

## Big Shot 101

Chapter 101: The Prophecy of the Ancestors, Inevitably All Will Come True [2]

Xi Ruzhu could never believe that Zuzi actually scored second in the whole grade.

She clearly saw that Dad personally asked someone to investigate, Zuzi's experiences and grades in the countryside were just too poor to even look at.

So, actually, her sense of crisis wasn't that strong before.

After all, no parents in the world could like a child with such poor aptitude, such a bad record, and no future.

As an adopted daughter, she knows too well how realistic the adult world is.

But now reality is slapping her in the face—not only does Gu Qiusha mindlessly defend Zuzi, but Zuzi herself also managed to score high marks!

"This result... could it be..."

Fake?

Xi Ruzhu couldn't hold back, hesitating, speaking with a tone of doubt.

Xi Yuanshan picked up her violin case and, understanding her implied meaning, frowned and said, "Zuzi, did you cheat on the exam?"

Gu Qiusha was the first to be displeased: "Husband, what's wrong with you, you blame the child when the grades are bad, and when the child scores well, you suspect cheating? Why don't you say the child performed normally for once!"

Xi Yuanshan moved his lips: "Her normal performance should be zero."

Gu Qiusha was very angry: "Husband, you really should get your brain checked!"

Xi Yuanshan also got angry: "What kind of tone is that!"

If Zuzi says he has a brain problem, that's one thing, but even his wife believes he has a problem?

Xi Ruzhu hurriedly and sensibly mediated: "Mom and Dad, don't argue over Sister Zuzi, regardless of how she got her grades, let's just look at the results, okay?"

She was anxious to end the argument and nail Zuzi's dubious grades to the shame column of cheating and plagiarism.

Seeing Xi Yuanshan and Gu Qiusha about to go along with the step she provided.

Who knew.

Xi Rubao, who was silently wailing and invisible, suddenly pursed his lips and looked up: "No, silly Zuzi didn't cheat this time. Our class teacher made the department head give her questions on the spot, five questions that no one could answer, yet she still scored full marks!"

Xi Ruzhu choked.

In disbelief and wishing she could stuff Jinli's stupid mouth shut: "Did you remember wrong, Bao?"

Xi Rubao: "I remember it very clearly! That's why I'm even more upset, boo hoo hoo, even a fool studied better than me... I don't want to live anymore, I'm going to jump off a building..."

Xi Rubao's blunt words made the family's argument completely halt.

Gu Qiusha's eyes were brimming with tears, her eye circles red, holding Zuzi and not letting go: "Mommy always knew, knew my little precious Zuzi was the best and most ambitious, not the waste those idiot mouths call her. We can use this 600 score to slap the faces of all the senior students in Qingcheng!"

She became more and more excited, as if venting years of grievances: "When I have time, I'll go back to the Imperial City and show this good grade of my precious Zuzi to every Gu Family relative; and also to your Grandpa's house, hmph, those bastards who despised me for having a daughter back then, I'll go slap the report card in their faces..."

Xi Ruzhu looked embarrassed: "... My grades have always been good, isn't it enough to make you proud among the relatives, foster mother! Am I not the best and most ambitious child in the Gu Family?"

Xi Yuanshan, being exposed, also looked rather grim: "... Who just said they weren't superficial at all and didn't care about grades?"

Only Xi Rubao mindlessly kept wailing: "When you go to Grandpa's house, don't mention my 250 marks boo hoo hoo or I'll jump off a building to show you..."

In the chaos, Zuzi smiled and gently patted Gu Qiusha's head: "Xiao Sha, don't get too excited. This result doesn't need to be flaunted."

Gu Qiusha was stunned: "Why?"

Chapter 102: The Prophecy of the Ancestor, Will Inevitably Come True [3]

Xi Zuzi said unhurriedly, "Let's talk about it after the high school exam results come out."

Gu Qiusha rubbed her hands expectantly, "Zuzi, you're making Mommy lose sleep like this!"

Xi Zuzi thought for a moment, "No, wouldn't you like me to tell you in advance? The high school exam score is probably just..."

Xi Ruzhu had been clenching her fists tightly, and hearing this, she finally couldn't bear it anymore, whispering to Xi Yuanshan, "Dad, shall we go practice the piano? The teacher said I can challenge a more difficult piece today."

Xi Yuanshan also felt complicated, "Hmm, let's go."

Gu Qiusha watched the father and daughter's close backs fade away, and sighed lonely, "Forget it, Zuzi, don't tell me in advance. Happy things can't be fully enjoyed at once, or else there won't be any left for later."

Xi Zuzi laughed, "Who knows, maybe we'll all be happy in the future?"

Gu Qiusha smiled bitterly and waved her hand, "Mommy's not greedy, as long as you sisters are well, I'm satisfied. Ah, you all must be hungry. Zuzi, Baby, let's have dinner..."

Xi Rubao: "I want to eat prawns!"

