

## Big Shot 1011

Chapter 1011: If I Die, My Soul Can Watch Over You [More Sugar Ahead]

"Forever won't be too long, after all, your days are numbered, Xiao Cheng'er."

Zuzi said with a slight smile, sounding not the least bit sad, like a god from the heavens recounting a simple fact without much emotion.

To her, human life and death was a common matter, causing no ripples.

The little crow, lying beside the empty seat next to the lovers' seat, sipped a cold cola and smacked its beak ruefully: "Our Ancestor is really a straightforward woman, too good at piercing a man's heart."

Fu Xiqin chewed on a piece of popcorn: "Brother Jin, of course, Ancestor wouldn't marry a mortal, you forget Ancestor didn't even fancy my master, who is a wise and mighty supreme god."

The Pangu Axe licked its lips: "Hey, my master is the Creator God who created the world with Ancestor, Fu Xi should stay out of it, let alone this mortal kid!"

Fu Xiqin protested: "Hey, my master is Ancestor's brother, why should he stay out of it? Pangu, you annoying third party... ugh, you iron-headed fool want a fight, right? Let's go practice outside!"

The little crow exasperatedly flicked a finger on each of their heads: "Scram, all of you quiet down, don't disturb my movie!"

The three little ones noiselessly squabbled in a group.

Meanwhile, Bao Gucheng felt as if the world around him had suddenly become infinitely silent.

All he could hear was Zuzi's calm "after all, your days are numbered," repeatedly resonating, like a blunt knife stabbing into his heart again and again.

For a long time.

His Adam's apple moved, and he spoke sorrowfully: "Even if I go, my soul can stay with you."

Zuzi raised her eyes in surprise with a smile: "Xiao Cheng, don't you kids all not believe in souls dispersing after death? It's called... materialism, right?"

The answer from the college exam question bank, she didn't really understand initially, so she specifically asked the little crow what it meant.

The little crow pouted, saying it's anti-theism, Ancestor, you better not be swayed by these kids' naive words, it's better not to know.

Alas, she was too lazy to study it in depth, but the subject came up so many times that it was hard not to understand.

She couldn't help but feel a bit surprised when Bao Gucheng made such a statement so contrary to materialism.

Bao Gucheng slightly lowered his face, under the dim light of the screen, gazing into her clear eyes, his voice heavy and firm: "Because of you, I believe that even in death, there is a soul. I swear to keep my word."

The atmosphere inexplicably became somewhat solemn.

Zuzi's smile gradually froze on her lips, originally just lazily chatting with the boy, was he being serious?

Does he know, if he dies, his soul can't stay with her, it will be taken away by Black and White Impermanence doing their duty?

Should she correct his earnest yet foolish vow?

Ah, no, mortals knowing too much about the divine world is not good.

Shortens their lifespan.

But making such a heavy vow also shortens lifespan.

How can Xiao Chenger's pitiful few days of life withstand such torment?

Ancestor was very melancholic, very conflicted.

She pondered on what to do, but then heard the man above her let out a low breath, seemingly smiling, and said again: "Did I scare you, Miss Zuzi? Don't worry, if I die, I'll never turn into an evil ghost relentlessly pursuing you, it's enough for me to watch over you from afar, wishing you peace every year."

Until she marries and has children, he wondered if his dead soul would die again from the madness of jealousy and heartache.

The man's suddenly humorous tone dissolved the solemn and awkward atmosphere.

The three divine pets couldn't help but turn their gaze away from the movie screen, forgetting their quarrel, collectively exclaiming: "Damn, this mortal kid is not what he seems, he's pretty good..."

Zuzi momentarily caught her breath, her heart felt tied up, with an indescribable feeling.

She could only let this deeply appealing man's presence wash over her, enveloped in the kind of vows and promises she hadn't heard in tens of thousands of years...

Chapter 1012: I Want to Make Zuzi My "Business"

A kiss as light as a dragonfly touching water fell softly on Zuzi's lips.

Immediately, it transformed into another storm, even more intense and passionate than the man's earlier "life and death separation" fervent kisses.

Even the three knowledgeable Divine Pets watching had their eyelids twitch uncontrollably.

"Oh my God, Ancestor actually let a Mortal kiss... twice!"

"Hey, you clueless blockhead, it's been a hundred and eighty times at least, not just twice. But these two seem particularly... wow."

"Stop arguing; Ancestor is enjoying Spiritual Energy."

"Is Ancestor really just enjoying Spiritual Energy? Why do I feel their next step is... the boat is speeding into the alley?"

