

Big Shot 1001

Chapter 1001: Green Tea Technique: I Want to Win a Crown for You

The man on the other end of the line paused for a moment, "Who are you?"

Bian Xiaohong also paused, realizing the man might have "accidentally" deleted her number and didn't recognize it, but fortunately, she wasn't on his blacklist.

She quickly spoke in a sweet, innocent voice, "Fifth Master, it's me, Xiao Hong, whom you sponsored. Have you forgotten me?"

The man on the other end seemed a bit nervous, muttering something unclear, then as if he walked away quickly before coughing and speaking normally again, "Oh, it's Xiao Hong. Sorry, I didn't recognize your voice just now."

"Fifth Master, it's okay. I know you're busy, so I wouldn't dare to disturb you easily. But this time, it's really important," Bian Xiaohong explained sensibly, "You said you wanted me to study hard and win honors for the school. I've really been working hard. Tomorrow is the military training performance, and I want you to see that I haven't let you down. I want to win a crown for you..."

Her words were gentle and earnest, enough to soften any man's heart.

Nangong Yu took a deep breath on the phone, but he replied, "Hey, you just keep studying hard. It doesn't matter if I go or not. There's a family gathering tomorrow, but I'll be cheering for you from afar, girl."

That "girl" made one's heart itch, but Bian Xiaohong did feel a bit disappointed inside, "Is that so..."

This noble man was her trump card, ready to create a sensation tomorrow, especially to suppress Zuzi. How could he not come?

"Fifth Master, but tomorrow's award ceremony requires a parent to go on stage. I'm alone, without parents. My classmates will definitely laugh at me, sob..." She started to sob softly.

The man eventually gave in to the girl's tears.

"All right, don't cry. I can't stand women crying. I'll come tomorrow, okay? But I can't stay the whole time. I'll end the family gathering early and make sure I'm there for your award. I'll support you on stage so no one can laugh at you, okay?"

"Okay! Fifth Master, you promise not to lie to me?"

"I, Nangong Yu, keep my word... wait, something's come up on my end..."

"Fifth Master, have I made your girlfriend upset? Should I apologize to her and ask her not to take it the wrong way?"

"No, no, my girlfriend is understanding and kind-hearted."

"I envy her. I wish I could meet a good man like you in the future, Fifth Master..."

Bian Xiaohong chatted sweetly for a while before reluctantly hanging up the phone.

Thinking of tomorrow's performance, when she'll receive the highest scholarship and the Crown Medal, accompanied by a handsome and noble gentleman, completely overshadowing the arrogant Zuzi... she couldn't help but feel increasingly excited.

No matter how haughty Zuzi is, she can't have the crown and a quality man, haha.

After ending the call, she squeezed back into the crowd, continuing to embrace the curious gossip and abundant envy from her classmates, casually showing off from time to time:

"Actually, that coffin contained the Pangu Axe. I guessed it long ago."

"The Bronze Bird is Golden Crow, I saw it too, with three legs."

"And the Fusang Tree, of course, I recognized it at a glance."

"I reminded the professor long ago to test the age of the Pangu Axe..."

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Nothing much happened overnight.

Early the next morning, during roll call, Bian Xiaohong unexpectedly discovered, "Zuzi didn't come again? Today's the performance day, and she's skipping?!"

The opportunity she considered so precious, and Zuzi didn't even come??

So who would she overshadow? What would she take pleasure in?

Chapter 1002: Men Can Be Her Trophies Too

"It seems like Zuzi... has been picked up by a man outside again. I saw a grayish car parked at her dormitory entrance early in the morning!"

Immediately, a classmate spoke with certainty.

This kind of gossip about cars coming into campus to pick up female students, especially makes people's eyes light up, easily prompting them to imagine many "scenarios" that can't be described.

"Wow, how does she manage that, getting picked up by car every day?"

"The instructor doesn't even bother with her. She has the nerve to skip the report performance, how special."

"Could it be that she has some background we don't know about?"

Bian Xiaohong heard the discussion among classmates, which gradually took on a tone of envy, and she pursed her lips, unable to resist chiming in:

"What kind of background could she have? If she really had a background, she'd be like Chu Qiaoen, able to ask for sick leave right from the start of the military training so she doesn't have to suffer. The Chu Family truly has a background."

The crowd thought about it and seemed to agree. Chu Qiaoen was just slightly struck by lightning's tail; how serious could a lightning strike be? How come she lay in the hospital throughout the entire military training and didn't return to practice? It's only having a background that allows one to fake illness and skip training.

