

## Big Shot 251

Chapter 251: The Little Stock Genius of the Financial Tycoon's Family

Being an old ancestor who loves to drink, Zuzi awkwardly covered her lips and coughed twice.

"Well, it's not the alcohol that's harmful, it's the people with no self-control, little mouse."

"I understand, Ancestor. My dad is just one of those people without self-control! Do you think he can be saved?"

Zuzi raised an eyebrow helplessly, "Forget it. Let's go in and take a look."

They walked to the door.

Suddenly stopped in their tracks, seemingly sensing something, lost in thought, "Is there a private room inside?"

"Yes, yes, yes, I'll get a VIP room ready!"

==

Stock Exchange.

VIP Room No. 1.

The man held a glass of red wine, leisurely leaning back on the sofa.

The exchange manager reported respectfully, "Master Si, the securities transactions in Qingcheng have been very active recently. We acted as the dealer several times, skimming the retail investors' money over and over. Except for one small misstep, the rest have yielded over eighty percent profit margins, totaling three hundred million into the account..."

Stock trading is essentially a gamble.

Where there is gambling, there is a dealer.

Most ordinary investors are unaware that the money they invest is actually going into the dealer's trap.

First, they give you a few points of increase to let you taste the sweetness, and then, it's non-stop plummeting. Occasionally, it goes up a bit, but next time it falls even harder, cycling repeatedly, deeply trapping you.

The difference in between is silently siphoned away by the dealer.

Yet, investors always believe they just had bad luck.

Next time they have a bit of money, they invest again without hesitation, until they are addicted, completely trapped, bankrupt...

Nangong Mo is one of the masterminds behind the manipulation of the Empire's stock market.

Commonly known as a Financial Tycoon.

Listening to his subordinate's report of earning three hundred million, his expression did not become better, but instead, he smirked coldly, "Busy putting a gold coating on your faces, yet glossing over your mistakes. Was it a small error or a big one?"

The manager, breaking into a cold sweat, said, "I deserve to die, I deserve to die! Master Si, that error was truly not substantial, only a little over ten million. It was because a new customer suddenly came to the exchange, got lucky by accident, and hit two of our dealer stocks, during the lift period, pocketed our money and left immediately, settling the same day, there was no way to make him cough it back up."

What he referred to was the transaction Zuzi led Wu Minghao to do, using a little over ten million to secure the dowry jewelry for Xiao Sha.

However, Nangong Mo was not satisfied with this explanation, "Ten million indeed is not a lot of money. But... it's my face that's lost."

The manager trembled, looking at Nangong Mo's fierce expression, recalling the incident from a couple of days ago where the restaurant manager from the Nangong Group in the Imperial City had fallen into the sea and was dismembered by sharks after Nangong Mo's inspection.

He felt his own life was in great danger!

Qingcheng also had seawater.

And sharks.

He didn't want to feed the sharks!

Thus, he hurriedly added to his report, "Master Si, we absolutely won't allow such poor retail investors to rob us. So from that day on, I've been keeping a close eye on this account and finally caught an opportunity yesterday, setting a trap to lure him into buying a junk stock. This time he is sure to fall into financial ruin."

He was talking about the unfortunate Wu Minghao, who bought the stock that hit the limit down last night!

Nangong Mo's expression finally returned to normal. He swirled the glass of red wine in his hand and took a sip, "Continue."

If you dare to snatch meat from his mouth, you must be prepared to be skinned and stripped to the bone by him.

The tense atmosphere in the room finally eased slightly.

At the other end of the sofa, dressed in a black hoodie, pretending to be cool, Nangong Meng puckered her lips and spoke up—

Chapter 252: Crushing Zuzi from All Sides!

"Fourth Uncle, isn't it just a small-time investor? Why trouble yourself? Today, I'll help you with a few stocks, and I assure you that I'll make that ten million back tenfold to honor you."

Ten times ten million is indeed a hundred million.

Nangong Meng has quite the audacity!

However, none of the managers and entourage in the room seemed surprised.

This Miss Meng is not only the famous perfect-scoring prodigy from Imperial High School but also their Nangong Family's little stock market genius, the right-hand man assisting Nangong Mo in stock manipulation.

The whole Nangong Family dotes on this little princess, not just because she can score perfectly, you know.

They value her talent in stock trading and her brain that can calculate as fast as a computer.

With this genius and pampering, Nangong Meng had the capital to be arrogant!

Sure enough, Nangong Mo indulged her, "Alright. Today, you have the full authority to handle the market."

Nangong Meng was delighted.

Seizing the opportunity, she made her little request!