But Xi Zuzi unhurriedly started, "Xiao Sha, isn't your brother leaving from Qingcheng soon, aren't you going to see him off?"

Gu Qiusha halted abruptly on her way to the kitchen, "Zuzi, what did you say?"

Xi Zuzi: "Gu Yuzhi didn't tell you?"

Tsk, Xiao Yu is really shy.

How can he find being alone with no one to warm his bed enjoyable?

Gu Qiusha's heart skipped a beat at the words, suddenly remembering that her brother texted her this morning but didn't mention coming to Qingcheng.

Outrageous!

She immediately dialed the phone angrily, "Gu Yuzhi, you bad guy, you didn't even come to see me! Wait right there, I'm... I'm coming to see you!"

==

Qingcheng Airport.

Gu Yuzhi, dressed in a lead-gray suit, sat alone on a long bench.

After putting down the phone, he couldn't calm down.

He thought that Sha Sha would be so angry with him for hiding it that she'd ignore him.

Unexpectedly, she actually said she would come to see him.

Sha Sha was still so naive and cute, but...he was already old.

"Gu Yuzhi!"

She always called him by his full name when she was angry, and Gu Yuzhi's eyes instantly filled with tears.

"Sha Sha..." his voice was hoarse. He stood up immediately and saw Gu Qiusha rushing towards him like a bird flying into the woods.

He barely restrained himself from hugging her tightly and instead, gentlemanly, lightly supported her shoulders, "Sha Sha, it's been years, and you're still so beautiful..."

Behind them, Xi Zuzi stepped forward slowly, heard this and glanced at Gu Qiusha who had rushed out wearing pajamas, and thought knowingly: So this is what people in love see as beauty?

Tonight must be Xiao Sha's least attractive moment, right?

Not only was she dressed sloppily, but she had also been crying just now, with swollen eyes.

Where's the beauty in that?

Gu Qiusha blushed, not knowing if it was from running or embarrassment, "Brother, you're so annoying! Do you look down on me? You came to Qingcheng on a business trip and didn't even tell me."

Gu Yuzhi pressed his lips, "No..."

Not looking down, just didn't want to disturb your happiness, afraid Xi Yuanshan would be upset if he saw me here.

"Just busy with work, the schedule was too tight."

Who knew.

Xi Zuzi casually said, "Busy? Xiao Yu, after you left our school last night, you weren't busy with anything else."

Gu Yuzhi was extremely embarrassed, "..."

Turns out Xi Zuzi was Sha Sha's kid, no wonder she seemed familiar!

This child...even more naive than Sha Sha!

Gu Qiusha pouted, "Exactly, since you're not busy, you surely have time for a meal."

And so he was led off to a restaurant, Gu Yuzhi feeling like he was dreaming the whole time!

Sha Sha sat across from him, smiling like an adorable little deer, chatting non-stop, while he, just like old times, silently refilled her tea and peeled her shrimp, watching her eat contentedly and joyfully; he felt that even if he died today, his life would have no regrets.

Sadly...

The good times only lasted halfway through the meal.

At the table, Gu Qiusha received a call and suddenly her whole body froze, "Zhuzhu, what did you say? Your dad fainted? Blood is coming from the corners of his eyes and ears?"

Chapter 103: The Prophecy of the Ancestor, It Must All Come True [4]

How could Xi Yuanshan, whose health was usually well maintained, suddenly collapse and bleed from every orifice?

Gu Qiusha and Gu Yuzhi couldn't continue their meal.

"Brother, I'm sorry, I have to go see Yuanshan, I can't take you to the airport. Next time... next time when you're back in the capital, I'll treat you to a big meal!"

"I understand. You... go ahead."

Gu Yuzhi wanted to accompany her, but thinking about Xi Yuanshan's apprehension about their relationship, he forced himself to hold back, reluctantly watching her leave.

When will they meet again after this farewell?

The seasoned man's eyes turned red once more.

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At the hospital.

Xi Ruzhu lay crying softly at Xi Yuanshan's bedside: "Dad, Dad, you can't be in trouble. What would I do at home without you? There would be no one to spoil me anymore..."

Xi Yuanshan was immersed in shock, still a bit lost.

He had accompanied Xi Ruzhu to practice piano, and ended up fainting at the door of the piano room, bleeding incessantly from his eyes and ears. He was rushed by ambulance for emergency treatment. Although he woke up, he received a shocking piece of news—

"Mr. Xi, you have a brain tumor, and it's already five centimeters in diameter, pressing against nerves and several blood vessels. It's very dangerous, surgery is needed immediately!"

There was actually a tumor growing in his brain.

He usually didn't feel a thing!

The massive blow left him somewhat dispirited, but seeing the even more fragile Xi Ruzhu crying in his arms brought him back a bit to his senses: "No, as long as Daddy is alive, he will spoil you, and even if Daddy dies, he'll pave the way for you to ensure a worry-free life..."

He was comforting Xi Ruzhu, as well as convincing himself that he hadn't collapsed, that he was still the decisive patriarch.

