

## Big Shot 111

Chapter 111 Bitchy as hell!

Zhang Bin just finished surgery and was lying on the hospital bed in excruciating pain, trying to be patient: "It's not really bad, Zuzi's performance this time was quite unexpected, it shocked me. As teachers, we really can't view people with outdated perspectives!"

He had learned a profound lesson; he once looked down on and bet against Zuzi, and ended up almost losing his life as a result, still feeling lingering fears.

Fang Yumei snorted disdainfully: "I don't care about other subjects, but she got zero in English! She dragged down the entire grade's average in English, affecting my performance as an outstanding teacher at the year-end. How can I possibly show a kind face to such an idiot?"

Zhang Bin seemed to see himself in the past, having lost his rationality for a second child and performance bonuses.

He couldn't help but give advice as someone who's been through it: "Ahem, Teacher Fang, I advise you to understand the situation thoroughly first before deciding whether to criticize the student. I'll be on sick leave for more than a month due to surgery. The principal said before the college entrance exam, you'll act as the headteacher of East Sea Class for me, and the kids are in your hands. Please take good care of them..."

Fang Yumei screamed: "What? I'm supposed to handle this pile of garbage? I refuse!"

She slammed the phone down in anger after speaking.

Outside the door, Xi Ruzhu, who was waiting to report homework, overheard Fang Yumei's call and saw the empty seat of Zuzi in the class, which gave her an understanding.

She hurriedly helped Fang Yumei pick up the phone, seemingly inadvertently saying: "Teacher Fang, the principal just signed the new discipline regulations last week. Senior students skipping class will face a major demerit and have to make a public apology in front of the whole school..."

Fang Yumei didn't remember any of this but her eyes lit up hearing it: "Quick, bring me the new regulations. If that piece of trash Zuzi dares to skip my English class, I'll strip her to the bone!"

Xi Ruzhu was just about to take action when she almost bumped into Wu Minghao, who had just returned.

Then she saw the plain white figure wafting gracefully behind Wu Minghao, looking at her with a faint smile: "Remembering school rules so well? I wonder if you also remember last night you were crying and begging, saying you would spend 24 hours at your father's bedside showing filial piety? And it's just been a few hours?"

Xi Ruzhu's face stiffened, not expecting her tattling would be caught on the spot. She concealed her embarrassment, saying: "Zuzi, you're back already? Hurry up and apologize to Teacher Fang for your mistake."

Zuzi glanced at her briefly, although the look was faint, it inexplicably burned Xi Ruzhu, causing her to dodge slightly.

Wu Minghao, in a bad mood, said to Xi Ruzhu: "Since when did someone from Nanshan Class get the right to comment on something about our East Sea Class?"

Not speaking up for a fellow student was one thing, but openly sucking up to a teacher was the most detestable kind of person.

Such a bitchy attitude!

Xi Ruzhu's face became even more awkward.

She was usually the goddess in the minds of senior boys, when had a boy ever spoken so harshly to her?

Feeling wronged, tears welled up in her eyes: "I'm sorry, Mr. Wu, you misunderstood me..."

Fang Yumei, however, stood by her: "You two skipping class trash, still have the nerve to argue with my class representative here? Go write a 5000-word review! Await the major demerit!"

Wu Minghao: "..."

Five thousand words? He had a hard enough time writing a five-hundred-word essay, might as well burn this piece of trash if they call him so.

Zuzi didn't hear a thing, playing with her smartwatch, saw a string of surprised messages from Gu Qiusha: "Zuzi Zuzi, God bless me, I actually found a deposit slip for 13 million cash at the bottom of my dowry chest, I don't even remember when I deposited it, do you think this is heaven's favor for me?"

Zuzi couldn't help but smile slightly, replied with two words: "Mm-hmm."

It was your ancestor who just deposited it, go crazy spending it, Xiao Sha.

Seeing Zuzi being punished but still able to laugh, Fang Yumei felt her severe punishment on trash wasn't enough and shrieked—

Chapter 112: Losing Face Causes a Stir throughout the City

"Zuzi, you piece of trash, you go to the broadcast room right now and make a public apology for the entire lunch period. A wasteful garbage like you doesn't need lunch!"

Fang Yumei couldn't tolerate slackers skipping class, and even less so when they ignored her and challenged her authority right in front of her!

Just as she was furiously yelling.

From the East Sea Class, Wu Qianman suddenly rushed out, panting, "Teacher Fang, Zuzi and Wu Minghao didn't skip class, I can prove it. They were, were, were rehearsing for the English competition! You said that participating students could inform the class rep and take two classes off to practice!"

Wu Qianman was, coincidentally, the English class rep for East Sea Class.

If permission was granted or not, her records would count.

Fang Yumei had indeed instructed this, and hearing this made her expression soured.

