

Big Shot 131

Chapter 131: Shyly Whispering for a Favor

Hearing that Bao Gucheng wanted to personally go down to excavate the coffin.

Chen Long and the others all became anxious.

All the subordinates knelt down in unison, begging, "We are incompetent, but we plead with Mr. Bo to think twice!"

The army cannot be without a leader.

Protecting the leader at all costs is their unwavering mission.

However, Bao Gucheng had already made up his mind: "No need to say more, prepare the hoist. Also, get me a pair of gloves."

He clearly remembered the small woman's gentle and meticulous advice through the window before departure: Don't dig graves with bare hands, remember to wear gloves.

Her words were always ones he had to heed.

A pair of leather gloves was handed over, and Bao Gucheng's long fingers slipped into them. After tidying up his attire, he tied the hoist around his waist and was the first to descend.

The subordinates watched, grasping their brows anxiously!

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Qingcheng High School.

Life in senior year is unimaginably tough.

Major exams, minor tests, monthly exams, joint exams, unit tests, mock exams...

Never-ending exams and rankings are routine.

The four-school joint exams had just ended, and right away, it was time for the city's second mock exam.

Xing Yue was very strict about studying, patrolling with a baton during self-study classes. If she saw students not revising, playing with phones, or reading novels, she'd immediately hit them with the baton without saying a word.

When passing by Zuzi's desk and seeing her holding the "Ancient Poetry Selection," she couldn't help but praise her admiringly: "Everyone should learn from Zuzi, read more useful extracurricular books!"

After class.

Everyone gathered around Zuzi.

Zuzi: "Want to borrow the book? Actually, this book is poorly written, many terms are incomprehensible. For example, 'to park and love the maple forest in the evening'... the term 'to love' is used weirdly, how can you love while sitting...?"

The little ancestor was earnestly criticizing.

Unexpectedly.

No one was there to borrow the book.

"Miss Ancestor, could you let us taste your medicine?"

"What medicine?"

"Just, the candy you gave Wu Qianman!"

"Oh, no."

The ancestor refused decisively.

Her Immortal Elixir was not for everyone.

The crowd became anxious—

"Miss Ancestor, please, just one piece, okay?"

"You see, Wu Qianman ate two pieces of candy, and now she's well-developed both front and back, pale and gaining weight beautifully. We don't ask to be that beautiful, just one that could make us a bit better-looking would suffice."

"Miss Ancestor, girls eat it to become pretty, so if we boys eat it, can we become more robust too? We want some too!"

Turns out everyone was eyeing the candy she gave Wu Qianman.

Not just the students from the East Sea Class.

Even students from the other twelve classes came in admiration. Throughout the break, the corridor outside was packed with people, those without fame couldn't squeeze into the front row by the door, let alone have the chance to greet Zuzi.

Especially a group of girls, who drove the boys away, shyly and quietly pleading one by one:

"Zuzi, we also want to enhance our poached eggs, like the ones Wu Qianman had, is that okay?"

Zuzi, resting her cheek on her palm, was quite puzzled: "Ancestor thinks poached eggs are quite cute, walking without burden, isn't it good?"

The girls shook their heads vigorously: "No, no, it's really not good, we just want a big, big, big burden!"

Zuzi: "..."

The girls' peculiar aesthetic was baffling to her.

The girls didn't stop begging.

Outside the door, Xi Ruzhu, holding a stack of English exam papers, glanced curiously inside as she passed by.

Upon discovering that everyone was asking Zuzi for some "enhancement candy," she looked down at her neckline and then softly advised, "Zuzi's candy isn't free, it can't just be given away. Let's not make it difficult for her."

With Xi Ruzhu's subtle reminder, everyone got the hint from her words.

"Zuzi, so you want money, right?"

Chapter 132: A Slap in the Face Comes Faster Than a Tornado

Xi Ruzhu listened to everyone's questioning of Zuzi and secretly mocked in her heart.

Sure enough, everyone wasn't dumb. With just a little reminder, she could make everyone see clearly Zuzi's greedy and selfish nature.

Saying she didn't want to give out candy, haha, she was just trying to create scarcity.

She understood this mentality the best.

She hid behind the crowd, waiting to see Zuzi get scolded by the classmates.