When Zuzi and Gu Qiyu arrived at the hospital.

They saw the scene of Xi Yuanshan carefully comforting Xi Ruzhu.

Zuzi smiled slightly: "Xiao Shan, if you act like this, others would think the one who's sick is your daughter."

Xi Ruzhu awkwardly raised her head: "Zuzi sister, stop talking nonsense... you know you shouldn't offend the word spirit, you always said there's something in Dad's head, and now look..."

On the surface, she was kindly reminding Zuzi to be careful with her words, but in reality, she was making Xi Yuanshan recall Zuzi cursing that something was wrong with his head!

As expected, Xi Yuanshan frowned, looking at Zuzi with more impatience: "Why are you here? To mock me?"

They thought Zuzi would argue a bit.

But unexpectedly.

Zuzi smiled serenely and directly admitted: "Yes, Xiao Shan, the Ancestor's words always come true, you just wouldn't listen, so the Ancestor can only watch and laugh."

Xi Yuanshan: "..."

He wouldn't die from illness, but he'd certainly be driven to death by anger!

"Zhuzhu, get security to kick her out, I don't want to see this unfilial daughter! Ever since she came back, nothing good has happened at home, Bao Bao's studies are unfortunate, the third one's business is unfortunate, and now I'm unfortunate too!"

"Okay, Dad, don't get angry. I'll have Zuzi sister leave first."

Seeing the father and daughter about to join forces to send Zuzi away, Gu Qishu took a deep breath and for the first time fiercely spoke out in front of the whole family: "What are you arguing for? What does being sick have to do with Zuzi? If you're sick then get treatment!"

The ward finally quieted down.

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Zuzi was very clear about Xi Yuanshan's condition.

So she didn't stay in the ward to listen to the doctors' analysis or participate in the discussions, instead she was playing with her Blue Blood watch and strolled out of the ward.

Xi Ruzhu sobbed: "I didn't expect Zuzi to be so indifferent..."

Xi Yuanshan snorted.

Gu Qishu frowned: "Don't say those kinds of things anymore."

In the corridor.

Zuzi looked at the picture of a star-filled sky sent by Bao Gucheng, her lips curved slightly: "Xiao Cheng, having some difficulty?"

Why not properly excavate the grave, what is he doing looking at stars?

Does he want the Ancestor to pluck stars for him to play with?

If a star could give a kiss, she thought that would be great.

Chapter 104 Mr. Bo Trusts Little Ancestor Unconditionally [Super Sweet]

Xi Zuzi was smiling and daydreaming at the starry sky sent by Bao Gucheng.

The next message from Bao Gucheng suddenly popped up on the watch screen.

The man's shallow yet profound breath seemed to transmit through the air: "It's fine. Just thinking of Zuzi girl, and nothing seems difficult."

Xi Zuzi smiled faintly, inexplicably feeling a slight sweetness in the air.

In a cheerful mood, she replied, "Hmm, am I the Calming Pill?"

Bao Gucheng: "No. Zuzi girl is a life-saving Immortal Elixir."

In the car accident at Qingcheng Mountain, he found out later that she, playfully, fell off the cliff, causing him to get glass shards in his chest, bleeding all over, seemingly annoying, but in fact, saving his life.

She also conveniently removed the bullet casing lodged near his heart.

This treasure girl who descended from the sky, what else could she be if not an Immortal Elixir?

Who knew.

The next second, this treasure girl almost made his heart stop!

Xi Zuzi was very interested in his description, smiling as she replied, "Ancestor is a medicine? Then, fine, wait until you come back to take it..."

How coincidental, the little boy was also her medicine, a life-saving source of Spiritual Energy, a medicine library unmatched in the world.

Before Xi Zuzi could finish her sentence "wait until you come back to take the medicine," she heard a heated argument and Gu Qiusha's sobbing from the hospital room.

Ah, what's happening now?

She let her hands fall and walked towards the hospital room, not continuing to chat with Bao Gucheng.

But this left Bao Gucheng on the other side of the line, feeling parched!

The man's long fingers slowly caressed the screen.

Looking at the words "wait until you come back to take," memories of her previous requests "I want you to kiss me" "just like last time," flashed across his mind, making his heart surge.

An uncontrollable impulse, like a raging tide, swept over him.

Under the dim starry sky.

The man looked calmly at the majestic mountains, solemnly giving orders: "We'll work overnight tonight. I'll lead the night shift, you guys will split into two groups to rest in turns."

He must whip this into high speed.

Beside him, Chen Long reported worriedly: "Sir, we can't dig any further. Ten meters underground, it's all solid granite. If we use explosives, it might alarm all the citizens of Qingcheng and damage the environment. Moreover, we've done a small test, fearing that even explosives can't blast such a large area."

This place in the valley, where bodies are buried, is indeed very eerie.

When it comes to murdering and burying bodies, a few meters deep is already impressive.

