

A Father 200

Chapter 200: A 3-year-old makes a 7-year-old cry, and Xi Xi is like a Bull Demon

Spring breeze caresses the willows, misty rain blurs the air.

Drops patter onto the wooden stage, producing rustling sounds.

As the names of the guardians were read out by Zhang Qing Zheng one by one, the parents watching the True Successor examination below invariably gasped.

The first phase of the True Successor assessment had no Observation Skill scrutiny for meticulous examination, for fairness was key.

Although everyone was a Supreme Spiritual Child, there still were differences in their capabilities.

The length of the purple aura discerned by the Observation Skill was the standard for assessing talent; revealing it early would inevitably affect the children's mentality and fighting spirit.

Therefore, the Divine Sect had placed this talent assessment, which could hardly be changed, in the second phase.

"Li Nuanxi, that three-year-old Spirit Child... has actually become a guardian in the first phase?"

"This luck really has no match; she's going to be beaten to tears in no time, knocked off the stage, and sent back home to drink milk!"

"Yes, a three-year-old guarding the platform is far too inferior compared to the Qin Family's Qin Feng Huo, the Hai Family's Hai Chao Sheng, the Gongyang Family's Gong Yang Xiu, not to mention Huang Si Xiang from Xianghuancheng, who is known for his Innate Divine Strength."

"Apart from Huang Si Xiang, the other three seem to hail from Mansion City's Five Great Clans, families of great lineage and profound heritage. Most importantly, their ages aren't just three years old; I think Gong Yang Xiu is the youngest... five years old?"

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From the areas occupied by the Noble Families, numerous voices emerged.

Was there even a suspense?

They were definitely going to pick on the easy target.

Who cares about losing face when bullying a three-year-old child when it comes to contending for the position of a True Successor?

To become a True Successor is to be nurtured by the Divine Sect Branch with substantial resources.

What does a mere lack of face amount to?

Cultivation is all about competition. Standing here at three years old, isn't Li Nuanxi striving for the position of a True Successor?

Since she dares to stand here, she naturally has to be prepared for defeat.

The numerous Spirit Children were also astute, their eyes gleaming. Five had become guardians, and the remaining ten... were challengers.

Xi Xi's piece of folded paper bore a "guard" character, meaning she needed to defend.

For Xi Xi, whether it was attacking or defending, didn't it all mean she had to fight a battle?

Xi Xi was so excited; she clenched her chubby fists.

A fight was coming; Emperor Xi Xi, after two and a half years of strenuous cultivation, was finally about to make her debut!

Below.

Upon seeing that Xi Xi was the first guardian, Zhang Ya's vision darkened as she tightly clutched Li Che's arm.

"My lord, why is Xi Xi the first one to guard... She's only three years old... Isn't this just inviting a collective attack?"

Zhang Ya was on the verge of tears, my poor Xi Xi.

Old Chen felt somewhat drained, slumping in his chair, my poor Xi Xi.

Nurse Momo sighed.

Li Che quickly tried to calm his wife's emotions, "You have to believe in Xi Xi... she's really amazing."

Li Che was somewhat torn between laughter and tears. Even Old Chen... he was aware of Xi Xi's Bone Tempering level, yet he seemed so hopeless about Xi Xi's prospects.

Entrenched prejudices, indeed. Who says a three-year-old is only fit for taking a beating?

He had taught Xi Xi a lot. With her exceptional talent and his training...

He had immense confidence in Xi Xi.

Li Che looked towards the stage, through the drizzling Spring Rain.

However, even Li Che felt a bit uneasy. After all... this was Xi Xi's first battle since her birth.

Even though he had done everything to prepare Xi Xi...

But for a three-year-old toddler to guard a stage, it was impossible for the parents to not feel immense pressure.

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Zhang Qing Zheng's face, as austere as a dried lotus, took on a serious look as he finished reciting the names of the Guardian Spirit Children. He then rose with a sweep of his sleeves, and a burst of clean wind surged.

It swept up the five Guardian Spirit Children, causing them to rise and float as if riding the clouds, accompanied by the astonished cries of the children, before they each landed on one of the five platforms.

Xi Xi, little and alone, stood on the fifth platform, blinking her spirited eyes, curiously looking around without a hint of stage fright or fear.

All around, quiet settled in, and everyone took a deep breath, watching the figures on the platforms.

Many eyes held pity, looking at the small, pitiful three-year-old girl standing on the platform.

Everyone could guess what this little girl would encounter next.

"The guardian who loses will be replaced by the challenger who wins, and the challenger will then become the new guardian. The one ultimately standing on the platform will receive the top-grade score,"

"So, if you wish to become a True Successor of the Divine Sect, use all of your skills to remain standing to the end!"

Zhang Qing Zheng, with lowered eyelids and robes fluttering, spoke softly.

He had tried his best to give these children a smile, striving to make his stern visage a little less intimidating.

"Now, does anyone have questions?"

Upon his words, silence reigned on the platforms.

He was satisfied, ready to officially announce the start of the platform battles.

However, on the fifth platform, Xi Xi suddenly raised her arm high, and worried that Zhang Qing Zheng might not see her, she hopped a few times on the spot.

"Me me me, old grandpa, I have a question!"

Xi Xi's voice was milky and loud.

Many eyes were instantly drawn to her.

At her words, Zhang Qing Zheng tugged at the corners of his withered mouth, and with a smile, he asked, "Li Nuanxi, what is your question?"

"Is it alright to win by any means? Or are there restrictions, like not using Hidden Weapons or traps?"

Xi Xi asked, blinking her expectant eyes.

Zhang Qing Zheng was momentarily taken aback.

This three-year-old girl had considered all these details.

"There are no restrictions. You may even use Divine Weapons if you can manage to wield them..."