

## Big Shot 261

Chapter 261: A Chain of Punches to the Face! Until It's Flattened [2]

"But what?"

Everyone's curiosity was piqued, but the list wasn't fully posted on the bulletin board yet, so they couldn't see clearly.

The grade director finished posting the list and then leisurely said, "See for yourselves!"

Then he turned to Xing Yue and said, "Explain it to them well! Especially Nanshan Class, their liberal arts scores were so bad, they dragged down the whole school!"

Nanshan Class was stunned by the sudden blow.

They hadn't even processed why the grade director called them out.

Just then, the East Sea Class, led by Wu Minghao, broke through their blockade and rushed straight to the first row of the bulletin board.

Then a loud voice shouted joyfully across the senior year hallway, "Hahaha, our Zuzi got a perfect score in all subjects. Who was pretending to be a phoenix a moment ago? It seems like a shameless impostor operation to me!"

"Exactly. Let me see how many points that crow has? Tsk tsk, 275, and dares to call herself a study god? Our Mr. Gu got 290, okay? And our Xiao Jinli got 280!"

Xi Rubao was ecstatic, "Really? Really? Am I that amazing?"

In the back row, Gu Jingyan's face turned red and then white, feeling that being compared like this wasn't necessary! What's so pridetworthy about being compared to Nangong Meng?!

However, it wasn't just one or two people in East Sea Class who excelled in liberal arts.

Besides Xi Zuzi's perfect score, everyone else also did very well, with the average score for a single subject reaching 271.

This directly raised both the overall score and the average score for all subjects in East Sea Class.

Everyone felt like they were dreaming, "Putting in effort before the exam really does work, and what Teacher Xing Yue said was true. Tweaking math scores may not boost much, but working on liberal arts surely skyrockets results!"

"And, and the review sheets Zuzi left for us were super useful; they practically covered all the exam points!"

"Ahhh, Zuzi herself is a full-score goddess, and she helped us losers improve as well, letting us taste the glory of being a top student, hahaha!"

In stark contrast to East Sea Class's jubilation, Nanshan Class was completely dumbfounded.

The grade director's scolding wasn't without reason.

After the liberal arts scores came out, Nanshan Class's average was only 250, which drastically lowered their ranking in all subjects within the school, pushing them far back on the total list.

For a class of top students, this was simply a disgrace.

Nangong Meng, furious, shouted, "It's impossible for Xi Zuzi to get a perfect score in all subjects, especially in English and liberal arts. I suspect she cheated!"

She thought her accusation would put Xi Zuzi in an awkward position.

But unexpectedly.

Even people from Nanshan Class were pulling her back, "Miss Meng, let it go, it's unlikely she cheated."

"Why?!"

"Ahem, because the last person who accused Xi Zuzi of cheating on the exam... ended up humiliated, and even their previous class director Zhang Bin got hospitalized with cancer."

Nangong Meng: "..."

She couldn't swallow her pride, so she shouted, "Fine, I won't care about her, but I have the right to clear my name. It's impossible for me to lose points in liberal arts, I demand a re-evaluation of my paper and recalculation of my score!"

This time, people from Nanshan Class finally chimed in, as if seeking justice for themselves, "Yeah, yeah, we think the teacher must have graded wrong, unjustly affecting Miss Meng's scores, right?"

Xing Yue seemed prepared and stepped forward with the history paper, "No need to check, take a look yourself at whether deducting 25 points from your history part was unjust!"

Chapter 262: A Chain of Punches to the Face! Until It's Flattened [3]

Nangong Meng couldn't wait to snatch up the exam paper.

She absolutely couldn't believe she lost so many points.

However.

When she saw the mistakes on the paper, she couldn't help but get even angrier: "The question about Nuwa's tomb was definitely covered before, my answer was the standard one, how could it be wrong!"

Xing Yue didn't bother with her and called on Zuzi: "Zuzi, tell everyone, what is the correct answer."

Zuzi lazily looked up, a pair of misty eyes smiling slightly, speaking slowly: "The Ancestor already said, it's the Fu Xi Palace."

Nangong Meng scoffed: "What Fu Xi, some unheard-of nonsense..."

Xing Yue knocked the bulletin board with the teaching stick, interrupting Nangong Meng:

"Everyone listen carefully, how many times have I said, studying history requires keeping up with the times, recent exam questions have been very flexible, don't just memorize materials blindly."