"Thank you, Fourth Uncle! Fourth Uncle, if I earn back tenfold for you today, could you grant me a small request?"

"Didn't I agree to bring you to Qingcheng to meet that Gu family pretty boy?"

"Oh, Fourth Uncle, that's not it. It's about this annoying girl I met at the high school in Qingcheng. She broke the custom-made desk you got for me; it infuriates me!"

"Oh? Who gave her the guts?"

"Exactly, she actually dared to step on my head! I want to teach her a lesson! Hmph! Fourth Uncle, could you lend me some people..."

"Didn't I assign you bodyguards?"

"Don't mention it; those guys are useless. They were smitten by her looks and stopped taking orders from me!"

"Oh? She looks that good? Let me see."

"Oh, Fourth Uncle, that's not the point. The point is, she bullied me and even teamed up with Gu Jingyan to bully me to death, and I can't stomach this."

"Got it. I'll allocate a few Hidden Guards for you to use."

The Hidden Guards by Nangong Mo's side are no ordinary bodyguards; they're Death Soldiers specially trained by the Nangong Family, loyal and unwavering, willing to perform any task without moral restraint for their master's orders, even at the cost of their lives.

Nangong Meng was overjoyed to secure these Hidden Guards.

Though it was like using a sledgehammer to crack a nut.

But she just wanted to use overwhelming means to ruthlessly crush this county town chicken, Xi Zuzi!

Did they think she could only use her perfect scores as a weapon?

Wrong, she was an all-around force!

Her noble real identity and capability, Xi Zuzi probably couldn't even imagine in this lifetime.

With Nangong Mo's approval, she was eager to do a good job for Fourth Uncle.

"I've reviewed today's data and selected a few stocks from the A-share market. In a moment, inject the capital pool as I instruct, and first set up a trap to lure him in..."

Nangong Meng instructed the manager, her expression serious, with a touch of professionalism.

==

Qingcheng Hospital.

Xi Yuanshan lay alone on the hospital bed, his face sallow.

After Fang Yumei left, no one brought him meals, and the hospital issued a final notice that he must move out by the weekend.

He called his sons, but they seemed to be busy with God knows what, not picking up his calls.

Gu Qiusha was out of the question; she might have already blocked his number, making it impossible to reach her.

This damned woman, he humbled himself that day to win her back, yet she refused to serve him.

Did she really want a divorce at such an old age and expect someone to want her afterward?

Lying there in despair.

The door to the ward suddenly creaked open.

Xi Ruzhu walked in with a smile like a flower, gently carrying a takeaway box and a bank card: "Dad, are you hungry? As you said, I pawned your unused briefcase and watch. The pawnshop owner gave a good price; this is one hundred thousand, all in the card."

It was like rain falling from the sky during a drought!

At the crucial moment, it was his foster daughter who proved to be the most filial.

Chapter 253: Daddy, People Really Admire You

"Zhuzhu, come over quickly."

Xi Yuanshan held her hand, touching and feeling until he finally sensed a little warmth.

"Dad, shall I feed you?"

"Alright, alright."

"Dad, I've already picked out the fish bones for you, and I've tried this rib, it's not hot. Let me blow it a bit more for you..."

She diligently attended to him.

For some reason, Fang Yumei had left Xi Yuanshan recently and paid little attention to her, instead getting close to Nangong Meng. Perhaps she thought the Nangong Meng family was more powerful and wanted to seduce Nangong Meng's uncle?

Just as well, with Fang Yumei not by her father's side, she had a legitimate chance to take care of her father.

After all, at the pawnshop just now, while helping her dad pawn off unused luxury items, she casually took the change of nine thousand, bought herself some new clothes, and even some high-end wigs and hats.

She didn't want to be publicly humiliated by being discovered bald again!

And besides getting money from Xi Yuanshan, she had no other way.

She had to seize the opportunity to stay by Xi Yuanshan's side; it was her last footing in the Xi family.

After serving Xi Yuanshan his meal.

She conceived a plan for that money: "Dad, I have a classmate from the Imperial City who's really good at playing the stock market. I've heard she makes millions just casually trading with her allowance."

Xi Yuanshan wasn't concerned: "Playing the stock market is all about luck. My account is still 50% down and hasn't made any money yet."

Xi Ruzhu tried to persuade again: "Dad, my classmate is different. She transferred from the Imperial City; she's a little princess from the Nangong Family. She seems to have authoritative insider information. Yesterday, she casually mentioned a stock, and I just checked it; it's indeed rising. But I don't really understand. Perhaps you can take a look?"