Just as the three Divine Pets eagerly anticipated seeing more direct and profound interaction between the two, suddenly, a string of vibrations came from Bao Gucheng's wrist.

He had turned off his phone but forgot to turn off his smartwatch.

The man furrowed his brows, extremely displeased at having their moment interrupted. Just as he was about to turn off the smartwatch, Zuzi teasingly bit his lip with the tip of her teeth, smiling softly: "Xiao Cheng, don't miss the important business."

What important business?

This moment was the most important business for her.

Especially with her half-mocking, half-teasing expression, it was enough to make one's blood boil, unable to control themselves.

—Mr. Bo just wanted to immediately take care of Ms. Zuzi's "important business"!

Just as Bao Gucheng was about to express this, the smartwatch suddenly increased its vibration level and sounded even more sharply.

This feature was designed not to miss any of her calls or messages, with the program specially modified to upgrade the smartwatch's alert with time.

Who knew it would become a harassment tool at this moment.

Noticing the spectators in other couple seats craning their necks to see what they were up to, expressing rich implications...

Bao Gucheng finally pulled away from Zuzi's lips with a scowl, and tapped the smartwatch screen with frustration, replying coldly: "If this isn't an emergency, you know the penalty and reflection."

Chen Long on the other end was dumbfounded: "Boss, it's indeed urgent. I've found secret account information from the Old President's secretary. That account received a huge remittance and later withdrew small amounts multiple times to purchase dozens of real estate properties each worth millions in the capital—it's very suspicious."

Why doesn't the boss praise me for being efficient? Instead, he's penalizing me?

Chen Long didn't get it.

Bao Gucheng's dark face did not improve: "I want evidence, not suspicion."

After all, those in power don't care about the process; they only want the conclusion.

Chen Long bit his lip, hesitantly changing his tone: "Evidence... we found it too, Boss."

"Quit stalling or I'll finish you." If it weren't for Bao Gucheng's arm still around Zuzi, he would truly want to punch Chen Long awake through the phone this second.

"Boss, then, then can I speak without you punishing me?"

"Five seconds. Four seconds. Three seconds..." Bao Gucheng began counting down with a chilling tone.

Boss, you're so cruel, not even giving people a chance to choose their words!

"I'll speak, I'll speak! Mr. Bo, the person who made the transfer is..."

"Two seconds. One..."

"It's your second brother, Bo Huanxi's corporate account!"

Chen Long squeezed this investigation result out in the last second, holding his breath.

Unexpectedly, after enduring countless hardships investigating a thief and traitor, they traced it back to their own leader's family. How could he not stammer and hesitate?

Bao Gucheng: "..."

Chapter 1013: The Most Adorable Little Sweetheart in My Heart

Bo Huanxi. Haha, that good-for-nothing scion.

The least likely person to have any connection with the President's Residence, yet somehow he has close to a billion in financial dealings with the secretary who forged document signatures for the President's Residence.

Bo Huanxi is not skilled in business; his company has been losing money for years and is on the verge of collapse, so how does he have such large cash flow and money to throw around?

Bao Gucheng's anger gradually subsided, replaced by a faint sarcasm.

It's really a case of blindness under the light.

Knowing there's a traitor nearby, but not expecting the traitor to be hiding within the Bao Family.

"Sir, I urgently called you just to inquire, I have tracked down Bo Huanxi's exact location... Should we detain him and search his company for clues, or should we hold off and avoid alarming him?" Chen Long reported tirelessly.

Bao Gucheng pondered lightly and decisively said: "Send me the location; I'll personally capture him. You avoid alarming him."

Chen Long: "Yes!" Wow, the boss actually accepted both his suggestions but gave him only the task of avoiding alarm.

Was it something he didn't do well that made the boss uneasy about him handling it?

Feeling dejected, he suddenly heard Bao Gucheng next order: "Drive Miss Zuzi back home."

Chen Long immediately perked up: "Ah?... Yes!" Wow, being chosen to drive Mr. Bo's little darling suggests he's still Mr. Bo's super trusted little favorite! He's alive again!

Hung up the phone.

In the darkness, Bao Gucheng massaged his brow.

The perfectly conjured romantic atmosphere by the couple's seats was utterly destroyed.

"I'm sorry, Miss Zuzi, I..."

He began speaking with difficulty; those lips that just kissed her now had to apologize.

Moreover, leaving midway through a date is surely disappointing for her.

Especially when the movie was only halfway through, without the conclusion.

