

GOD! THERE ARE NO WOMEN HERE! - CHAPTER 3 DID I DO SOMETHING WRONG?

The next day, An Zhen went to school with her school bag on her back. Because he knew the current state of the world, An Zhen was inevitably worried.

It was winter and the clothes were thicker, and An Zhen was still relatively young, so she could not physically see any difference from other students. But An Zhen remembers her development very well, according to her current situation continues to develop, until the summer, nothing can be hidden, her gender will definitely be exposed.

An Zhen thought about it, the only way I can think of is to try not to go out in the summer, just stay at home. But An Zhen is still at school age, how can she convince her parents to let her stay at home?

Thinking about it, An Zhen has now found a way to save herself for the time being, and that is to skip a grade and graduate from high school as soon as possible. After all, the environment is much more relaxed in college.

According to the environment of An Zhen's class, and the test papers sent down by the teacher, the original owner's grades were not very good. The company's main goal is to provide the best possible service to its customers. It just so happens that next week is the monthly exam, which is an opportunity to slowly show your grades.

And in order to let the students have no doubt about their own achievements, they should also show that they are studying hard and striving for progress at ordinary times. Besides, An Zhen herself is a person who likes to deal with other people, she doesn't really like to come and go alone, and in this place that is both new and familiar to her, An Zhen also wants to make friends.

When An Zhen arrived at the classroom, there were still no students to talk to An Zhen. However, there was no rush to get acquainted with the people around her, so An Zhen sat down in her seat, took out her book and started her morning reading.

An Zhen came early today, but her tablemate had already arrived and was silently reading with her book. An Zhen guessed that her tablemate was so hardworking, her grades must be good. As before, An Zhen just walked to her seat, her deskmate didn't even raise her head, as if she had eyes on her head, and stood up to let An Zhen in.

An Zhen: "Good morning, you're early."

The table seemed to not expect An Zhen to take the initiative to greet her, and froze for a moment before saying, "You're early too."

An Zhen opened her language book and carefully read the ancient poems she had to memorize this semester; then she opened her English book and read all the words once.

The table next to her quietly swept An Zhen with her afterglow, saw her keep turning the pages, and silently put her eyes back on the text she was reading.

"Yesterday, Mr. Ma asked to memorize the first three selected poems outside the classroom, did you do it?"

An Zhen looked up, the table looked straight at the book in front of her, and did not look at her. An Zhen smiled at him, "I did." And then asked, "What about you?"

The table turned its head sideways, throwing An Zhen a "this still need to doubt" look.

An Zhen comprehended, and hurriedly smiled and said to him, "You are still so good. I've always admired you."

The table's gaze returned to the pages of the book, he did not return An Zhen's words, but sat more straight, his gaze seemed to become more focused.

An Zhen smiled and also continued to read the book. Suddenly, there was a bang from the classroom door, accompanied by a heckling sound, An Zhen looked up, just as the small-eyed boy with the flat head met his eyes.

Both of them were stunned.

Anjin, who reacted first, gave a greeting smile. The first to react is a smile of greeting.

The first time I saw An Zhen, I was supposed to go up and bully him? How do you feel like something is wrong with you?

King Kong snapped his book bag on the table, both hands on the table to bury his head in the sleep.

When the teacher entered the classroom, shouting "class" when Jin just looked up. He noticed a small note on the table.

It was the same kind of striped paper torn from the notebook that he had seen yesterday. King didn't really want to open it and read it. But this small note is like a box of assorted candies, although know each one is fruit candy, but do not eat into the mouth just do not know what taste.

King Kong stared at this note for half a day. He also stared at the back of the head of the person in front of him for a long time. Finally, he looked at the teacher on the podium, and when he wasn't looking, he picked up the small note and unfolded it, which read.

"Did you dress up especially today? Look more handsome. Yesterday Little Red Riding Hood did not come to play with me, is it because you do not let him come to me?"

King Kong saw these words, the expression on his face changed constantly.

Why did the first sentence sound so strange? He wasn't particularly dressed up!

Little Red Riding Hood? That kid is really messing with Anjin behind their backs!

Did he also say something bad about me?