"When the gravesite on Qingcheng Mountain was first excavated, it was hypothesized to possibly be Nuwa's tomb. But recent research confirmed, it's not Nuwa's tomb at all, it's Fu Xi's palace. The chief archaeologist, Professor Feng Tang, has already published all his archaeological findings, don't any of you pay attention to current news?"

"Even if you don't pay attention to current news. Last time the school organized a field trip to the site, you saw it with your own eyes, that time Zuzi proposed the concept of Fu Xi Palace, did you all leave your brains at home and forget it the moment you turned around?"

"The correct answer to this question is Fu Xi Palace. Any discussion revolving around Nuwa's tomb will receive no points. The grade principal asked me to thoroughly explain this question to you all, do you understand now?"

The students present were obviously divided into two groups.

Led by the East Sea Class, along with some attentive students from other classes, they all got this 25-point question right, bubbling with joy.

Whereas the Nanshan Class almost entirely flunked.

At the gravesite, they were busy gossiping about the true and false heiress topic and really didn't pay much attention to the Fu Xi Palace thing.

As for Nangong Meng, she was even more clueless.

Her study materials were all prepared by her private tutors at home, she herself had no time to actively gather the latest information. She had a good memory, but she had never seen this material at all!

Nangong Meng's face stiffened, biting her teeth hard, she squeezed a few words out through clenched teeth at the carefree Zuzi in the crowd: "Consider yourself lucky, it's just a question you've seen before, dead memorization, what's there to be proud of..."

Before she finished speaking.

The math teacher squeezed into the crowd with the test papers, and called out: "Nangong Meng, you mentioned rechecking the scores earlier, I carefully calculated, your math scores were indeed marked incorrectly."

Everyone became curious: "Wow, there's really a case of misgraded papers..."

Wait a minute, Nangong Meng had a perfect score in math, if it was marked wrong...

The math teacher continued: "You made a calculation error on one question, deducting 6 points; and another question where both the diagram and solution steps were incorrect, deducting 20 points, so your math score should be 124, not a perfect score."

Everyone: "..."

Oh crap!

Xing Yue curved her lips into a meaningful smile: "Some students shouldn't be so self-assured, getting a perfect score isn't luck, it's ability. Maybe use some time to reflect on yourself, why your ability isn't up to par, your luck isn't there, and you even make careless mistakes on simple calculation questions?"

Nangong Meng: "...!"

Her face was being repeatedly smacked in public, wouldn't these people ever stop?!

Chapter 263: A Chain of Punches to the Face! Until It's Flattened [4]

Everyone was busy calculating Nangong Meng's total score: 699.

Whoa, that's quite a gap from the legendary perfect score genius title.

Math, humanities, science, both major subjects lost significant points, this genius isn't doing so well.

Look at East Sea Class's little ancestor, a straight 750!

The top students from each class all looked up to Xi Zuzi on the leaderboard, who was way ahead with the only perfect score in all subjects, the only perfect humanities score, filled with envy and admiration.

Xing Yue led the East Sea Class kids, returning to their class with great spirits to hold a class meeting.

Somehow, a few delivery boxes appeared on Xi Zuzi's desk, red, pink, white, blue, looking quite lively.

She fiddled with them, not in a hurry to open them.

The classroom was filled with an unprecedented fighting spirit.

Everyone was thoroughly motivated by this fourth mock exam, realizing, "Turns out, when I put in the effort, I can do it, I'm not inferior to others."

Without much prompting from Xing Yue, the class meeting turned into a pledge assembly.

"I vow that from today, the only goal in my mind is to get into college, my time is for studying only!"

"I vow that I will not play games until after the college entrance exam!"

"I vow to lock up my phone, and only look at it for ten minutes a day!"

"I vow to wake up at five and sleep at twelve every day from now until the exam, doing nothing but studying! Oh, and peeing!"

Xing Yue nodded in satisfaction.

However, she quickly realized something was off...

Why is everyone making oaths not to her, the teacher, but instead bowing towards Xi Zuzi???

At this moment, Xi Zuzi was resting her chin on her hand, lazily leaning against the chair back, and said to the kids bowing and praying for her blessing, with a soft smile on her thin lips: "Actually, everyone has their own fate, and destiny is in the hands of the heavens..."

Everyone's faces fell: "Ancestor sister, are you saying we aren't destined for college?"