Though she was certain Nangong Meng's information was definitely useful.

She dared not speak too firmly in front of Xi Yuanshan, still putting on a humble and cautious demeanor.

Unbeknownst to her, this very trait impressed Xi Yuanshan.

Such an honest and gentle daughter, making friends with a little princess from the Imperial City; the information must be very valuable!

Xi Yuanshan immediately swiped his phone to check the stock market today.

Sure enough, the stock Xi Ruzhu mentioned was soaring, rising rapidly!

Xi Yuanshan's eyes gradually lit up: "Zhuzhu, you truly are my good daughter, hahaha! With you, Dad is content in this life!"

Xi Ruzhu blushed: "Dad..."

Xi Yuanshan: "Zhuzhu, quick, help me transfer the money. I can't see the password input box clearly..."

Xi Ruzhu finally gained Xi Yuanshan's trust, even easily obtaining the transfer password, feeling a rush of excitement: "Okay, Dad, how much do you want to transfer?"

"All of the ten thousand just now, put it all in!"

"Dad, you're so bold, I really admire you!"

"Hahaha, of course, Dad's still got it!"

==

Stock Exchange.

VIP Room No. 9.

Zuzi watched the strings of numbers on the computer screen, yawning, and casually pointed out a mushroom.

Ah, why do human kids enjoy such boring money games?

It's just worthless paper being tricked from one pocket to another, what's the fun in that.

"Ancestor, are you serious about this mushroom you chose?" Wu Minghao looked distressed, seeing the stock turning green, performing worse than the one he had previously chosen.

He felt as if the Ancestor was completely killing his desire to play the stock market?

Chapter 254: You're a Genius? Sorry, I'm the Ancestor.

Zuzi propped her chin, lifting her eyebrows lazily, and responded with a "Mm-hmm."

Wu Minghao looked distressed, unsure if Zuzi was seriously acknowledging the stock choice with her "Mm-hmm" or if she wanted to kill his stock trading ambition with a "Mm-hmm."

While Wu Minghao was stuck in his dilemma, Xi Rubao suddenly exclaimed, "That Nan Emeng is showing off in the senior year group again. It's so annoying; I just can't stand her!"

"What did she say?"

"She's recommending everyone to buy stocks, saying it's a sure-win. Look, a bunch of people are singing her praises, calling her a perfect student and a little stock genius!"

"Let me see... Damn, she really recommended a stock that actually went up!"

"Hey, Wu Minghao, don't tell me you're thinking of buying stocks following Nan Emeng?"

Xi Rubao looked at Wu Minghao with disdain.

Wu Minghao glanced at the WeChat group, then at Zuzi, and gritted his teeth, "Don't insult my loyalty to the Ancestor! I would never follow anything Nan Emeng does!"

Wuwu, even if he loses everything, he'll accept it.

Even if Nan Emeng makes a fortune, he really won't be tempted, absolutely not.

Alright, he admits he's a tiny bit tempted, but that can never shake his unwavering loyalty to the Ancestor.

Zuzi chuckled, "Her stock, you know... You could try with half your money, it's not impossible..."

Wu Minghao: "Really?"

Zuzi: "Mm-hmm, but you must sell it within ten minutes."

Wu Minghao was dumbfounded, "Huh?"

In ten minutes, how much could it possibly rise?

Ancestor, are you kidding me again?

But whatever the Ancestor says goes, he'll follow along.

Wu Minghao huffed and puffed, selling all the stocks trapped since last night, then bought half in the stock Zuzi recommended and half in the one Nangong Meng recommended.

Ten minutes later.

Nangong Meng's stock rose by nine percent and was about to hit a nice upper limit when Zuzi suddenly gave a decisive order, "Sell."

Wu Minghao, though reluctant to see the money rising like crazy, gritted his teeth and sold.

Made a small profit of nine percent.

However, the stock Zuzi recommended hadn't moved a bit.

Thinking for a bit, without hesitation, he threw all the earnings into the stock Zuzi had recommended.

It was only then that he carefully looked at the name of the stock Zuzi had recommended — "Empire, Army, Industry."

"Little Mouse, does your heart ache?"

"No! I just believe in the Ancestor!"

Xi Rubao chuckled, "Exactly, what's the big deal about geniuses? Sorry, my sister is the Ancestor of geniuses!"

==

VIP Room No. 1.

Nangong Mo smiled as he looked at the increasingly rising numbers on the screen:

"You're playing it pretty big."

"Uncle Four, I'm aiming to earn you a billion and drag down those minnows trying to steal your money, of course, it has to be a big game to be enjoyable."