The little red cap is also known as Jiang Li, his baseball bat was lost yesterday by the angry brother Gang, today Jiang Li did not wear a hat, I do not know if it is because of this reason, he always felt a cold chill in his head, Jiang Li looked back, just to see brother Gang is fierce glare at himself, Jiang Li was shocked, hurriedly turned back, in his mind wondering how brother Gang has not yet subsided. He had no idea that the man he usually bullied had pitted him again.

The first class is a math class, An Zhen looked at the paper in his hand, counted, 50 questions, only the first fill-in-the-blank questions got two hooks, the last multiple-choice questions got a hook, this look is masked right, and the first small question of the first big question got a small hook.

An Zhen took this paper, feeling worried about their own prospects: this score wants to jump, I'm afraid no one will accept, want to step by step to pull up their own scores in a rationalized degree, always feel that the progress will be very slow

An Zhen thought about it, from the wrong test questions selected a position in the middle, the difficulty of the average question, asked the table, "I do not understand this question, can give me a little?"

The table looked at the question in front of him, and then looked at An Zhen, took a pen and did some calculations, and wrote several lines with a brush, without saying a word until he finally came up with the answer. He asked, "Do you get it?"

An Zhen looked at it, pretending to understand or not, frowned and said, "I seem to understand, I will study it again by myself."

An Zhen was ready to take the draft paper, but the table pressed the draft paper did not let her jerk, he re-calculated on the draft paper again, this time the middle jump steps became less, more detailed steps to solve the problem. After writing, the table gave An Zhen a "Do you understand this time?" The look.

An Zhen nodded and said, "You are so smart, I understand it now."

The deskmate gave An Zhen a condescending look that said, "Even this needs praise. He turned his head back to his math problems. An Zhen also opened a math reference book and began to do the problems on it. The two of them were buried in the problem every class period. During this period, the table with the remaining light quietly glance at An Zhen, see him seriously in the draft paper calculations, the appearance of full attention, rarely pause, very smoothly down the next line to do the problem, the table again withdrew his gaze.

The class is less crowded with students like An Zhen and her deskmate, who are still in the sea of problems at the end of class. Most people are concentrated in the middle of the classroom in two positions. When An Zhen looked up, she could see the only two girls in the classroom, being starry-eyed and talking to the students around them.

An Zhen looked back and forth, found that in addition to their own concentrated study table, the seat of the students are either playing outside, or run to talk to the girls, An Zhen turned back, looked behind, coincidentally face to face King Kong.

The company's main goal is to provide a comprehensive range of products and services to the public. An Zhen is very natural to speak: "You do not go to talk to them?"

King Kong reflexively said: "I do not want to talk to them." Then reacted, eyes a mouth a grin, revealing a snicker: "Little, the courage is not small, dare to talk to your brother Kong?"

An Zhen took a packet of small cookies on the table of Jin Jiang, said: "Hey brother Kong, this is used to pay respect to your old."

King Kong felt as if he didn't know An Zhen. He was about to take the cookies when he suddenly felt that the eyes of the people around him were focused on him, making him uncomfortable.

I'm not going to eat your cookies!

This cookie must be poisonous!

King Kong threw the cookie out with a huff. The cookie flew far away at once and then hit the ground with a smashing sound.

The sound was unnoticeable in the noisy class, and was immediately drowned out by the sound of everyone talking. But somehow it rang in King Kong's ears, but as clear as thunder.

The company's main goal is to provide the best possible service to its customers. An Zhen looked at the cookie that was thrown away, and then looked at Vajra, said nothing, and turned his head away.

This time, King Kong is even more the whole person is not right. He had bullied An Zhen countless times before, each time more over the top than throwing a cookie, and saying things that were harder to hear, but An Zhen had never looked at him like this before!

That pitiful little look is simply!

King Kong's heart was like a scratcher scratching again!

He was hurt by me?

Is he sad?

Did I do something wrong?

King Kong was distracted, these words and the look An Zhen gave him just now repeatedly came to his mind.

By this time, An Zhen had already turned his back and continued to do the problem.

An Zhen did not take this matter to heart. In her eyes, the students around her are still children, and she is at least an "adult", how can adults and children in general take it

seriously? At best, they will think "ah, this child's personality is difficult to get along with" or "this child is really cute" and so on, and nothing else. So Anjin was not feeling "hurt" or "devastated" at all. She was still doing the questions calmly, but she thought to herself, "It seems that we have to take our time to get along with our classmates."