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White Python was dumbstruck to see Black Python disappearing in the blink of an eye.

"We're sorry, Janet. We were too stunned to respond just now, and by no means were we looking down on you," Sharon and Summer mumbled in embarrassment.

Shaking her head, Janet couldn't care less. "I understand."

Sharon and Summer were not aware of Janet's experience in high school, and so it was normal for them to be shocked by the sudden contrast in her character. Nevertheless, their worries were alleviated after hearing Janet's response.

On the other hand, Abby was still confused.

It seems like Janet is quite close with Instructor Black Python and White Python.

"Janet, how are you related to Instructor Black Python and Instructor White Python?" Abby asked in puzzlement.

"They are my boyfriend's subordinates." Janet had no intention to hide anything from them.

"What? Your boyfriend's subordinates?" The three of them exclaimed at the same time.

The instructors whom we're so afraid of are actually the subordinates of Janet's boyfriend? No wonder Instructor Black Python and Instructor White Python seem to show extra care toward Janet!

So they are actually related! Could it be that the previous instructors were replaced so that Janet would be taken care of? Her boyfriend is too sweet!

Janet's three friends were flabbergasted and couldn't describe their feelings at that moment.

Meanwhile, back at the Shields Residence, Lynette was smiling smugly as she read through Woodsbury University's forum.

Damn! Why is Janet still not making a statement or handling the situation now that it has escalated? Maybe she's already scared out of her wits. Well, it's normal for her to be shocked. After all, the person in the picture is indeed her, and she can't deny it.

Genius as she is, she can't control what others do. What a joke!

I bet Janet will be eliminated from the list of campus belles after this incident. She might even drop out of school as a result of pressure from her peers and the university. If that happens, I'll still be the popular campus belle when I go back to school after a month.

With that, Lynette's grin grew wider.

The base started operating again that afternoon, and training had also started.

They only had ten days left and had to speed up on training because some schedules had been delayed due to the holiday.

Ten days later, the best trainee and the best class would be chosen.

The best class was a group award, so one incompetent member would drag the entire class down.

There were various training that they needed to undergo including first aid, shooting, operating machinery and other military-related survival skills.

While Janet had not been called upon to participate in any maneuvers due to special reasons, Sharon was frequently summoned.

Her legs were already trembling the moment she stood on the stage looking at Black Python, let alone being instructed by him one-on-one.

After one round of practice, Sharon was so nervous that she had become drenched in sweat.

Raising her brow, Janet teased her. "You're pretty serious, Sharon!"

Sharon feigned a miserable look while covering her mouth. "I have to since he is staring at me all the time."

In fact, every time she lifted her head, she would see Instructor Black Python staring at her.

"Right! I noticed Instructor Black Python keeps staring at Sharon too. Did you accidentally offend him?" Abby mumbled while furrowing her brow.

"It must be because you bad-mouthed him!" Summer chimed in.

"I guess so." Sharon pouted with a resentful look. Why does Instructor Black Python have to be so petty?

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Janet smiled silently.

Out of the blue, she recalled something and started fumbling in her pocket, thereafter pulling out a smooth bottle.

"Someone asked me to pass this to you." Janet handed the bottle over to Sharon.

Stunned, Sharon took a while to regain her composure. Glancing at the bottle in her hand, she carefully sized it up.

Isn't this a special drug for armies?

"Who gave it to you?" Sharon blushed while blinking her almond-shaped eyes.

"A special drug for armies?" Abby's dimples appeared as she smiled. "Could it be from the instructors?"

Janet laughed and didn't say a word.

As such, the other three understood at once since silence implied consent.

Thinking about it, the only armies that they would come into contact with were Instructor Black Python and Instructor White Python...

"Please thank the person on my behalf!" Sharon squealed as her eyes glistened with joy.

Though the gifter remained unknown, she had never received such a unique gift in her lifetime.

On the sixth day of military training, Janet had barely participated in any training process because she was too lazy. Besides, Black Python and White Python never summoned her.