Zuzi only missed a few classes; it looks like she's far from Chu Qiaoen.

"But, Zuzi did know someone higher up and got Instructor Yan driven away, which was quite impressive." Someone suddenly remembered.

Bian Xiaohong's face looked a bit unnatural, she quickly intercepted: "Instructor Yan, he went to do more important work, certainly not driven away by a student like Zuzi."

"Also, didn't you see the car that picks her up? It's grayish, without any emblem, probably ordinary people from society, just some older guys who've been in society a few more years, nothing worth envying."

"Even someone like me, from a small place, who got into Imperial University knows the degree didn't come easy, once we graduate, we'll naturally have a hundred times the worth, why look up to those ordinary working people?"

"Working people" refers to the ordinary, lower-level workers in society.

For these newly entering university top students, they indeed look down upon them.

Being subtly led by Bian Xiaohong, everyone gradually felt that being picked up by car wasn't such a big deal, even looked down on it:

"Really lowering her worth, mixing with working people, unworthy of joining our report performance..."

Bian Xiaohong's corner of the eye flashed a hint of careful accomplishment.

Yesterday's Weibo trending topic and Gu Shiyin's remarks in the ancient tomb made her understand the importance of manipulating public opinion.

She learned!

She'll definitely do better than Professor Gu, and never lose to Zuzi.

Once she gets the Crown Medal for first place in military training today, it will be her first trophy!

Fifth Young Master Nangong will seamlessly become her second trophy.

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While the Imperial University freshmen are still nervously and diligently preparing under the harsh autumn sun, training for the final rehearsal before the report performance.

Zuzi has already been picked up by Bao Gucheng and taken to the cinema.

The morning show's audience wasn't many, but the attendance rate was half.

Zuzi was led by Bao Gucheng, and as they walked into the dark theater, she curiously observed the surroundings.

There were rows of small chairs with audiences seated, but some rows were quite special.

"Xiao Chenger, why are those two seats so different; are they meant for sleeping?" The curious little ancestor asked.

Bao Gucheng's lips twitched slightly, trying to appear calm: "Miss Zuzi, those are... couple seats."

Zuzi slowly nodded in understanding: "Xiao Chenger is indeed experienced."

Bao Gucheng: "..."

Did he say something wrong?!

Chapter 1003: Mr. Bo: I Like Taking Care of My Woman Myself!

Bei Zuzi's praise of "experienced," Bao Gucheng felt something was off.

Could she have misunderstood something?

"Ahem, this is actually my first time coming to a place like this. I just saw on the website that it's described as couple seating." The man awkwardly tried to uphold his image.

Zuzi didn't dwell on the topic but lifted her white skirt and happily walked over to sit on the soft, warm double sofa chair.

"According to the description, this chair has a massage function. Miss Zuzi can give it a try."

Bao Gucheng, when displaying his "knowledge," didn't forget to cautiously add the words "according to the description," and then helped her research the massage chair's buttons.

"Mmm..."

The massage beads gently rolled, making Zuzi sigh softly.

Though not as soft as clouds, it's indeed much better than ordinary chairs.

"...It's quite comfortable. Xiao Cheng made a good choice, almost like the grass bed Xiao Bai set up for Ancestors in the tomb room."

Bao Gucheng's slightly raised lips twitched several times in the next second.

Bai Fei went so far as to make a bed for his woman in the ancient tomb?

When did that fool's emotional intelligence develop to be so touching?

The movie begins.

It starts with a somewhat terrifying long shot: on an endless ice lake, a genius girl is killed by a trap set by her own sister, drained of blood, and shoved under the ice.

The blood stains the icy water, turning the screen a horrifying red.

Audience members in the cinema collectively gasp, with exclamations of surprise, some young girls already hiding their heads in their boyfriends' arms out of fear.

Only Bao Gucheng looked at Zuzi, asking concernedly, "The scene is a bit scary, do you want to close your eyes?"

He still remembers the film's name as "My Wife Is Pretending to Be a School Reject Again," which seemed to be a rom-com, apparently a sweet story with commercial and school double-line progression, yet why did it start so thrillingly?

Unexpectedly, Zuzi remained unfazed, not the slightest bit surprised, even shaking her head: "It's not scary. This girl will soon be reborn."

Sure enough, in the next scene, the heroine Qin Xin opens her eyes again, reborn as the male lead's foolish sister.

Bao Gucheng: "..."

Could his little lady have read the script in advance?

Is this a sign of her taking their date seriously?

