion, please!"

All right. It seems there is no need to ask then.

Terry finished eating the second bowl in the blink of an eye. He wanted to order a gain, but his belly could not take in anymore.

With that, he started shouting out for Arielle's stall, "Everyone, come on! The ravioli here is super delicious! Don't miss out!"

Slowly, some customers showed up thanks to Terry's shouting.

As expected, many of them felt it was slightly overpriced when they first learned about the price.

The usual price of ravioli was at most thirty in the restaurant, unless there was special filling in it.

However, they did not hesitate to take out their cash as soon as they recognized Arielle was the stall owner.

"Let's consider this our support for the goddess of our school then!"

After all, none of them had high expectations of the ravioli.

However, their minds were blown away the moment they took their first bite.

"One more please!"

"Me too!"

"I want four portions. Let me take them to my roommates and let them have a try of real food!"

Before long, that single stall at the far end became full of people.

Many who tasted the ravioli acted just like Terry. They would help Arielle promote her ravioli to their friends, With that chain reaction, more and more people knew

about Arielle's stall.

After a few minutes, the whole pot of ravioli was sold out.

Blake and Sasha still could not believe it.

"Everybody, please wait for a while. We'll be making a new round." Arielle turned around to instruct Blake while receiving cash into her hands. "Blake, please put in new ravioli. Sasha, please write down the names of those who have paid."

Both of them nodded simultaneously.

Blake took a few scoops of ravioli and put them in the pot, and the pot filled up in an instant.

This time, Sasha did not ask him to put less, but instead, she urged with excitement, "Blake, it's not enough. Put some more in."

Arielle reminded with a smile, "Not too many, or else it won't taste good. That's enough for now."

After a while, Sasha asked, "Ms. Moore, can I buy one portion too?"

As she saw all the customers enjoying the ravioli so much, she could not help but get curious about the taste.

Just then, Blake raised his hand too. "One for me too! No, I want two, please!"

"All right, all right. You'll all have your share. But let's serve all the customers first."

Both of them nodded with anticipation.

Meanwhile, someone posted the news about Arielle's ravioli on the forum, which attracted a new wave of customers.

Some of them came for the unbelievably tasty ravioli, while the others came purposely to see Arielle.

For a moment, the stall was packed with a large crowd.

At the same time, ever since Wendy raised her price, her customers became less and less.

When she finally got two customers, someone ran over and shouted to them, "Why are

you guys still buying the cookies? Hurry up and go get Arielle's ravioli! I heard its taste is beyond imagination!"

Rate the Translation to Get 2 Petal.

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"Arielle? Isn't she the genius with four full marks???"

"Correct! Go try out her ravioli. Maybe you'll get some luck for your exam."

"You should have told us earlier! Let's go now." Those students put down Wendy's cookie and got ready to leave.

Wendy immediately grabbed the hand of one of them. "What's so good with ravioli? The weather today is too hot to have that. Why don't you try out my dessert, along with an iced Americano..."

"No, thank you. Your stuff is too expensive. I will just go to the coffee shop if I want coffee." The student got rid of Wendy's grip while turning to her friend. "Let's go grab the ravioli now. Who knows, we might pass the exam of Maxwell University tonight!"

"Yes! Let's hurry!"

With that, Wendy lost the two customers instantly.

What was killing her the most was the fact that they abandoned her stall for Arielle's stall.

Wendy's expression darkened immediately.

She turned to Cecilia wrathfully. "Mom, look at them!"

Cecilia was also beyond exasperated. "I felt strange why we were losing customers all of a sudden. It looks like that b*tch has snatched away all the customers!"

What a scheming lady!"

Staring at her cookies, Wendy started to panic. "So what're we going to do now? Do we just let her take away all the customers?"

"Fret not." Cecilia comforted Wendy. "You've heard them just now. They went after Arielle for good luck. I doubt if the ravioli tastes that good. They will mostly buy one portion each. After the heat passes, the customers will be back. Please have some faith in my cooking. I am sure many people will come back to our stall later."

Wendy nodded, but there was a sense of uneasiness in her heart.

"Don't worry, Wendy." Cecilia sounded utterly confident. "Even though she is a genius in studies, do you think someone who focuses on studies like her will be able to cook better than a housewife?"

Wendy smiled slightly. "Let me check her stall out and try to pull back some customers."

"Okay." Cecilia nodded. "Remember to come back here soon. Susanne will probably be back any minute. You'll have to show your best in front of her."

Wendy's gaze darkened once again upon hearing that name.

She feigned a smile and left her stall abruptly.

Before she realized it, she was already at Arielle's stall.

Yet, the crowd in front of the stall was so huge that she could not even see Arielle's face.

In an instant, jealousy and hatred filled Wendy's heart. Since when does her stall become so popular? It was still empty not long ago. On the contrary, my stall has no customers even though it is in the best spot. Why is she always better than me in everything?

Just then, someone among the crowd identified her.

"Isn't that Wendy? Why is she here at the goddess' stall? She must've come here to make a fuss!"

"Haha. I saw her stall just now. There's no customer at all over there. I bet she came here to check out her competitor."

"Don't let her create any trouble then. Let's chase her away!"

Most of the crowd was aware of the conflict between Arielle and Wendy. Thus, as soon as they recognized Wendy, they showed utter hostility toward her.

