

**Big Shot's Sweetheart Shocked the World Again!  
#Chapter 69: The ancestor is still emotionally  
unawakened; no amount of romantic opportunities would  
be of use. - Read Big Shot's Sweetheart Shocked the  
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*Chapter 69: Chapter 69: The ancestor is still emotionally unawakened; no amount of romantic opportunities would be of use.*

"Damn, what's that trembling sound?"

"Taking off armor? Why take off armor?"

"I never thought Bao Gucheng was this kind of Bao Gucheng!"

The little crow was indignant.

Then, with a face full of righteousness, it said to Zuzi, "Ancestor, since Bao Gucheng is such a flirt, don't hold back, just deal with him, drain all his Spiritual Energy, hmph!"

Unlike the little crow's intense reaction.

Zuzi listened lazily to the tune, smiling with arched brows: "It's not written by Xiao Cheng'er."

Little crow: "Huh?"

Isn't this the new library Bao Gucheng built, with the precious books he airlifted here?

The notes that fell from the book must be his, right?

Zuzi's expression was indifferent: "This is a woman's handwriting."

The little crow blinked its round, raven-like eyes: "Ancestor, how can you tell? ... Oh, Xiao Jin understands now, this pink paper, this delicate handwriting, indeed doesn't match Bao Gucheng's bold male style at all. Xiao Jin wrongly blamed him!"

But then it thought again.

"No way, Ancestor. How could there be a woman's handwriting in a man's book? This seems suspicious! Could it be a woman secretly writing love poems to woo him? Ancestor, we need to pay attention!"

But who knew.

Zuzi didn't care, happily flipping through the book, as if wanting to see if more suggestive lyrics would fall out.

"Hmm, there's nothing more... I haven't heard enough yet..."

The Ancestor's expression was quite melancholic, quite regretful.

Little crow: "..."

Sigh, it really was stupid.

It forgot that its Ancestor's emotions had yet to awaken; no matter how many romances, she wouldn't care, and she was quite clumsy about matters of the heart.

Thinking back to that man from the East Sea, who tried to force the Ancestor to bear children... Ahem, ahem, and ended up getting scratched on the face by her, it was pitiful indeed.

Actually, that man was quite manly. If not for his forceful approach, there wasn't much else wrong with him. If the Ancestor was willing to have children with him, there would be far fewer wayward brats today.

But speaking of which, how could a love-unaware Ancestor enjoy listening to suggestive lyrics? It really doubted if the Ancestor could even understand them!

As expected.

The next second.

Zuzi asked with an innocent face:

"Wow, it's rare to encounter something even I, the Ancestor, can't figure out. It's quite interesting..."

Little crow: "..."

Its eyes rolled back, its claws trembled, and it fell lifelessly off the bookshelf!

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The preparatory bell rang once.

Zuzi held two books she had borrowed and walked towards the classroom, ready to participate in the last exam of the Four Schools Joint Exam, the Chinese exam.

Upon reaching the edge of the Zao Lin, she faintly heard a pleading and sobbing voice.

"Please don't go looking for her, I'm begging you, this afternoon's exam is very important to her. If you have any dissatisfaction, take it out on me instead, please don't trouble her..."

The girl cried pitifully.

But she wasn't crying for herself.

She was surrounded by seven or eight classmates, some kicking and hitting her to vent their dissatisfaction, while someone was gripping her collar and dragging her harshly towards a backdoor behind the Zao Lin.

There's no security there; it's a well-known path for students skipping class to leave the school.

"Tsk, tsk, Wu Qianman's really pretty; I almost felt bad doing this to her."

"Wu Qianman, crying won't help, today you're just bait. Only by luring you out can Zuzi fall into the trap and come out. We can't deal with her in school, but outside, she can't behave so arrogantly!"

"Did you leave the note in the classroom?"

"Left it, left it. Brother Yao, that dumb village girl will definitely see it and chase after. Being loyal means getting tricked, and we'll hand her over to those vocational school guys to deal with. We'll even have time to return for the exam, haha!"

Yao Dazhuang snorted coldly, turned his head to see Wu Qianman crying miserably, becoming increasingly irritated, and with a wave of his hand, slapped her: "Quit crying, shut up!"

*Chapter 70: Chapter 70: Does the Little Ancestor Have an Immobilization Spell? The Little Secret Given During Creation*

Yao Dazhuang was just like his name suggested: tall and robust.