Xi Zuzi chuckled, waving her hand lightly: "No, not at all. Ancestor wants to tell you that although everyone has their fate, destiny is in the hands of the gods. But, sincere effort can carve through stone. Since you've made your vows, you have to stick to them."

Once again, everyone was filled with raging enthusiasm!

Xing Yue felt deeply gratified, looking at the once aimless kids of the class, and sighed: "The kids have grown up, finally understand..."

She sniffed, didn't say much more, and after distributing and explaining the test papers, she reminded everyone: "With less than ten days to the college entrance exam countdown, the rest are basically self-study sessions and filling in gaps. Remember to prepare your battle gear—have you all bought your stationery? Don't forget the 2B (pencils) especially!"

"Teacher, I protest, you're implying we're 2B!"

"Teacher, you're so bad boohoo!"

Xing Yue was speechless: "Right, you're not 2B, you're a bloody fool!"

"Hahaha!" The East Sea Class burst into unrestrained laughter.

The cheerful atmosphere wafted out the window, all the way to the hallway and the neighboring class.

Nanshan Class was downhearted, and Fang Yumei didn't have the mind to teach. The injuries from being beaten by Xi Yuanshan hadn't healed, and standing for a while hurt badly. She dismissed class for Nanshan early and left school, who knows to do what.

Nangong Meng had a dark expression, exuding an aura of "do not approach"!

No one dared mention scores around her.

Everyone was cautious, avoiding the topic of this fourth mock exam in conversation.

Upon hearing East Sea Class loudly discussing exam supplies, they finally found something to talk about:

"We haven't even opened Miss Meng's branded pencil cases yet."

"Yeah, I haven't used imported stationery before. Will it help me write more smoothly and perform better in the exam?"

"Of course, it's a gift from Miss Meng all the way to us, other classes can only envy."

Nangong Meng's face finally improved a little: "These are branded goods from Continent A, brought back by my fourth uncle. You should use and cherish them. You can't buy these in a small county like this!"

Chapter 264: A Chain of Punches to the Face! Until It's Flattened [5]

The setback in grades is only temporary, but the identity of the little princess of the Imperial Nangong Family is unshakeable!

Nangong Meng finally looked a bit better, waved her hand, and gave away the more valuable limited edition pens, pencils, ballpoint pens, and so on at her side: "Use them as you like, I have plenty at home."

"Wow, Miss Meng is really generous and impressive!"

"Mengmeng, thank you for bringing us good luck!"

"I can't wait to take these pens into the exam hall already!"

Xi Ruzhu was a bit slow to react and didn't grab any gifts, looking enviously at these branded stationery items.

Ever since Xi Yuanshan was hospitalized, her allowance had decreased a lot. She could no longer buy things at her whim, especially since she lost nearly a hundred thousand yuan of Xi Yuanshan's money last night, and previously spent another hundred thousand on bail... She could foresee that she would be living frugally for a long time.

She couldn't possibly act spoiled like Xi Rubao to ask Gu Qiusha for money.

Being unable to do so was also out of character for her sensible and well-behaved persona.

The more she looked, the more envious she became. Xi Ruzhu had nowhere to vent her gloomy mood until, as she left the classroom with a group of people, she passed by the corridor outside the East Sea Class and had an idea.

"Those people are still talking about 2B pencils..." she casually remarked.

As expected.

Nangong Meng glanced inside and immediately said disdainfully, "The 2B pencils I gave you are branded imports. Each one costs several hundred yuan; how can these poor wretches' pencils compare to mine?"

"Wow—!"

Pencils that cost hundreds each, they truly had never used before. It was an eye-opener.

"Miss Meng, how much is this pen then?" someone asked, holding up the pen she gave.

"Seems to be more than a thousand yuan, can't remember exactly, anyway it's the most expensive,"

Nangong Meng said casually.

Immediately, it drew another string of envious gasps.

The exclamations outside the corridor drew the attention of the people in the East Sea Class. Hearing that a single pen could cost hundreds or thousands, they couldn't help feeling speechless: "Are they crazy, the Nanshan Class people, competing over stationery."

These kids usually never bought pens over fifty yuan, okay.

However, this comment quickly provoked a counterattack from the Nanshan Class.

Everyone started cursing at each other through the windows—

"Haha, you guys call yourselves rich kids, but you haven't even used imported stationery. Do you dare say your families own mines?"

"Even if we have mines, we aren't fools to be ripped off like that, are we crazy to import pens?"