It's akin to an author of a series delaying updates; it's simply infuriating.

His throat felt dry, he couldn't continue.

Suddenly, a delicate hand brushed across his lips, gently cupping his cheek, accompanied by a whimsical and lazy laughter: "Xiao Cheng, go do what you're supposed to. I can accompany you to watch the movie next time."

Bao Gucheng's Adam's apple bobbed.

Remembering it was Zuzi who reminded him earlier about his call for the urgent matter.

She wasn't angry about him leaving for business midway, such a generous and understanding woman is rare in the world.

But doesn't that also mean he's not that important to her and not worth getting upset over missing a date?

This thought was truly tempting.

Bao Gucheng shook off the distractions in his mind, muttering: "Okay."

While arranging for her to wait for Chen Long's car, he glanced at the locator information for Bo Huanxi he had just received on his watch.

He hesitated for a moment.

Then, unable to stop the corner of his lips from curving upwards: "Miss Zuzi, I'll take you home. Neither you nor the business can be delayed."

Zuzi slightly smiled: "In that case, I shall follow Xiao Cheng's arrangements."

Appearing particularly agreeable and understanding, like a wise elder.

Bao Gucheng: "..."

Suddenly, he missed the little woman who had teased him with her lips and teeth just now.

He wondered when there'd be another opportunity to revisit that moment.

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Imperial University Arts and Sports Center.

The military training performance report was going splendidly, reaching its second peak: personal talent competition.

On stage, a dancer spinning tirelessly, singing folk songs while dancing, eliciting nods and praises from the judges...

Chapter 1014: The Green Tea's Mastery; My Ancestor Sent Me

"I never expected that at a talent show, we could hear such lively and interesting mountain songs and enjoy such authentic traditional dances."

"This is the art passed down from generation to generation by children who grew up in the mountains. It looks so pure! Unpretentious!"

"What's that saying? Intangible cultural heritage, right, I think this student Xiao Hong is a living intangible cultural heritage heir."

"Haha, this year's newcomers are really impressive..."

The judges on stage praised unanimously.

Below the stage, Xi Rubao and Wu Qianman were holding their breath, almost choking.

Considering the trend, it was foreseeable that Bian Xiaohong would score high again in this round of talent competition, coupled with the bonus points from the military boxing event earlier, the first place would undoubtedly be hers.

They couldn't accept anyone taking first place, especially if Bian Xiaohong did!

This woman, initially pretended to be pitiful, a poor child from the countryside to gain their sympathy. Later, she discovered that classmates admired the rich and beautiful, flattering the influential, so she used all means to cozy up to Instructor Yan to elevate her status. Now, realizing that the identity of a mountain child can boost the judges' impression, she eagerly picks up the country poor child persona.

Really a chameleon in human form, the number one opportunist!

Although their hearts were almost exploding with anger, Xi Rubao and Wu Qianman could only watch helplessly as Bian Xiaohong flaunted her false persona and glorified herself, basking in her newfound fame.

What was even more infuriating was that a well-dressed handsome man among the judges repeatedly glanced at Bian Xiaohong, and her act of shyly yet flirtatiously gazing back... The two seemed very familiar, definitely not an ordinary relationship.

When Bian Xiaohong finished her dance and took a bow, that handsome man actually stood up to applaud, already holding a bouquet he had prepared in advance, smiling as he walked towards the stage to present flowers and congratulate her.

"Bian Xiaohong actually has someone more influential than Instructor Yan?"

"How many men has this green tea seduced to climb higher?"

"Wait, look at that handsome guy... Damn, isn't that Xing Yue's fiancé, Fifth Young Master Nangong?"

"Ah, shameless green tea actually stealing our teacher's man!"

At this moment, the flames in their hearts were ignited to the extreme, yet they could do nothing against Bian Xiaohong and had to witness her relentless series of manipulative actions.

"Student Bian Xiaohong's personal talent performance is the best, the judges unanimously decided to add 20 points," the principal announced with a smile.

—Another 20 points!

—So outstanding!

—No suspense about who the crown will land on tonight!

—Who dared to give this girl such a lucky name, Hong ah Hong ah Hong!

The whole place buzzed with heated discussions.

Bian Xiaohong held onto the bouquet given by Nangong Yu, sweat still lingering on her forehead from the vigorous dancing, her cheeks adorned with thick makeup of rouge red, looking especially triumphant and fulfilling.

Her long-standing low-key dormancy and elaborate preparation finally provided her the opportunity to soar.