"Don't overdo it."

"Don't worry, Uncle Four, Mengmeng has never missed since her debut. Look, I've just pushed the price up a few points, and that minnow stealing your money has taken the bait, sold the losing stocks, and jumped into our pit."

"Really?"

"Uncle Four, just wait for Mengmeng to bankrupt him completely!"

Nangong Mo was noncommittal, but he seemed to be in a good mood, emptied his drink, and shook another glass in his palm.

Suddenly.

Nangong Meng let out an "Oh no."

"What happened?"

"No, how did that little minnow escape? I haven't crushed him yet... Wait, I'll push the stock price up a bit again, surely that'll lure that coward back..."

Nangong Meng was talking about Wu Minghao's account, which sold after a nine percent gain.

However.

Just as she was about to make her move.

She suddenly noticed in surprise, "No, why is it starting to fall? Who's maliciously short-selling my bull stock!"

Chapter 255: Ancestor, You Are So Amazing!

As a big player manipulating stocks, the last thing you want is other players causing trouble or retail investors banding together to dump shares.

Commonly known as short-selling.

No matter the situation, you must immediately crush them and clear the opponent out of your turf.

Nangong Meng gritted her teeth and ordered: "Invest another ten million, hold the stock price for me! Make those people scam."

There aren't enough retail investors deceived yet. If the stock price falls, it would be like a dam collapsing from an ant hole—everything would be over.

"Continue, invest another ten million!"

"Keep going!"

"Continue continuously, no stopping!"

Unknowingly, Nangong Meng had already invested a hundred million in funds to protect the stock she had chosen.

However.

This stock was still being continuously short-sold, like a bottomless pit, with the stock price falling as if there's no end—stocks in Asia have no limit on how much they can fall, the price can drop to zero.

Nangong Meng's phone kept ringing.

In the senior high group chat, classmates who followed her in buying stocks were crying like dogs:

"Miss Meng, what's going on, we're stuck!"

"Miss Meng, answer the phone, this lousy stock can't be sold..."

"Miss Meng, the stock price keeps falling, my ten thousand yuan has dropped to less than a hundred, this is all my New Year's money for over a decade, save the child..."

Nangong Meng had no time to answer calls or return messages.

Those fools following her for scraps lost only ten thousand or so, but she was risking a hundred million of Fourth Uncle's money!

Nangong Meng finally felt a bit afraid.

She turned around, trembling: "Fourth Uncle... I think I've met a formidable opponent, the 'Imperial Finance' I bought has been sabotaged, afraid we'll suffer huge losses..."

Her never-failing stock-picking career might end today.

Nangong Mo's eyes were cold and fierce.

The wine glass in his hand shattered with the sound!

Suddenly thinking of something.

He ordered coldly: "Check what stocks that account bought!"

Nangong Meng snapped out of it, realizing Fourth Uncle was talking about the little fish that just escaped: "Let me see... he sold our 'Imperial Finance', then turned around to go all-in on 'Em-pire Mil-i-tary'! So far... he's made... made... another ten million!"

Damn it, the little fish didn't get trapped, and actually managed to swallow a chunk as large as a whale.

Nangong Meng: "Fourth Uncle, could it be that this little fish set us up? Deliberately tripped us today? I checked and their stock account was opened at the Qingcheng Exchange... Wait, he even booked the VIP Room No.9 for today! Fourth Uncle, I'm going to confront them!"

==

VIP Room No.9.

Wu Minghao excitedly looked at the earnings in the account, almost kneeling before Xi Zuzi: "Ancestor, it's amazing, our 'Em-pire Mil-i-tary' didn't act for a long time, but when it did, it shot straight up! I love the Empire, I support the military industry!"

It was truly vindicating.

Xi Rubao: "My Ancestor Sister, luckily I listened to you before, escaped from that lousy stock of Imperial Finance, otherwise I'd be left with nothing!"

It was truly a close call.

Xi Zuzi smiled slightly.

Suddenly raised an eyebrow slightly: "Let's go, bail your dad out."

Wu Minghao wasn't done having fun, but since Ancestor had spoken, he wouldn't dawdle.

Xi Zuzi led the group and just left.

Nangong Meng with a group of bodyguards surrounded VIP Room No.9.

Upon entering, they found the room already empty.

Damn it!

Made money and ran faster than a rabbit!

Chapter 256: The Big Shot Behind the Scenes, Smashing Your Face; Mr. Bo's Vat of Jealousy, Quietly Spilling Over

"Fourth Uncle! I want to find out the account holder's information, I want to track him down and feed him to the sharks!"