"You guys just don't get it, do you? Let us educate you. This is a pen Miss Meng's uncle brought back from abroad. In the time it takes me to write ten words, you wouldn't even finish one. That's the gap between luxury goods and street stalls!"

"You're the one using street stall goods. So what if I like domestic products? Is the foreign moon rounder or is foreign shit more fragrant?"

"Haha, is admitting you're poor that hard for you? You small-town rich kids are nothing compared to Miss Meng from the Imperial Capital, feeling embarrassed now huh?"

Damn it.

This is infuriating.

However much the East Sea Class people reasoned, the Nanshan Class outside kept bragging with "Do you have imported pens?" "Do you have Miss Meng?"

That riled up Wu Minghao and the others so much they were rolling up their sleeves, ready for a fight.

Zuzi was playing with her smartwatch and suddenly looked up, her big eyes blinking in slight confusion: "What are you guys arguing about?"

Chapter 265: A Chain of Punches to the Face! Until It's Flattened [6]

"We..."

Wu Minghao was at a loss for words, suddenly finding it difficult to explain the scene before them to Xi Zuzi. Could he really say they were envious of each other's branded pens but stubbornly insisted that branded items aren't good?

It was Xi Rubao who pouted and said, "Sis, that bunch of idiots from Nanshan Class were showing off how luxurious their pens are. I don't get it, no matter how luxurious, can they cuddle them to sleep? Haha!"

Xi Zuzi understood: "Oh, so that's it..."

She lowered her gaze and thought for a moment: "So, do you guys want to use more expensive pens?"

Xi Rubao: "Of course, everyone wants to use good stuff... cough cough, but we're not jealous!"

Wu Minghao: "Exactly, we speak with our grades, humph! That bunch of nerds, their comprehensive scores didn't beat ours this time. They can only show off their stationery to save face, I'm not falling for it!"

Wu Qianman: "I'm not envious either... they're all just for writing after all..."

Gu Jingyan: "... All his pens were branded, but he only had the ones he personally used, not enough to smack those idiots from Nanshan Class in the face.

Thinking of this, he could only remain silent.

Xi Zuzi listened to everyone's sentiments and understood a bit more.

Her gaze swept over the Nanshan Class people in the corridor, who were still arrogantly showing off. She slightly curled her lips and casually pushed out a few unopened gift boxes on the desk: "Since you like them, just take them and use them."

Everyone: "...!"

What's happening?

Wu Minghao: "Ancestor, aren't these gifts sent to you by your friends?"

Xi Zuzi: "Hmm, yeah."

Xi Rubao: "Then how could we be so bold as to take them."

Xi Zuzi: "Um, it's the kind of stationery you were just talking about..."

Everyone: "...!"

They immediately opened the gift boxes.

Without a moment's hesitation.

The first gift box.

It was filled with various pens from domestic and international brands, colorful and dazzling.

A pink note read: "Little Fairy, please accept with a smile. I wasn't sure what brand or color you like, so I bought them all for you to choose from — Yours, Xiao Bai."

No one cared who this Xiao Bai was anymore; everyone was stunned by the uncountable number of pens.

Did they just collect all kinds of pens from around the world to offer to Little Ancestor?

What a thoughtful gesture, it's... extraordinary.

"Ancestor, can we really pick?"

"Hmm, yeah."

"There must be hundreds here. Zuzi, how many will you keep for yourself..."

"I don't need any."

Everyone: "..."

Ancestor, we really won't hold back then!

Everyone quickly calculated and realized they could each get fifteen pens!

"Whoa, awesome!"

"How about we draw lots to decide?"

"Okay, brothers, fair and square, let's draw lots!"

For a moment, the East Sea Class was once again bustling with excitement as everyone drew lots to pick from the worldwide collection of pens, which was as thrilling as a casino.

It made the people from Nanshan Class outside the window turn green with envy.

They looked down at the single, arduously obtained pen they held and quietly hid it behind them.

When Xi Zuzi gives pens to her classmates, she starts with hundreds, okay?!

East Sea Class.

After distributing the pens, everyone continued opening the gift boxes.

The second gift box.

Filled with a dazzling array of 2B pencils... another round of free picks.

The third gift box.

Heavy with various brands of ink... once again available for selection.

The fourth gift box...

