

## **Big Shot 851**

Chapter 851: A Woman's Strength Determines Everything

In sounds of disbelief.

Zuzi smiled and said, "There must be a mistake."

Everyone: "We thought so, how could it be ten rings at once..."

Who knew, Zuzi's next sentence was: "Xiao Yan, come over and see what's going on. How did the scoring device make a mistake on Ancestor's score? It's clearly ten tens for Ancestor."

Everyone: "...!"

Ten tens?

Are you kidding? Just now Zuzi only fired once, they all thought the screen displayed wrong, even one ten was unbelievable.

Where did ten tens come from?

Instructor Yan walked over with a stern face, so taken aback that he didn't even have time to object to Zuzi calling him "Xiao Yan."

He checked the scoreboard and the big screen, nothing abnormal.

Then he remote-controlled the moving target to check the situation at the bullseye.

There really was a bullet, right in the bright red bullseye!

Now everyone was speechless, they had to admit the reality.

Sun Yunyun pouted, "Getting a ten by dumb luck isn't impressive at all, your posture isn't standard, the instructor will deduct ten points, so in the end, you're still a zero..."

Before she finished speaking.

Xi Rubao snorted, interrupting her, "My sister said, it's not one ten, it's ten tens, didn't you see? That's not one bullet, it's ten!"

With Xi Rubao's reminder, everyone finally realized that the bullet right in the bullseye was actually layer upon layer, nested inside each other!

At a glance, it looked like one, but in fact it was ten hitting the same spot.

This was super amazing!!!

"I've only heard of archery masters splitting the previous arrow with the next, all hitting the target, never heard of shooting doing the same, today was an eye-opener!"

"It's really ten tens, definitely ten tens, this must be a record, right?"

"I didn't even realize Zuzi shot ten tens, she clearly just lifted her arm, I thought she only fired one, how did she do it so fast?"

"So her unique gun-holding posture really has a secret, right? What she learned is completely different from what we learned, right?"

"Zuzi, can you teach us?"

Strength determines everything.

Seeing Zuzi get ten out of ten, the female classmates were completely convinced, the atmosphere shifted rapidly, and they became fan girls in seconds.

Even the tall and handsome Instructor Yan was thrown aside.

Although Instructor Yan wanted to criticize something, he clenched his fists for a long time, yet couldn't find a single fault.

Even if he wanted to say Zuzi's posture was non-standard, deduct ten points, she still got a solid ninety points, almost three times Sun Yunyun's current leading score.

Topping the list.

The scoreboard flickered, and the ten points on the screen, as if the malfunction ended, jumped to 100 points!

This continuous hitting of ten tens, and still hitting at the same point, really frazzled the scoring system.

At this moment, Sun Yunyun's mood was more frazzled than the scoring system by a hundred times, she really tasted the feeling of falling from the clouds into a mud pit.

The first place that was supposed to be hers, how could it be snatched away by Zuzi?

Unable to protest, she complained to the diligent Jade Ruler, "Ruler Master, you said I would definitely get first, why is it like this?"

The diligent Jade Ruler sneered, "I told you not to tremble, don't tremble, who told you to be so startled by a spider?"

Sun Yunyun was unhappy, "But, you clearly promised me, and you took my wool too!"

## Chapter 852: She Feels So Wronged!

Jade Ruler sneered coldly again: "I did promise you, but what I promised was to surpass Xi Rubao and Bian Xiaohong. And you did it — you indeed surpassed them, you just didn't surpass Xi Zuzi."

"You...!"

Sun Yunyun was simply at a loss for words.

She never considered Xi Zuzi as a competitor, so her wish was to exceed Xi Rubao and Bian Xiaohong. How miscalculated!

Unlike Sun Yunyun, who was secretly lamenting, Bian Xiaohong quickly adjusted her mood, stepped forward, and joined the crowd in congratulating Xi Zuzi.

"Xi, where did you learn to shoot like this, so skilled?"

Xi Zuzi smiled lazily at her: "The Ancestor can't tell you oh. Besides, didn't someone teach you hand-in-hand in the middle of the night?"

Everyone exclaimed: "Xiao Hong, you really have a shortcut. Didn't you say you had no relatives in the capital? How come someone is so considerate to you at midnight?"

Bian Xiaohong choked, her eyes evaded guiltily, forcing a smile: "Xi is joking. I... I always follow the rules, sleep very early..."