Unexpectedly.

The next second.

The female classmates started excitedly talking over each other:

"Zuzi, Zuzi, if what you want is money, that's great!"

"There's nothing that money can't solve, my boyfriend bought breast enlargement pills, spent thousands but they didn't work, if your candy is effective, I'm willing to pay!"

"Me too, I'm not short of money, Zuzi!"

"Zuzi, name your price, we can afford it."

Xi Ruzhu: "..."

The slap in the face came quicker than a tornado, she almost couldn't react!

Have these girls gone mad? Instead of scolding Zuzi for being greedy and selfish, they're actually lining up to give her money?

Even at her peak when everyone adored her, she didn't have such ridiculous fans.

Xi Ruzhu simply couldn't understand.

She was just about to continue speaking: "Zuzi's price might be very high..."

Unexpectedly, a sharp glance shot from the crowd, making her shiver, and she found Zuzi glancing at her, half-smiling.

She instantly dared not continue speaking, her back broke out in a cold sweat!

It felt like she was caught in the act!

Only to hear Zuzi say indifferently, "My product isn't something money can buy."

Everyone was regretful: "Ah, Zuzi, Zuzi, then how can we get your candy?"

No money? Then what?

Someone, unwilling to give up: "Zuzi, you really don't need to worry that we can't afford it. Last time Xiao Jinli praying for good luck for us, she even charged fees, one or two thousand each time. Normally, we also had to gift her new stationery, phone cases, snacks, fruits, and hair accessories."

Zuzi chuckled slightly: "Exchanging money for luck? Sorry, Ancestor doesn't engage in such undignified things."

Xi Rubao, who was mentioned, felt ashamed and unable to show her face.

Yes, she also had her glorious days, selling Jinli fortune for a thousand or two, everyone was eager for it, and she made quite a bit of pocket money.

She had never thought there was anything wrong with it.

But compared to Zuzi's earlier statement "Money can't buy my product" "Ancestor doesn't engage in such undignified things", inexplicably, she felt her own status plummet.

Selling luck for money was really, really too Low.

She glanced at her own unremarkable bust.

Feeling both ashamed and curious, she perked up her ears to listen to how Zuzi would answer, if not spending money, then how to get the candy.

Little Ancestor, helpless under everyone's repeated questioning, indifferently flicked her nails: "Do three good deeds a day. And then we'll talk."

Everyone took a deep breath: "As you command!"

Zuzi is really unlike those seductive sluts.

Things that can be bought with money are not rare at all. Ancestor asked them to do three good deeds a day, and they all felt they had immediately become more high-level!

Only Xi Rubao still foolishly asked Wu Minghao: "Fatty, did you hear what Zuzi said about doing three good deeds a day? What does it mean?"

Being the only boy not squeezed out of the class, Wu Minghao profoundly answered: "Day means day. Do means do. Three good deeds means three good deeds!"

Xi Rubao: "..."

Alright, both of us are idiots, better ask someone else.

Watching as Zuzi was being treated like the moon surrounded by stars, where every word she spoke was dissected for long and treated as holy decree, Xi Ruzhu's feelings inside were a complicated mix of flavors.

She quietly walked into the East Sea Class, and seemingly casually said to Xi Rubao: "Baobao, tonight my solo violin concert is at the Civic Center Concert Hall, I'll give you three tickets, share them with some close classmates to go together."

Sure enough, just hearing the words Civic Center Concert Hall, everyone's attention was drawn: "That place is so upscale!"

Chapter 133: The Last Ace of the Group's Favorite Character Setting

The Qingcheng City Government Center Music Hall, built by the sea, grand and magnificent, is the premier music sanctuary in the southern provinces of the Empire, and it has a nickname, called the Jinghua Banquet.

There are only two places in the country where musicians dream of holding concerts: in the north it's the Imperial University Central Music Hall, and in the south, it's Qingcheng's Jinghua Banquet.

"The last time Xi Langyue participated in the street dance championship, it was at the Jinghua Banquet. I was so excited just watching it on TV!"

"Xi Ruzhu really lives up to being Brother Lang Yue's sister, her musical talent is so impressive to actually hold a concert at the Jinghua Banquet!"

"Zhuzhu, three tickets, can you give me one?"