Everyone's eyes were so dazzled that eventually, they couldn't be bothered to read the cards from the gift-givers, whether it was Second Brother, Third Brother, Big Brother, Qingfeng Lang Yue Chan Sha... cough cough, anyway, they were all from the Xi family, all obsessed with spoiling their sister.

Until the last gift box.

Not big, but especially delicate compared to the previous ones.

Xi Rubao was just about to open it.

Xi Zuzi suddenly pressed her hand: "This one... I'll do it."

Chapter 266: A Chain of Punches to the Face! Until It's Flattened [7]

Everyone eagerly watched as Zuzi personally unwrapped the gift box.

The girl's hands, slender and fair like the finest Beautiful Jade, seemed to make the ribbon on the box magically unravel with a mere touch, as effortlessly as when she used to peel pea pods in the fields.

Wow, watching Ancestor unwrap a gift box is a kind of enjoyment in itself.

The crowd licked their lips, curiously wondering what incredible gift could possibly warrant being personally unwrapped by Ancestor.

Outside the window, the people from Nanshan Class refused to leave, also eagerly watching Zuzi unwrap the gift box, while silently ridiculing how hopelessly fanatic the East Sea Class folks were.

However, the very next second.

The contents of Zuzi's gift box made even them feel a twinge of envy!

Inside the exquisite, small gift box, unlike the previous larger boxes packed with countless stationery items,

it contained only and exclusively one set of stationery.

Fountain pen, 2B pencil, ink, ruler...

An entire set of stationery needed for the college entrance exam, neatly arranged.

There was no visible brand, but even the untrained eye could immediately sense its "overwhelming opulence."

The fountain pen, completely jade-like, with a nib that gleamed like a diamond though it was golden, likely pure gold with diamond powder added for hardness.

Just that nib alone was worth a fortune.

Not to mention the ink—the bottle itself was crafted from Beautiful Jade, with a mysterious green hue that seemed to have aged for thousands of years.

In the whole gift box, perhaps only the deep purple 2B pencil was the cheapest...

Just as everyone was sighing in amazement.

Suddenly, Wu Qianman recognized it: "This 2B pencil is made from Ink Rosewood; I saw it when I visited the National Botanical Garden!"

Ink Rosewood!

Even ordinary Rosewood is very expensive, with a single chair costing tens of thousands, and this Ink Rosewood is said to be an even rarer wood species than the most expensive Rosewood.

Being an endangered species, it's only preserved in a few specimens at the National Botanical Garden, so Ink Rosewood products aren't available on the market at all.

It's priceless, one could say.

Money can't buy it; only top-tier research institutes might obtain a small sample.

This pencil, incredibly crafted from Ink Rosewood, smooth and flawless, is simply a superb piece.

A priceless masterpiece.

Everyone held their breath, thinking they'd seen the most astonishing item of the day.

But who would have thought.

Wu Qianman carefully examined it again and exclaimed: "There's a small stamp on this 2B pencil, and the inscription on the stamp is... Created by Cang Yun!"

Created by Cang Yun!

Everyone understood these three words—crafted personally by Master Cang Yun.

Master Cang Yun is the Empire's national treasure master of calligraphy and painting; his artworks and personally crafted writing materials and tools are national treasures.

Such an iconic figure of the Empire's cultural heritage is already written into middle school textbooks, a heavyweight figure in promoting the Empire's traditional culture.

Now, someone was telling them that Zuzi actually possessed a gift personally crafted by Master Cang Yun?

And not just any gift, but a... pencil made by a master who usually only makes brushes for calligraphy and paintings!!!

This must be a special custom piece; there might only be one in the entire world.

Everyone once again couldn't breathe.

Only Zuzi, with a bewildered expression, fiddled with the pencil: "Why, is it special?"

Ancestor, this isn't just special, it's extraordinarily special, insanely valuable, the kind of thing you could cuddle with while sleeping!

Zuzi's indifferent attitude made everyone feel a thrill of nervousness.

Please be careful, Ancestor, don't break the pen, oh oh oh.

At this moment.

Outside the window, Nangong Meng's face had already turned as dark as a sickly pig's liver.

[After all, fresh pig liver is red]

Chapter 267: Only by Killing Zuzi Can the Hatred in My Heart Be Quelled

This life, she had never been publicly humiliated like this, hit in the face again and again, ruthlessly and fiercely, until her face was almost flattened!

Nangong Meng's face was as dark as a sick pig's liver, seemingly frozen within the window frame.

It was too late to regret coming to the East Sea Class to show off now.