But once everyone's gossiping hearts are opened, they can't close them. They kept asking Bian Xiaohong who she met at midnight.

Nearby, Instructor Yan looked embarrassed and awkward, using an excuse to walk away.

Bian Xiaohong was helpless, her face flushed red, and it wasn't until the staff came to collect the guns that she finally escaped being questioned.

At this moment, Xi Zuzi had already detached herself from the situation, embraced by Xi Rubao and Wu Qianman, listening to them discuss which canteen window had the best dishes at noon.

Watching their leisure, Bian Xiaohong felt increasingly aggrieved.

She had worked hard for so long, finally becoming top or second in various subjects during military training, yet always due to Xi Zuzi's suppression, she fell to third or fourth or fifth place.

Although still ranked high, the gap between third or fourth or fifth and first is worlds apart.

Even more frustrating, after struggling so hard to win Instructor Yan's favor, receiving special guidance in subject training, lenient training during the day, and extra lessons at night, enjoying some favorable treatment.

But because of Xi Zuzi's heart-piercing remark, Instructor Yan had kept his distance from her.

Is she, a child from a poor family, never going to rise to success?

Being suppressed by Sun Yunyun and those wealthy ladies is one thing, but wasn't Xi Zuzi also from the country? From History College, a field considered inadequate. How dare such a student fight for the top spots with her, a top student?

It's truly unbearable!

Now, seeing the staff collecting guns, just in time for a nearby female student with exceptionally poor results, scoring zero in both assessments... Bian Xiaohong's heart stirred.

The female student genuinely couldn't grasp shooting, the bullets didn't even touch the edge of the target, as she frowned while disassembling the magazine, she suddenly heard a very light reminder in her ear: "Wrong, you should press the trigger area to open it..."

"Oh, is that so..." The female student instinctively pressed the trigger.

The staff collecting the guns turned pale: "What are you doing! Stop!"

However, it was too late.

The hand meant to disassemble the magazine mistakenly pulled the trigger.

And the target was pointing in the direction of Xi Zuzi and Xi Rubao and others.

Although hitting the target might be uncertain, firing at this close distance is still likely to hit someone!

Too late to stop, the staff covered their faces, unable to bear watching.

Chapter 853: The Little Ancestor's Flower-Holding Smile Bewitches the World

Every year during target practice, no matter how strict the management is, stray bullets inevitably leave the field, but they mostly damage the training facilities, considered as minor accidents.

There has never been a fatality.

This year, it seems there might be bloodshed, leading to a major accident!

Students reacted and shouted, "Zuzi!" but it was of no use.

Zuzi had her back to everyone, listening to Xi Rubao and Wu Qianman discuss lunch; she couldn't possibly dodge it.

It's over.

Zuzi, who just scored a bullseye with ten shots, was about to die from an accident.

The student who fired the stray bullet was so scared they burst into tears.

Chaos ensued.

Suddenly, a soft laugh was heard.

Zuzi, who was chatting, slowly extended her jade-like arm and waved gently behind her.

The crowd only had time to see that her hand now held a soft pink peach blossom aimed in the direction of the incoming bullet.

Is a peach blossom blocking the bullet?

Isn't that like trying to stop a chariot with a mantis arm?

But with just a gentle wave from Zuzi, two or three petals of the peach blossom scattered and floated in the air.

The crowd only heard the gunshot but didn't see Zuzi get hurt, and the drifting petals seemed to be held aloft by a strong gust, remaining steady.

Where did the bullet go?

The bullet... was actually embedded in the suspended petals!

Holy crap, the mantis arm actually stopped the chariot; the peach blossom actually blocked the bullet.

But that's not all.

The crowd watched wide-eyed as the petal with the bullet paused in mid-air, and then, in the next second, started floating back in the direction the bullet had come from, heading toward the girl who accidentally fired the bullet.

The girl, who was crying stupidly, was so shocked her eyes almost popped out, and her cries were choked off.

Bian Xiaohong, who was behind her, was so frightened her soul almost left her.

Could it be returning for revenge?

She clearly didn't do it herself; she only whispered a few words behind the girl, making that clumsy person panic and accidentally fire a stray bullet.

Zuzi's sense of revenge is so strong.

But she doesn't want to die!

She still wants to endure hardships, succeed, and be someone important; if Ancestor blesses her to survive this, she swears she will live rightly and not think of any crooked ways again.

The next second.