She would only occasionally attend the sessions which she liked, such as shooting and rock climbing.

Nevertheless, the others were used to her behavior and they thought she was merely a violent person who lacked determination to pull through the training. As such, they had never associated her with the title of the best trainee.

Since no one was anticipating to see any change in Janet, their attention naturally averted from her while Hannah became a popular candidate for the best trainee.

Meanwhile, in an inconspicuous corner, a girl who radiated an evil aura was practicing shooting in a dedicated manner.

Later that day when the training was over, White Python went to Lowry Family Conglomerate to report to Mason about the training progress.

"How was it today?" Mason asked nonchalantly in an indifferent voice.

Scratching his head, White Python answered, "It's quite okay."

Miss Jackson had forbidden them from reporting the gossip at the training base to Young Master Mason, and so they did not dare to spill the beans. After all, Miss Jackson would also become their boss in the future, and it was not a wise move for them to offend her even before she was married to Mason.

Just then, Mason raised his brow and asked in an intrigued manner, "How so?"

"Miss Jackson enjoys both shooting and rock climbing."

“Shooting?” Mason murmured, “She knows how to fire a gun?”

“In fact, she’s pretty good at it. I think she’s the most skilful one among this batch of new trainees,” White Python said.

Hearing that, Mason furrowed his brow as he went into deep thought.

Seeing his frown, White Python asked in puzzlement, “Young Master Mason, aren’t you the one who taught her shooting?”

In fact, Janet was rather skilful in shooting, and it was impossible for a newbie to be this outstanding.

Besides, she normally spent a lot of time with Mason, and so White Python assumed that her shooting skills were taught by Mason.

Frowning, Mason remained silent while placing his slender finger on his chin.

The doubt which he had suppressed a few days ago was now resurfacing.

The woman’s face the other day flashed through Mason’s mind again, but he quickly shook his head and brushed it off.

Meanwhile, in the Shields Residence, Lynette was getting more anxious as it had been a week since the scandals were exposed, yet Janet had not reacted at all.

How can Janet still attend the military training as if nothing has happened?

Actually, Lynette was rather impressed at how thick-skinned Janet was.

If these scandals can’t cause harm to Janet, then all my efforts would have gone to waste! Even the money that I’ve paid to the hackers too!

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Thinking of this, Lynette's eyes turned fiery as another idea popped into her mind. Thereafter, she started typing non-stop on her phone while muttering to herself.

It was halfway through the military training period, and students of each school had started signing up for the best trainee selection.

After a final 5km of running, the training for today had come to an end and everyone went back to their dorms to rest up.

Looking at herself in the mirror, Abby felt like crying. "I'm as tanned as coal now!"

Sharon and Summer too pulled a long face. "Same here. My mom might think that I actually came back from coal mining in Africa after this training ends."

Janet broke into laughter. In contrast, she wouldn't be tanned at all no matter how long she was exposed under the sun.

Abby glanced toward Janet who was standing beside her scrolling through the phone. "Janet, have you asked around about where we can buy your sunscreen and repair cream?"

Janet hummed and replied lazily, "They are custom-made and can't be bought from the market."

Abby, Sharon and Summer were all rendered speechless.

Even skincare products can be custom-made? We've never known about that!

"Since you like it, why don't you ask Gordon to get you one?" Janet suddenly teased her.

With that, Abby buried her face in her hands and turned to the other side.

"Wh-What? Gordon Yaleman is your boyfriend?"

Sharon and Summer were instantly startled and tongue-tied.

Abby's boyfriend is actually Gordon Yaleman, the popular music artist in Metkane?

"Yeah, we just got together not long ago." Her cheeks flushing, Abby looked adorable with her pair of dimples.

At that moment, Sharon and Summer could not describe their feelings anymore. They realized that they were constantly discovering extraordinary facts about Janet and Abby ever since they met the two.