Nangong Meng's eyes were red with anger.

At Nangong Mo's feet, the glass of wine shattered, the crimson liquid flowing like a murder scene.

He coldly curled his lips, a sinister smile flickering in his blue eyes: "What's the use of tracking that small fry? Do you think a mere shrimp can stir the waves in the stock market? The real manipulator is behind the scenes. You're too naive, a hundred million, consider it a lesson learned!"

Nangong Meng's confidence shattered, more miserably than the glass shards on the ground, and she muttered: "The person pulling the strings... who is it?"

What kind of big shot could so easily slap the face of such a genius like her?

==

Imperial Capital.

The moonlit night was like water, the evening breeze whispered softly.

Bao Gucheng looked at the message sent by Zuzi. From the address, tone, and phrasing, it was undoubtedly the little girl's doing, indicating the Blue Blood Emblem was back in her hands.

"Xiao Cheng, couldn't smell you today, so I'll just read a couple of pages and go to sleep."

"Did Miss Zuzi have fun today?"

"Yep, helped a little friend buy a mushroom, saved his daddy, he seemed quite happy."

"Little friend? A boy?" The man's focus was always unusual, instantly becoming alert.

"Yep." Unfortunately, the little woman was completely unaware of any issue.

"So, you left your watch with him because you were with him?"

"Nope, the watch is with another little friend."

"Also a boy?" The man's alertness was now off the charts.

"Yep."

Bao Gucheng: "..."

Two boys?

So does she have two ill-intentioned males hanging around her, sticking closely?

Why suddenly feel like hitting someone?

He immediately checked the calendar, feeling he needed to take a trip to Qingcheng, rather than sit idle in the capital.

"Did Xiao Cheng have fun today?"

"Hmm, coincidentally, just like you, I bought a... mushroom. And also saved some people."

He looked at the stock market closing report at hand.

The stock "Empire Military" had been under continuous manipulation by outsiders, who had driven the stock price down to unbearable levels, affecting the company's operations, and many scientists and tech workers who served it saw their earnings plummet heavily.

Today he made a decisive move to directly cleanse out the manipulator.

Following the trail, he also crushed the manipulative outsider's "Imperial Finance" stock to a disastrous state, dropping below the issue price!

On paper, the manipulators lost 100 million today; in reality, their earlier preparations of over a billion silently evaporated.

What a joke, "Empire Military" is a national enterprise, the backup technological strength safeguarding our nation's borders.

How could those financial tycoons be allowed to manipulate and control the stock price at will?

If we don't show these financial tycoons a thing or two, they won't know who now calls the shots in the Empire!

Even though this financial battle sounded thrilling.

But at this moment, in the chat between Bao Gucheng and Zuzi, it was merely lightly described as "bought a mushroom".

The two chatted a bit more casually, finally ending with Bao Gucheng sending a "goodnight kiss" along with a cute picture of a big dog showering kisses on a little kitty in its fluffy fur.

[Mutual Support.jpg]

Closing the phone.

Bao Gucheng didn't fall asleep right away.

He first closed his eyes, savoring their conversation for a moment.

Then his eyes snapped open, his expression calm and profound, as he picked up the phone again and dialed out:

"Qingcheng High School, what's the system for class assignments?"

Chapter 257: Mr. Bo, can you please stop causing trouble?

"Reporting to Mr. Bo, it's divided by grades," Wei Yang answered honestly.

And couldn't help but quietly add some idle talk,

"The East Sea Class where Miss Xi sits is called the 'trash class' \*cough cough\*, it's for the worst students, the ones no other class wants, the ones with connections, second-generation rich kids. Their exam scores have always averaged around the pass line, it's a crappy class."

"But with Miss Xi, the East Sea Class's morale is high. It's said that for the past few days, they've been really putting effort into reviewing for the fourth mock exam. Maybe this time they might pass..."

Little did he know.

Bao Gucheng wasn't concerned about grades at all.

He suddenly interrupted Wei Yang, "Have them switch to dividing by gender."

On the other end of the line, Wei Yang nearly jumped off the spring bed in the duty room: "Bo, Mr. Bo, sorry, I didn't quite catch your order just now..."

"Divide by gender." The man emphasized.

Whoa, does it mean one class for boys and one class for girls? Is that what Mr. Bo means?

There isn't a school in the world that divides classes like this, it's too bizarre.

You have already gone too far by changing the exam rules and timings, and now you want to change the way classes are divided? Can we stop being so troublesome?

Wei Yang knew it was impossible to directly persuade Bao Gucheng to withdraw his order.