"The countryside Cinderella" "Top student in any field" "The rich beauty pursued by noble sons," she could play whichever persona she wanted.

The Crown Medal belongs to her!

Just as Bian Xiaohong was gripping the flowers, ready to receive the judges' announcement of the total score, suddenly, a series of microphone sound tests echoed from the audience, sharp and piercing.

Then, amidst two light coughs, a clear and gentle male voice abruptly emerged from the microphone—

"The competition isn't over yet, no winner decided, what's the rush."

Who?

Who's speaking?!

There were too many people in the venue, temporarily making it unclear where the microphone sound came from.

Bian Xiaohong was the grand finale, the last talent performance.

By this point, it should've been the ending moment of the competition.

The mysterious speaker on the microphone, why was he saying the result is undecided?

Wait, this male voice on the microphone sounds somewhat familiar?

As everyone was amazed and uncertain, the man spoke again, with a mocking tone:

"Hello everyone, let me introduce myself, my little ancestor sent me here, I am—"

Chapter 1015: An Unexpected Entrance! The Good Luck from the Little Ancestor!

"I'm Xi Langyue."

The young man introduced himself warmly yet playfully, instantly causing a frenzy of screams and exclamations in the hall.

"Brother Lang Yue!"

"Yue Yaers are here!"

"Brother, what brings you here? Are you dropping a surprise on us?"

"It's so touching that Brother has come to personally witness the beginning of my college life!"

The military training report performance instantly took on the atmosphere of a fan meeting.

Gu Shiyin's pupils contracted, realizing this was Xi Zuzi's brother. She quickly deduced something and immediately expressed apparent concern to the judges' panel: "People disrupting the competition's order today just keep coming, huh? Where have all the security gone, letting random people in like this..."

Upon hearing this, the group of elders on the judges' panel, some of whom didn't recognize Xi Langyue, indeed frowned and wanted to call security to boot him out.

The classmates hurriedly explained: "Brother Lang Yue is a top idol, a national street dance champion, a candidate for the Empire's top ten young artists, and he just filmed a national drama praised by the President Residence for promoting traditional culture; he's not just some random person!"

Gu Shiyin smiled lightly, elegantly speaking into the microphone: "We're about to announce the talent competition results, and it's not great to delay the main event. You all are still young and naive, only focusing on chasing stars without distinguishing between priorities..."

These heavy criticisms were hurled at the explaining classmates, leaving them frustrated and unable to refute.

Being young does that mean they can't distinguish right from wrong?

Is liking a quality idol also unforgivable?

But arguing with Teacher Gu over these words was futile. Once a dispute started, they lost, proving that "idols" brainwashed them and they were "immature."

At a distance of several hundred meters from the judges' panel, Xi Rubao was even more anxious: "Damn, what did my second brother do to offend Gu Bailian? Why is Gu Bailian slandering him like this? Qian Man, let's go up there and confront her... Qian Man, Qian Man, why are you grinning at your phone like that?"

Wu Qianman lifted her head from her phone, her lips curled, eyes sparkling: "Bao Bao, the good luck from little Ancestor has come to me!"

"What? What are you saying? Hey, if you're going to fight, wait for me! What are you rushing up there alone for?!"

Wu Qianman swiftly moved, sprinting towards Xi Langyue who was slowly making his entrance from several hundred meters away.

As she ran, she took something from her pocket to smear on her face and casually grabbed a red slogan flag from the squad, her movements seamless.

The classmates were all engrossed in the surprise brought by Xi Langyue, nobody noticed a seemingly ordinary-looking female student running wildly.

Until...

Xi Langyue walked step by step down the aisle from the middle of the audience seats, reaching the edge of the performance area.

He suddenly turned around, stretched his hand out towards the audience, raising his chin coolly: "I didn't come today to interrupt your competition, but as a senior from several years above, I'm here for a friendly participation in our History College's talent show. So now, let's welcome the representative of the female team 13—"

The entire audience erupted.

Xi Langyue's short speech contained so much information.

"Brother Lang Yue is our senior?! I always thought he was a music student, but he actually has a dual degree, how is he so excellent and yet so low-key!"

"Brother is a guest performer, oh my, our benefits are too amazing!"

"Who is he performing with? Female team 13? Ahh, I'm so envious!"

"Why didn't I apply to the History College at my college entrance exam, to become Brother's real junior, I regret so much!"

Amidst the exclamations, the crowd saw, in the direction of Xi Langyue's outstretched hand, a slender, graceful figure was rushing towards him.