This damn thing was as if she slapped her own face, she wished she could tear that ignorant fool Wu Qianman down to shreds with her glare.

Right after, she would revoke that fool's class representative role!

Xi Ruzhu noticed this and her eyes welled with tears about to fall; seizing the opportunity she gently spoke up, "Teacher Fang, it's true that there's a system for taking leave for English competition rehearsals."

Fang Yumei: "...!" This was too much, even her most trusted class rep had turned idiotic?

Wu Minghao and the others were even more surprised: "???" How odd, that hypocritical top student actually stood up for them?

Zuzi merely put away her watch casually.

With eyes like a startled swan, she scanned Xi Ruzhu sharply and indifferently.

Xi Ruzhu pursed her lips, as though worried that Zuzi might see through her, and said cautiously, "Teacher Fang, but you mentioned it was only those who have a speaking role in the competition that could take leave... I'm not sure if Zuzi is eligible for a speaking role..."

Fang Yumei realized something and was pleased with Xi Ruzhu, snorted coldly: "If leave is taken, it means going on stage! Not going on stage? That's lying to get out of class, even worse!"

Dammit!

So that's where the trap was.

Wu Minghao silently cursed.

Damn hypocrites, they just can't stop getting into dirty dealings!

The English competition has a written test and a speaking stage, only the top two English students in each class get to go on stage for a twenty-minute dialogue presentation.

Hence needing special time for practice and coordination.

East Sea Class's best in English were Gu Jingyan and Wu Qianman, only they were qualified to represent the class, obviously, Gu Jingyan disdained practicing.

Zuzi had a zero in her English test, and Wu Minghao only scored 50, having the two of them go on stage for an English presentation?

Aw, crap.

Isn't this just putting them out for the whole school to laugh at?

What's worse, the competition is this afternoon!

With only half a class and a lunch break left, even if they cram like mad, there's no way they could memorize the speech, oh God.

Are they really about to embarrass themselves in front of the whole school?!

Wait, this competition is co-hosted by four schools, the embarrassment would spread city-wide!

Wu Minghao was absolutely fuming: "The competition speech and missing class are two separate things, can we not mix them up! I'll write a 5000-word..."

Before he finished, Zuzi interrupted, calmly saying, "Going on stage to talk, right? Ancestor and little mouse can."

Wu Minghao: "... Oh dear, Ancestor sister, that's really not possible!

The language technicality is way too high, we both know our limits.

Chapter 113: The Unreliable Little Ancestor, Can He Really Speak English?

Wu Qianman bit her lip anxiously, "Zuzi, going on stage to give a speech might be a bit difficult..."

Earlier, she had a flash of inspiration and said the two of them were going to rehearse for a competition, intending to find an excuse for skipping class.

Who would have expected Xi Ruzhu to suddenly dig such a big trap halfway through.

Zuzi is about to jump into the trap now, what should we do?

Fang Yumei sneered, "Either broadcast an apology to the entire school, or go on stage and make a fool of yourself. Anyway, it doesn't make a difference where you trash lose face!"

Fang Yumei was on a roll, calling them trash at every turn.

Xi Zuzi's eyes turned slightly cold, with a faint touch of mockery, she choked her with one sentence, "There are no trash students in this world, only trash teachers."

Wow.

So satisfying.

Wu Minghao looked up at Xi Zuzi, thinking she was incredibly cool.

Fang Yumei never expected this academic failure would dare to talk back, "You, you rebelled..."

Just then, a swift female voice came from the other end of the corridor, "Zuzi is absolutely right!"

Xing Yue walked over with powerful strides in her high heels.

Standing in front of Fang Yumei, like a mother hen protecting her chicks, she blocked Xi Zuzi, Wu Minghao, and the others, "Who are you calling trash? If you can't teach students well, you're a trash teacher who doesn't deserve to teach! Students are just blank sheets of paper coming to learn, if they don't learn well, whose fault is it? It's your idiocy and inability to understand teaching methods, your incompetence in teaching them wrong! Instead of reflecting on your teaching quality, you have the gall to bully my students here?"

Interestingly enough, Xing Yue was not known for being gentle, and she scolded harshly.

But it just sounded more imposing and sophisticated than Fang Yumei's insults, and more... satisfying.

Fang Yumei's face twisted with anger, "Your students? Haha, fine, if you like these academic failures so much, you can be their headteacher, you can teach English! I'll tell the principal I won't teach this trash class anymore!"

Finally, a chance to toss this burden aside!

Fang Yumei threw down her harsh words.

Xing Yue wasn't a pushover either, "Fine, I'll do it. Don't think I don't know your little schemes! You're just afraid my students will drag down your 'excellent teacher' title, right? We don't need you here in the East Sea Class, not at all!"