"Zhuzhu, I want one too, look at me, look at me!"

Seeing her solo concert being so popular, that cherished feeling of being the center of attention returned to Xi Ruzhu.

A smile naturally formed on her face: "There are too few tickets, and I've already distributed the ones I have to teachers. If I'd known everyone was so interested, I would have saved more. How about this, since everyone is so supportive, I'll talk to the staff and get you in to watch from the back rows, will that work?"

The back row means standing.

But just being able to stand in a place like the Jinghua Banquet is an honor in itself.

The expectant gazes of the crowd finally satisfied Xi Ruzhu's vanity.

With newfound confidence, she turned her eyes to Xi Zuzi and, with a gentle and poised tone, invited:

"Zuzi, you should come too."

Even though Dad said he didn't want Xi Zuzi at the concert, fearing she'd mess things up.

But she felt that such an outstanding performance without Xi Zuzi witnessing it and feeling inferior would be such a waste.

The violin is the skill she honed for over a decade, her best talent, and the last trump card in maintaining her favored persona.

That unsophisticated country bumpkin, Xi Zuzi, as soon as she steps on the scene, will absolutely experience a face-slapping, ground-hugging humiliation that makes her wish she could die!

Who knew.

Xi Zuzi calmly said: "Not interested."

Leaving Xi Ruzhu feeling awkward!

"Ahem, Zuzi, do you have something else going on?" She forcefully tried to save face, giving herself an out.

Who knew.

Little Ancestor was not someone to give others an easy out.

"No, I'm free. But just don't want to go." Xi Zuzi was very straightforward.

Xi Ruzhu: "..."

To make matters worse.

Xi Rubao pressed his lips, handing the three tickets back to her: "Sister Zhuzhu, I haven't completed my daily three good deeds today, so I won't be going tonight. Anyway, I often hear your violin playing."

Xi Ruzhu: "...!" Tonight and usual are not the same, tonight is different!

Hearing Xi Rubao mention completing his daily good deeds, the classmates suddenly remembered: "Yes, yes, we have to hurry and finish our tasks, otherwise we won't get Zuzi's candy. Sorry Zhuzhu, we'll support you next time, we really can't make it today!"

They had to hurry and find good deeds to do.

In the blink of an eye, everyone had politely declined.

Xi Ruzhu clutched her papers, her knuckles turning white!

This concert of hers wasn't just any concert, it was also to be her grand master acknowledgment ceremony, her stepping stone into the Imperial University Music College. By then, many very important, very distinguished guests would attend...

Such a spectacle, such glory, how could she enjoy it alone?

Fine, if you all won't go, so be it, but the country bumpkin must taste the bitterness of humiliation!

She had a way to make Xi Zuzi definitely attend!

Chapter 134: The Poem Sent to Mr. Bo, No Response

"Ancestor sis, what did you score on this ancient poetry unit test? Wow, another perfect score, no suspense at all!"

"Ancestor sis, I noticed your penmanship is really cool too. It's not standard script, not clerical script, nor cursive... what kind of script is it that I can't recognize?"

Wu Minghao was eyeing Zuzi's paper with its wild handwriting and prominent perfect score, green with envy.

He looked up, only to find that Zuzi wasn't listening to him at all.

Zuzi was staring intently at her Blue-blood Emperor watch, like a delinquent girl engrossed in her phone.

She had sent a few lines of poetry to Bao Gucheng and hadn't received a response for a long time.

What could the boy be doing?

Really wish I could send my Divine Sense to take a peek...

Out of nowhere, Wu Minghao exclaimed again, "Wow, Mr. Gu skipped class again! Ever since the health check yesterday, he's been ditching classes, right? Where's he off to play now? Isn't he afraid of Teacher Xing's little whip?"

Zuzi glanced lazily at the completely empty seat next to her.

Then lazily replied, "Went to dig graves."

The little brat doesn't fear evil and insisted on going, can't be stopped.

Does he think just because he carries Bao Gucheng's sinister aura, he can roam around gravesites unscathed?

Wu Minghao shivered, "Oh man, who knew Mr. Gu had a hobby of grave digging? Those young masters from the capital really know how to play."