He was so worried that cold sweat broke out, and suddenly, by some stroke of inspiration, this honest man thought of a very suitable reason to advise:

"Mr. Bo, we can change the way classes are divided." First, affirm the man's sudden idea.

"Hurry up and do it!"

"But, Mr. Bo, there are only a few days left until the college entrance exam. Changing it now wouldn't be good for Miss Xi. You see, she's not familiar with the girls from other classes. If there's one or two she particularly dislikes, it would be bad if it disturbed Miss Xi's study mood."

"..." The man was silent.

Wei Yang pressed on: "And I've heard that the boys in Miss Xi's class all call her 'Ancestor'. They worship her as a goddess and absolutely dare not disrespect her."

"..." The man remained silent.

Wei Yang had to go further: "Mr. Bo, I've heard that girls can fall in love with girls too. We don't know the situation with the girls from other classes, and if there's a girl among them who falls in love with Miss Xi, that would be trouble..."

Bao Gucheng suddenly spoke: "Don't switch for now, keep an eye on them—regardless of gender."

"Yes!"

Wei Yang's back was already soaked with sweat.

Oh my, finally managed to persuade Mr. Bo.

A man who's fallen in love is really hard to deal with, really hard.

==

The fourth mock exam is extremely important.

Senior three teachers from the whole city were gathered to grade the papers overnight.

Early in the morning, the grades were already out and being compiled into rankings.

In the classroom.

Wu Minghao came in full of happiness, heading straight to Zuzi's desk.

"Big news, big news, big news!!"

Gu Jingyan, who had another endless romantic dream last night, was laying on the desk catching up on sleep.

In his daze, he vaguely heard the word 'news', thinking that Wu Minghao, as usual before each exam result announcement, wanted him to go to the grade director for an early copy of the ranking list.

Annoyed, he pulled down the hood of his hoodie, "No news! No time to go! Don't bother me!"

Wu Minghao rolled his eyes, "Wasn't talking to you."

Then his face spread into a big smile as he pawed at Zuzi's desk like a puppy, "Ancestor, Ancestor, Ancestor, you know what, my old man is fine!"

"Uh-huh."

"Just after I got him bailed out, the police cleared things up. Turns out my old man, though he was in the same car when his rowdy friends hit someone, wasn't the one driving. Plus, that night, he followed your orders to the letter and didn't drink a drop. He was just kindly giving his friend a ride home when the friend hit someone, and he even covered the costs to take the injured elderly lady to the hospital for emergency treatment. So, while the others are in jail for drunk driving, my old man is fine! The one million bail money was refunded, and we made a ten million profit in the stock market yesterday, not a penny short, it's just awesome!"

Chapter 258: A Foolish Move! The Ultimate Creed that Changes Fate

Gu Jingyan heard this and his face was dark: "..."

It was a bit of a face-slapping moment for feeling self-important.

But seeing Xi Zuzi being worshipped like this, he inexplicably felt a sense of parental pride, like his daughter had grown up beautifully. What's up with that?

A desk partner like a demon...

A lovable little sister...

No, if this continues, he feels he might have a mental breakdown!

Wu Minghao was still wildly gesturing with excitement, expressing the joy in his heart: "My dad was so touched, he donated the hundred thousand in bail money he got back to the elderly lady injured in the

car accident, and praised me for having potential! He even announced that my allowance would be increased to twenty thousand a month!"

"Guess what I said? I boldly said I didn't want it!"

"Ancestor, we don't even care about that small change of a couple of tens of thousands. I'll just follow you to make money trading stocks, isn't that much better..."

Little did he know.

The information he inadvertently revealed immediately perked up the ears of everyone in the East Sea Class—

"Brother Hao, did you go stock trading yesterday?"

"There was a big shock in the stock market yesterday. Nangong Meng from the Nanshan Class, who is said to be a little stock genius, even crashed. The stocks she recommended ruined a lot of people."

"Yeah, yeah, I almost bought along with her in the grade's big group, thankfully I held back."

"Little Ancestor, which stock did you point Brother Hao to buy? Tell us too, let the stock god help us soar together."

The booming voices from the East Sea Class reached the hallway.

Nangong Meng, Xi Ruzhu, and a group from the Nanshan Class, who came out to check the rankings, clearly heard the discussions about stocks in the classroom.

Nangong Meng's face was as dark as death!

Last night she lost a hundred million, almost got killed by the terrifying looks from her uncle, who looked at her like she was a worthless waste.

Back at school, these annoying poor students kept pestering her, whining non-stop until she handed out her pocket money and a bunch of branded bracelets and bags, finally shutting those pretentious fools up and bringing them back to her side.