The bullets were pushed back into the magazine one by one by the peach blossoms, each returning to its place.

Bian Xiaohong, as if drained, leaned against the trunk of a Parasol Tree, her eyes empty and terrified.

The air seemed to freeze for a moment.

No one cared about Bian Xiaohong's embarrassment.

Everyone's attention was almost entirely fixed on Zuzi.

After such a breathtaking moment, that graceful figure still had her back to everyone, only extending a jade-like arm, wrist gently swaying.

Casually blocking the incoming bullets and showing mercy by not retaliating; also frugally returning the bullets to their place.

What kind of supernatural being is this!

How was it done?

Nearby students and instructors rushed over, panting and sweating, asking, "Is everything alright? We thought we heard an accident here just now?"

It was only then that Zuzi slowly turned her head, the remaining peach blossom on her fingers brushing her cheek, with her red lips slightly curved: "It's no big deal, no need to fuss."

At that moment.

Everyone was once again rendered speechless in awe.

What a beautiful smile, enchanting the world!

At this moment.

In a pavilion on the distant mountaintop.

Nangong Mo was observing the shooting range with binoculars: "Didn't you say she was training here today? Why is no one here? How did you manage to mess up your intel?"

The man's tone was somewhat irritable and gloomy.

Chapter 854: The Ancestor Doesn't Want to Be Seen by That Man; Keeping Her Alive Is Useful

The subordinate wiped a cold sweat nervously: "Sir, will this... Miss Xi be too delicate and skip training again?"

This countryside lady came to the city and didn't learn much, but she did pick up the arrogance of a rich young lady.

Nangong Mo snorted coldly.

He continued moving the view of the binoculars.

In his view, suddenly there was a commotion on a training field.

A group of students gathered together, screaming in surprise, then suddenly silent, and then screaming again, it seemed some stray bullet was fired.

He zoomed in, trying to see more clearly, but the lens suddenly went blurry, unexpectedly reflected by a dazzling light that prevented him from seeing anything.

The blinding light was definitely not sunlight, yet it was even more brilliant.

In an instant, only four characters flashed through his mind: "Tilting the world."

Clearly, there was nothing in the view, but a mesmerizing image of a white-clad figure appeared.

Nangong Mo tossed aside the binoculars, his breathing a bit unsteady.

This familiar feeling, long absent, returned again.

The reason he ordered people to search everywhere for the white-clad girl, and to occasionally remember to look for the silly country girl Xi Zuzi, was because they could give him this feeling.

This feeling could take his life, and was his life.

He remained silent for a long time.

He was just about to raise his eyes to continue searching for Xi Zuzi's figure.

When suddenly his subordinate exclaimed: "Sir, Bao Gucheng really managed to settle the Old President's surgery plan, the surgery time has been set, it's tomorrow!"

Nangong Mo put down the binoculars.

The daze in his eyes faded slightly, as he coldly spat out two words: "Courting death."

The subordinate's eyes spun, a plan forming: "Sir, you mean, we can use Bao Gucheng's attempt to persuade the Old President into surgery to teach him a lesson..."

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On the training field.

Xi Zuzi smiled gently at a flower, then looked at the pavilion on the distant hilltop.

She pinched out a gesture.

Ah, she didn't want to be seen by that man.

The man's gaze and his face made Ancestor uncomfortable.

"Ancestor, are you thinking of that undying brother again?" Xiao Crow chirped.

Fu Xiqin nudged Xiao Crow's wing gently: "Brother Jin, how can you speak like that, don't mention my master in front of Ancestor! Ancestor, Qin Qin has a question to ask, why did you spare that Xiao Hong Xiao Hei earlier, not crush her to death?"

Xiao Crow was displeased at being interrupted by Chatty: "My Ancestor is merciful, what do you know?"

Fu Xiqin: "Is it because she swore to turn over a new leaf, so Ancestor gave her a chance to continue living?"

Xi Zuzi smirked: "No. Keeping her is useful."

Xiao Crow: "...!"

Fu Xiqin: "...!"

The previous one who was said by Ancestor to be kept alive for usefulness was Xi Ruzhu, right?

That Xi pig courted death again and again, ended tragically, his only usefulness to society perhaps being helping Gu Qiusha see the true nature of her scumbag husband.

What could Bian Xiaohong be used for?

Kept... for whose use?

At this moment, Xi Zuzi chatting with her pet seemed to outsiders as if she was conversing mysteriously.

