

Chapter Thirty Eight

Tang Zichen smiled and said: "Brother Zhou, singled out? I don't think it is necessary."

"You dare? Are you afraid that I won't make it? It's a pity that you beat Zhu Xiaobin. I won't let it go. I will let you three

tricks , otherwise everyone will say that I bully the weak and do it." Tang Zichen sighed and suddenly punched Zhou Peng.

Zhou Peng couldn't react at all, Tang Zichen's level, Zhou Peng went thousands of miles away.

Zhou Peng flew to the back of the classroom and ate the dust.

Tang Zichen said: "Brother Zhou Peng, you can't even react to the reaction, you still singled out with me."

Zhou Peng is completely stupid at the moment, and one move is second?

Zhou Peng yelled unwillingly: "I don't believe that your martial arts is so high, I don't believe it."

"If you don't believe it if you are like this, then how can you believe it."

"I didn't see it just now, I don't accept it. Tang Zichen, don't do it. This kind of sneak attack comes in an open manner." Zhou Peng roared.

Tang Zichen was speechless, unable to react to himself, and actually said that Tang Zichen attacked.

"Okay, Brother Zhou Peng, then I'll let you take it, come on."

Zhou Peng stood up and attacked.

"Mantis bashing butterflies." Zhou Peng jumped up and attacked Tang Zichen with the momentum of Mount Tai's top pressure. This was his strongest move. He used his body weight to increase the power of his moves.

Unfortunately, he thought it was a powerful move. In the eyes of a master like Tang Zichen, it was too low-level, and Tang Zichen couldn't bear to bully him.

Tang Zichen simply flew up and kicked Zhou Peng's belly.

Zhou Peng slammed into the ceiling, then rebounded and fell to the ground.

Zhou Peng grinned in pain.

Tang Zichen said, "Have you written this back? If you don't believe me anymore, I will simply give in."

Zhou Peng lay on the ground with eyes blank.

Tang Zichen returned to his seat.

Zhou Peng sat on the ground and was silly. As the highest martial artist in the class, Zhou Peng was admired by many classmates, especially female classmates. But suddenly, Tang Zichen took him out in seconds. Such a big psychological gap made him extremely unwilling. Tang Zichen concealed his light in the blink of an eye, and how he would mess around in the class in the future.

After Tang Zichen sat back in her seat, a girl at the next table approached Tang Zichen, deliberately looking for topics, and asked: "Zichen, did you do your homework last week?"

"Homework? What homework? I don't know. Ah." Tang Zichen said blankly.

The girl immediately got up, walked to Tang Zichen's side, deliberately posted very close, took out Tang Zichen's English book, turned to a certain page, and said, "It's just these questions, haven't you done it?"

Wang Qiang envied Looking at Tang Zichen, now that Tang Zichen is able to martial arts, he is still the first in the class, and his treatment will soon be different. The girl deliberately got close to him and didn't have a topic to look for.

"Oh, thank you."

"You're welcome." The girl returned to her seat, and after sitting down, she turned her head and looked at Tang Zichen again. Suddenly, she found that Tang Zichen became more and more pleasing to her eyes. Tang Zichen is the handsomest among the more than 20 boys in the third and fifth class of high school. How could he be so blind before, and there was such a shiny boy sitting next to the table, but he never noticed.

That The girl was a little excited, as if she had found a treasure, and said: "

Zichen, ask me if you don't know anything about studying in the future." Wang Qiang looked at Tang Zichen enviously, too gentle with Tang Zichen.

"Oh, okay, thank you." Tang Zichen glanced at the girl's book, which had a name written on it: "Jin Xiaolian."

Another boy in the front row also turned his head and smiled at Tang Zichen and asked: "Zichen, you go I didn't do Zhou's homework. Would you like to borrow my homework to copy it?"

Tang Zichen was stunned and said, "I can't copy it, or do you copy it for me?"

"Okay, I'll copy it for you. Bring me the homework, and I'll copy it for you."

Wang Qiang sighed. This treatment is really enviable. Not only did Tang Zichen copy the homework, he also took the initiative to help Tang Zichen copy.

Zhou Peng had already sat back in his seat and saw that many classmates showed good wishes to Tang Zichen, especially the Jin Xiaolian, and felt very uncomfortable. Once this treatment was his, but in the future, I am afraid it will be Tang Zichen's. The second child in his class, who else should take care of it.

Zhou Pengyi gritted his teeth: "It's so

unhappy ." Zhou Peng's deskmate said: "Brother Peng, is there any way

I'm unhappy, people are indeed better than you." Zhou Peng hummed: "Even if I am better than me, I I can't let him cover up my radiance so easily. The next session is the class teacher's class. I must let the class teacher sweep Tang Zichen's prestige and suppress Tang Zichen's brilliance."

Zhou Peng's deskmate said, "Yes, if Teacher Zhang knew that Tang Zichen could martial arts and defeated you, it would definitely be uncomfortable to shine in the class. Don't think I can't see it. The most beautiful girl admires the class teacher. Jin Xiaolian is just the ugly one. The class teacher likes to be admired by her students. I guess the class teacher will definitely check Tang Zichen's strength and then put Tang Zichen ko Finally, I will pretend to say a few words to guide him. I didn't always treat you this way before, don't worry, the head teacher will definitely sweep down the light of Tang Zichen."

"Yeah." Zhou Peng nodded, he absolutely. Don't let Tang Zichen steal his light so easily.

The next class will start soon, and it is the class of the class teacher Zhang Hui.

Zhang Hui was punched by Tang Zichen during his self-study early, and he is all right now, after all, after a class.

Zhang Hui took the doctrine and walked into the third and fifth class of senior high school. His complexion seemed not very good. As for the reason, only he and Tang Zichen knew.

Zhang Hui did not dare to look at Tang Zichen's face, or even to look in the direction of Tang Zichen, pretending that nothing happened. Zhang Hui was originally a very pretending person, and he could not be killed by his classmates. Tang Zichen couldn't get up with a punch, otherwise his previous image would be completely destroyed.

"Class." Zhang Hui said from the podium.

"

Hello teacher." "Everyone, turn to page XX." Zhang Hui said solemnly.

"Oh." Everyone screamed, feeling a little puzzled. Why is Teacher Zhang so low-key today? Before every class, he would say something about his martial arts. For example, he encountered a satyr on the bus. He used a trick to subdue the satyr, and everyone on the bus applauded. I would also show gestures on the podium, and sometimes I would ask Zhou Peng to wait for a few to go to PK, and the classmates would look at him in admiration.

But today, it's strange to go directly to class.

Zhang Hui said solemnly: "Today, let's talk about quadratic functions."

Zhang Hui picked up the chalk and turned around to write on the blackboard.