Fang Yumei, who originally left in an arrogant manner, accidentally twisted her ankle, wincing in pain and limping away angrily.

"Wow—!"

Behind her, at some point, all the students from the East Sea Class rushed out of the classroom, gathering around Xing Yue and Xi Zuzi, applauding.

After all, no one wanted to be constantly called trash.

"Teacher Xing, will you be our headteacher from now on?"

"Yes."

"Teacher Xing, will you teach us English too?"

"Yes, indeed."

No, wait, she's a history teacher, how is she supposed to teach senior English?

Everyone curiously turned their attention to Xi Zuzi:

"Zuzi, are you really going to give a speech in English this afternoon?"

"Yep."

"Zuzi, have you memorized your speech yet?"

"Nope. What's a speech?"

Everyone: "..."

The two people they had been fiercely applauding earlier now seemed a bit unreliable.

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Fang Yumei angrily limped away, "Damn it, how did I twist my ankle wearing flats? Must be the bad luck from those trash..."

Xi Ruzhu caught up, "Teacher Fang, you mentioned before that there's a chance you could recommend me for a guaranteed admission to the Foreign Language Institute at Imperial University and you wanted my parents to come in for a talk. My dad today..."

Fang Yumei, still fuming, snapped, "No time to see him!"

Xi Ruzhu bit her lip, eyes welling up, "But my dad is sick and hospitalized, and he came out just for this, I beg you to see him..."

Fang Yumei was about to scold her when she looked up and saw a man in a brown casual outfit standing across the room.

Though aging, you could tell at a glance that he was a successful business executive, elegant and refined, "Teacher Fang, I am Zhuzhu's father. Could we talk for a bit?"

Fang Yumei's heart skipped a beat, involuntarily changing her tone, "No problem. I particularly appreciate parents like you who value their children's education..."

Chapter 114: He coached the little ancestor word by word in person!

Xi Yuanshan smiled reservedly.

The young and beautiful female teacher was quite gentle, reducing some of his worries from the illness instantly.

"Thank you, Teacher Fang, for recommending Zhuzhu for admission to Imperial University. I've been too busy with the company to discuss this with you in detail, I apologize."

"Oh, no need to apologize, Zhuzhu is my proud student, and if I make the preliminary recommendation, this opportunity is definitely for her. However, the English competition this afternoon is very important. If she can get first place, then the recommendation is secured. I always encourage and praise my students, and you parents need to cooperate too."

"Alright, we will definitely cooperate."

"I heard you're hospitalized, are you okay?"

"Cough, just a minor issue, just taking some rest in the hospital, nothing serious."

Xi Yuanshan concealed his condition, hoping to maintain his successful image in front of the beautiful teacher.

As expected, Fang Yumei smiled more brightly: "Oh my, you're such a busy important person, yet you personally care about the child's education. The child's mother must be indifferent to the child usually, right? You as the dad have to step in, Zhuzhu's excellence is definitely your credit."

Xi Yuanshan smiled without retorting, implicitly agreeing.

Being praised by the young, beautiful teacher made the man feel better than ever, and he suddenly thought he was a bit younger too.

No longer just a patient.

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East Sea Class.

Everyone surrounded Zuzi with a look of desperation.

"Miss Ancestor, there are two hours left until you take the stage this afternoon, please memorize your script?"

"Or how about we change the script, give you 10 lines, and let Wu Minghao memorize the remaining 500 lines?"

"Why don't we just cheat the damn thing, record it in advance, and bring a recorder on stage, Ancestor, you just need to open your mouth!"

Looking at how Zuzi had no intention of memorizing the speech, everyone was going crazy, coming up with all sorts of lousy ideas.

Gu Jingyan, who had been silent, suddenly stood up and said in a deep voice, "I'll tutor you! Teach you line by line!"

The female classmates couldn't help but have starry eyes: Oh my, Mr. Gu personally tutors, this is such an elite treatment.

Everyone knows that the aloof Mr. Gu never explains things to others, let alone speak an extra word to a female classmate.

Now he's offering to teach Ancestor English line by line, what kind of fortune from several lifetimes is this?

At this moment, everyone wished it was them being scolded for skipping class and getting punished!

However.

Zuzi, hearing this, didn't get excited, but instead amusingly curled her lips: "You have so much time, then just be responsible for teaching the little rat."

Wu Minghao refused: "I don't need him to teach!"

Gu Jingyan was even more annoyed: "Who the hell wants to teach you, stupid rat!"

Damn, who knows the feeling of being rejected by two English losers?

Amidst the noise, Zuzi had already leisurely stood up and in a white dress drifted away.

"Where's Ancestor going?"

"Seems like to the library for a nap."

"Oh my! Ancestor, aren't you worried at all with an 'execution' this afternoon?"

"It's going on stage, not execution."

"Is there a difference!"