Everyone quietly gossiped, not daring to approach, but stealing glances from afar.

Just then, Instructor Yan, who had left to avoid gossip earlier, returned from the restroom to find chaos on the scene.

Xi Zuzi was the center of attention, while Bian Xiaohong was huddled under the Parasol Tree, trembling and tear-stained.

Having heard a stray bullet almost hurt someone, he couldn't help stepping forward to defend Bian Xiaohong without finding out more: "Xi Zuzi, ever since you joined this training squad, there's been no peace. What's wrong with you!"

Chapter 855: Offending the Ancestor Comes at a Price

Instructor Yan's reprimand was not without reason.

After all, he felt a bit guilty for leaving Xiao Hong behind to avoid gossip.

Now, standing up for her with righteous words, he felt like a responsible man again, perhaps as a form of compensation.

Out of the corner of his eye, he saw Xiao Hong looking at him tearfully and admiringly, and other classmates seemed to gaze enviously, reassuring him that his actions were justified.

Who would have thought.

This "righteousness" would crumble in less than three seconds.

He was prepared to reprimand Zuzi about maintaining discipline and not causing trouble, but after just a few words, he suddenly started to stutter uncontrollably: "Xi... you, you, you... don't... she... I, I, I... roll... not..."

Everyone was startled, then couldn't help but cover their mouths and snicker.

"Oh my, what's up with the instructor, ordering himself to roll out?"

"Instructor, impulsiveness is your enemy, make sure you know what's happening before you scold!"

"Did he realize he's scolding the wrong person?"

But that wasn't all.

The next second.

"Slap—" Instructor Yan suddenly swung his hand and gave himself a harsh slap.

Everyone was shocked!

A well-recognized handsome guy, suddenly unable to speak properly and even hitting himself? This scene completely shattered the admiration they had earlier.

Instructor Yan's face flushed red, breathing heavily, unsure of why he suddenly couldn't control his limbs, but had a vague premonition and quickly looked up at Zuzi.

Only to see Zuzi looking up lazily: "Mind your attitude when you speak to the Ancestor, Xiao Yan."

Instructor Yan: "... Xiao... Yan???"

Beside him, Xi Rubao burst into laughter: "Instructor Yan, Ancestor Sister is being polite to you. There's still hope for you, better reflect on yourself quickly! Otherwise, if it were just some random person, Ancestor Sister wouldn't even bother to speak."

Zuzi thought for a moment: "Those pets under the little boy, the ancestor still needs to take care of them somewhat."

Wu Qianman: "Puh."

Couldn't hold it in! Our Ancestor Sister can easily infuriate people with just a few words.

Instructor Yan wanted to lose his temper, but he couldn't speak, and his limbs were still out of control. At this moment, he couldn't even stand up for Xiao Hong.

His face turned completely red, almost exploding on the spot.

The officer from the next training ground came over to pull him aside: "Old Yan, they're serious about safety upstairs. You better go back and write a work reflection report. The accidental firing of bullets during today's training is a serious matter, it almost cost lives. Why are you arguing with the students here? Besides, I saw earlier, it's not Zuzi's fault, she was almost a victim."

It wasn't Zuzi's fault?

Is that really the case?

Does that mean he had gotten angry at the wrong person?

Instructor Yan couldn't hold his face any longer, turned around on his heels with a stern face, and walked away.

Xiao Hong took advantage of the moment when no one was paying attention to quietly follow.

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That night.

A completely exhausted Sun Yunyun, after taking a shower in the dormitory, sensed that something was off.

When she wiped off the water with a towel, it was covered with little black strands.

She picked one up... why does this hair look so familiar?

Looking down, she was shocked out of her wits: "Ahhhhh, my hair, why has all my hair fallen out!!!"

The screams echoed throughout the dormitory area.

And at that moment, that indescribable part of her body was as barren as a flat plain, not a single blade of grass...

Chapter 856: I Want to Surpass Zuzi for First Place!

What does barren land mean?

Maybe it's not the end of the world, but for a girl who's yet to be married... it can be quite horrifying.

If someone sees it in the public bath and asks, how should you answer?

Sun Yunyun screamed for a long time, and the girls in the dormitory curiously knocked on the bathroom door, asking: "Sun Yunyun, why are you howling? Did a cockroach bite you? Open the door, and we'll come in and help!"

Only then did Sun Yunyun shiver and calm down: "No, don't open the door!"

