

Chapter Thirty Seven

Tang Zichen turned his head to look at Zhang Hui, and said: "Mr. Zhang, I will go back to the class first, don't worry, if you can't die, you can stand in at most half an hour. If I get up, I'll go first and say goodbye."

Tang Zichen turned and walked out of the office.

"Wait." The teaching director hurried to catch up.

When the teaching director chased out the door, he conveniently took the door of Zhang Hui's office. Zhang Hui fell to the ground and convulsed, foaming at the mouth, but no one paid any attention.

When the teaching director walked out of the office to chase Tang Zichen, he found that Tang Zichen had disappeared at the end of the corridor of the teaching building.

The teaching director secretly said: "I will definitely not give up. As long as I have the spirit of perseverance and show 100% sincerity, I don't believe that I can't move him. Come on, director. This Tang Zichen is definitely one who can rank with the school. Compared with the top ten geniuses. If I can worship such a student as a teacher, that would be great. Even our principal can only learn two tricks from Wei Ming, who is the tenth."

At the moment, on the sixth floor of the Teacher Building ,Principal's office.

The principal is talking with a student.

"Wei Ming, I'm really sorry, I thought Song Daitian would definitely admit you as his daughter's bodyguard." The principal said apologetically.

Wei Ming smiled disappointedly: "It's okay, it has nothing to do with you." The

principal said, "I thought that based on my personal relationship with Song Daitian, he should admit you, but I didn't expect it to be a miscalculation. Admitted. Something came down from the mountain."

Wei Ming said: "That person is Liu Yue, I heard that Song Daitian's father got it." The

principal patted Wei Ming on the shoulder, and comforted: "You didn't want to start. The bodyguard of Song Yuer doesn't mean that there is no chance to chase her. You are our Baiyun Middle School, the tenth-ranked genius master in martial arts. How many wealthy businessmen want to attract you, and in the future, many beautiful women will let you chase."

"Haha." Wei Ming gave a wry smile. Now he is full of Song Yuer, so he can't hear the comfort of the principal.

Principal sigh: "Wei Ming, take heart ah, these days you have a bad mood, you do not have to teach me martial arts, and so you feel restored, teach me martial arts it."

Headmaster even though the principal, nor can learn The way to martial arts, but as his principal, he can make friends with Wei Ming, who is ranked tenth in Baiyun Middle School, and learn a little from Wei Ming. Unlike the teaching director, he can only find a teacher like Zhang Hui who knows martial arts, but Zhang Hui doesn't even give him face. Zhang Hui's martial arts, compared with the tenth-ranked genius Wei Ming, is far behind. The top ten masters in Baiyun Middle School are all extraordinary.

The principal has treated Wei Ming as a nephew and recommended him to be Song Daitian's daughter's bodyguard, and arranged various activities for him to help him grow in martial arts.

Wei Ming shook his head and said, "Principal Zhou, one size fits one size. I can't delay teaching you martial arts because my feelings are not smooth."

"Thank you then." The principal smiled.

"No, the principal, then I will go back to the class first."

"Okay."

Wei Ming left the principal's office.

When Wei Ming walked down the teaching building, he frowned when he saw Tang Zichen looking around in front of him. He seemed to recognize that Tang Zichen was the person who went to Song Daitian for an interview with him yesterday.

"It's you, what are you doing here?" Wei Ming asked coldly.

"Hey, it's you, Brother Wei." Tang Zichen greeted Wei Ming with a smile after seeing Wei Ming.

"Are you also a student of Baiyun Middle School?" Wei Asked without expression.

"Yes, Brother Wei, you are also a student of Baiyun Middle School, what a coincidence."

"Humph." Wei Ming hummed, without answering Tang Zichen, and left like this.

"Uh." Tang Zichen touched his nose, as if he didn't offend Wei Ming.

After walking a few steps, Wei Ming suddenly turned around and said to Tang Zichen, "Are you called Tang Zichen?"

"Yes, Brother Wei, do you need me to advise you?"

Wei Ming frowned, angrily said. "A joke, I need your advice? What ability do you have to teach me?"

"Hehe, I thought Brother Wei suddenly turned around and there is anything I need to teach you. Since it is a misunderstanding, I hope Brother Wei will forgive me." Tang Zichen laughed.

Wei Ming said, "Tang Zichen, I heard that you took advantage of Song Yuer."

"Uh, Brother Wei, what do you say?"

"Tang Zichen, I warn you, don't have a next time, otherwise I can't spare you.

"How can I not forgive me?"

Wei Ming said coldly: "

Blow you up." Tang Zichen rolled his eyes and said in his heart: "Are all people in this world so narcissistic?"

Tang Zichen can do it with one hand. The man who cleaned up even dared to say that he would blow him up, but Tang Zichen just smiled disdainfully.

Tang Zichen returned to the third and fifth class of high school. As soon as Tang Zichen walked into the class, everyone looked at Tang Zichen. The class was quiet and filled with a weird atmosphere.

A voice came: "Tang Zichen, come here."

Tang Zichen looked up and saw a boy calling him.

This man is so strong that he can practice martial arts at first glance. However, his martial arts Tang Zichen feels very rookie level. If he is in his world, no rookie of this level is qualified to talk to Tang Zichen. But now everyone is classmates, Tang Zichen loves to make friends, this is something everyone knows, so Tang Zichen walked over without thinking.

Tang Zichen friendly smiles: "Students, Hello, you told me to come over, what need is there to guide my place?"

That the students face pumping a bit, angrily: "? Tangzi Chen, I advise you,"

"uh , This classmate, we don't know each other, you didn't ask me to come here to teach you, is there anything

wrong ?" "Tang Zichen, I'm not in the mood to play tricks with you. I heard that you can martial arts, but you have always pretended to compare."

Tang Zi Chen smiled and said: "Yes, I used to pretend to be a match." Tang Zichen said without blinking.

Originally, he could not explain why he suddenly learned martial arts, but now he found out that he used the word 'pretend to be' and he explained it at once. Later, if he encounters anything that cannot be explained, he will use pretend to explain all of them. Mom no longer has to worry about him being killed. Doubt it.

The Zhu Xiaobin in the front row of Tang Zichen shouted: "Zhou Peng, throw him into the trash, and give me revenge."

Tang Zichen heard Zhu Xiaobin's yelling, and then realized that this classmate was Zhou Peng, who was in his third year of high school. Among the three martial arts people in the class, the strongest.

Zhou Peng glared at Tang Zichen: "Tang Zichen, since you know martial arts, it's easy to handle, don't say I bully you,

behave in a way , single out." Tang Zichen smiled: "So you are Zhou Peng, our class The man with the highest martial arts."

"Tang Zichen, don't pretend to be stupid with me, singled out, do you hear?" Zhou Peng yelled, very annoyed. Tang Zichen always kept talking with him, as if he didn't single him at all. Pick words to your ears.