"Cough, cough, seems like there's really no difference... Oh! Ancestor is doomed, she'll definitely face embarrassment all over town this afternoon..."

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Qingcheng Hospital ward.

After finally raising the over ten million upfront treatment funds, Gu Qiusha was pacing anxiously in the ward, constantly making phone calls.

She had made eighty if not a hundred calls, not knowing where Xi Yuanshan had gone. She had managed to secure an appointment with the neurology professor for the afternoon with great difficulty, but he was not there, so how could the treatment proceed?

Finally.

Just at the brink of her collapsing, Xi Yuanshan pushed the door open and entered, looking in good spirits.

"Yuanshan, why didn't you answer your phone?"

Gu Qiusha couldn't help but complain a little.

Xi Yuanshan's good mood instantly shattered: "Can't I go out for a walk? Can't you be a little more gentle? You argue with me every day like an old nag!"

Gu Qiusha: "..."

Chapter 115: The Little Ancestor Makes a Sensation Throughout the City! **【1】**

Gu Qiusha barely held back the impulse to argue with her husband.

In her heart, she silently comforted herself, don't be angry, don't be angry, he's a patient, why be angry with him?

The doctor also said that sick people are more vulnerable, their temper may worsen, and family members need to be more caring and tolerant. Put yourself in their shoes, perhaps one day she would also fall gravely ill, wouldn't she also need her family's love and tolerance?

Gu Qiusha took a deep breath and forced a smile: "Alright, alright, I'm not arguing with you. The professor has arranged the afternoon treatment, and I've prepared the money..."

Xi Yuanshan's expression relaxed: "How much money did you raise?"

Gu Qiusha replied cheerfully: "Eighteen million."

The family had five million in cash, and with the thirteen million they managed to scrape together, it was just enough for the first treatment fee. Truly, it was a blessing.

Who knew.

Upon hearing this, Xi Yuanshan's face immediately fell: "Just that little money? Where did all the family's money go? I told you not to spend recklessly, but you didn't listen at all! A woman not working and not being frugal at home, yet still not understanding gentleness, I really don't know how you survive!"

Gu Qiusha: "..."

Her eyes instantly reddened, and tears welled up.

Even though she needed to be patient with the patient, she really felt it was so hard, so hard.

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The midday sun was bright.

It warmly spilled onto the chaise lounge by the window on the top floor of the library, on that petite, delicate white figure.

Xi Zuzi lay contentedly on the chaise, nibbling on snacks, a light smile occasionally appearing on her lips—

From her phone watch, a deep and elegant man's voice echoed, a string of English characters danced with spiritual energy in her ears.

Hmm. Enjoyable!

The boy's voice was truly pleasant, reaching her heart across vast distances.

She was so absorbed in listening.

Bao Gucheng suddenly stopped reading.

Xi Zuzi pouted discontentedly: "Don't stop. I want more."

On the other end of the phone, Bao Gucheng's Adam's apple moved heavily: "Alright. I'll drink some water."

It was really something, reading English to her, he actually found himself parched.

Not for any other reason, just because this little girl would occasionally interject with "don't stop", "I want more", "yes", "right here", "this is the feeling". Ask which man could endure it?

Especially when she said it with such innocence, so naturally.

It stirred up a certain kind of excitement in him that he tried desperately to suppress but couldn't!

"You're going on stage this afternoon?"

"Yes."

"Recite for me, how much of what you heard did you memorize?"

"No. I just want to listen to Xiao Cheng'er's voice, it's comforting."

"..."

For the sake of her one word "comforting", the man willingly and diligently read to her over and over again on the phone.

It wasn't until the afternoon school bell rang that Xi Zuzi reluctantly hung up the call.

The little crow fluttered its wings and curiously asked: "Ancestor, I remember you have a photographic memory?"

But the boy had read to the Ancestor at least ten times, right? Was it necessary?

Xi Zuzi didn't care at all: "Yes."

The little crow felt puzzled again: "And the manuscript he read seems different from Wu Minghao's? It doesn't sound like the draft at all, I keep hearing love love love something."

Xi Zuzi was in a great mood: "Yes."

The little crow: "..."

Oh my, Ancestor, were you even seriously studying?

You're completely engrossed in absorbing the spiritual energy of the boy's voice, aren't you???

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The small auditorium of Qingcheng High School.

The English competition was about to start.

This year's senior English competition was jointly organized by the four top schools in the city, timed specially before the college entrance exam, because those who excelled had the opportunity to be recommended to the Foreign Language Institute of Imperial University, and there was only one precious spot for the whole city.

It was said that the dean of the Foreign Language Institute of Imperial University would personally select the candidate.

Each school was determined to strive for this honor.

Xi Ruzhu especially was secretly gaining momentum, preparing to make a stunning impression!