But they hadn't even dug it out after going ten meters deep.

He's now a bit worried that even if they finally dig it out, it won't be their brothers who disappeared years ago, but ancient corpses of unknown eras instead.

Didn't they say that on the neighboring hill, archeologists are digging up the tomb of Nuwa? It seems Qingcheng Mountain is full of ancient graves.

Chen Long's deep concerns and retreat did not deter Bao Gucheng in the slightest.

The man's face was resolute, and with a persistent and determined command said: "Continue digging, no stopping."

Chen Long hesitated: "But..."

Bao Gucheng: "Reallocate manpower, and according to the Empire's folk ritual rules, also worship the Mountain God."

Chen Long was amazed, his shock difficult to conceal: "Mr. Bo... this..."

His family, Mr. Bo, is known as a renowned iron-willed general, with illustrious achievements, facing storms of blood and rain without changing his expression, believing in the gun in his hand, never in spirits or gods.

Tonight... what's going on?

To unprecedentedly order them to worship the Mountain God?

This mysterious style, not at all matching Mr. Bo's, instead somewhat reminiscent of a certain bandit girl...

Chen Long suddenly recalled that when Bao Gucheng left Qingcheng, on the way to escort Xi Zuzi back home, Xi Zuzi did say a sentence in jest: "Xiao Cheng'er, if digging up the grave isn't going well, try worshipping the Mountain God."

Oh my god, Mr. Bo really listened to Xi Fei's advice!

He actually has unwavering faith in that little girl's casual joke!

Chapter 105: The Little Ancestor is Really Too Clever, Ahhh!

Chen Long was shocked that Bao Gucheng believed Zuzi's nonsensical words.

But upon seeing Bao Gucheng's resolute expression, the words of caution he wanted to say were obediently swallowed back.

Saying it might just get him beaten up worse by the master.

Forget it, if the ritual doesn't work, it's never too late to report it against Xi Fei!

Chen Long busied himself with preparations.

Only the time of one incense stick burning had passed.

Deep in the dark valley, several campfires were lit up.

The campfires surrounded in a semicircle, in the middle stood an antique table, neatly arranged with a censer and a pot of wine.

Bao Gucheng stood straight, holding the incense, he bowed three times to the burial site, evenly pouring the aged wine three feet in front of the table, silently reciting the sacrificial text in his heart.

His subordinates behind him stopped together, standing silently as per the rules, not daring to make a noise.

At this moment, there truly was a strange feeling as if time and space had stopped and all the gods were coming from afar.

No one dared to even breathe loudly.

They stood like this in silence for a long time.

Suddenly!

A mountain wind suddenly swept through, swirling in the valley.

Then they heard a series of loud cracking noises, like thunder from the horizon, or a dragon's roar from the depths of the earth. Even these soldiers who were accustomed to great scenes turned pale, not knowing what terrifying event was about to unfold.

Only Bao Gucheng remained calm-faced, standing before the incense burner with determined eyes.

The little girl said to worship the Mountain God, so he believed her to the end.

Even though he couldn't quite explain where this trust came from, he just believed.

Perhaps because from the first meeting, she was mysterious, her words unpleasant, annoying, yet never once did she deceive him.

She never lied.

He trusted her.

Bao Gucheng looked into the void with certainty, no matter what happened next, even if this act of worship would destroy his towering image in the minds of his subordinates, he accepted it.

The loud noise lasted for the time of half an incense stick burning.

It was fierce as it came and disappeared without a trace.

When everyone came to react, the suffocating pressure on them suddenly eased, unexpectedly feeling as if they had survived a disaster.

Is it over just like that?

So, did worshipping the Mountain God really have no use at all?

Chen Long was just about to seize the opportunity to tell Bao Gucheng to never again believe the nonsense of that bandit girl Zuzi, when the next second, his mouth hung open, unable to close—

In the valley after the loud noise, the grave field they aimed to excavate suddenly cracked open with a huge web-like fissure.

The hard granite they couldn't break before strangely split under the might of nature.

Faintly visible was a stone coffin deep inside!

Damn.

Zuzi girl was actually really effective, damn it.

This old-fashioned superstitious act of worshiping the Mountain God actually worked, damn it.

Chen Long, whose worldview was shattered, blushed as he wobbled in place.

Bao Gucheng slowly curved his lips, coldly ordered: "Continue digging! Sworn to dig everyone out, even if only bones remain!"

Zuzi girl.

The master did not misplace his trust in you.

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Zuzi pushed the door into the hospital room, seeing the quarreling couple, she pinched her brow with a headache.

Just now, the doctor proposed three treatment plans for Xi Yuanshan's brain tumor.

One is conservative treatment, leaving life and death to fate; the second is immediate surgery but might lead to becoming a vegetable; the third is using a new biotechnology therapy developed in the medical field, allowing the brain tumor to naturally shrink, but there's a risk of failure, with failure meaning death, and the cost is tremendously high, starting from tens of millions.