Because the people in East Sea Class didn't need to show off at all, with a table full of stationery from around the world laid out for free on every desk;

The "Cang Yun-made" 2B pencils, which symbolized the Empire's national treasure, casually held in Zuzi's jade-like hand;

And Zuzi's jade-like hands were annoyingly tender, white, beautiful, and dazzling...

All these things, each one was a hard slap to Nangong Meng's face!

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Late at night.

Nangong Meng tossed and turned in the hotel, unable to sleep, and suddenly sat up.

"I hate, I hate, Zuzi, I hate you!"

She tore at the bed sheets, venting the resentment in her heart.

Zuzi had snatched away her chance to be desk mates with Gu Jingyan, she hated her for that;

Zuzi had snatched away her pride in being a perfect scoring scholar, she hated her for that too;

Even when she suffered huge losses in stock trading, she felt it was the bad luck brought by Zuzi, and she hated her for that as well;

Let alone Zuzi's public repeated humiliation today, with even owning a 2B pencil being elevated to the status of a national treasure, how could she not hate that?!

"No, I have to act ahead of time... I can't wait for the college entrance exam!"

The Hidden Guards she got from her uncle were originally planned to be deployed on the day of the college entrance exam, to prevent Zuzi from attending the exam on time.

After all, during the fourth mock exam, someone could change the rules, and being late was still allowed to answer the questions.

But the college entrance exam was different, no one could casually change its rules.

Once Zuzi was more than fifteen minutes late, there would be no way she could enter the exam hall.

No matter how great Zuzi's skills were, scoring perfect marks again would be useless.

But now she had changed her mind.

She couldn't wait any longer.

She wanted to see Zuzi in bad luck right now, kneeling on the ground begging, defeated, ruined for life.

"Come to me immediately," she instructed.

In a minute.

The four Hidden Guards that Nangong Mo assigned to her silently climbed in from outside the hotel window.

In a hotel that went up more than twenty floors, these people managed to find a way in so quickly, they really had some tricks up their sleeves.

Nangong Meng was very satisfied, and she issued the order: "Qingcheng High School, senior year East Sea Class's Zuzi, that shabby ghost just acknowledged by the Xi family, you all go and..."

"Is Miss Meng planning to kill her?"

"No."

Nangong Meng changed her mind again and coldly laughed: "If we kill her, she'll be relieved too soon. I want her to live in pain, to witness herself being unable to attend the college entrance exam, to see me becoming the national top scorer in this year's Empire college entrance exam, the only perfect scorer!"

Dying, how meaningless.

She still wanted Zuzi to savor the agony of desiring something she could not have.

"Then, may I ask Miss Meng, what kind of suffering do you want Zuzi to endure?"

"Let me think... First, disable her right hand! Cut off her right hand and throw it into the sea to feed the fish! Yes, without a right hand, she can still attend the exam, but she can only cry bitterly in the exam hall, hahaha! That would be too amusing!"

"Yes."

The Hidden Guards never considered whether their actions were moral or illegal, they were death soldiers trained by the Nangong Family, executing the orders of their master, relentless unto death.

Therefore, Nangong Meng was very confident in the abilities of these Hidden Guards. After giving her orders, she finally felt a bit more at ease and lay back down, ready to have a good night's dream...

Chapter 268: Regaining the Feeling of Being the Family Favorite, Only Daddy Can!

The same night.

Similarly, it's impossible to sleep peacefully.

Xi Ruzhu was unable to fall asleep, haunted by the continuous blows she received at school during the day.

Recalling each scene now, the pain pierces her heart.

Nangong Meng is at least a daughter of a prestigious family in the capital, so it's understandable she would overshadow her; that jealousy she can tolerate.

But what about Zuzi, what about Zuzi?

They are both daughters of the Xi family, and Zuzi was a latecomer. Why does she deserve a hundred or even a thousand times more glory than her?

In the past, everyone revolved around her, praising her, loving her, cherishing her, spoiling her—she was the true favorite of the Xi family and the school!

Since Zuzi came, everything changed.

She could no longer enjoy the super treatment of being the beloved, winning without effort.

Instead, Zuzi, without doing anything, received countless gifts, countless admiration, countless adoration, even the dumbest Jinli is now an inseparable tag-along behind Zuzi.

The way she calls "Sister, Sister" is so intimate!

The more Xi Ruzhu thought about it, the more she hated it.