Chapter 116: The Little Ancestor Has Shocked the Entire City! [2]

Xi Ruzhu was full of confidence in herself.

Especially today, when her father visited the school to see Fang Yumei, Fang Yumei was quite pleased and personally revised and polished her speech at lunchtime. It was absolutely stunning.

Even more fortunate, she just drew lots with other students from various schools, and she got the second last position to appear—a superb spot, as she would be the second to last to present.

It was as if heaven was helping her!

Xi Ruzhu couldn't help but glance at the seats not far away for the East Sea Class.

Haha, that fool Zuzi hasn't even shown up yet.

It wasn't until the competition was about to start that Zuzi, unhurried and unruffled, gracefully walked in.

A pair of big eyes lazy yet tender, lightly shimmering like rippling waves, as if still lingering in the pleasant dreams of a nap, unwillingly participating in the competition just for the sake of it.

"Fool, probably not even fully awake yet."

Xi Ruzhu thought to herself silently.

This countryside bumpkin was no match for her at all. Even if she luckily scored high in other subjects, in English, which requires hard work, didn't she score zero?

Not to mention that by paying for expensive tutors since she was a child she learned a standard London accent; how could a countryside-grown Zuzi possibly catch up?

Today's stage was sure to be her time to shine, Zuzi's nightmare.

The competition officially began.

The first thirty minutes were for participants to answer the written test questions. The top ten classes with the highest scores could participate in the final speech contest.

Nanshan Class unsurprisingly achieved the highest score in the city.

Although the East Sea Class was on average quite poor, because they had English aces like Gu Jingyan and Wu Qianman participating, they managed to squeeze into the top ten.

The results came out, and East Sea Class erupted in cheers—after all, honor was collective, and they sincerely felt proud of this achievement!

Next, it would all depend on Zuzi and Wu Minghao's performance on stage.

Wu Minghao was particularly nervous: "An, An, Ancestor, I, I, I'm feeling a bit tongue-tied now, what should I do?"

Zuzi smiled slightly: "No worries. I too am not familiar or good with English, Ancestor."

Wu Minghao: "... Oh Ancestor, you making it worse with that comment, aren't we just a couple of wrecks going on stage, lying there for mockery?"

Gu Jingyan glared angrily at Zuzi: "..."

See, you refused my one-on-one tutoring, regretting it now, huh!

Everyone else: "... Already in despair.

Well, go ahead, Ancestor, and Little Mouse, do as you please, sigh, we'll just share the shame of making a fool in front of the entire city together.

Meanwhile.

In the Nanshan Class camp.

Xi Ruzhu suddenly exclaimed, "Ah! My speech is missing. Zhao Yi, where's your script?"

The boy partnering with her, Zhao Yi, patted his pocket and his face changed: "I, mine's not here either!"

The speech time was twenty minutes, in a conversation format, with almost 600 lines in total, and it was basically impossible to perform without referring to the script in the middle.

If the script was lost...

The performance on stage would certainly be diminished, maybe causing awkward moments like forgetting the lines.

The Nanshan Class students were all anxious: "How could the scripts just disappear like that? There's no time to reprint them, Zhuzhu, Zhao Yi, please search again?"

Xi Ruzhu carefully checked her pockets again and shook her head heavily, "It's really gone. I remember... when we were in the drawing room, it was still there."

With Xi Ruzhu's reminder, someone recalled: "Damn, this must be a conspiracy by those East Sea Class trash!"

"What do you mean?"

"Since their scores can't beat ours, they resorted to these tricks, taking Zhuzhu and Zhao Yi's scripts while in the drawing room, to make us embarrass ourselves on purpose!"

"But the evidence..."

"Did you forget? Zuzi was the last one to leave the drawing room, if she didn't steal something why was she so guilty being the last? Must have been secretly disposing of the stolen goods, afraid we'd find out! Damn trash!"

Chapter 117: The Little Ancestor, She Took the City by Storm! [3]

Instantly, angry gazes shot towards Zuzi!

If they weren't still at the competition, everyone in the Nanshan Class would have rushed over to rip Zuzi apart!

"Teacher Fang was right, trash is just trash! Grades are trash, and character is damn trash too, resorting to such despicable means!"

"Stealing our script for the competition, what other lowly things can't she do?"

"Let's go to the principal and complain, search Zuzi on the spot!"

"Let her be humiliated in front of the students from the four schools, disgrace her once!"

Seeing everyone getting more and more agitated, Xi Ruzhu quickly stopped them: "Forget it, she's probably already torn my script to shreds and thrown it away. The dean of Imperial University is still here, doing this would blacken our school's name. Let's wait until the competition is over and then talk to the principal."

"Zhuzhu, you're so sensible and forgiving."

"Zhuzhu, you care so much about the school's honor, and yet Zuzi is the rat spoil in our pot of soup!"