Chapter 1016: Exposed On the Spot! The Fu Xi and Nuwa Couple Reunite

Who?

Who dares to launch a sneak attack on Brother Lang Yue in front of everyone?

The girls glared at the girl who sprinted to Xi Langyue's side. Although they were die-hard fans, they were very disciplined. No matter how much they liked Xi Langyue, they wouldn't do anything out of line in public, causing trouble for him.

But this girl had the audacity to run up right in front of Xi Langyue, nearly arm to arm with him, and even... holding hands!

Ahhh, Brother Lang Yue's hand has been tainted!

Just when everyone was heartbroken and wished they could shake off that unruly "pig hand" on behalf of Xi Langyue.

They suddenly heard Xi Langyue's gentle voice say, "Yue Yas, aren't you going to say hello to my sister?"

Sister?

Everyone was stunned, and only then did they take a closer look at the girl beside Xi Langyue.

She was draped in a red veil, with a fringe of white skirt inside fluttering fiercely in the wind. Her hair was loosely tied up, her makeup was light yet exuded a unique ethereal charm, especially the classical jade hairpin in her hair... it looked very familiar.

Today, instead of a suit, Xi Langyue was wearing a black long robe styled like Fu Xi from "Long Immortal Road".

The girl in the red veil and white dress looked exactly like...

"Nuwa!"

"I remember now, this is the scene where Fu Xi personally sews a red wedding dress for Nuwa! Normally, Nuwa always wears a white dress."

"Ahhh, once in a lifetime series, I actually witnessed the real-life Fu Xi and Nuwa CP, woo woo woo!"

Xi Langyue and Wu Qianman held hands, reenacting the classic romantic roles from "Long Immortal Road" at a serious military training presentation.

So unexpected.

So surprising.

So exciting.

The audience erupted into a frenzy.

Meanwhile, Gu Shiyin's face changed as she sat in the judges' seat. The scene she worked so hard to prevent still occurred. As she expected, as soon as Xi Langyue appeared, nothing good would happen, surely orchestrated by Zuzi.

She pursed her lips and raised her voice into the microphone to try to drown out the excited clamor: "Judges, this is really inappropriate. Such a serious military training presentation shouldn't have two third-rate drama actors disturbing the show..."

Before she finished speaking.

The principal in the judges' seat coughed, "Uh, Teacher Gu, I didn't have time to say before, Mr. Xi is our specially invited guest by the school, and his and Miss Wu's program is approved by us. It just wasn't clarified in the event list as we thought his schedule was too tight for him to come."

Nangong Yu, next to him, also nodded, "I know both of them. That young girl is a student of our Xiao Yueyue, she's excellent. The drama they've acted in is not some third-rate one but a quality work broadcast by the President Residence, rich in traditional cultural flavor. Teacher Gu, how outdated can you be, not even following current cultural news?"

Gu Shiyin's face stiffened: "..."

This crappy drama actually has such high honors?

Back then, she almost nipped this crappy drama in the bud by claiming it was plagiarized.

Releasing a tiger to the mountains, endless troubles truly follow.

With things as they were, she was powerless to change it. She could only watch as Xi Langyue and Wu Qianman held hands and stepped onto the performance stage, passionately singing the theme song of "Long Immortal Road".

In the audience, fans listened, entranced, humming along with the rhythm. For a while, the entire venue was filled with romantic singing.

Only Bian Xiaohong, standing behind Xi Rubao, clenched her fists in surprise, cold sweat trickling down her forehead, and her lips turned pale—

The one singing with Xi Langyue is Wu Qianman!

Even with makeup, a red cloak changing her looks and aura a bit, she still recognized her.

Because she just saw Wu Qianman snatch the flag of the 13th brigade, with the big numbers 13 embroidered on it, and now the number 13 was on the red cloak of "Nuwa" on stage.

Wu Qianman, that country girl, surprisingly has such an amazing Ma Jia?!

Chapter 1017: He, Too, Would Risk It All for His Beloved

The revelation of Wu Qianman's "Nuwa" role on-site hit Bian Xiaohong hard.

She never expected that the classmate she usually looked down on, thinking she was as poor and unpromising as herself, turned out to be a hot TV star.

A TV star! Whether it's status, wealth, connections, or looks... all of it thoroughly crushes an ordinary female student like her.

But the difference in appearance and aura before and after makeup is just too great!

Or is Wu Qianman deliberately dressing ugly on normal days?

She couldn't figure it out no matter how hard she tried, but she knew, for this talent show, she was definitely out of luck.