She absolutely couldn't let anyone discover her barren land.

Fortunately, it's in an area that's not visible to others. As long as she cleans up and puts on her pants, no one will find out. Worst case, she would never go to a public bath again.

As for how to explain it when she finds a boyfriend...

Sun Yunyun worriedly scratched her scalp, she could only take it one step at a time.

That night, Sun Yunyun tossed and turned sleeplessly.

When Jade Ruler asked if she wanted to continue studying and strive for first place, she weakly replied: "If I get first place next time, will you give me back my hair?"

Jade Ruler smacked his lips, seemingly savoring the satisfaction of his recent feast: "Can what's eaten be spat out again? Even if it can, would you still want it?"

Sun Yunyun choked: "Then, then how can I compete for first place without any hair!"

Jade Ruler jumped out of her bed and examined her: "Who says you have none, eyebrows, eyelashes, lip hair, and your hair... they're all hair."

Sun Yunyun couldn't help but shrink back and cover her hair: "I don't want to go bald!"

Luckily, this time it was just offering X hair. If it were her hair, she would be heartbroken.

Jade Ruler snorted: "Whatever, without first place, no scholarship, you'll struggle with next month's living expenses. Didn't you want to get a new laptop? And the latest brand of European makeup?"

Sun Yunyun bit her lip.

She actually has living expenses; her family gave her a basic two thousand a month.

But what can you do with 2000?

It's not even enough to have afternoon tea at a star-rated hotel with Chu Qiaoen and her rich-girl friends.

Let alone pursuing the latest phone, laptop, and makeup.

She's a girl who has standards for her quality of life!

Should she use that money to live a poor rural girl's life like Bian Xiaohong?

She refuses!

Sun Yunyun tossed and turned under her covers for a long time, finally making up her mind: "Jade Ruler, in tomorrow's military boxing training... you help me take first place; I want to surpass that kind of first place Zuzi has!"

"Sure, what's the price?"

"I'll pluck an eyelash for you!"

After all, eyelashes don't matter; even if they all fall off, nobody would notice.

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Same night; same tossing and turning sleeplessly.

Bian Xiaohong accompanied Sergeant Yan for a long walk in the small forest, finally cheering up his low spirits, and in the process, he taught her an entire set of military boxing they'd be learning and evaluating tomorrow.

Returning to the dormitory with an aching back and sore waist, she thought about how she was almost hit by the bullet Zuzi counterattacked with today, feeling apprehensive.

Give up?

Live honestly and humbly from now on, without seeking opportunities for advancement?

Although she swore she would at the time, afterwards, how could she be willing?

She obviously could become the heroine advancing from the countryside to the big city, from orphan struggling to academic and romantic success; it's the kind of path popular in novels now, why couldn't she take it?

She was just using a little harmless trickery during her pursuit.

Those men just fell for her tricks, what could she do about it?

She still wants more, to conquer more, she really can't stop...

Anyway, people casually make ten to eight vows every day, and nobody takes them seriously, right? There's no deity to uphold them!

Chapter 857: Ancestor's Fist—Only My Brother Ever Said It Was Soft

The military training program at Imperial University is packed tightly.

Right after the shooting module, they start learning military boxing.

Today, Instructor Yan's group has been teaching from early morning all the way through noon, even starting an hour early for afternoon training, cutting out the lunch break, and tirelessly repeating the punching movements, which has made the group of girls groan with exhaustion.

"If you manage to pass the assessment today, I'll give you a day off tomorrow!" said Instructor Yan.

Immediately, everyone feels revived, ready to punch for a few more hours.

After all, they've been training for so many consecutive days, they really look forward to taking a day off to wear their pretty little dresses, go shopping, get their hair done, drink milk tea, and buy fall clothes — ah ah ah.

Xiao Hong was practicing with extra effort. With last night's special attention and teaching, she was learning faster and better than the others, constantly being praised by Instructor Yan as the standard for "proper movements."

Sun Yun Yun, although panting and slightly struggling with her stamina, also managed to fit into the category of smooth movements fairly quickly.

Only one figure among the crowd was somewhat out of sync with everyone else.

"Xi Zuzi!"

Instructor Yan couldn't help but call out, "What are you practicing? Are you dancing or punching?"

Sun Yun Yun took the lead in laughing.

Xi Zuzi remained calm, coolly replying, "I'm punching, Xiao Yan. Can't you tell?"