She suddenly jumped up from the bed and began pacing the room incessantly.

No way, she has to do something.

But then she remembered she hasn't gotten into college yet, her resources are limited, she has no money, no connections. Back when Yao Dazhuang was alive, she could still manipulate him, making him stand up for her as a thug and executioner.

But now that Yao Dazhuang and his son are dead, she practically has no useful tools.

As Xi Ruzhu paced, a light bulb suddenly went off in her head.

No tools? Why not?

Isn't there one lying right in the hospital?

Xi Yuanshan now needs someone to take care of him, but Gu Qiusha seems to have no interest in going to the hospital, busy with who knows what, and Fang Yumei seems preoccupied with finding a new patron.

The things she wants, as long as she serves her father well, wouldn't they be easily obtainable?

Then, having her father kick Zuzi out of the house...

Not to mention far off things, just speaking of the imported stationery that drove her mad with jealousy today—if her father said the word, getting her a backpack full of them wouldn't be difficult.

Back then, her father personally took her to practice piano every time; in this house, only her father adored her the most.

To reclaim that feeling of being the beloved, she must find her father!

Xi Ruzhu made up her mind.

Not caring that it was the middle of the night, she went to her wardrobe, picking out her most beautiful dress. After putting it on, still dissatisfied, she applied heavy makeup—in the style Fang Yumei used, the kind her father liked.

She finally put on a wig, applying extra glue for fear it might fall off, sticking it tight to her scalp.

With everything ready, to cover up the glue smell, she sprayed lots of perfume...

She pushed open the door and walked downstairs.

The dark living room was a bit eerie.

The servants had all clocked out.

Unable to find the light, she stumbled her way down.

Just as she reached halfway down the stairs.

Suddenly, she bumped into a "person," scaring her so much she was about to scream, but a large hand clamped over her mouth fiercely.

A man's cold, rough voice whispered in her ear, "Shut up. Or I'll kill you."

Xi Ruzhu's heart was pounding. Could it be? She just decided to do something bad in the middle of the night, and now she's so unlucky to run into a robber.

She shook her head desperately, showing weakness.

In the darkness, there was more than one person; someone searched her for a moment before slightly releasing her: "You're the daughter of the Xi family? Today we've been ordered to cut off your right hand, to make you understand the consequences of offending my master!"

Xi Ruzhu's pupils shrank, what?

When did she offend such a terrifying person?

The kind that would cut off one's hand over a grudge?

Chapter 269: The Scariest Fairy in the World!

Xi Ruzhu was so scared that she almost wet her dress.

But she could never recall offending anyone to warrant such deadly intent against her.

The dazzling sharp knife in the opponent's hand was about to slash at her wrist.

Xi Ruzhu suddenly reacted: "Our Xi family has three daughters!"

The opponent hesitated: "What's your name?"

Xi Ruzhu lied: "Xi Rubao."

Jinli, that fool, is only troublesome at home and certainly hasn't caused any big trouble outside; it's safer to give her name.

The opponent was skeptical: "Where is Zuzi?"

Xi Ruzhu finally breathed a sigh of relief.

Turns out they were looking for Zuzi, what a relief.

She immediately pointed the way without hesitation: "Upstairs on the seventh floor, the room in the middle, the best one. She lives there. Go find her quickly; she's sleeping now. It's a good time to strike."

Xi Ruzhu confessed too quickly, causing the opponent's suspicion: "Are you lying?"

Xi Ruzhu shook her head vigorously: "No, no, you must believe me. I want to see her get taught a lesson even more than you do. After all, two tigers cannot live on the same mountain, you know!"

To gain trust, she quickly added, "There is a camera above on the third floor, smash it quickly. There's an alarm at the fourth-floor turn, don't step on it. Lastly, on the seventh floor, there's a security door; you need to input the code 7213XXX..."

Xi Ruzhu exposed the entire home's security measures.

The opponent sent someone up to check, and moments later, the person returned, gestured, and nodded.

Everything was indeed as Xi Ruzhu had directed.

"Get out, don't interfere with our work." Finally, they released Xi Ruzhu's collar and pushed her toward the stairs.

Xi Ruzhu stumbled and escaped outwards.

Just as she wished, she didn't want to stay in this hellhole tonight.

Let Zuzi be tormented by these men until she's half-dead.

She just happened to go to the hospital to find Xi Yuanshan, an alibi.

Even heaven can't bear the sight and is helping her.