"Forget about it. Let's get back to business and consider whether we want to sign up for the best trainee selection tomorrow." Sharon sighed. Outstanding men are all taken, so I should stop day-dreaming.

"I'll leave the title for the others to compete since I won't be able to excel anyway." Abby shook her head while massaging her calf.

"Me too." Summer heaved a sigh. "The best trainee this time will surely be Hannah!"

Hannah had outshined the others in boxing, cross-country running and sprinting. If she signed up for the selection, she would definitely win the title.

Noticing that Janet had not uttered a word, Abby asked, "Are you going to sign up, Janet?"

Scrolling through her phone, Janet replied nonchalantly, "We'll see."

The next day was the tenth day of the military training, and there were five more days before the training ended. So, the agenda for the last five days was to select the one and only best trainee from the current batch of new trainees.

Standing on the stage in the training arena, Instructor White Python announced soberly, "The best trainee this time will win a chance to shoot a recruitment video with the chief instructor, and he or she might be featured in newspapers too. Any outstanding trainees who are interested, please come forward to sign up. You only have five minutes to consider."

It was a golden opportunity to showcase oneself through publication in the newspapers and participation in the filming of a recruitment video. As such, many new trainees signed up for the selection.

Meanwhile, standing under the stage, Hannah put on a smile and seemed confident. However, she still mumbled anxiously, "Sigh, I wonder how many have signed up for the selection. I'm quite worried."

The girl standing next to her turned to her and smiled. "What are you worried about? Of course you'll be selected as the best trainee!"

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Meanwhile, another girl chimed in, "Exactly. No one is a match for you no matter which school they are from!"

Covering her mouth, Hannah deliberately made a seemingly casual remark. "Do you think the top scholar in our university will sign up for that?"

"Her?" the girl chuckled. "I'd expect her to sign up if they were selecting the worst trainee."

"Yeah, I've seen her training these few days. She is as weak as a kitten!"

"I guess she's just good at beating people up and nothing else. By the way, she hasn't stood out to clarify or made a statement about the scandal of her assaulting someone in high school."

"It's obvious that she is the culprit, so any clarification or statement would be useless!"

Hannah was covertly pleased when she heard this.

So what if Janet is a top scholar? She's just a nerd in the end. I'll surely become the one to be featured in newspapers and to participate in the military recruitment video shooting!

On the other hand, Abby was upset. "Hannah did this on purpose. Why did she have to say it when she knows Janet is not going to sign up anyway?"

"Exactly. It's as if she is afraid that someone will snatch the best trainee title from her!" Sharon echoed.

Someone overheard Abby's comment and cut in. "Janet wouldn't be able to snatch the title away even if she wished to. She didn't even have the nerve to admit the assault, let alone participate in the competition. Given her physical fitness, she would only be humiliating herself if she signed up for the selection!"

“You...” Abby’s blood boiled and she furrowed her brow.

Meanwhile, Janet was resting on the side with her eyes closed. Nonetheless, her ears were not spared and she had heard all the conversations.

“Who else would like to sign up? Come forward now. You have one minute left!”

Black Python and White python skimmed through the participant list—there were six people in total.

White Python glanced at Black Python and said, “I think that’s it. Six is a pretty decent number.”

Nodding, Black Python looked at the crowd and declared in a loud and deep voice, “So we’ll have six participants. Any comments?”

Everyone nodded in consent.

All of a sudden, someone mocked, “I didn’t see Janet going forward just now. She didn’t sign up for it, did she?”

“Why would she want to sign up? To embarrass herself?”

“I’m still thinking about learning ‘boxing’ from her.”

“She’s such an expert in whacking people. What a pity if she doesn’t sign up for the selection!”

“Silence! One more word and you will be punished with a 5km run!” White Python bellowed with a darkened face. How dare these annoying kids humiliate Mrs. Lowry in her face? They must have a death wish!

Yawning, Janet stood up lazily with her arms folded in front of her chest. “Sir, is there a shooting event in the competition this time?” Just then, the crowd burst into laughter.