The man, though surprised, couldn't help but feel a bit sweet inside.

As the movie plot progresses, the heroine is a powerful Boss of Ma Jia, and each time she beats up the jerks, it's thrilling, during the transitioning scenes between these jerk-beating moments, the male lead invites the heroine to the movies. As the top business mogul, the male lead naturally reserves the entire cinema for just the two of them.

Even the drinks, juices, and snacks are brought in at a mere wave of his hand.

Zuzi curiously glanced at the movie screen before scanning her surroundings: "Xiao Cheng, is it a must to eat those pills while watching a movie?"

Bao Gucheng's lips twitched slightly: "Wait a moment."

Those weren't pills, they were individual servings of popcorn. He had no prior experience in treating a girl to a movie, so he forgot to buy them in advance.

Just as he was about to raise his phone to instruct someone to bring them in.

Bao Gucheng paused slightly, stood up, deciding to buy them himself.

Ha, the kind of top executive in movies who always has someone serving them is too pretentious, no wonder he's a crippled person in a wheelchair.

I've got legs and hands, naturally I serve my own woman personally, that's sincerity.

He strode swiftly, leaving the theater.

Chapter 1004: Mr. Bo: Well, I Want That Too

Bao Gucheng quickly bought the juice and popcorn and returned to the couple's seats.

Zuzi, who typically had no appetite for human food, was intrigued by the lovely shape of the bucketful of popcorn and picked up a piece to taste.

The crispy little thing broke open between her lips and teeth, and an inexplicable aroma filled the air.

Interesting.

"Hmm, it tastes quite good."

Rarely seeing Zuzi enjoy food other than alcohol, Bao Gucheng placed the entire bucket of popcorn in her arms: "If you like it, I'll buy more."

Zuzi, however, was curiously watching the scene on the screen where the female lead fed a piece of popcorn to the male lead.

Her bright eyes scanned the room and noticed that in the couple's seats in front and behind, the girls were giggling as they sweetly fed popcorn to their boyfriends, mimicking the movie.

Thoughtfully, Zuzi picked up a piece and brought it to Bao Gucheng's lips: "Xiao Cheng, is this some kind of ritual you believe in...? Do you want it?"

It seemed to have a certain ritualistic feel.

Moreover, everyone who did this seemed to enjoy a sense of satisfaction.

Bao Gucheng: "..."

The man suppressed a bubbling laugh and nodded earnestly: "Yes, I do."

Then, with a clear conscience, he opened his mouth to eat the popcorn she offered, the lingering scent of peach blossoms from her fingertips still playing on his lips.

This movie was a good choice.

The screenwriter has truly won over the master.

Satisfied, Bao Gucheng lifted his phone in the dark, tapped a few times, and sent a message out: "Find the author of 'My Wife Pretends to be a Scholar Again', even if it means digging three feet down, and have them write a few more movies like this."

It seems Zuzi really likes watching it.

Given that, he needed to be proactive and prepare in advance.

The man gave the order, glanced up at the screen, and, following Zuzi's lead, scanned the entire room.

He noticed that other couples seemed not only to be feeding popcorn but were also engaging in more advanced actions...

Taking a deep breath, he pointed to a young couple on their left and whispered to Zuzi: "That, the master wants too."

The young couple appeared almost conjoined, spending about ninety percent of their time... kissing.

Hearing this, Zuzi looked over, propped her chin in her hand, thought for a moment, and also earnestly replied to Bao Gucheng: "It's not appropriate, they aren't watching the movie, we shouldn't emulate bad customs."

Bao Gucheng: "..."

Why can't the little woman stay naive forever!

The man who failed to get a kiss reluctantly turned his gaze back to the screen.

Little did he know that by then, the plot had progressed to a climax where the female lead discovered that the person she actively married was actually the brother of the original owner of her soul, which she found unacceptable and increasingly recalled hazy memories of the original owner seemingly being bullied by the brother in the bathtub...

On screen, the girl's skin was as white as snow, even purer than the white porcelain of the bathtub, making the bruises on her shoulder where the man had pinched her all the more shocking, filled with suspense yet provoking boundless imagination...

The audience in the cinema, both men and women, held their breath.

Even the couple who had been kissing nonstop paused, swallowing hard, as they watched the screen, anticipating the next thrilling scene.

Bao Gucheng's palms were slightly sweaty.

Although he wanted to experience a romantic movie with Zuzi, he didn't expect to watch something so mature together, would it be too awkward? Would Miss Zuzi think he had ulterior motives or hidden intentions?