One of them stepped toward Wendy. "Hey, could you please get out of here?"

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Wendy did not intend to let Arielle know about her being here, as she did not want the latter to look down on her.

But as she heard what those students said about her, she got extremely displeased.

With that, she opened her mouth. "Is this your home? Who do you think you are that you can ask me to leave?"

Seeing that Wendy was unwilling to leave, the student's expression darkened.

"Well, it's not my home, but it's the stall of my goddess. Please don't make a fuss here, or I'll inform the teacher!"

Wendy sneered coldly upon hearing that. "Go on then. Does the school rule say that I can't show up here? Plus, you said that this was a stall. I'm here to buy something."

"Buy something?" That student stared at her skeptically. "Are you sure you're here only to buy something?"

Wendy's jaw tensed. "Am I such a person in your eyes?"

"Are you not?"

"Of course not! I'm here to buy something!" Wendy clenched her fists while trying to get in line.

Just then, she finally spotted Arielle.

Arielle was busy serving the customers at the stall. Despite the sweat on her forehead, she looked extremely attractive.

That was the part which Wendy hated her the most.

Wendy forced herself not to look at Arielle as she shifted her gaze toward the stall.

She noticed Arielle's stall was way bigger than hers. Countless bowls were lined up neatly on the clean table.

Arielle scooped out the cooked ravioli and filled up the bowls one by one.

As she poured the secret sauce into each bowl, a rich aroma came into Wendy's nose.

Staring at those ravioli, even Wendy got attracted by the look and smell.

It's most probably because I haven't had my lunch.

Just then, Arielle noticed Wendy.

She narrowed her eyes as her gaze turned utterly cold.

"Why are you here?" Arielle was devoid of expression.

Wendy bit her lip, displeased with the look Arielle gave her.

But since she was already here, she figured she should buy one portion of ravioli. If it tasted bad, she could tell the rest of the crowd that Arielle's ravioli was merely a false advertisement.

It would be great if I could chase away some customers.

With that in mind, Wendy raised her voice. "Why else would I be here? To buy the ravioli, obviously. How much is it? I want one portion."

Arielle knew what Wendy was planning, but she was sure no one would be able to pick on her ravioli.

But before she could utter a word, Blake weighed in.

"We're not selling you! Get lost!"

Blake remembered Wendy perfectly. If it were not for her, the two girls would not have created the fuss at the school entrance that day. They even called the cops in the end.

Wendy felt offended after hearing Blake's words. "Why aren't you selling me? Could your ravioli be so bad that you're afraid I'll tell others after eating it?"

“You...”

Just when Blake wanted to respond, Arielle stopped him. “Blake, I’ll handle this. Go on with your work.”

The next moment, she shifted her gaze toward Wendy. “Do you see that? The line is very long. If you want to

buy it, please line up from behind!”

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Wendy pursed her lips unhappily. “It’s just a stall at the flea market. Do you really think you have a business here? How dare you ask me to line up? Is this how you’re treating your customers? You’re targeting me!”

However, as soon as she finished her sentence, the students behind her started complaining.

“Are you really nuts?”

“Absolutely! Everyone is lining up here! What makes you think you’re different from us?”

“What a joke! Do you think Arielle has the time to go against you? She has so many customers to serve. Stop thinking too highly of yourself!”

Terry, who came back to buy another portion, shouted, “Wendy, if you’re here to buy the ravioli, please don’t cut my queue! Please show some quality and stop embarrassing our class, okay?”

Terry was always a straightforward person. Thus, he went on and chided her despite the presence of many students from other majors.

Of course, he did not purposely target Wendy. He was merely voicing out what he thought was right.

When Arielle first joined their class, he doubted whether she got in through the proper procedure.

However, Wendy assumed Terry was on Arielle's side, and he deliberately embarrassed her in public. Despite

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so, she had no reason to rebuke him. Thus, she reluctantly walked toward the end of the line.

If she walked away now, people would think she was here to create a fuss. She had no choice but to line up for the ravioli.

After lining up for about twenty minutes, finally, it was her turn.

"How much for a portion?"

"Fifty." Arielle sounded emotionless, as though she was talking to a stranger.

Wendy was utterly displeased. "Fifty for a portion? Is your ravioli sealed in gold?"

Just then, there was a student who bought cookies from Wendy's stall. "You're selling your cookie at fifty too. Compared to your cookie, buying this ravioli is more worth it. You even tried to make me feel guilty if I didn't want to buy your cookie, as though I was a bad person who was unwilling to help the kids in the mountains!"

Wendy's expression darkened. "I didn't say that..."

"That's exactly what you meant! Why? Should I ask if your cookie is made of diamond then?"

Right away, the crowd began criticizing Wendy,

"That's right! How could you have a double standard

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here? Do you think you're above us?"

"So are you buying or not? If not, please get out of the line!"

"Exactly! Stop wasting our time! Hurry up!"

Feeling absolutely livid, Wendy nearly crushed her teeth from the grinding.

She took out a note wrathfully and threw it toward the stall. Then, she started eating the ravioli.

When she was lining up, she noticed many customers come back to purchase another portion of the ravioli.

She was eager to find out why so many people were lining up to buy the ravioli for the second time.

With that, she started tasting the ravioli on the spot.

She intended to tell everyone that there was nothing special about Arielle's ravioli, and indeed it was not worth fifty.

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