His father was a housekeeper. He had been hanging around the kitchen of the Xi family since he was young, eating well and growing strong. He liked to show off and be

aggressive, and he mixed well with people outside, making most of his classmates in senior year fear him a bit.

If he slapped down, not to mention Wu Qianman, even a boy would have half his face covered in blood.

Wu Qianman was crying miserably, yet her bright eyes were still pleading: "Don't make trouble for Zuzi. This exam is very important, she really can't miss it, otherwise Zhang Bin will make her, make her stream alive... I beg you..."

Yao Dazhuang had a soft spot only for the girl he had secretly admired since childhood, Xi Ruzhu. On hearing these words, he didn't soften at all, and his ruthless slap was about to hit Wu Qianman's teary little face without hesitation!

There was a fierce "slap!"

Wu Qianman closed her eyes in fear.

But her face that should have hurt didn't hurt, only her little hand felt a massive shock.

Numb! And shaking!

"Dare to hit me! You little bitch, did you eat a leopard's guts!" Yao Dazhuang held half of his strong face incredulously.

Just now, during that slap, his hand seemed to be immobilized and couldn't swing out.

Instead, it was Wu Qianman's small hand that rose swiftly and directly slapped him, tearing open the corner of his mouth, making it hard to speak without whistling.

Wu Qianman was also dumbfounded.

In her life, not to mention hitting someone, she had never even kicked a stray cat or dog.

The heat and trembling from her palm now made her feel something indescribable.

So... she could too?

She didn't have to endure everything in silence, she could fight back?

But...

Just now she acted unexpectedly, she didn't even know how her hand had swung back to hit the other's face. Now that Yao Dazhuang was reacting, would she suffer a thousand times worse retribution?

"I beg you..." Instinctively, she started to curl up again, begging like every time she was bullied before.

From behind.

A clear voice suddenly drifted to her ears: "Girl, don't casually say the word 'beg'."

"Zuzi!" Wu Qianman was both surprised and excited.

"After all, they can't bear it, and it would shorten their lives," Xi Zuzi gracefully walked over from afar. Her plain white attire gave her a slightly celestial look.

The dense and lush jujube grove seemed to understand, automatically making way for her, with the slanting branches not daring to obstruct her path.

Yao Dazhuang was about to harshly beat Wu Qianman, but seeing the main person come, he immediately took out his phone: "Brother Cao, climb over the wall, the chick is here, you can take her and have your way."

A fool raised in the countryside, even if she was ruined by vocational students, the Xi family wouldn't care, they would dislike her even more.

He had seen with his own eyes how Xi Yuanshan was angry and upset with Xi Zuzi.

A foolish village girl who had never been raised at home and whose biological father didn't care, if he solved her, no one would bother.

After making the call, he looked at Wu Qianman's timid and shrinking look with anger, raised his hand again: "Dare to fight back, today I'll beat you to death, you little bitch!"

Wu Qianman trembled all over.

All she heard was Xi Zuzi unhurriedly speaking from behind: "Xiao Man, the Ancestor is telling you a truth."

Wu Qianman was frightened to tears again: "Wha- what truth?"

Xi Zuzi: "Every person is born with a breath of righteousness granted by the Ancestor. If you bring out your righteousness, your aura is enough to intimidate anyone who dares to violate you."

Yao Dazhuang and the others burst into laughter: "Country folks, stupid as hell!"

Wu Qianman sobbed with tears: "Zuzi, I don't understand..."

Xi Zuzi propped her chin and thought for a second: "Well, let me simplify it. That breath of righteousness is the courage to face life and death, to die with those who dare to violate you. If he dares to touch your hand, you disable his hand. If he dares to touch your face, you smash his face. If he dares to take your life, you make his blood splatter three feet high!"

Yao Dazhuang and others stopped laughing immediately.

Wu Qianman stopped crying too; she suddenly could somewhat imagine just how terrifying it would be to fight with everything on the line.

But...

Wu Qianman, with trembling hands, asked: "I'll do it! You tell me, how should I do it..."

Where was her breath of righteousness?

Why couldn't she feel it?

Xi Zuzi smiled slightly, pointing to her pen pouch.

"Stab him." The little Ancestor spoke crisply, "Don't hesitate for even a moment!"