Xi Yuanshan wanted to try the third therapy.

Gu Qiusha was a bit worried about the failure risk, constantly asking the doctor for more details on the biotech precautions.

Xi Yuanshan lost his temper: "Are you unwilling to spend money on my treatment?"

Gu Qiusha didn't argue back with him: "... I just want to understand more about the treatment risks.

Xi Yuanshan got even angrier: "Are you hoping I directly die of illness, so you can go mess with that guy Gu Yuzhi, cuckolding me?"

Gu Qiusha's good temper couldn't hold any longer, her husband could scold her, but insulting her brother, absolutely not!

"Xi Yuanshan, shut up!"

Chapter 106: Mr. Bo usually kills people

I don't know if it's because life has taken ill, making one especially fragile and irritable, but Xi Yuanshan couldn't hold his tongue, speaking with sarcasm, and somehow dragged Gu Yuzhi into the conversation.

This triggered Gu Qiusha's anger instantly.

"Xi Yuanshan, shut up for me!"

Knowing he was in the wrong, Xi Yuanshan snorted, turned his head away, and clenched his teeth in silence.

However, Xi Ruzhu just opened her mouth in surprise before closing it again.

Gu Yuzhi, isn't that the big uncle? Could it be that Mom and Uncle have some unspeakable secrets?

So, the love between Mom and Dad isn't that unbreakable...

She seemed to have opened a door to a new world and was eager to explore it.

Xi Yuanshan's condition was critical, and the doctors were waiting for the family's decision.

Gu Qiusha ran to the hallway, wiping her tears.

Zuzi walked up behind her: "Xiao Sha, don't you want him to die?"

She knew that the kind-hearted Gu Qiusha had already made her decision.

Sure enough, Gu Qiusha tiredly wiped the corner of her eye, forcing a bitter smile: "Zuzi, your dad said some harsh words just now, don't mind him. After all, he's seriously ill and struck by the news, losing his norm. As husband and wife, how can I watch him die without doing something, not to mention, the kids can't be without a father. Even if I sell all my dowry, I should help him fight the illness..."

Zuzi slightly raised her eyebrows.

After all, Xi Yuanshan has not made any big mistakes these many years, it's normal for Xiao Sha to have some affection for him as a spouse.

However, fate does not offer many chances to Xi Yuanshan.

It depends on what he chooses to do next.

Zuzi said calmly, "Xiao Shan might not die yet, he could be saved. But... everything has two sides. If he survives, it may not be good for you. Perhaps... it will bring a lot of unbearable pain. Are you still willing to accept that?"

Gu Qiusha was taken aback.

She didn't quite understand the profound words Zuzi was saying.

Nor did she understand why her daughter spoke in such a manner.

As if predicting something.

She just instinctively nodded: "I'm willing to save him. I haven't thought that far ahead."

Zuzi knew clearly, gently tapped her shoulder, and said earnestly: "But it doesn't matter, Xiao Sha, you just need to remember that the choices fate offers each person always come with a marked price. Your choice is kind-hearted, and eventually, you will reap sweetness from the bitterness."

Tears still clung to Gu Qiusha's eyelashes, as she stared blankly at Zuzi.

This daughter of hers is truly unconventional, obviously with a tender appearance yet often speaking profoundly.

Even being treated like a fool by everyone, she often foresaw events with prophetic accuracy!

She couldn't help but hug Zuzi, speaking through her stuffed nose: "Zuzi, my dear, Mommy has no other worries, just afraid that if the family's money is drained to treat your dad, you three sisters will have to bear hardships when you go to college, and what about your dowry when you get married in the future..."

The more Gu Qiusha thought, the more worried she became: "If my precious Zuzi, because of a lack of dowry, ends up marrying that guy from the little restaurant who slaughters chickens and ducks, I will cry until I'm blind..."

Zuzi tilted her little head, thinking: "A man who slaughters chickens and ducks? Who's that?"

Gu Qiusha seriously gestured: "That guy from the last time, driving a broken SUV, wearing that tattered, blood-stained white shirt, the one you said came from the mountains and whose job is slaughtering."

Oh.

The boy.

Zuzi understood, responding with a flat tone to correct:

"He doesn't slaughter chickens and ducks."

"Hmm, what he usually slaughters are... people."

Chapter 107 Little Ancestor: What is Falling in Love?

Butcher, butcher... people???!!!

Gu Qiusha's mind exploded with a "boom".

Could they be uneducated thugs from the streets, doing those dark deals where they lick the blade?

Oh my god, that's so terrifying, I'd rather marry an honest restaurant worker!

For a moment, Gu Qiusha couldn't even think about Xi Yuanshan's condition, and instead was extremely worried about Zuzi's choice in men:

"Zuzi, my sweet, listen to Mom. In your third year of high school, focus on your studies and don't fall in love with men. Once you get to university, your uncles in the capital will introduce you to a truckload of good men, each as mighty and imposing with an amazing physique!"

This incentive was pretty full-on.