"It's such a pity about your script..."

Xi Ruzhu bit her lip, her eyes moist, softly saying: "Don't worry, I've memorized the script, I can go on stage without it!"

Everyone: "...!"

Wow, their female prodigy is amazing.

Teammate Zhao Yi: "But, but I haven't memorized mine..."

Xi Ruzhu: "It's okay, I've memorized your lines too. We'll adjust, I'll take on half for you."

Zhao Yi was overjoyed: "Thank you, Zhuzhu! If you don't win first place and get a recommendation to Imperial University, it would be against all reason."

Xi Ruzhu modestly smiled: "Not at all."

This fool, still thanking her?

She was just worried her lines were too few, and she wouldn't have enough to perform on stage. Now that she had most of the lines, it would soon be her solo show to amaze everyone!

Xi Ruzhu, with the admiring eyes of the Nanshan Class, walked up to the podium. People made way for her, handed her juice to soothe her throat, and towels to wipe her hands.

Truly the school's beloved prodigy, held up like a star among stars.

As she passed by the seats of the East Sea Class, Xi Ruzhu glanced at Zuzi.

She found Zuzi's lazy eyes looking back at her with that usual half-smile, half-not, causing an inexplicable sense of unease in her heart.

Even a sense of foreboding...

She took a deep breath, shook her hair to dispel the illogical feeling.

With so many people supporting her, and being the anticipated finale, there would be no problems!

She stepped onto the lecture podium.

Bowed, smiled, and began her speech.

"Wow—!"

The audience below couldn't suppress their amazement and bursts of applause.

"This contestant is incredible, delivering a completely memorized speech without notes!"

"I heard she's Qingcheng High School's number one in English!"

"That's it, tonight's champion is definitely going to be her..."

Competitors from other schools couldn't help but wail.

The principal in the judges' panel and an unassuming old man sitting next to him nodded repeatedly.

Fang Yumei, dressed in a Western-style evening gown, felt particularly proud.

If Xi Ruzhu got first place and secured a recommendation, her credentials as an outstanding teacher would be solidified.

More importantly, Xi's father was sure to invite her for a feast, to thank her as a teacher.

Thinking of Xi Yuanshan as a successful businessman, all the rustic male teachers around her seemed extra ordinary in comparison.

Just as she was daydreaming.

Suddenly.

She heard boos from the audience.

What happened?

Fang Yumei looked towards the stage.

She saw Xi Ruzhu, who had captivated the entire venue just moments ago, suddenly stop bizarrely.

She stood frozen on stage, as if something was stuck in her throat, only able to let out hoarse coughs.

A completely different person from her earlier confident and relaxed self!

Chapter 118: The Little Ancestor, She's Caused an Uproar Throughout the City! [4]

Fang Yumei couldn't help but stand up abruptly, anxiously gesturing to prompt Xi Ruzhu.

However.

Xi Ruzhu seemed as if her mind was blank, unable to articulate a single complete word despite the prompts.

Frozen on stage, she looked utterly ridiculous!

For the following 20 minutes of the speech, Xi Ruzhu maintained a hoarse voice, squeezing out jumbled letters.

Various jeers and mockery from the audience accompanied the entire process!

"I thought she was a top student or something, turns out she's just trying to be sensational."

"Didn't bother memorizing the script, still had the nerve to pretend to be more than she is without the speech draft? Here to be a comedian?"

"Is this the trash level of the top students at Qingcheng High School? Tsk tsk."

Covered in cold sweat, Xi Ruzhu stumbled off stage with the help of her partner.

She happened to brush shoulders with Xi Zuzi, the last one to go on stage.

She suddenly recalled Xi Zuzi's lazy gaze from before.

Fear crept over her heart instantly!

Why did it seem like Xi Zuzi anticipated she wouldn't remember the lines when she went on stage?

How could this idiot have known!

Xi Ruzhu looked at Xi Zuzi in fear.

However, this time Xi Zuzi didn't even spare a glance, gracefully stepping onto the stage.

The girl in plain white stood confidently at the center of the podium, exuding a mysterious starlight that commanded respect.

Even Wu Minghao, a tall boy of 1.8 meters, lost his presence before her, becoming a mere moving backdrop.

She gently parted her lips, and elegant words flowed out softly.

As if a galaxy scattered endless stars—

"I love you not because of who you are. But because I like the feeling when I am with you."

[I love you not because of who you are, but because I like the feeling of being with you.]

"I love you not because I need you, I need you because I love you."

[It's not because I need you that I love you, it's because I love you that I need you.]

"If you're alone, I'll be your shadow. If you want to cry, I'll be your shoulder."

[If you walk alone, I'll accompany you; if you cry, I'll be by your side.]

This speech was written so beautifully!