Instructor Yan's face twitched a few times, "With punches as soft as this, what effect will it have? Do you think you're swatting mosquitoes? Practicing boxing is meant to confront an opponent; it needs momentum!"

The gloom from yesterday coupled with today's frustration made him exceptionally fierce.

Sun Yun Yun laughed even louder.

"Momentum, huh..." Xi Zuzi flicked her fingers, "What kind of momentum do you want?"

Instructor Yan took a deep breath and nominated a student, "Xiao Hong, demonstrate for her by punching the sandbag!"

Sun Yun Yun immediately felt a bit disappointed.

She punches beautifully too, why not let her demonstrate? It would also help take Xi Zuzi down a notch.

But the instructor just likes to let Xiao Hong shine.

Xiao Hong, gentle and seemingly weak, stepped out and nodded modestly, "Hello, Instructor, Xi, everyone, I will do my best to demonstrate. The punches may not be perfect, so please criticize and advise freely."

"Such a show off." Xi Rubao snickered from beneath, "She's just eager to outdo my sister, isn't she?"

"Well, let's see how much she's got." Wu Qianman smirked, "Don't end up showing her weaknesses, haha."

Despite her fragile appearance, no one really had much hope for Xiao Hong.

But the way she punched was quite standard, as if she'd received special guidance — just better than everyone else.

After completing a series of punches, the final strike especially concentrated all her strength — despite her dry and slim build, this last punch actually sent the heavy hanging sandbag flying at a ninety-degree angle!

This strength was indeed quite impressive.

Everyone fell silent.

Instructor Yan smiled slightly, "Xiao Hong performed excellently. See, this is the force of punches landing squarely on the target. If someone attacks Xiao Hong, she can certainly deliver the correct and effective counterattack..."

He then turned, somewhat disdainfully, towards Xi Zuzi, "And you? With those soft punches, what's their use? Better humble yourself and learn properly!"

Xi Zuzi rested her chin, seemingly lost in thought for a moment, neither replying nor moving, lost in her own world.

Until Instructor Yan was about to blow up, "Xi Zuzi, have you been listening to the class or not!"

She finally responded leisurely with a light laugh, "The Ancestor's fists, only brother ever said they were soft."

Chapter 858: Mouthful of Sand in an Instant! Little Sweetheart Thrown into Turmoil by the Ancestor

That guy Fu Xi is robust, with thick skin and flesh. Every time he provokes Xi Rubao, getting beaten up by her, he always solemnly salutes and says some nonsense—"Again" or "Too soft," which makes her furious.

Thinking back on it now, maybe knowing that he's dust and gone, I'm not so angry anymore, and I actually find those silly antics a bit amusing.

In the whole world, besides that person, no one has ever dared to say the Ancestor's fists are soft, oh.

With one casual retort from Xi Rubao, Instructor Yan's face flushed even more, feeling that his authority was challenged again.

The situation from yesterday, where he was embarrassed, was still fresh in his mind. Today, he really couldn't tolerate this girl!

"What's the point of just talking? If you have the skills, like classmate Xiao Hong, send the sofa flying!" He sneered.

"Instructor, she probably can't exert any force. She just knows some flashy moves," Sun Yunyun stirred things up, just waiting for Xi Rubao to get riled up and make a move.

Xi Rubao only knows some unorthodox stuff, right? She'd never be good at this kind of strength competition.

Seeing her usual lazy demeanor, it's estimated that she's just a useless person in the countryside who can't do heavy work.

In contrast, a few other female classmates, having witnessed Xi Rubao shoot ten out of ten yesterday, had a favorable impression of her. A couple of them spoke up righteously at this moment: "Instructor, today we're supposed to do military boxing, not sandbag punching. It's too difficult for classmate Xi."

Instructor Yan glared: "Punching requires force to exert momentum. What do you know!"

As everyone kept arguing, Xi Rubao smiled slightly: "Alright, kids, stop arguing. It's true that the Ancestor can't send a sandbag flying."

Everyone's lips twitched: "..."

Instructor Yan: "Finally, you have some self-awareness..."

Before he finished speaking.

They saw Xi Rubao, with a lazy demeanor, raise her fair hand. It's unclear what technique or style it is, just lightly touching the sandbag with her fingertip.

The heavy sandbag didn't move at all.

But.

The next second.

"Boom——" With a sound, it exploded directly.

Xi Rubao swiftly stepped away, completely unaffected.