Plus, with his earlier request... it was like jumping into the Yellow River and not being able to wash away the suspicion.

Just at that moment, when Bao Gucheng's heartstrings were taut.

He suddenly heard Zuzi beside him let out a soft laugh, her lips parted slightly—

"This scene..."

Chapter 1005: He Discovers Her Irreplaceable Cuteness

"This scene, it's just this level, why are the kids so nervous?"

Xi Zuzi commented casually, the shocking 'bathtub water play' + 'forbidden humiliation' scene on the screen was just so-so.

Bao Gucheng's heart, which he had been holding up, skipped a beat, and he slowly calmed down.

Indeed, compared to the dazzling scenes of gods fighting in Fu Xi Palace, this was far more innocent.

No wonder his little Ancestor was so calm and unfazed.

As the movie plot progressed, the male and female leads entered a fantasy world, catching the audience off guard with exclamations.

Watching a little sweet story actually gave them the feeling of a fantasy blockbuster? Amazing!

Bao Gucheng turned to look at the little woman beside him; sure enough, while everyone was surprised, she remained calm. Those fantasy scenes seemed like child's play to her, not stirring a ripple in her eyes.

Instead, when the supporting characters casually commented on the male and female leads resembling Niu Lang and the weaver or Chang Er and Hou Yi's tragic farewells, she couldn't help but mock:

"What's so tragic about it? The weaver is quite happy, leisurely picking flowers and raising herbs with her sisters, and doesn't have to worry about mundane things like raising kids."

"Chang Er isn't miserable either; after all, Hou Yi was so ambitious and not at all romantic that she went to the moon in a fit. She's got friends in the Moon Palace, and it gives her time to figure out what kind of man she really wants..."

"Xiao Cheng, don't you think so?"

"Yeah, you're absolutely right." Bao Gucheng's lips curled slightly, adding a hint of gentle smile to his usually serious face.

His little treasure always had such a unique perspective.

She remains calm over events that leave everyone else astonished, yet she says shocking things about everyday occurrences.

Even casually watching a movie, she lets him discover her irreplaceable charm.

In the darkness, his large hand couldn't help but hold her small hand tighter, as if afraid she'd suddenly drift away.

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Imperial University's Sports and Cultural Center.

The large circular stands were gradually filled with teachers, students, and special guests.

The students participating in the military training performance had already assembled their teams outside, ready for the entry performance.

Xi Rubao and Wu Qianman stood in the 13th female squad, anxiously looking at the entrance of the Sports and Cultural Center.

"Baby, is Zuzi really not coming?"

"It seems my sister's watch is on silent; I can't get through to her! I heard that if you don't participate in the report performance, your semester credits are docked by half, that's too much for my sister!"

"Yeah, it was never like this before. I don't know who came up with the stupid idea of credit docking, and Zuzi seems unaware of it, it's driving me crazy."

"Yesterday, my sister excavated the Pangu Tomb, contributing immensely to the country. Can't they just give her some extra credits?"

"These are two different matters, Baby. Even if it's the president studying here, there's no special credit policy..."

"What should we do, it starts in five minutes, neither my sister nor my brother-in-law can be contacted, oh no!"

While the two were so anxious they felt like smoke was coming out of them, over there, Bian Xiaohong stood in front of the team, both nervous and excited, secretly smiling.

She couldn't help but turn her head: "Are you sure Xi Zuzi isn't coming? If she doesn't, the formation needs to rearrange; so, we don't have five minutes. We'll wait for her at most five seconds."

Xi Rubao furiously said: "Who are you to say anything, shut up."

Bian Xiaohong finally raised her head, unlike her usual timid self, and mimicked Sun Yunyun and Chu Qiaoen, speaking with a slightly proud tone: "Of course, because I'm the team leader!"

This is great, today definitely seems to favor her, kicking off with the spectacle of Xi Zuzi being knocked out.

She wouldn't even have to bother crushing Xi Zuzi; today's performance report was destined to make her shine as the number one.

Chapter 1006: Don't Fall Into Her Trap

Bian Xiaohong being the team leader made Xi Rubao furious: "How did you get that team leader spot, don't you even realize it yourself? And you still have the nerve to show it off?"

Everybody knows she got the team leader position by sucking up to Instructor Yan, right?

Bian Xiaohong maintained her composure and even spoke with a righteous tone: "Xi Rubao, it's unreasonable for you to say that. I ranked high in training performance, and my diligence is unmatched. I truly deserve this team leader position."

Truly deserve it?