Saying this, he sneakily whispered some gossip to Zuzi, "Ancestor sis, did you know Xi Ruzhu invited you all to a concert today and no one paid her any mind? She shamelessly asked the homeroom teachers of every class she invited to bring students to support her. Good thing our Teacher Xing is bold, directly refused, saying we have to study and have no time!"

Zuzi looked at him with a faint smile, "Do you regret not going?"

Wu Minghao: "Ugh! That drama queen annoys me just looking at her. I already made plans with my buddy to help grandmas cross the street after school, we're aiming to do three good deeds a day!"

Zuzi nodded slightly, "Good words, good deeds, persistence is key."

Just then, Gu Qiusha's call came in—

"Zuzi dear, relax tonight and come with mom somewhere, okay?"

"Can I not go?"

"Oh, without you, mom feels like she's missing a piece; not having the whole family together feels uncomfortable..."

"It's okay Xiao Sha, you still have other favorite people."

"No, Zuzi dear, you're an irreplaceable piece! Zuzi, are you annoyed because you think mom's too dumb? Lately, whatever I do goes wrong, I'm always being criticized in the hospital, maybe it's because I've been a housewife too long and am out of touch with society..."

As Gu Qiusha spoke, she couldn't help but choke up with tears.

Zuzi pinched her brow and said to Wu Minghao, "Seems like we absolutely have to appreciate the drama queen's performance."

Xi Ruzhu even factored Gu Qiusha into her plans.

She naturally couldn't let Xiao Sha be put in a tough spot.

But, the Ancestor reluctantly went along; the drama queen better not regret it.

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Jinghua Banquet Music Hall.

A red carpet was laid out at the entrance, arches of flowers were set up in layers, the scene livelier than a Qingcheng celebrity wedding.

Reporters invited by Xi Yuanshan were already in place, waiting to photograph the rumored music prodigy at what could be their breakout debut concert.

Xi Ruzhu, dressed in a Western-style white lace princess gown, gracefully holding Xi Yuanshan's arm, greeted guests at the entrance.

The first to arrive were the teachers and students from Qingcheng High School.

Especially Fang Yumei, who arrived very early!

Chapter 135: Did you leave your brain at home today?!

Fang Yumei wore a red tight-fitting low V evening dress at the entrance, shaking hands with Xi Yuanshan and talking non-stop, occasionally bending over with a coquettish smile.

Xi Yuanshan also smiled, and the sickly look on his face faded a bit.

Uninformed guests arrived, thinking these two were Xi Ruzhu's parents.

It wasn't until Gu Qiusha, who was busy arranging tea and snacks for the reporters, stumbled upon this scene and curiously asked, "Who is this..."

"I'm Fang Yumei, are you Zhuzhu's mom?" Fang Yumei looked up and down at Gu Qiusha, who was dressed loosely and without much style, somewhat snidely saying, "You don't care enough about your child, which will delay Zhuzhu. Fortunately, there's Brother Xi, such a good father."

Hearing the word 'father', Xi Yuanshan felt a peculiar itch in his heart: "She's just like that, slow to react, saying it won't help."

Caught off guard, Gu Qiusha was heartbroken to be criticized by her husband and an outsider teaming up against her.

She couldn't show her displeasure in front of guests, but she wasn't a pushover either, so she calmly said, "Teacher Fang, you've worked hard, wearing so little in the cold outside, please come sit inside."

Fang Yumei wanted to continue chatting with Xi Yuanshan, but who knew this Zhuzhu's mom was so oblivious, actually sending her away?

She scoffed lightly, waved flirtatiously to Xi Yuanshan for now, and then swayed into the concert hall.

Gu Qiusha pursed her lips at the woman's back, hmph, showing skin isn't anything special, I looked better back when I wore more conservative clothes.

After Fang Yumei left, Xi Yuanshan's face fell, and he scolded, "What kind of attitude is that? Is that how you talk to a teacher? Did you leave your brain at home today, offending your child's teacher like this?"

Gu Qiusha had endured several days of anger and could no longer bear it, she retorted softly, "That kind of woman is a child's teacher? I'm afraid she'll teach my child bad things! What Brother Xi, what Ah Mei, what does she take male parents for, fishing?"

Xi Yuanshan's expression changed abruptly.

He yelled, "You peeked at my phone? I didn't expect you to become a yellow-faced woman and still do such sneaky things, truly shameless!"