Wu Qianman's role was so popular, and she even invited Xi Langyue, the actor playing Fu Xi, hailed as the nation's brother, to assist, stirring the atmosphere so high that even the older judges were smiling kindly...

Wu Qianman is definitely going to get an additional 20 points.

And she herself can't get the first place in talent, she only has the 20 points addition from leading the military boxing team, which can only tie her with Wu Qianman.

She was no longer the sole frontrunner anymore.

How will the Crown Medal be awarded?

Will it be half and half between her and Wu Qianman?

Her mind was a mess, she couldn't think of anything else until the song ended, the judges were already discussing the scores, and the big screen showed Wu Qianman's 20-point addition for talent, only then did she bite her lip resentfully, weakly taking out her phone, grabbing her last lifeline: "Instructor, I'm sorry for wasting your training and nurturing, I couldn't fight to be the only first place... I sadly realize that no matter how hard I try, I can't compete with some people's backgrounds... I just don't understand, why can Zuzi and Wu Qianman always skip classes, aren't they supposed to lose points according to the rules, why do they get such special treatment, only additions and no deductions? I'm just asking, in reality, it's just me not trying hard enough, it's my fault, it's fate being unkind to me..."

She sent out the message, her heart in turmoil, unsure whether Instructor Yan would scold her or support her upon seeing it.

But at this point, she had no other option; she had to find a way to get Wu Qianman penalized, even by a single point, so she could step on her, instead of being stepped on herself.

A few seconds passed.

Instructor Yan's reply came, very brief: "These past two days I've been training you alone without a team, do you have evidence of their class absence?"

Bian Xiaohong was overjoyed.

Needless to say, she secretly took photos every time, Zuzi's class absences were frequent, but now it was mainly to deal with Wu Qianman, and she had the record of her absence... she just happened to have a photo!

She quickly sent it over.

Instructor Yan replied again: "Stay where you are, I'll be right there to help you reason with the judges."

Great!

Every time she complained, it was suppressed by other instructors, including today when Zuzi was absent, but this time Instructor Yan would take her directly to the judges, to the principal, she didn't believe they couldn't settle it.

Bian Xiaohong saw Instructor Yan's figure from a distance and hurriedly ran over, following him toward the judges' area.

Instructor Yan looked displeased. Last time, due to Zuzi, he was reprimanded by his superior and put in confinement, so he put all bets on Bian Xiaohong; if she succeeds, it proves that his training method is superior and effective, showing that Zuzi was greatly mistaken.

But now, is she actually being outshone by a roommate of Zuzi's who seemed insignificant?

He wouldn't allow it.

He angrily charged toward the judges' table, holding Bian Xiaohong's hand tightly.

This girl was entwined with his fate; if he could seek justice for her, it would enhance his own reputation. He'd never felt so heroic before, even a little like a champion battling for beauty...

Just as he was about to reach the judges' table, suddenly, the little hand he was holding shrank back...

Chapter 1018: Ancestors Came to Watch the Fun!

As Bian Xiaohong abruptly shrank her hand, the rushing drill instructor heading towards the judges' panel nearly stumbled.

"What's going on?"

"Instructor, I, I'm worried that if I go to the judges' panel, it might cause bad influence on you... Usually, Zuzi and Wu Qianman are already jealous of the way you're good to me, always talking behind your back. If we appear together at the judges' panel, wouldn't it give them more to talk about... I, I don't mind being wronged, I don't need the first place..."

"Silly girl, what are you saying! The first place should be yours, why shouldn't you take it?" The instructor was moved, his voice full of compassion, "I'm not afraid of what people might say, but I won't let you be misunderstood in front of your classmates. Wait here, I'll go to the judges with Wu Qianman's absence photos to reason with them."

"Instructor, don't forget Zuzi, today is supposed to be a full participation event, she hasn't returned to her team yet. But if you report too many at once, wouldn't it be bad for you? Maybe you should report Wu Qianman first instead..."

"I'll handle it, none of them will escape this. Just wait here for my good news!"

The drill instructor felt more and more that he hadn't misjudged her, this little girl really understood him, always thinking of his best interests.

Today he was determined to fight for the Crown Medal on her behalf!

Watching the drill instructor rushing towards the judges alone, Bian Xiaohong finally let out a breath of relief.

Her glance secretly shifted towards the judges' panel not far away.

At the last spot on the panel, it was Nangong Yu seated.

Earlier, she impulsively wanted to follow the instructor to argue personally but nearly forgot Nangong Yu was there.

