

The Princess and the Pauper (Arabella)

Chapter 994



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"It's mainly the freshmen who are really hoping you'd lead the team. It's what the students want, I'm just going with their wishes.

"So, you don't care about my wishes?"

"Bella." Grandpa Beck immediately grinned in a placating manner, "This prestigious competition is organized by ten universities in the college town, and it only takes place every four years. It's a big deal. The last time, and the time before that, and even the time before that, Westerly College didn't exactly come out on top."

Grandpa Beck looked slightly pitiful.

Arabella took one look and realized they were pretty far down the line.

"That's why all eyes are on you, our perfect-score top scorer! We need you to bring some honor to our college this time!"

Even if it's just leading the team!

Let the other universities saw that Westerly College wasn't at the bottom of the barrel among the top ten!

They had a shining star, too, this year's perfect-score top scorer, Arabella!

She hadn't competed before, so no one knew how well she would perform.

Even if Westerly College didn't end up in the top ranks, at least people would think that their real powerhouse hadn't even made a move yet.

Arabella was slightly annoyed, "So, you just want me to be Westerly College's billboard."

"Don't you think it's a good thing if more outstanding students choose Westerly College? When they graduate and go out into the world, there will be more people to help those in need. Our medical research needs fresh blood to join in"

So she's old now.

"President Barton, are you in there? Did you hear what I just said?" Andrew knocked on the door cautiously.

The lab door opened, and President Barton, grinning from ear to ear, pushed Arabella out, "Our top scorer is here. Go on, and make sure you bring back at least a top-three prize this time!"

Arabella: Did she agree to this?

Just the top three? Was the old man lowering his standards now?? Had his ambition become so small.

Upon hearing 'top three', Andrew felt the pressure double. He knew all too well how poorly Westerly College had performed in previous competitions.

They were always eliminated.

Forget about the top three. Even making it to the top eight seemed like a tough task.

The worst part was that he had just been elected student council president and now had to bear this heavy responsibility.

He felt like crying but had to hold it back in front of such a beautiful girl.

On the way to the competition, he introduced himself to Arabella, "Hi, I'm Andrew, the student council president. I know you're Arabella. I'm really glad you're leading our team today. Thank you."

Seeing his humble and gentle demeanor, Arabella smiled faintly, "It's no trouble."

When she didn't smile, she exuded a calm aloof aura like a powerful boss.

But when she did smile, it was breathtakingly beautiful.

Andrew was stunned for a good three seconds, then realized he had been staring, and his face turned beet red.

The top scorer was even more approachable and beautiful up close than he had anticipated. How could someone be this stunning?

"This competition is organized by ten universities, divided into two categories: professional and talent competitions." Andrew quickly diverted his gaze, not daring to look into Bella's eyes anymore.

Her eyes were mesmerizing and unforgettable like the stars in the night sky.

"Because Summerfield College is the dominant force among these ten universities, the competition will be held in two main halls in Summerfield College, the south hall for professional competition and the north hall for talent competition. Only freshmen are allowed to participate, which means we'll have to lead two teams to the two competition areas."

"We're leading the teams?" Arabella was somewhat surprised.