Gu Qiusha's face turned pale.

She never expected her husband to describe her with such nasty words.

"I didn't look at your phone." Despair overcame her heart, she was too tired to defend herself any further.

But Xi Yuanshan, out of anger and shame, insisted she had peeked into his private records: "How did you know about Ah Mei if you didn't look?"

Gu Qiusha really wanted to laugh, "Is it appropriate for a married man like you to call someone Ah Mei?"

Xi Yuanshan: "That's my freedom! You're controlling too much! As long as I conduct myself properly, you have no right to interfere with my freedom of association!"

Gu Qiusha's throat was too sore to speak: "You conduct yourself properly, do you?"

Xi Yuanshan avoided her gaze: "Of course!"

Gu Qiusha really wanted to challenge him, would he dare to now go to that so-called Teacher Mei, and say that he only sees her as an ordinary teacher! Would he dare to delete her WeChat on the spot! And let her be the one handling communications with the teacher from now on!

Just as she was about to speak, Xi Ruzhu came running over, holding her dress excitedly: "Dad, Mom, Mr. Huangfu has arrived!"

The words on Gu Qiusha's lips were swallowed back.

Huangfu Yaxian, invited by second brother Xi Langyue specially from the Imperial Capital for his sister, was a music master and also the dean of the Imperial University Music College, an important guest tonight.

Dealing with her husband was a small matter, neglecting the guests was a big deal, so Gu Qiusha discerned between primary and secondary matters and calmly said, "Let's go greet the guests first!"

Chapter 136: The Grandeur of a Superstar! The Prelude to a Slap in the Face!

Xi Ruzhu concealed the brilliance in her eyes.

This was her stage tonight, under no circumstances could she let her parents quarrel.

The distinguished guests were arriving one by one. This was the ostentation required to become a violin superstar, the prelude to victory, and there could be no unpleasant incidents.

She held up the hem of her white silk princess dress and followed closely behind Xi Yuanshan.

At the entrance, a stern-faced middle-aged man signing his name with a flourish raised his head. An overwhelmed Xi Yuanshan hurried to greet him, "Mayor Zhou..."

Oh my, wasn't he not supposed to be invited, or simply uninvitable, a figure of such stature?

He cast a puzzled glance at Gu Qiusha.

Gu Qiusha showed him no warmth, thinking to herself, of course you couldn't invite him, it was my effort that brought him here.

She didn't bother to explain the complexities and connections involved.

Mayor Zhou nodded and strode confidently to the VIP seats.

Meanwhile, as Xi Yuanshan was still in shock, a man in a shabby coat with a scruffy beard approached, "Is this the Xi family's concert?"

Xi Yuanshan held his breath, "Yes." Who was this big shot now?

Gu Qiusha gracefully stepped forward to exchange pleasantries, "Director Xiao Gang, thank you for making the trip from the capital..."

Director Ma Xiaogang laughed, "My junior's child is debuting, of course, I must support it. I brought my professional filming crew today to record the whole thing as if it were a movie, how about that?"

Gu Qiusha pressed her lips together, "Thank you, Senior Brother."

Xi Yuanshan's eyes were nearly popping out.

Ma Xiaogang, the leading figure among the fifth generation of directors in the Empire, a big name hard to invite even with billions, actually appeared at their daughter's concert?

Since when did his homely wife know such a powerful man? And even call him Senior Brother?

Despite his astonishment, he felt inexplicably a bit sour.

Xi Ruzhu stood obediently to the side, smilingly welcoming the guests while hiding her shock: Oh my god, Mom said she would handle the guests, but she managed to invite such unexpectedly high-profile figures!

Soon, Huangfu Yaxian also arrived.

As befitting his name, Dean Huangfu, though only fifty, was full of elegance, worthy of his status as a music titan, his very walk carrying a comfortable rhythm: "You must be Zhuzhu, Lang Yue told me you've practiced the violin diligently for over ten years, achieving masterful tone? I look forward to it!"

Reporters around were frantically taking pictures of this scene.

The teachers and students in the concert hall also gasped with unexpected astonishment:

"Wow, didn't expect Zhuzhu to attract such prominent figures, but she's usually so low-key!"