Zuzi tilted her little head and asked, "What's falling in love?"

Gu Qiusha had a fit of coughing: "Cough, cough, cough, well, it's about being romantically involved with men. Oh dear, romance is a no-go. There are plenty of men with three legs, so Zuzi, just focus on the college entrance exams for now."

Zuzi understood and nodded: "Okay."

She wasn't in love; she just kissed a little boy.

Gu Qiusha was relieved and went on to arrange for Gu Qiushan's medical expenses. Fearing there wouldn't be enough money, she rushed home to fetch jewelry to sell.

This night, the Xi household was far from peaceful.

Gu Qiusha was busy raising funds, Xi Ruzhu volunteered to stay and take care of Xi Yuanshan at the hospital, and even Xi Rubao stopped threatening to jump off buildings. It seemed like he matured overnight, quietly crying while correcting his 250-point exam paper.

In the back garden peach forest.

Zuzi lay on a slanted branch of a flourishing peach tree, and as part of her pre-sleep routine, she arranged all of Bao Gucheng's belongings in a row.

Jade Pendant, belt, pen, watch.

She kissed each one.

Feeling quite content.

The little crow was a bit disgruntled: "Ancestor, how can a man like Xi Yuanshan still have life, while Bao Gucheng's time is almost up? I really want to take Xi Yuanshan's lifespan and give it to the little boy!"

Zuzi squinted her eyes slightly: "If we're going to take it, it doesn't have to be Xi Yuanshan's miserable life."

The little crow was surprised and happy: "Ancestor, have you decided to help the little boy?"

Though it could backfire severely, maybe trying it wouldn't be a bad idea?

Who knew.

Zuzi put down the Jade Pendant, belt, pen, watch, and casually tossed them onto a nearby branch: "Ah, Xiao Jin, you reminded the Ancestor, can't rely on him too much."

She rummaged through the book bag beside her, pulled out a book, and said seriously: "The heavenly path cannot be defied; helping someone steal a lifespan is going against nature. Is the Ancestor such an unprincipled being?"

The little crow was a bit deflated: "Yes. Xiao Jinjin was reckless."

It seems the Ancestor is determined to study hard and absorb Spiritual Energy, prepared to give up the short-lived Spiritual Energy Warehouse, the little boy!

Lowered eyes and mourned Bao Gucheng for a minute.

Looked up again.

Only to find Zuzi frowning at the book: "What kind of nonsense books are these..."

She scanned the title, "Investiture of the Gods".

The opening was King Zhou desecrating the goddess statue in the Nuwa Temple.

Written in a way that made one's face blush and heart pound!

The little crow quickly switched books.

"Analysis of Famous Works of the Renaissance", entirely in English.

Zuzi flipped through it for less than ten seconds.

Let out a yawn.

Decisively tossed the book.

With a flick of her slender hand, she reached directly for the branch beside her, once again brought Bao Gucheng's Jade Pendant, belt, pen, watch into her embrace: "Hmm, this scent is still better..."

Comfortably holding the little boy's things, she closed her eyes within three seconds and started breathing evenly and serenely...

The little crow's claws twitched: "..."

Ancestor, weren't you supposed to be a principled deity!

Chapter 108: The idiot who scored zero dares to skip class?

Xi Yuanshan didn't allow Gu Qiusha to tell their three sons, who were working hard in their careers away from home, about his illness.

Gu Qiusha thought about how she had already saved up for her daughter's college tuition, and selling her dowry would almost cover the treatment costs, so she agreed.

She couldn't sleep all night.

In the morning, when Xi Zuzi was leaving for school, she saw her mother still lost in thought in front of the dressing table. Those pieces of jewelry were once her treasures in her youth, and now they were packed in bags, waiting for the second-hand dealer to come and buy them cheaply.

Especially an emerald bracelet, a coming-of-age gift from Gu Yuzhi on her 18th birthday, that she'd worn for years without taking off.

She rubbed it gently and couldn't help but feel her eyes well up:

"It's all my fault for not being ambitious. Why did I agree to Yuanshan's request of not going out to work when we got married, focusing solely on the family?"

"If I had a career that earned money, I wouldn't have to sell my brother's things now, boo hoo..."

"So a woman really needs to have money, to have her own money..."

Xi Zuzi stood at the door, glancing silently, seemingly deep in thought.

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Qingcheng High School.

The entire morning was two English classes back to back, focusing on the English papers for the Four School Joint Exam.

The English teacher, Fang Yumei, was the homeroom teacher for the Nanshan Class. She was young, spirited, and a graduate from the Imperial Foreign Language College, with a very Western and fashionable way of dressing.

She and the history teacher, Xing Yue, joined the school at the same time, but she was clearly more favored by the principal. The fact that she could be the homeroom teacher for the top students class showed the school's emphasis on her. It's said that male teachers lined up all the way to the school gate to pursue her, but she wasn't interested in any of them.