Her off-script delivery was even more breathtaking!

Everyone was completely immersed in the elegant and profound depiction of love in the speech—unable to extricate themselves!

No one knew how much time had passed.

No one had had their fill of listening.

Xi Zuzi slowly closed her lips, a light smile hidden at the corners: "Little Mouse, aren't you leaving?"

The completely awed moving backdrop came to his senses: "Oh, little Ancestor, have we finished?"

Xi Zuzi: "Yes."

Wu Minghao: "... Where am I, who am I, how did I even manage to say such a long complete English line blah blah blah."

Below the stage.

Applause surged like a tide, continuing for a long time.

Even competitors from the other three high schools sincerely knelt in admiration.

"Now this is what you call an off-script speech, absolutely incredible, both ethereal and fierce!"

"Her pronunciation is so unique, I've never heard such a charming English accent, what kind of accent is this?"

"I only know that once this hits the news tonight, she'll definitely be the talk of the city!"

Even the principal personally stepped down from the judge's seat to congratulate Xi Zuzi.

And specially instructed Fang Yumei, "Teacher Fang, you have great prospects. You've just taken over the East Sea Class and already produced such a Golden Phoenix, nurture the children well, you have a good chance at being an outstanding teacher this year!"

Fang Yumei's face changed!

Xing Yue, with her legs crossed, sneered, "Principal, are you confused? Didn't she make a fuss and refuse to teach the East Sea Class, and you've already approved it? I'm now the head teacher and the English teacher for the East Sea Class. Uh, thanks for the compliment though."

Fang Yumei was practically spitting blood!

The hateful, envious look in her eyes almost bore a hole through Xing Yue!

The principal awkwardly coughed a few times and corrected himself, "Oh oh, thank you, Teacher Xing, for your hard work. In the future, we'll trouble you with teaching our Golden Phoenix..."

Just as he was awkwardly trying to save face, who knew, a lazy voice interrupted him once more: "You're wrong again. Ancestor me, I'm not a Phoenix."

Principal: "..."

At that moment.

An already humiliated Fang Yumei couldn't help but retaliate in anger—

Chapter 119: Slapping the Favorite, Duet!

Fang Yumei glared at Xi Zuzi resentfully and retorted sarcastically, "Principal, don't you find Xi Zuzi's pronunciation strange?"

Principal: "Huh? What's strange about it? It sounds great!"

Fang Yumei: "You're not professional English teachers, of course you can't tell. Her pronunciation is not standard at all, what's the use of sounding good? Haha, street singers sound good too, but can you sing for an English speech competition? Of course, standard pronunciation is required to qualify for the competition!"

In other words, Xi Zuzi's speech is on the same level as street singing!

Without standard English pronunciation, she doesn't deserve to be first, or even to compete.

Xing Yue was furious: "Anyway, Zuzi sounds good, who cares about pronunciation!"

Fang Yumei sneered, "What does a history teacher like you know? Principal, you've never taught English either, right? Let me tell you, the real standard for English pronunciation is Xi Ruzhu's London accent, that's authentic! She was just off her game today, her pronunciation is usually top-notch!"

Xi Ruzhu, who had just lost face on stage, finally revived a bit upon hearing this, and rasped with her voice, "It's all my fault, right, I'm sorry, teachers. But what Teacher Fang taught me is indeed the London accent, the authentic one."

The grievance with tears in her eyes was especially pitiful.

The classmates who had just mocked her couldn't help but feel sympathetic.

"Ah, so it was an authentic London accent, what a pity we didn't get to hear the top student's normal performance earlier..."

Xi Zuzi fiddled leisurely with her smartwatch and casually remarked, "London accent? Ancestor never heard of it. Those chirping languages from the West, does it even matter how they're pronounced? They're all horribly unpleasant anyway, even the ugly characters created by Cang Jie are easier on the eyes."

Everyone: "..."

Damn, that tone, so arrogant and conceited!

She actually referred to such an important English subject as "chirping languages from the West."

And what the heck is Cang Jie???

Fang Yumei snorted, "What nonsense are you spouting, you fool? Something about flies creating characters?"

Xing Yue retorted rudely, "You're an English teacher, if you don't understand history, then keep your mouth shut!"

Fang Yumei was furious: "Anyway, since Xi Zuzi isn't using a standard London accent, she shouldn't be first! If you dare, let our Zhuzhu get back on stage once more, her London accent would definitely dominate the whole place..."

Xi Ruzhu's heart surged with emotions, silently grateful to Fang Yumei, and she gulped repeatedly to wet her throat, hoping for a chance to turn the tables.

However.

The next second.

An elderly voice cut through the crowd, ringing out like a bell:

"Student Xi Zuzi is absolutely right, what's the big deal about the London accent, it's very vulgar!"