"It turns out English isn't her strong suit; violin is her true mastery!"

"Look how favored she is in the Xi family, it's like all the big names are here to support her!"

Surrounded by dazzling figures, Xi Ruzhu's face also shone brightly.

What a pity, at such a shining moment, that village bumpkin Zuzi hasn't shown up yet?

But it's okay, she was prepared, even if Zuzi arrived late it didn't matter.

Tonight, that bumpkin was destined to be rubbed into the ground!

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The concert started on time.

Xi Ruzhu opened with a challenging classic European violin piece, which earned thunderous applause.

Without pausing, she played three pieces in a row.

Seeing that even the musically untrained Mayor Zhou was listening intently, Director Xiao Gang was directing his team to find better close-up angles for her, and of course, there was Dean Huangfu nodding in satisfaction.

She knew, tonight was a success.

As her gaze swept over the audience, she finally spotted a simple white figure just sitting down, having arrived fashionably late.

Zuzi, had arrived!

That lazy and carefree demeanor, that free and graceful gait, made Xi Ruzhu both envious and annoyed!

She immediately put down the violin and smiled into the microphone, "Distinguished guests, taking this opportunity, let me invite my family, my dear sister Zuzi, to perform for everyone! Please give a round of applause!"

Ha, ha, the country bumpkin probably doesn't even know what a violin is.

Come on stage and make a fool of yourself!

Chapter 137: Country Folk Couldn't Possibly Play the Violin

Xi Ruzhu had been waiting for this moment to arrive.

To highlight her own brilliance at the peak, in contrast to Zuzi's most humble state.

Just like back at the citywide English competition, her hoarse voice, like that of a crow, was overshadowed by Zuzi's stunningly aristocratic Old English accent.

But now, the tables have turned. Tonight is her stage, and there's no way a bumpkin like Zuzi could come close to a cathedral-level violin performance.

Forcing her on stage would only make Zuzi show her ugly side.

Sure enough.

In the audience, Gu Qiusha panicked first, desperately signaling to Xi Ruzhu: Zhuzhu, what are you doing? According to the program, it's intermission now; just play some soothing music. Why let Zuzi on stage? She's grown up in the countryside her entire life, how could she play the violin?

Of course, Xi Ruzhu knew what Gu Qiusha's signals meant.

However, she pretended not to understand and continued urging Zuzi over the microphone, "Sister Zuzi? I can see you there, third row on the far left. Please don't be shy. Didn't you say you love music too? I'm willing to gift you half of this precious opportunity from my personal concert! Because, in my heart, family always comes first! Come on up, Sister Zuzi!"

Gu Qiusa covered her face with a long sigh.

Letting Zuzi on stage was too much to ask, if only Bao Bao were here, she could at least play something short, but unfortunately, Bao Bao went to help an elderly lady cross the street and hasn't come back yet.

What to do, how to avoid subjecting Zuzi to such torture on stage?

Instead, the guests around her seemed quite interested—

Mayor Zhou: "Mrs. Xi, you've raised two musical prodigies?"

Director Xiao Gang: "Junior sister, when did you have a third daughter?"

Music Academy's Dean Huangfu: "Oh wow, this child Zhuzhu is quite good, even yielding the performance opportunity to her sister, impressive. Musicians should indeed have broad minds and exchange with each other, not stick to their own ways."

Mathematics Problem Expert Zhou Huaxiong: "Eh? Little Ancestor, besides being great at math, can actually play the violin too? Interesting, usually math geniuses are tone-deaf!"

Foreigner College's Dean Tang: "Student Zuzi is proficient in foreign languages, and since the violin is a Western import, perhaps she'd also excel at it?"

A group of elites watched intently.

Filled with anticipation.

Gu Qiusha squeezed her sweat even harder, fearing that if Zuzi failed to perform, she might be emotionally scarred and lose face.

She nervously kept looking back in Zuzi's direction, deeply regretting asking Zuzi to accompany her today.

Even Xi Yuanshan frowned and grumbled, "Didn't I tell you not to let her cause trouble, why don't you ever learn," to which she couldn't even bother replying, instead, she snapped back, "Shut up."

She cared nothing for her sickly husband's feelings right now.

She only worried that Zuzi might feel upset and not be able to step down gracefully in public!