Xi Rubao almost wanted to spit in her face!

How can this person be so shameless?

"Try saying that again, I dare you!"

Just as Xi Rubao was about to charge forward to argue, Bian Xiaohong nervously took a few steps back: "Don't, don't come closer. Just because I'm from the countryside doesn't mean I'm easy to bully. Aren't you and Xi Zuzi also countryside bumpkins? Why are we fighting each other?"

Fighting each other?

Ugh!

Xi Rubao just wanted to scratch this b*tch's face!

Wu Qianman quickly pulled her back and whispered: "Baobao, don't bother with people like her, she doesn't deserve the energy. Don't fall into her trap."

As they spoke, a stern shout sounded from behind: "The performance demonstration is about to begin. What are you doing, trying to get penalized and expelled from the team?"

Instructor Yan approached with a few other instructors in charge of command.

Though he had been suspended, he sneaked in with his colleagues to spectate. And in front of the students, of course he had to hold onto his authority and majesty as an instructor. Most importantly, he had to personally watch over the little flower he nurtured, to win the Crown Medal—

His gaze landed on Bian Xiaohong, and he nodded, eyes full of comforting encouragement.

Xi Rubao bit her lip and swallowed her anger.

Thankfully, Wu Qianman was sharp-eyed and reminded her, otherwise, if she had gone up to hit that manipulative b*tch, she would have certainly fallen into the trap and gotten caught by Instructor Yan, booted from the team.

She couldn't fight, so she glared hatefully at Bian Xiaohong, thinking to herself, I'll glare at you until you slip up while leading the punch routine!

Bian Xiaohong resumed her model student facade, humbly and softly greeting the instructors.

Not missing the chance to intentionally ask Instructor Yan: "Dear Instructor, a member of our Girls' Squad 13 is absent. Shouldn't there be penalties for this situation?"

Xi Rubao, who had just swallowed her anger, shot up three feet high: "The performance hasn't even started yet, how do you know someone's definitely absent, you green tea b*tch!"

Bian Xiaohong acted scared, hiding behind Instructor Yan: "Instructor, she's so fierce..."

Instructor Yan took a deep breath, shielding her behind him, and berated Xi Rubao: "Return to the team! Shut up! Those absent will get a failed score. Never mind penalties, they will be exhibited to the whole school!"

Exhibited to the whole school?!

Xi Rubao opened her eyes wide, her anxious anger suddenly had no outlet.

Sis, if you don't come back, I really can't stand these smug faces any longer, sob sob sob.

Five minutes passed quickly.

Until the last second of entering the venue, Xi Rubao did not see her little Ancestor Sister.

Wailing internally, she entered the venue, seeing Bian Xiaohong leading ahead, looking so smug, it was utterly frustrating.

She wanted to just throw everything down and quit on the spot! Cause some trouble! She didn't want that manipulative b*tch to feel good!

While she was having wild thoughts, Wu Qianman quietly reminded her from behind: "Baobao, did you forget what Zuzi told us last night?"

"No, I didn't forget. Sis told us to perform as usual."

"That's right, Baobao. Even though Zuzi isn't here, we still need to perform well, we can't embarrass her."

"Yes, the punch routines designed by my sister, even if Sis can't make it, I have to show them to everyone!"

With fighting spirit reignited, she clenched her fist.

Chapter 1007: So Cool, Underclasswomen!

"Hey! Ho! Hey! Ho!"

A loud cheer, accompanied by the powerful and uplifting national anthem of the Empire, resounded at the performance venue.

Over two thousand freshmen from Imperial University, arranged in 13 squads of men and women, were performing the military boxing routine at the sports center venue.

The project, usually simple and straightforward, appeared particularly impressive now due to the large number of participants, orderly formations, and synchronized movements, exuding a youthful and vibrant energy.

Especially the girl leading the team; although her overly rosy cheeks gave off a rustic vibe, her movements were indeed very standard and precise, blending well with the dynamic atmosphere, leaving the judges and school leaders in high spirits.

"I didn't expect this year's freshmen to have such high quality."

"Haha, indeed. Although teachers every year claim this batch is the worst, I feel this year's kids are evidently better than previous years. Look at the way they punch, so precise."

"Smart, healthy, disciplined – these are the talents our university needs."

"I heard the girl leading the team has particularly outstanding training results. Despite coming from a poor family, she is ambitious and hardworking. It truly makes one's heart ache for such a good child..."

"Given this, the Crown Medal for first place in military training this year seems undoubtedly decided, hehe..."