Xi Ruzhu fled in a panic.

The remaining four black-clad Death Soldiers, silently, went up to the seventh floor.

Thanks to Xi Ruzhu's directions, everything was very smooth.

However.

When they opened Zuzi's bedroom door, they found it empty.

Damn it, had that wretch just tricked them?

Just as they prepared to turn around and chase Xi Ruzhu, someone suddenly noticed, outside the bedroom window, a girl leisurely lying on a peach tree, playing with a wristwatch.

The girl was dressed in white, with an ethereal aura, truly graceful!

She looked at some information on the watch, her red lips subtly curling in a slight smile.

In the faint moonlight, she almost blended into the rosy peach forest, resembling a fairyland.

Everyone was momentarily stunned.

After a while, they realized they weren't there to admire a fairy, but to carry out their mission of chopping someone.

"Xi family daughter, white clothes. It must be her."

"Don't keep Miss Meng waiting!"

"Chop the right hand, put it in the box, take it back for Miss Meng to see, then throw it into the sea."

The four silently fixed steel wire cables to the window, throwing them towards the peach forest.

Then, using their most proud Qinggong skills, they all simultaneously swooped towards the peach blossom branch where Zuzi lay.

Just as they were about to capture Zuzi, a horrifying scene made their hair stand on end; this fairy was terrifying to the extreme—

Chapter 270: The Ruthless Ancestor!

Zuzi slowly lifted her eyes and glanced at them indifferently.

The fairy's graceful smile faded from her lips, her whole person seemed to glow with the coldness of moonlight. It was not fierce, yet inexplicably chilling:

"Who allowed you to disturb the Ancestor and Xiao Cheng'er's conversation, so noisy..."

The four: "... We didn't make a single sound, okay?"

But that's not the point.

The point is, they were horrified to discover that, at less than a meter away from Zuzi, they were all immobilized together, unable to move forward an inch.

What do you call this feeling, it's like someone cast an immobilization spell on them... pfft, there's no such spell, it should be something like an anesthetic that paralyzed them, making them unable to move a muscle.

However, they are death soldiers, cultivated through relentless devil training, how could they have been caught off guard and unprepared by this kind of anesthetic?

When did that woman make her move?

Completely unimaginable!

At this moment, they seemed like pigs or sheep waiting to be slaughtered, unable to move or speak, completely at this woman's mercy.

This was simply an insult to their professional careers.

They struggled desperately, even trying to bite their tongues to wake themselves up.

But all efforts were in vain, the one trying to bite his tongue found that his jaw was dislocated and could not close.

They became fish on the chopping block.

Zuzi pondered for a moment, then gracefully spoke: "You came to cut off my right hand to report back?"

Their minds exploded: "...". How does this woman know? Miss Meng's secret instructions, how did she find out?

"Did someone just tip you off? Heh heh."

Their minds exploded again: "...". Does this woman have clairvoyance, how could she know what happened in the darkness on the staircase while she was in the back yard peach forest?

The feeling of dread in their hearts grew more severe...

Unexpectedly, Zuzi again uttered shocking words: "If you don't get the right hand, you won't be able to report back."

What, is this woman a saint, catching them only to let them go and even thinking for them, truly letting them take the right hand to report back?

However, in the next second.

They realized their naivete.

Zuzi said calmly: "Cut off one right hand each, and I'll let you go."

The four: "...!!!"

They were wrong.

This is not a fairy.

This is the most terrifying... demoness in the world!

A moment later.

Four men with empty right wrists, dripping with blood, all carrying a dripping bloody severed right hand in their left hands, fled from the Si family's manor, escaping down the cold long street.

The pain from the severed hand was nothing compared to the terror in their hearts at that moment.

They are not afraid to die, but they fear this unknown terror, the dread seeping from their hearts — this demoness plays by no rules, and she grasped every single thought they had to the point of death — even dying wasn't allowed for them; she wouldn't let them die, they couldn't even commit suicide.

They could only obediently carry their four severed hands back to report to Nangong Meng, and also return with a new task...

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At this moment, the interrupted Zuzi was quite displeased.

Those four guys had sneakily wanted to peek at her messaging with Xiao Cheng, truly detestable.

Karma, since they wanted to cut off someone else's hand, let it befall their own hands.

The Ancestor is not just a merciful old ancestor!

"Zuzi girl, asleep?" Bao Gucheng's message floated on the screen.