

Venomous 37

Chapter 37: Drawing Lots

Fu Xiuyi was a member of the royal family, so he naturally knew what the royal family was doing. The crisp sound of the teacup hitting the ground seemed to be unintentional, but it had already disrupted the rhythm of the musician on the stage, preventing them from continuing. He naturally wanted to see who the instigator was. Fu Xiuyi was a cautious person, so he did not think it was an unintentional doing

The girl in purple was talking to someone beside her. Her expression was cold. From afar, she had an indescribable aura that clearly separated her from the people around her.

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"Ninth Brother, who are you looking at?" Fu Xiuan, Prince Zhou, followed Fu Xiuyi's gaze and smiled meaningfully. "Speaking of which, among us brothers, Ninth Brother is the only one who has never gotten married. Father has brought up your marriage many times. That girl looks like she's from a rich family. I wonder which family she is from. Does anyone know her?"

"She's the fifth daughter of General Shen's family, my student," Pei Lang replied.

"The fifth daughter of General's family?" Fu Xiuyuan, Prince Jing, remembered her. Perhaps because Shen Miao was too famous, even the royal family was familiar with her name. He said, "Isn't that the daughter of General Shen Xin? Her name is Shen Miao, right?"

"How can she be Shen Miao?" Fu Xiuan smiled indifferently. "Everyone in the capital knows that Shen Miao is pursuing our ninth brother. Didn't she fall into the water a few days ago just to see our ninth brother? If our ninth brother really likes Shen Miao, she wouldn't have to go through so much trouble. Besides, Shen Miao is an idiot. Look at the girl over her. She has a calm and noble aura. How can she be Shen Miao?"

"Fourth Brother, be careful with your words." Fu Xiuyi shook his head, but his gaze landed on the purple-clothed girl in the ladies' section.

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In his memory, Shen Miao always liked to wear bright red and green clothes, and she loved gold jewelry. Her makeup was already thick and heavy, making her look like a clown on the stage. And the purple-clothed girl over there had smooth skin and delicate eyebrows. The noble aura she exuded clearly distinguished her from the women around her. How could she be Shen Miao?

He was not the only one who was confused. Pei Liang was confused too.

As a teacher who had taught Shen Miao for two years, Pei Lang undoubtedly knew her better than Fu Xiuyi. People could change their clothes, but they couldn't change their temperament. Pei Lang was a scholar, and scholars valued temperament more than others. Shen Miao seemed to have become a different person overnight.

He didn't expect that a little girl could tell there was something wrong with the music. Moreover, Shen Miao was never a Guqin expert.

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While everyone was thinking, the musician on the stage finished playing, signaling the beginning of the test.

This year's test was different from the previous years. There was no distinction between men and women, only civil and military. Although the Guangwen Hall required students to be both civil and military, and they had to be taught both the arts and martial arts, the rules of the past hundred years had always been like this. Very few women chose the martial arts, and in the arts, strategy and philosophy were basically for men. This was because these two subjects were actually ways to select talents for the imperial court.

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Martial arts included horsemanship, archery, weightlifting, and so on.

Most of the women were tested on the four subjects of poetry, song, literature, and category. Even if Ming Qi was relatively open, it was always much harsher on women. It was not only Ming Qi, but almost all countries were like this. Women should stay at home and take care of their husbands and children.

Ming Qi's test had always been divided into three parts: drawing lots, choosing, and challenging.

Everyone had to draw lots, and the order would be messed up by the examiner. The women would draw lots in arts categories, while the men would draw lots in the martial arts and literature categories.

Because this was something that couldn't be avoided. Every year, Shen Miao would be made fun of because she didn't know anything about the traditional arts.

Choosing was the second stage. You could choose something you were good at and showcase it on stage. For example, Shen Yue often chose to play the Guqin, and Shen Qing chose calculation.

As for the last one, it was challenging. Someone could go on stage and choose a student to be their opponent to compete in a certain subject. Such a scene was between two equal competitors. For someone like Shen Miao, challenging her was an insult to their strength. However, there were also people who wanted to see Shen Miao make a fool of herself. In the past, they deliberately chose Shen Miao to go on stage and challenge her. The outcome was naturally obvious. No matter which subject it was, Shen Miao was always defeated.

Therefore, to Shen Miao, every year's test was a nightmare. Every year, she would be mocked by everyone as a joke.

And it was the same this year.

The main examiner on the stage made a speech as usual, while the other two took out two small wooden buckets from behind. Inside the wooden buckets were paper slips. On these paper slips were the subjects for the test, and the students would draw them one by one.

One of them walked to the male section and handed the paper to the male students one by one. The other tall woman walked to the female section with a bucket and let the female students draw.

Feng Anning blinked. "May the heavens bless me. I'm only looking forward to getting the GuZhen and literature. Painting and chess are really difficult." She looked at Shen Miao. "You don't look worried at all. Do you have a card up your sleeve? Or are you just going to just let it be again?"

Shen Miao did not comment. What was the point of drawing? She did not know anything about the four arts.

When the wooden bucket reached Shen Miao's table, Feng Anning drew first and couldn't wait to open it. She heaved a sigh of relief. "It's GuZhen! It's GuZhen! This is great. I didn't practice the GuZhen for nothing these days. Shen Miao, what is yours?"

Shen Miao retracted her hand from the bucket and opened it.

Paintings.