If Nangong Yu saw her holding hands so intimately with the male instructor, that would be a disaster.

Luckily she reacted quickly, shaking off the man.

After utilizing the instructor to fight for first place, she intended to keep her distance, draw clear lines, since her future goal was the Nangong family's position as a wealthy young lady...

Bian Xiaohong withdrew her gaze, intending to quietly hide behind the seats in the audience, waiting for the instructor to stand up for her.

Little did she expect.

Before she could hide, someone unexpectedly tapped her shoulder.

That nearly startled her into jumping: "Who's there? Who's hitting me?"

Being troubled with worries, she was like an anxious bird.

Turning back, she saw a woman's face that was both unfamiliar and yet curiously familiar.

The woman had bright eyes and neat teeth, dressed casually yet looking quite stylish, without any jewelry or makeup, casually carrying a handbag.

Bian Xiaohong gasped.

The woman's outfit didn't reveal any familiar brands, but her handbag was from the latest issue of a fashion magazine she scrimped to buy, prominently displayed as a limited-edition luxurious item, too expensive for her to ever afford.

Who exactly was this woman?

"I'm not hitting you, classmate, you're blocking my seat."

Xing Yue frowned, displeased with Bian Xiaohong's evasive gaze locked on her handbag. She turned back and waved: "Zuzi, maybe we should switch seats? It's really dirty here..."

Bian Xiaohong felt a chill upon hearing herself being called dirty, then was shocked when she heard the name "Zuzi," her heartbeat almost stopping.

Could it be, just as she's about to report Zuzi skipping class, that Zuzi herself appeared?

Is Zuzi some kind of thousand-mile ear demon?!

Why did Zuzi come now, missing the competition? Is she still dreaming of snatching the championship from her?

In her uncertain fear, she heard a lazy laugh carried by the wind: "Ancestor here, for the play script."

The three divine beasts stood impressively at Zuzi's shoetips: Yes! The ancestor just came out from the cinema, wanting to see a live action script instead!

Chapter 1019: The Two Men Finally Collide!

The Spirit Language of the three Divine Beasts cannot be heard by mortals.

Yet Zuzi's lazy chuckle, "Ancestors came to watch the playbook," is enough to astonish everyone.

Many students around glanced over: What the heck, in such a deep and fiery competition, there's actually someone treating it like a mere play for entertainment? Doesn't she know that right now, in the fight for first place, even instructors are arguing with judges, and there are all sorts of internal disagreements among the judges, creating a tense atmosphere!

Bian Xiaohong was uncertain and suspicious; she knew Zuzi wouldn't just say things carelessly. What play is she here to watch, surely aiming to scheme for her Crown Medal.

She pursed her lips and tentatively said, "Zuzi, you are late, although I tried hard to get you an excuse, I'm afraid the competition rules will still deduct your points. As the team leader, I've tried my best. Perhaps you should think about where else you could put in effort..."

Zuzi smirked, "Instead of wasting time paying respect to ancestors, why not do some good deeds."

Bian Xiaohong choked: "..."

Damn, she was just making polite conversation to probe Zuzi's intentions, who would want to pay respect to this country girl? No, how can the word 'respect' be used here...

While trying to find some rhetoric to continue probing the purpose of Zuzi's return halfway, she overheard the judges' discussion intensify.

"Principal, judges, students who skip class so casually should definitely not be considered for awards, let alone granted the honor of first place; otherwise, it sets a negative example!" Instructor Yan stated righteously while holding photos of Wu Qianman and Zuzi's absence.

Gu Shiyin and others nodded frequently, "That's reasonable."

Yet some judges disagreed: "That's a different matter. Today we are evaluating military training skills and artistic standards, not attendance records in class. I think we should focus on the main point, heroes aren't troubled by small matters..."

"No, success or failure is seen in details!"

"Instructor Yan, you're splitting hairs."

"Since there's controversy, let's vote to decide whether to deduct points!"

"Let's vote, I just think it's unnecessary to be too harsh on the students..."

With the argument reaching this point, the judging panel was already in chaos.

Nangong Yu, who had been playing on his phone and not participating in the discussion, suddenly felt a gaze behind him like a prick and blurted out: "Why are you arguing about something so simple? Student Zuzi and Student Wu were invited to watch the martial arts competition that day. It was a competition to win honor for the Empire and should be encouraged. You still want to deduct points? Are you trying to extinguish the patriotic spirit of the new students?"

The usually carefree playboy suddenly spoke in a serious manner with a distinctly upright standpoint, leaving the other judges momentarily at a loss for rebuttal.