The three people closest to the sandbag—Instructor Yan, who was full of reprimands, Bian Xiaohong, who had just finished punching, and Sun Yunyun, who was watching the fun—all got it bad.

In an instant, their heads and faces were full of sand!

"You! You just said, pfft, said you couldn't hit, pfft, pfft, the sandbag?" Instructor Yan, coughing out sand awkwardly, angrily accused Xi Rubao.

Bian Xiaohong and Sun Yunyun were even about to cry—the sand truly got into their eyes. It's unbearable!

Xi Rubao flicked her fingers and said leisurely, "Didn't I just say that the Ancestor doesn't know how to 'hit,' because the Ancestor only knows how to 'blow' it up."

Everyone: "... Ancestor, could you finish the second half of your sentence before doing it next time?

Otherwise, our little hearts really get tossed around!

Originally, they wanted Xi Rubao to make a fool of herself, but it ended up with their own embarrassment. Instructor Yan could only find an excuse for himself: "Gather up! Time for the assessment! Anyone who fails will practice overnight tonight, no sleep!"

The crowd groaned and quickly went to line up.

Xi Rubao glanced at her fingers and recalled how many beloved things of her brother she had "blown" up before—top-grade Immortal Brewed Wine Jar, billion-year-old Beautiful Jade, almost-formed Immortal Artifact...

Such a small sandbag, how many years of accumulated blessings did it take to be blown up by the Ancestor once, oh.

She flicked her fingertip and walked towards the lineup.

The military boxing assessment is a group test.

Only by being in the same lineup can you clearly see whose movements are the most unstandard and who is the most outstanding.

As the instructor gave the command, everyone gave it their all to compete for first place, trying to be the most standard one.

Xi Rubao threw out a punch, seeing Xi Rubao on the right still lost in thought, not moving at all.

She got anxious and whispered a reminder: "Sis, sis, move a bit."

Xi Rubao shook her head: "The Ancestor doesn't want to move."

"Why sis? You'll fail like this!"

"Ugly."

Chapter 859: The Little Ancestor's Sharp Eye for People

Ugly...

Zuzi's simple and straightforward explanation was simply a stroke of genius.

It made Xi Rubao burst into laughter: "Sis, your reason for not wanting to participate in the assessment is excellent. Honestly speaking, I think it's quite ugly too. Who invented this set of boxing?"

Her laughter couldn't be restrained, and it was heard by Sun Yunyun at the other end of the team, who immediately raised her hand to report: "Instructor, someone is discrediting our boxing, saying the inventor is very ugly!"

Xi Rubao glared angrily: "I said the boxing is ugly, how would I know who invented it or what they look like!"

The argument disrupted the assessment.

Instructor Yan walked over with a dark face: "This boxing set was designed by my superior and me, the latest version of Military Boxing. You're calling it ugly?"

The students were taken aback, gasping in surprise.

Unexpectedly, Instructor Yan has some background, his ability must be considerable to design this boxing set, right?

Previously, everyone thought the instructor just had a good-looking face, but they've now realized he has status too.

The astonished and reverent gazes from everyone made Instructor Yan stand a little taller; it seemed he regained some of the dignity he lost yesterday. Looking in the direction of Zuzi and Xi Rubao, he felt more disdain:

"What do you know, this set of boxing won first place in last year's competition, praised unanimously by the judges, and then used as the textbook for student military training. I was promoted by one rank due to this, which proves its significance. As the designer, it's not for a few young girls like you to judge!"

His condescending demeanor and tone made Xi Rubao increasingly unhappy: "Instructor, we are merely commenting on whether this boxing looks good or not and do not judge whether you're good-looking or not, don't confuse the concepts, okay?"

At first, she thought he looked alright, but now, tsk tsk, he's as ugly as the boxing.

Sure enough, sis's eye for people is accurate.

Instructor Yan's recently regained dignity was unceremoniously jabbed by Xi Rubao, and he suddenly couldn't hold it together: "Regardless, by not doing it, you score zero!"

Zuzi casually nodded: "Mm-hmm, then zero it is. You all continue, don't mind the Ancestor."

Instructor Yan choked.

Seeing that intimidation wasn't working, this young girl truly sassy and difficult to discipline, his anger flared up again: "You're defying the teaching order!"

Zuzi slightly furrowed her brows, thinking that the Ancestor is already allowing you to continue, not affecting your order at all, so what more do you want?