The school leaders chatted casually, while giving an extra 20 points to a few particularly outstanding teams and the overall leader on the score sheet.

Don't underestimate these 20 points. You see, those tough training subjects, converted into standard scores, could only earn up to 20 points each, even if scoring full marks.

This was equivalent to giving them the total score of an entire training subject.

With this alone, Bian Xiaohong, originally in the first tier, surged ahead, leaving Xi Rubao and Wu Qianman behind.

Bian Xiaohong finished the entire set of punches with a flourish, made a perfect closing gesture, and confidently led her team off stage.

Seeing the appreciative glances from the judges, she knew securing first place was practically guaranteed.

What's left was the talent showcase category, which she was fully prepared for and assuredly ready to dazzle the audience further.

As for Xi Rubao and Wu Qianman, they weren't even contenders... They didn't even qualify for the talent showcase, haha.

The outcome was clear!

Feeling refreshed!

Indeed, without Zuzi's presence, nothing unexpected would occur, and everything proceeded smoothly as anticipated.

Bian Xiaohong took a deep breath, eyes scanning the other guests on the judges' panel. Upon seeing Nangong Yu arrive late and sit on the far right, studying the score sheet, her heart pounded fiercely.

Look at me!

Look at me, Lord Wu!

Whether it was her heartfelt wish taking effect or not, sure enough, the next moment Nangong Yu raised his eyes and glanced at the team.

Bian Xiaohong straightened her back, wanting Nangong Yu to witness her finest, most glorious moment.

But unexpectedly, Nangong Yu gaped and looked towards the end of the team.

Not only Nangong Yu, but the entire audience's gaze suddenly shifted to the back of the team, followed by incredulous exclamations: "What is this boxing performance... Oh my!"

Wasn't the military boxing performance over?

Bian Xiaohong turned to look in confusion and saw Xi Rubao leading the 13th female squad, not complying with her command to exit but staying center stage, starting a set of punches on their own.

That set of punches wasn't the usual one from military training, but rather a refreshing new boxing style.

Simple, powerful, aggressive.

A group of girls boldly displayed a cool and composed masculine style.

This suddenly emerged fresh boxing style was like a movie's ending easter egg that instantly ignited the audience, waves of applause erupted—

"So flashy, ladies!"

"Cool, cool, cool! A thousand times more exciting than the stiff and dull performance earlier!"

"Judges, Principal, please add points for them!"

Chapter 1008: An Unexpected Interloper Gu Yaojin

The sound waves asking for extra points on the field are rising and falling.

The judges naturally heard it and began whispering among themselves:

"What kind of new military boxing performance is this? Where did the new students learn it from, or did they invent it themselves?"

"I don't think this program is listed on the performance report, right?"

"But to be honest, this set of moves has much more momentum than the previous group performance, even though it's a group of girls showing they're not inferior to men."

"Wait a minute, this martial art seems a bit familiar, why can't I remember where I've seen it recently..."

Sitting on one side of the judges' panel, Nangong Yu suddenly laughed and said, "Isn't this the martial art from the other day, where Mr. Bo's man fought against a soldier from M country and crushed him, making him search for teeth all over the ground? Who performed it... Hu Zi? Yes, the new martial art created by Hu Zi under Mr. Bo's command."

He remembered it vividly because he made a small mistake that day and got scolded badly by Xing Yue, trying his best to please her.

Mr. Bo's new martial art?

The judges' eyes widened instantly, never expecting this martial art to have such an impressive origin, no wonder it felt refreshing and was full of vigor.

"Seems like we really should add points."

"Oh dear, innovative thinking should be encouraged!"

"Adding these points is worth it, it's meaningful!"

From afar, seeing the judges' panel full of admiration, Bian Xiaohong, who was leaving the field, felt a tightness in her chest.

Never expected Xi Rubao and her group to pull off such a trick midway.

Too scheming!

Not only did Mr. Wu not see her, but they also deceitfully gained extra points, which means her leading advantage is lost.

Just as she was anxiously worrying, suddenly, from the other side of the judges' panel, a graceful, sweet voice rang out: "Dear judges, principal, Mr. Wu, you may have misunderstood, this is not Mr. Bo's

martial art. I'm very familiar with Yin Hu, the Five Animals Play he practices was guided by me, and he hasn't practiced these odd martial arts."

Bian Xiaohong's eyes brightened.

Professor Gu!

Her idol spoke beautifully.

Gu Shiyin suddenly interjected this remark, causing the judges' panel to start whispering: "Teacher Gu seems to know Mr. Bo quite well; if she says it's not, then perhaps it's really not..."