And now, hearing that Xi Zuzi and Wu Minghao made a fortune trading stocks? She was furious enough to literally explode.

At this moment.

Xi Ruzhu felt even worse than her.

Yesterday, she gave Xi Yuanshan the bad advice to trade stocks and bought the stocks recommended by Nangong Meng, and the result? Huge loss!

That disastrous move completely wiped out all her efforts of catering to her dad, ruining everything.

And now, Xi Zuzi was being worshipped like a stock god?

Is there any justice left in the world?

She has worked so hard, why is heaven so unfair to her!

Both Nangong Meng and Xi Ruzhu's faces were terribly grim.

The people from Nanshan Class didn't look any better; they looked at the lively atmosphere in the East Sea Class and were filled with sighs, both envious and resentful.

In the classroom.

Wu Minghao realized that his accidental slip had caused a stir, and when people started chasing him for stock tips, he looked a bit guiltily at Xi Zuzi.

Zuzi just smiled without speaking.

Wu Minghao immediately remembered what Xi Zuzi had said, that everything has its cause and effect.

His dad was fine in this car accident because he strictly adhered to the alcohol abstinence rule.

And he earned ten million, probably because his dad was righteous with friends and compassionate towards the elderly lady injured in the car accident, right?

Without these good causes, how could there be good results?

Wanting to make a small fortune without working and having it fall from the sky, that's absolutely impossible.

Zuzi's usual advice of "doing three good deeds a day" is the ultimate principle to change one's fate!

Chapter 259: Ancestors Don't Hit Faces, Ancestors Excel at... Smashing Faces!

His face became a bit more serious upon this thought:

"Alright, alright, everyone stop arguing, focus on the upcoming college entrance exam instead of making money."

"If you have time, why not study the papers and do some good deeds."

"Hey, isn't the fourth mock exam results coming out soon? Let's go check the rankings and motivate ourselves!"

With this reminder, the East Sea Class members immediately gathered their friends to check the bulletin board in the hallway.

At this time, all the senior classes were out to check the results.

The crowd was very dense.

Initially, everyone mutually agreed to leave a few spaces in the front for each class, allowing someone to see the rankings first and pass the information to those behind.

But, unfortunately, the East Sea Class was a bit late and got blocked by the Nanshan Class in front.

"Excuse me, could you please let me through?" Wu Minghao politely asked.

The Nanshan Class was already frustrated due to some stock market setbacks, and upon hearing this, everyone acted as if they had agreed to not let anyone through.

In fact, they secretly shuffled even tighter together, not leaving any gap, completely blocking the East Sea Class from seeing a single word on the board.

"Damn, you guys are so rude!" Wu Minghao couldn't help but swear.

"Hey, Sister Zhuzhu, can't you let us through?" Xi Rubao also voiced his displeasure.

"Sorry, Rubao, I'm surrounded by people, it's hard enough to turn around, let alone make space." Xi Ruzhu replied with a smile, her heart feeling quite content.

Finally, an opportunity to trouble East Sea Class, even if it's a small thing like this.

In contrast, Zuzi wasn't anxious, strolling leisurely at the end with a smile, as if the results were of no concern to her.

This made Xi Ruzhu quite unhappy.

She knew she didn't stand a chance at being first this time, but someone else could help her put Zuzi in her place.

Pressing her lips together, she gently and seemingly chatted with Xi Rubao: "Rubao, there's no need to check the board. Miss Meng will definitely be first."

Xi Rubao: "How do you know?"

Xi Ruzhu: "Miss Meng just compared answers, she scored full marks on all subjects."

Other classmates turned around:

"Wow—full marks, that's truly amazing!"

"I saw, I saw, Miss Meng is at the top of the list! Math 150, Chinese 150, English 150, science... uh, Miss Meng took social science, the social science list and the total list haven't been posted yet, but I guess they're full marks too?"

"How did you do it, Miss Meng? Are all students at Imperial High School geniuses?"

Nangong Meng felt better, smiling: "It's just routine!"

To be honest, Xi Ruzhu felt a twinge of jealousy, but using this full-score genius to put Zuzi in her place also made her feel good:

"Rubao, see, I wasn't wrong, Miss Meng is really amazing."

Xi Rubao smirked: "My sister Zuzi finished her English paper in one minute!"

Xi Ruzhu: "But Miss Meng scored full marks on every paper."

Xi Rubao: "My sister Zuzi finished her English paper in one minute!"

Xi Ruzhu: "But Miss Meng, she..."