"Since it was a patriotic act, don't deduct points from Student Zuzi and Student Wu anymore. Their absence wasn't ditching class; they had a justified reason, and it's understandable." The principal weighed it over and ultimately accepted Nangong Yu's suggestion.

The big screen once again revealed Wu Qianman's total score, listed as tied for first place with Bian Xiaohong.

After all this hassle, Bian Xiaohong ended up empty-handed and felt extremely displeased at heart.

Instructor Yan exited defeated, with a downcast face, and as he came up to Bian Xiaohong, he hesitated to speak, eventually only saying, "Xiao Hong, I'm powerless to overthrow this unfair competition result..."

He had boastfully committed in front of the girl earlier, but now faced with the girl's disappointment, he felt especially ashamed and pained, wanting to make amends, he grasped her hand and continued, "Let's do this, tonight I'll celebrate for you, treat you to..."

Before finishing the sentence.

Suddenly, a man's arm reached over from behind, grasping Bian Xiaohong's arm—

Chapter 1020: Two-Timing Exposed!

The man's voice was casual, carrying the typical, nonchalant politeness of a wealthy young master:

"Xiao Hong, I'm sorry. I was helping classmates Xi and Wu just now and forgot you were also the top one. You're not mad at me, right? How about I invite you out to celebrate tonight..."

Nangong Yu grabbed Bian Xiaohong's arm, but before he could finish his sentence, he frowned and glared at Officer Yan beside him: "Hey? Who are you? Weren't you the officer who was making grand speeches earlier? What are you doing holding Xiao Hong's hand? Don't you know teachers and students should avoid suspicion? What's your agenda, a grown man inviting a female student out for dinner?"

Officer Yan, recognizing Nangong Yu as one of the judges earlier, twitched his lips in response to this "double standard" accusation.

The anger, which had been suppressed after being rebuffed by the judges before, surged up: "Oh, you have the nerve to say that? You clearly wronged Xiao Hong, sitting on the judges' bench and speaking for outsiders?"

Nangong Yu sneered: "I was being impartial just now! Besides, whether I'm good to Xiao Hong or not, she knows best. Who are you to judge?"

"I'm Xiao Hong's instructor!"

"And I'm Xiao Hong's brother!"

"Xiao Hong is an orphan; where did she get a brother from?"

"She recognized me as her brother, do you have a problem with that?"

"You..."

The two argued back and forth a few times until Officer Yan suddenly realized the relationship between this man and Bian Xiaohong seemed complicated—

"You and Xiao Hong, could it be..."

The anger in Officer Yan's heart suddenly shifted direction. He turned to Bian Xiaohong and demanded: "Xiao Hong, who exactly is this man? Clarify it for me!"

Bian Xiaohong, frightened by the sudden appearance of both men, instinctively wanted to escape. Yet, Officer Yan's grip on her hand was so tight that it seemed to embed in her skin.

The scenario she desperately tried to avoid had tragically unfolded.

The metaphorical two-timing had crashed into each other.

What to do?

Was it fate forcing her to choose?

She bit her lip, looking first at Officer Yan and then at Nangong Yu.

She quickly made a decision.

"Officer Yan, this is Fifth Young Master Nangong, he's like a brother to me. He funded my college education and is the closest person to me." Saying this, Bian Xiaohong forcefully pulled away from Officer Yan's hand, willing to risk losing a layer of skin.

Officer Yan, struck suddenly, was momentarily stunned but tried to reach out to her: "Xiao Hong, if you're being threatened, just tell me. We don't have to fear these rich people, I've got the skills to protect you! You said once the military training was over we wouldn't be in a teacher-student relationship anymore, we'd be a couple!"

Bian Xiaohong shuddered, her face flushed red with embarrassment, and quickly hid behind Nangong Yu as if avoiding a plague: "You—what are you babbling about? I've never said that. You're harassing a

student. Fifth Young Master, I'm so scared. It's bad enough to have lost my only first place, but now I have to be bullied and framed by such a teacher. How miserable my life is..."

Nangong Yu consoled her: "It's okay, I'll stand up for you and not give him the chance to bully you. It's a very serious crime for a teacher to force a student into a relationship. I'll make sure he pays for it."

"Thank you, Fifth Young Master, it's all thanks to you..."

"Ah, it's no big deal."

Watching Bian Xiaohong's immediate change of stance, Officer Yan was struck as if by a heavy blow.

Was she really discarding him after use?

How did she become like this?