Fang Yumei had declared that this year, the Nanshan Class would achieve the highest average score in the city and produce a top scorer in English for the province.

She hoped this provincial top scorer would be her proud student — the English class representative, Xi Ruzhu.

Fang Yumei's ambitions were so high that she felt teaching the East Sea Class, filled with underachievers, was a waste of her precious time.

She didn't have a pleasant expression throughout the entire class:

"You all are absolutely hopeless, couldn't even answer the highlighted points before the exam. Is your brain made of mush?"

"Even if your brain isn't sharp, can't you at least memorize by rote?"

"An average score of below 50, and there's even a zero!"

"The one who scored zero, stand up. I want to see what a pathetic sight you are, can't even write a single letter, dumber than a pig?"

The entire class was silent under her scolding.

Fang Yumei's gaze landed on the first row, at the empty seat in the middle.

Her anger flared immediately:

"Xi Zuzi! You dimwit who scored zero, how dare you skip class?!"

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At this moment.

The little ancestor skipping class was standing outside a lottery booth, looking at the notice stating "Closed for three days as per superior orders."

Her eyes showed slight disappointment: "Little rat, making money still has to wait for the right day, huh..."

Next to her, Wu Minghao scratched his head: "Little ancestor, there are actually many ways to make money, not just buying lottery tickets."

Xi Zuzi: "Oh? Let's hear them."

She just remembered Wang Laowu winning two million from the lottery; it seemed like easy money, and she hadn't really paid attention to other ways.

Wu Minghao was full of enthusiasm: "Like stock trading, gambling on stones, lending from underground banks... so many avenues. Little ancestor, are you short on money lately? You don't actually have to work so hard. How much do you need? I have some. My dad promised me 200,000 as spending money if I passed my exams. I can tweak the results a bit to meet his requirement, hehe..."

Xi Zuzi: "Not much, fifty million."

Wu Minghao gulped: "F-fifty million?!"

Even though he's a rich second generation, he's never handled such a huge sum of money, ah ah ah.

Chapter 109 Little Ancestor Goes Mushroom Stir-Frying! Overbearing Female CEO Comes Online!

The Little Ancestor asked for fifty million right off the bat, scaring the hell out of the second-generation rich Wu Minghao.

After holding it in for a long time, he finally blurted out, "I really don't have that much. How about I take the villa my dad bought for my wedding and mortgage it to an underground bank? I should be able to make over eight million from that!"

His wedding house!

If it could help the Little Ancestor in a pinch, it would be worth it!

Zuzi glanced at him indifferently, "What were you saying earlier, how do you stir-fry mushrooms? Can you make money by stir-frying mushrooms?"

Apparently, she wasn't impressed by Wu Minghao's small eight-million wedding villa.

Wu Minghao's heart skipped a beat, "It's stock trading, Little Ancestor. We open an account at a securities company, choose a stock to buy, wait for it to rise, and then sell it. You can make up to a ten percent profit in a day, that's called a limit-up. Hitting a limit-up is quite impressive!"

Zuzi barely concealed her disdain, "Only ten percent so little. And you have to wait a whole day?"

When could she possibly make enough money to help Xiao Sha keep her precious emeralds?

Wu Minghao's heart palpitated even more, "Cough, cough, Little Ancestor, the Empire's stock market is pretty strict. If you want to make quick money, we can try buying stocks from Continent A, which don't have limit-ups. You can also buy and sell on the same day, except..."

Zuzi: "What?"

Wu Minghao swallowed hard, "The risk is extremely, extremely high!"

No limit-ups also means no limit-downs, so it's entirely possible to lose everything.

Zuzi decisively clapped her hands, "Let's trade mushrooms."

Wu Minghao took a deep breath and pulled out his securities account in the Continent A market, "Little Ancestor, it's too late to register a new account today, so use mine..."

The stock account originally worth two million had fallen to over 800,000, and he had been reluctant to sell, waiting for a chance.

Selling off a hundred thousand or eighty thousand today for the Little Ancestor to have some fun was doable.

Unexpectedly.

Zuzi decisively said, "Sell it all. Change to another one."

All, all sold?

That was immediately losing 1.2 million ahhh.

Wu Minghao's heart was bleeding, yet he gritted his teeth and did as told.

Since he agreed to help the Little Ancestor make money, he would swallow his pride to honor his promise.

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At the stock exchange.

Zuzi, her beautiful eyes unblinking, stared at the stock information scrolling across the screen.

Suddenly, her gaze locked on a string of numbers.

"NA2173... All-in on this mushroom!"

The Little Ancestor ordered.

The trading hall was crowded with seasoned veteran investors and players.

Upon hearing this, they couldn't help but burst into laughter, "That trash stock 'Star Moon Wine Industry,' young lady, don't touch it. It just dropped fifty percent yesterday, probably headed for five consecutive limit downs today, can't you see it's all green?"

Unexpectedly, Zuzi still firmly ordered, "Hurry up. Buy!"