Xi Rubao: "My sister Zuzi finished her English paper in one minute! Can Nan Emeng do that?"

Everyone: "..."

Xi Ruzhu found Xi Rubao's unreasonable answer both amusing and frustrating.

"Rubao, you have to face reality. Zuzi didn't even make it to the list. Even if she finished in one minute, her scores are disastrous, maybe not even ten points..."

Before she could finish.

A student from another class exclaimed: "Oops, I was looking at the wrong row, there's another full-score student above Nangong Meng, from East Sea Class, it's Zuzi! Math 150, Chinese 150, English 150..."

The crowd was in uproar!

Xi Ruzhu's face turned pale.

English 150?

Fine if Zuzi got full marks in other subjects, but how could she score full in English?!

Nangong Meng clenched her fists even tighter.

Zuzi wasn't just putting her in place, this was a full-on face slap!

Chapter 260: A Barrage of Punches to the Face! Until It's Flattened [1]

Although Nangong Meng and Zuzi scored perfect marks in the first few subjects.

But, as Xiao Jinli Xi Rubao repeatedly emphasized just now as if chanting—Zuzi finished the English test in one minute! Can Nangong Meng do that?

Definitely not!

This is not normal procedure at all.

This is abnormal.

Nangong Meng's face was dark, feeling more frustrated than losing a billion in the stock market.

Luckily, Xi Ruzhu beside her reacted and softly comforted her: "Miss Meng, the political class results aren't out yet, the victory isn't decided."

Only then did Nangong Meng feel slightly better, pulling her hoodie, she sneered: "Political class is my strong suit, just memorize those points, there's no suspense."

Xi Ruzhu exaggeratedly exclaimed: "Miss Meng, you're really amazing, I've never scored above 280 in political class..."

The people in Nanshan Class were even more proud:

"This year, the national college entrance exam top scorer is definitely in our class."

"We'll be so proud at the teacher appreciation banquet."

"The real excitement is when we fill out our college applications! At that time, top universities will be ours for the taking, hahaha!"

The fourth simulation exam is as crucial as the first one, almost able to predict the college entrance exam results.

While Nanshan Class was a bit cocky, imagining the future wasn't entirely unreasonable.

As they were speaking.

Not far away, the grade director personally held the political class and total scores, coming to post them.

The senior class teachers were following behind, and Xing Yue, as always in high heels, was full of momentum: "Guys, clear the way, let the director post the results for us!"

Fang Yumei, with heavy dark circles, had several mini band-aids on her face, and her thick makeup couldn't hide her exhaustion, her gaze empty, not knowing what she was thinking.

Other teachers were whispering: "Oh my, there's only one perfect score in the political class for the whole grade, it's unbelievable, political class is so hard..."

What?

Only one perfect score in the entire grade?

Xi Ruzhu's eyes were about to pop out with envy.

Nangong Meng raised her neck even more, acting cool under her black hoodie, her arrogant face particularly condescending: "I'm really sorry for shocking everyone. In the capital, perfect scores are just my standard operation."

An expression as if saying "you'll get used to it".

The people in Nanshan Class sighed in unison: "Miss Meng truly deserves to be the full-mark study god from the capital, honestly, I admire her from every pore, from between my toes."

Xi Ruzhu glanced over, outside the crowd, Zuzi was still absent-minded, fiddling with her smartwatch, enjoying herself.

She deliberately raised her voice: "Since Miss Meng is the only one with a perfect score in political class, then the full marks in all subjects must belong to her. Top of the school, no, top of the city must be Miss Meng, and without a tie, the only one with full marks in all subjects."

Zuzi, even if you have perfect scores in three subjects, what's so amazing?

You're still tripping over the political class threshold, right?

Nangong Meng defeating Zuzi was as if she herself had trampled on Zuzi, making her content, avenged, and utterly satisfied.

The people from East Sea Class frowned at Xi Ruzhu: "If you're praising Nan Emeng, go ahead, but who are you slyly talking about?"

Even Xi Rubao wasn't happy: "Sister Zhuzhu, you're going too far."

Xi Ruzhu quickly put on a gentle smile: "No, I'm just happy for Miss Meng, I didn't mean to target anyone, and she really is the only one with full marks in all subjects in the school..."

Before she finished speaking.

The grade director in the front posting the results suddenly turned back with displeasure and glared at her: "Who said so, I haven't even posted the results, have you all become grading teachers to make up scores?"

Xi Ruzhu was at a loss: "No, Director, I..."

The grade director's face fell: "There indeed is only one person with full marks in all subjects, but..."