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## She Becomes Glamorous After The Engagement Annulment Chapter 1026 - 1028

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!

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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?"

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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

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professional e-sports player? Or does he think the whole world has to pander to him or what?’

‘Wanna hear a joke? Jimmy 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 Jimmy’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...?”

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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!”

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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 Jimy couldn't resist joining in and posting a comment this time.

Jimy: '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."

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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.

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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.

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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."

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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.

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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?!"

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“ ... ”

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.

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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."

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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?"

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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.

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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."

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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?"

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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

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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.

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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.

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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."

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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!

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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?!

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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.

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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...

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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!”

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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.

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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."

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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?"

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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!

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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.

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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!"

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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: "..."

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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!"

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Zac: “!!”

Cheryl: “????”

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

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