Nangong Yu got anxious, defending: "I personally saw Yin Hu perform this martial art, how could I remember incorrectly? Gu Shiyin, maybe it's you who remembered wrong?"

He wouldn't mess up anything related to his dear Xiao Yueyue.

Gu Shiyin smiled gently, not arguing back, softly saying, "Regardless of the origin of this martial art, I believe that since it's about scoring for students, we should maintain fairness and justice and not change scores temporarily. Otherwise, if everyone thought of unexpected tricks like this, wouldn't the performance become a chaotic market without organizational discipline?"

Her voice was gentle, yet each word was sharp, a needle hidden in silk.

Especially the phrase "without organizational discipline," directly hitting the taboos of the principal and the judges, making everyone frown as they looked at Xi Rubao and the others who refused to leave and were still waiting for the results in the middle of the field, seemingly not as pleasing to the eye anymore.

"Then let's not add points for now; indeed, we shouldn't easily open this precedent that allows students to ignore organizational discipline."

The principal sighed and came to this conclusion.

Xi Rubao, who had just finished the martial art below the stage, was so choked up she almost couldn't catch a breath.

"Damn, Gu Shiyin!"

"How do you still have the nerve to appear at school, you shameless thing?"

"Have you forgotten you lost the bet with Mr. Bai in the tomb, voluntarily claiming you would give up your professorship at Imperial University?!"

Chapter 1009: Does Mr. Bo's Little Ancestor Like Scheming Men?

"Gu Bailian, not only are you shamelessly clinging on and refusing to leave, but you're also blatantly lying. Isn't this set of moves the same one Yin Hu performed at the martial arts competition?!"

"Damn, damn, damn, you think just because Yin Hu was crushed in the tomb and is no longer around, you can spout nonsense? You think just because my sister, Professor Feng, and Mr. Bai weren't present, you can reverse your position and cling to your teaching position without let go!"

Xi Rubao was fuming with rage.

Unfortunately, the venue was so vast, and she didn't have a microphone, so her angry accusations couldn't reach the judges' panel or the audience seats.

Instead, every word from the judges' panel was transmitted down, and the constant, bell-like laughter of Gu Shiyin sounded even more piercing.

Wu Qianman gently pulled her arm: "Let it go, Bao Bao, you can't reason with those who don't understand, there's nothing more to say. Anyway, we've done our best, and just now we've shared the boxing technique that our little ancestor taught us with everyone, so we haven't let down our little ancestor. Winning or losing doesn't matter."

Xi Rubao sniffed: "The Crown Medal rightfully should be ours. I don't care about winning or losing, but I just want to win a crown to give to my sister, boo hoo..."

Wu Qianman shook her head helplessly: "Without our little ancestor present, it feels like we're missing some good fortune..."

Xi Rubao suddenly thought of something: "Oh gosh, these past two days I've been so focused on practicing boxing that I forgot to do my daily good deeds. No wonder today I was so unlucky and ran into Gu Bailian!"

In the group of about a hundred girls in the 13th squad, who had originally stayed to perform with bravado and spirit, now left the stage with their heads hanging low, utterly dejected.

Bian Xiaohong finally felt relieved.

Though there were twists and turns, in the end, the results were still in her favor. It didn't matter if Fifth Young Master Nangong didn't see her right now; during the talent show later, she would surely amaze him completely.

She had meticulously prepared a song that none of the freshmen present would know how to sing.

It would be utterly refreshing and make the judges completely take her side.

She stepped off stage, quickly changed into an elaborate and heavy ethnic costume in the dressing room, put on a headful of silver accessories, glanced in the mirror, and strutted out with satisfaction, her skirt jingling all the while...

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Inside the cinema.

The kissing scene between the male and female lead had played six times.

Audience members in the couples' seats were clapping continuously in delight. Yes, a romance film needed many, many, many kissing scenes to be considered good.

Only Bao Gucheng held his breath, taking deep breaths to suppress his dissatisfaction with the writer.

The quantity of kissing scenes was ample, but they hadn't touched the heart of his well-experienced young woman.

Couldn't the writer come up with some imaginative, new, and unprecedented kissing scene scenarios?

Make it so irresistible that his little ancestor would want to try it, just like when she spontaneously fed him popcorn earlier.

As he was thinking, he suddenly heard Xi Zuzi beside him let out a "huh".

He turned to look at her: "What is it?"