What? Does she plan to participate if the answer is a yes?

Black Python nodded. “Yes, and it contributes to 50% of the total points.”

Bobbing her head, Janet said, "Alright, I'll sign up then!"

With that, everyone was tongue-tied as they stared at her in disbelief.

What bullsh*t is she talking? Janet actually wants to compete for the best trainee title? She must be uttering nonsense out of embarrassment after being provoked!

Even Black Python put on an awkward look. "M-Miss Jackson, are you sure?"

He glanced at the physical fitness report; Janet was the last in the rank.

Initiative in participating in maneuver: ranked last.

5km sprinting: ranked second last.

Boxing: totally knocked out by Hannah.

Startled, White Python took a while to recover from the shock. "You don't have to force yourself, Miss Jackson. After all, one doesn't necessarily have to excel both academically and physically."

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White Python sympathized with Janet. After all, it was extremely rare for one to excel both academically and physically.

"I don't care!" Janet drawled in a cold tone filled with menace. "I want to play with guns!"

With that, she sat insouciantly back down on the floor.

At the same time, all the other trainees were shocked.

She wants to play with guns? Does she even know how to hold a gun or where the muzzle is?

Does she know how to attach a silencer to the gun? Does she know how to load a gun? She knows nothing, yet she wants to play with a gun! What's more, she sounds rather arrogant!

Subsequently, the news of Janet signing up for the selection of best trainee was soon spread across the entire training base, and it had reached the performance arts school in no time too.

Initially, the discussion about Janet's happenings in the base had faded within the performance arts school but after this episode, she became the center of attention again.

"Have you heard? Janet actually signed up to compete for the best trainee title!"

"What? But everyone knows her physical fitness is poor."

"It can't be that poor. I heard from Madelaine that Janet alone could beat up a few girls back in high school! I reckon she's merely pretending to be weak."

"Exactly. But she said that she likes shooting. How ridiculous, isn't it?"

"Oh my goodness! Did the instructors accept her application?"

"Yeah. They can't stop her anyway."

"It seems like there'll be a show to watch soon!"

Just then, Madelaine snorted. "I knew she would sign up!"

I know Janet very well. She loves showing off and becoming the center of attention!

Nevertheless, she had not expected Janet to engage herself in this big event.

Does she think it's fun to join the best trainee competition? She's just going to humiliate herself this time and the others will laugh at her!

Almost everyone in the base was discussing this topic.

After the training had ended that day, Abby and Sharon even approached Janet to talk over this matter, hoping that she would reconsider since Hannah was currently the most popular candidate for the best trainee.

Now that everyone knew Janet had signed up for the contest, they were all waiting to jeer at her.

“Janet, why don’t you go tell the instructors that you’ll pull out?”

“Yeah. Since they are your boyfriend’s subordinates, they will surely grant you a chance to go back on your words.”

“Why should I?” Janet lifted her head and wore a cheeky smile. “Are you worried that I’ll lose?”

Both Abby and Sharon were rendered speechless. They were not even worrying because they knew she would definitely lose.

“Since everyone wishes to witness my actual ability, I should give them a free show.” Sniggering, Janet then took her clothes and walked toward the bathroom.

She wanted to prove to the others that she would be the most outstanding one in all areas, and that no one could afford to provoke her!

At the same time, Black Python and White Python went to Lowry Family Conglomerate.

Upon hearing the two instructors’ narration in the lounge, Sean was perplexed.

“Why would Miss Jackson want to contest for the best trainee title? Isn’t her performance always at the bottom of the class?”

“Sigh! I’ve tried talking to her, but she insists on signing up. I couldn’t stop her anyway.”

Sean raised his brow. “So you’re here today to ask Young Master Mason to thwart her?”

“You bet!” She would be embarrassing herself if she is ranked last in this contest.

Just as they were talking, a lofty man in a black suit who radiated a hostile aura opened the door and walked in.