Amidst a barrage of jeers, Wu Minghao faced the pressure, wearing a mournful expression, tearfully buying up the entire lot of "trash stock" Star Moon Wine Industry.

In his heart, he chanted, don't get angry, don't get angry, don't feel heartache, don't feel heartache, stay calm, stay calm!

He only worried whether the Little Ancestor would be disappointed if they didn't make money today—

Feeling blue! Tofu cry!

Time ticked by, second by second.

Just as Wu Minghao was dejectedly thinking about how to console Zuzi after losing everything, suddenly.

A gasp of astonishment echoed through the trading hall, "Oh, the trash stock Star Moon Wine Industry is rising, the K-line is turning red!"

Then, a series of exclamations followed one after another:

"Huh, it's coming back..."

"Damn, it's up ten percent!"

"Damn damn, two consecutive limit-ups!"

"Three!"

"Four!"

...

"Damn, damn, damn, I want to buy now but can't get in, damn, ten limit-ups already!"

Ten limit-ups.

What does this mean?

This means an initial investment of 800,000 swiftly doubling to over two million!

The veteran investors who were just mocking Zuzi now all stared at this fledgling young girl with faces full of shock and admiration.

They just thought she was an idiot.

Now they felt she was exuding the charismatic allure of a domineering female CEO... a wonderful aura of wisdom and money!

Chapter 110: Genius Stock God: Little Ancestor is a Super Money Printing Machine!

The stock market in continent A is different from the Empire; there is no limit on price increases.

This means that a stock can continuously rise, going up 10% again and again.

But even so, people have at most witnessed the spectacle of three consecutive price limit increases.

The stock that Zuzi picked today actually went up for ten consecutive price limit increases!

Wow, this is not just a spectacle; this is the rhythm of getting rich, isn't it?

Who wouldn't want to get rich like this?

Everyone gathered around, whether it was the big bosses with bulging bellies, the sharp-eyed veteran investors, or the well-dressed star stockbrokers, all eagerly surrounded Zuzi:

"Little girl, how are you so amazing at picking this bull stock?"

"Beauty, please guide me on a stock!"

"Goddess, help me see if I should adjust my portfolio?"

Zuzi, with a calm expression, didn't answer and directly instructed Wu Minghao: "Sell NA2173. Now buy NA1218 this mushroom."

What the hell, such a profitable stock was sold, what kind of crazy operation is this?

The crowd expressed their regret.

Wu Minghao's hands trembled as he executed the trade.

The spectators also felt their hearts race along.

Who explodes with two bull stocks in one day, unless it's some monstrous stock...

As Zuzi bought the new stock, the K-line remained unmoved, neither rising nor falling, and everyone was more anxious about this stock's upcoming movements than she was.

"Bzzz...bzzz..."

A series of buzzing phone vibrations almost snapped everyone's heightened nerves.

Zuzi lowered her gaze at her blue-blood watch emperor, decisively declining the call.

However, within seconds, Wu Minghao's phone began ringing sharply again.

Wu Minghao hurriedly followed suit and also promptly declined the call.

It was a call from the English teacher, Fang Yumei.

Being a rebellious student skipping class, answering the phone now would be suicide.

Pretending to be dead is the way to go.

But just a few seconds after declining the call, the class teacher Zhang Bin's call came through.

Damn, Zhang Bin wasn't in the hospital to cut off a testicle with cancer, what is he calling for?

This time, before he could answer, there was a string of intense exclamations from the side:

"Oh my god, it's rising, it's rising!"

"Oh my god, ten seconds to hit the price limit! What is this monstrous stock!"

"It must be a godly stock, this one is even more impressive than Star Moon Wine Industry just now..."

After the exclamations, the scene fell silent.

Everyone stared wide-eyed, fixed on the screen, silently counting the rising percentages.

Ten percent.

Twenty percent.

...

One hundred and ten percent.

One hundred and twenty percent.

...

By the end of the morning session, the second stock had gone up twenty price limit increases.

Zuzi invested the 2 million she earned from the previous stock, and when she cashed out, after deducting transaction taxes and fees, it became 13 million.

Holy crap!

This isn't just a stock god; it's a damn super money-making machine.

The previously quiet trading hall suddenly echoed with a cry of lament: "Waaaah, was I blind or stupid not to join in buying this monstrous stock just now, too busy watching the spectacle I was..."

The crowd collectively realized later, beating their chests and stomping their feet.

Zuzi, however, looking at the numbers in the trading book, said wistfully: "Making money from mushrooms is too slow... might as well dig up a few wine jars..."

Wu Minghao staggered: "..."

So to the young ancestor, over a million in cash means nothing, really.

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Qingcheng High School.

East Sea Class.

Fang Yumei, with a gloomy face, gripped the phone: "What, Zhang Bin, you're the class teacher and even you can't reach Zuzi? This is outrageous, does she think the school is her home, coming and going as she pleases? If we don't teach this rebellious student a lesson, she won't even know her own name!"