Xi Zuzi, propping her chin with her hand, let out a soft laugh: "Xiao Cheng, look, that little boy is so cunning. While kissing the little girl with such devotion, he pushed her to the other side of the time vortex. So a kiss can be used like this too..."

Bao Gucheng was taken aback.

He turned to take another look at the big screen.

This part of the storyline was about the male protagonist helping the female protagonist return to her original world, worried that she wouldn't leave, so he used the opportunity of a kiss to push her and send her back, while he stayed behind.

It was a little cunning, a little domineering, and quite passionate.

His eyebrows furrowed slightly, and he thought to himself, so his little ancestor likes this kind of charming rascal who appears refined but is actually a bad boy?

So, was he being too gentlemanly and upright?

Chapter 1010: Ancestor Really Didn't Realize You're This Kind of Boy [Sweet Moment]

The dimly lit couple's cinema.

Bao Gucheng suddenly felt a bit stuffy around him and couldn't help but unbutton a shirt button.

Beside his ear, Zuzi's soft laughter was like an itchy breeze, gently caressing every nerve of his.

"Xiao Cheng, if you were the boy in the movie, would you let the girl return to her world?"

Bao Gucheng's Adam's apple moved: "I would."

Love is about fulfillment, not possession; he understands this.

Zuzi chuckled softly, seemingly not expecting this answer, raised her eyebrows and said, "I thought Xiao Cheng was someone who is very persistent and wouldn't let go."

He is indeed deeply persistent.

From his relentless drive and the refusal to give up on finding his brothers, she felt it.

Bao Gucheng was silent for a few seconds, his long fingers unbuttoned another shirt button in the dark, and said in a low voice, "However, before letting go, I would..."

"Do what?" Zuzi lazily lifted her eyebrows, not wanting to use her Divine Sense to probe into his thoughts, just wanting to hear him say it himself.

"I would kiss her hard, so she remembers me."

Love is fulfillment, but he also surely wants exclusive possession; he cannot deny a man's instincts.

"Hmm..." Zuzi blinked her bright Phoenix Eyes, couldn't help but let a broad smile blossom, "Xiao Chenger, Ancestor really didn't see you as this kind of boy..."

The desire for possession, persistence, and letting go can be so closely unified in one man, not only appearing in storybooks but she actually saw it in this boy.

"Does Miss Zuzi not believe me?"

"Hmm, Ancestor doesn't disbelieve, just thinks..."

This generation of boys is really interesting...

Before Zuzi's words could finish, the remaining words were entirely swallowed by the man's lips.

"I will prove it to you. Why not start from here."

Bao Gucheng's eyes were deep, whispering, then he cupped her snowy neck, pulling her into his arms, and kissed her.

Fiercely.

As if the next moment, they would be forcibly separated, he seized every second to capture the sweetness between her lips and teeth.

Compared to this deep kiss filled with strong emotions, the farewell kiss between the leading man and woman on the large screen just now suddenly seemed somewhat overly bland, with too many marks of borrowed filming techniques and acting.

For a long time.

He embraced the small woman whose eyes lazily squinted and breath slightly heavy, her snowy neck pressed against his chest, only then did he hoarsely speak again: "Believe me now? If not, we can try again."

If someday she truly wanted to leave him, he would surely kiss her hard, and then...

Would he really be willing to let her go?

Why does the thought of such questions shroud him entirely in a feeling of dark clouds?

Zuzi lifted her head from his embrace, her eyes like shining stars, smiling brilliantly: "Xiao Cheng, don't answer too seriously, Ancestor was just asking casually, I won't leave you."

Bao Gucheng felt a stir in his heart; he was like an unofficial young wife who had borne five sons for the big CEO but always left at a hotel without recognition, suddenly obtained confirmation and a promise like being formally married, instantly stirred by the emotional ups and downs, couldn't help but gaze at Zuzi intensely and asked:

"Miss Zuzi... truly never leave me?"

Zuzi nodded solemnly: "Yes."

"Can't break your promise?"

"Of course not, Ancestor's words are as good as gold."

Bao Gucheng thought today's reservation of the couple's theater was indeed excellent.

Why does it feel like a subtle confession of success?

Indeed, one must watch more romance movies, to have a favorable aura around, even the small woman who didn't want Double Cultivation with him has now promised never to leave him (although the word "forever" was added privately by him, she didn't notice).

Bao Gucheng was feeling emotionally stirred, couldn't help but want to unbutton the third button, so she could lie in his arms more comfortably.

Then heard Zuzi laugh beside his ear: "Forever isn't that long after all, because..."