"Xiao Yan, the squad next door has already finished, are you sure you want to continue wasting time?"

Seeing the neighboring training team happily dismissing, while their squad, with no lunchtime to rest and rushing training, still delaying time due to the instructor's temper... Everyone felt a bit fed up: "Instructor, let's continue the assessment!"

Anyway, Zuzi makes sense, she's fine with scoring zero, so what's there to argue about?

Instructor Yan: "..."

Is it a matter of time now? Is it a matter of an examination now? These girls just don't understand how a man's dignity is being disrespected and challenged!

But on the surface, he couldn't make a fuss over the topic and had to announce the continuation of the assessment, starting over with the boxing.

After the boxing is completed, he records scores on the score sheet.

Bian Xiaohong, full mark.

Sun Yunyun, full mark.

Wu Qianman... 99 points.

Xi Rubao... 60 points.

Sun Yunyun was really thrilled to see she got first this time, her eyelashes should be safe this time, right?

Chapter 860: Ancestor Thinks Your Luck Is Bad Today—Prepare for Misfortune

As long as Xi Zuzi doesn't cause trouble and interfere, as long as Xi Zuzi doesn't come and overshadow her, she's definitely number one.

Even if it's a tie with Xiao Hong, that's fine.

Xi Zuzi... shouldn't suddenly score 100 points, right?

Just based on her lazy and casual manner, she didn't even throw a punch earlier. The instructor said it was zero points, zero points!

Sun Yunyun shouted in her heart.

On the other side, originally Wu Qianman's moves were not worse than Xiao Hong's, but Instructor Yan saw she was clearly in Xi Zuzi's camp, and from the bottom of his heart didn't want to give her full marks. However, he couldn't be too obvious about it, so his hand trembled and deducted one point.

As for Xi Rubao, there's no need to mention him, arguing back and forth with him and still wanting a high score? Barely passing.

As for Xi Zuzi...

He then became even more justified, made a stroke, zero points.

When the results were announced, Sun Yunyun breathed a sigh of relief and directly clapped her hands to congratulate.

Xi Rubao and Wu Qianman didn't mind, and Xi Zuzi was even more indifferent, only smiling at the two and saying, "Tomorrow's a rest day, where did you say you were going to take Ancestor for some fun just now?"

The two little ones said they had something new to show her, though Ancestor had witnessed countless magnificent landscapes, the Ninth Heaven, the deep sea, but she hadn't experienced many mortal's trinkets, occasionally she had some interest.

The two heard her interest, and became even more enthusiastic, suggesting several fun places for her to choose.

Seeing that this side wasn't affected by the results at all, Instructor Yan swallowed his anger and announced it.

Just then a female student asked, "Instructor, you promised that after the test, we'd get a day off, right? So tomorrow we can do whatever we want?"

He seized the opportunity and said, "No holiday! Performing this poorly, continue training tomorrow! Don't embarrass me during the report performance!"

Everyone groaned: "..."

They didn't do that badly, most of them passed, how could the instructor go back on his word?

In the crowd, Xiao Hong's eyes turned, she pursed her lips, and took the chance to say, "Instructor, please be merciful, after all we worked hard. It's just that some students... ahem, actually, Xi Zuzi worked hard too, her shooting score yesterday was high."

At first glance, it seemed innocuous.

Students even felt grateful for her standing up at a time when everyone was too afraid to refute, to persuade Instructor Yan, and unexpectedly Xiao Hong's character was decent.

But when heard by Instructor Yan... it suddenly reminded him that Xi Zuzi scored 100 points yesterday with ten perfect shots, and today didn't throw a single punch for zero points, such a stark contrast, so glaring.

So inexplicable!

And thinking back to Xi Zuzi's motionless and contemptuous attitude earlier, the anger in his heart finally soared three stories high, and he angrily said, "Xi Zuzi, did you cheat with yesterday's shooting? Otherwise, how could you score full marks in shooting, but not learn a single thing in punching?"

Surely just a brute who can only burst a punching bag?

Amidst discussing fun places with the kids, Xi Zuzi heard and replied indifferently, "Xiao Yan, you're not having a good day today. Better say fewer words, do more good deeds and repent, otherwise..."

Xi Zuzi stopped at that.

Instructor Yan was so furious he almost spat blood, "Quit that feudal superstition nonsense, what luck, what repentance, I want to make you regret your defiance today!"