"Truly elegant English pronunciation is not the rustic London accent, but rather, the accent of the Germanic nobility from when Europe first developed thousands of years ago. That's what you call authentic!"

"The truly remarkable part of Student Zuzi's speech just now lies in her use of the noble accent of Old English!"

Everyone was utterly shocked: "..."

Damn.

So the London accent is vulgar and not presentable, and the truly noble English pronunciation isn't the London accent, but rather, the beautiful accent Xi Zuzi uses?

Xi Ruzhu stood dumbfounded in place.

The hope of turning the tables that had just ignited was cruelly extinguished like that.

Not only that, it even overturned her long-prided pronunciation advantage, the blow was too severe.

She looked in confusion at the elderly person emerging from the crowd, only hoping this person was just talking nonsense: "Who are you..."

Fang Yumei was also infuriated and embarrassed: "Who are you? Do you even understand English?"

Chapter 120: Slapping the Group's Favorite, Trio!

The old man was dressed in plain clothes and shoes, looking very simple, like an old guy from the neighborhood walking his bird. Fang Yumei suspected this old geezer didn't know a damn thing.

Xi Ruzhu also sized up the old man from head to toe and decisively sided with Fang Yumei, speaking softly to back her up: "Our Teacher Fang majored in English and is studying for a master's degree in English at Imperial University. Sir, you probably don't understand English as well as our Teacher Fang..."

Who knew.

The principal glared at her fiercely: "Shut up."

Then he immediately scooted up to the old man, very humbly and respectfully: "Dean Tang, the young teacher we just hired doesn't know better, please don't take it to heart. She's clueless about Old English; if she can teach the ABCs, that's already good enough. You were right, Xi Zuzi's pronunciation and accent are top-notch, what was that accent again?"

Xing Yue, speechless, corrected: "Old English, Germanic noble accent."

The principal: "Yes, yes, yes! Germanic noble! She's the top, she's number one, you personally scored her, there's absolutely no issue."

Fang Yumei was stunned, her heart stopped!

This, this unremarkable old man was actually the Dean of the Foreign Languages School of Imperial University?

The big shot who held the only recommendation spot for Imperial University in Qingcheng?!

Doomed, doomed, she actually offended him.

Xi Ruzhu felt even more dejected!

Dean Tang's words were practically a death sentence for her, completely shattering her hope of being recommended.

How could she have anticipated that this poorly dressed old man was actually a big shot Dean at Imperial University?

Seeing Dean Tang's icy demeanor towards her, but then turning to Xi Zuzi with a bright and warm smile: "Zuzi, my dear student, don't worry. With a talent scout like me, I will not let your talent go unnoticed. Um... I brought the recommendation agreement, how about we sign it on the spot to avoid any delays?"

Everyone's eyes nearly popped out: "..."

Damn.

They didn't even need further assessment, no need to consult with parents, or compare with other top students in different schools?

Just like that, the only recommendation spot for Qingcheng City was given to Xi Zuzi?

Talk about a willful big shot.

The envy and jealousy in Xi Ruzhu's eyes were nearly impossible to hide.

And yet.

The next second.

Xi Zuzi lazily glanced at the recommendation agreement.

Without even reaching out to take it, she just casually waved her hand: "Don't give it to the Ancestor. The Ancestor is not good at or interested in English anyway."

Everyone: "...!"

They thought the Dean was already quite capricious.

But damn, who knew Xi Zuzi was a thousand times more willful!

Xi Ruzhu felt like she could kill Xi Zuzi.

The recommendation spot she had been eagerly awaiting for so long was utterly worthless in Xi Zuzi's eyes, just cast aside like that.

Dean Tang was also a bit regretful: "Ah, Zuzi, my dear student, that makes me very sad..."

Before he could finish, Xi Zuzi pointed at Wu Minghao beside her: "He can."

Dean Tang's eyes lit up, remembering that although Wu Minghao had few lines earlier, his pronunciation wasn't bad and somewhat resembled Xi Zuzi's. He quickly nodded: "Alright, let's go with Zuzi's recommendation. If he can partner with Zuzi, this young man must be quite good."

Xi Zuzi: "Mm-hmm."

Wu Minghao: "..."

Hell, hell, hell, this is what it feels like to have happiness fall from the sky!

Xi Ruzhu stumbled.

The recommendation spot wasn't just snatched by Xi Zuzi but casually given to another nobody from East Sea Class!

Her heart was bleeding.

Seeing things set in stone, the matter was about to be finalized.

Xi Ruzhu gritted her teeth, holding her head, eyes filled with tears, collapsed into a chair, and sobbed quietly: "It's all my fault for losing the speech manuscript and causing Nanshan Class to lose such a precious recommendation spot..."

Though her voice was low, it was enough for those around her to clearly hear the words "lost the manuscript."