Little did she know.

Zuzi's reaction was entirely beyond her expectations, even leaving her dumbfounded!

From afar, Zuzi gave her a look: Xiao Sha, calm down, this is just a trivial matter.

Then she gracefully stood up and unhurriedly walked toward the stage.

In her plain white dress, she somehow exuded an ethereal aura.

But each step tightened Gu Qiusha's heart!

Finally.

Zuzi stood on the stage as well.

Xi Ruzhu seemed somewhat taken aback by her decisiveness and swallowed hard, saying, "Sister Zuzi, I can lend you my violin, but be careful, it's very expensive..."

She hesitated to let Zuzi touch it.

But who knew.

Zuzi couldn't even bother to glance at her violin, and said lightly, "This piece of junk, Ancestor isn't interested in using."

Chapter 138: Just a Few Hundred Years Old, Too Naive

Xi Ruzhu was momentarily breathless!

Her violin is junk?

Did Zuzi, this country girl, even open her eyes?

This violin was carefully chosen for her by Xi Yuanshan, a highly expensive branded item worth hundreds of thousands, wasn't it?

However, in front of the audience, she certainly couldn't argue with Zuzi about this; she just forced a gracious smile and said, "So, Zuzi, did you bring another violin?"

Ha, Zuzi, you're just pretending, I don't believe you can bring out a more expensive violin and play a decent tune.

I bet you, a country person, don't even understand what musical performance is!

However.

Zuzi once again did not play according to her script.

Just saw the girl in plain clothes, raising her white swan-like neck, her dark eyes casually gazing out the window into the sky.

In a moment.

A dazzling lightning bolt struck outside the window!

Everyone in the recital hall was startled. The weather had been erratic, with dry thunderstorms frequently occurring in the past few days.

However, seeing only lightning without thunder for the first time, it struck just outside the window, as if it intended to split the recital hall in two, was quite terrifying.

When they came back to their senses.

On stage, Zuzi now had an instrument in her hands!

The shock in everyone's eyes was no less than seeing lightning in a clear sky just now!

In Zuzi's hands was an instrument, entirely white, made of unknown material, like a snow Phoenix, with its head and tail holding several hair-thin and resilient strings, forming a very unique string instrument.

"Is it... a harp?"

"Or... a guqin?"

"Such a rare instrument, never seen before!"

The audience below was extremely curious.

Only Dean Huangfu had a profound look, stroking his chin, lost in thought.

Xi Ruzhu looked incredulously at the instrument that appeared in Zuzi's hands, puzzled about when the staff brought it to the stage. There was even a hint of jealousy that the country girl could get such a beautiful instrument, almost showing up her violin worth hundreds of thousands.

But then thinking again, what use is a good-looking instrument? Could the country girl even play it?

She said, "Zuzi, sister, don't overestimate yourself..."

Unexpectedly, Zuzi responded coldly, "Move aside."

Xi Ruzhu involuntarily took a few steps back.

Then, she saw Zuzi's elegant hand lightly raise, her delicate fingers brushed across the strings like the wind's reflection; it was impossible to discern how she plucked them. In an instant, the entire recital hall was filled with the resounding sound of the instrument, dense like war drums, gripping the heartstrings!

What grand and majestic music!

The entire recital hall felt ignited with passion, as everyone's emotions rose and fell with the rhythm, feeling as if blood would leap from their hearts.

It was as though they were in an ancient battlefield, witnessing magnificent mythical creatures soaring, with the golden spears and iron horses of the gods trampling the mountains and rivers.

How could such an exquisite instrument play music so bold and unrestrained?

All eyes were on Zuzi.

The girl in white, as pure as snow, held the instrument with both hands, casually and effortlessly, letting go with ease.

It was as if she was not playing the instrument.

But rather, the music was coming to her.

In contrast, Xi Ruzhu, stumbling to one side, held an expensive yet lifeless violin, looking dazed and wooden.

Both wearing white dresses, Xi Ruzhu's Western-style puffy ball gown paled instantly in comparison to Zuzi's simple and graceful white robe!

When the tune ended.

Zuzi lazily said, "Violin? This Western plaything, barely a few hundred years old, too tender, too immature."

These shocking words were even more impactful than the music just now!

Chapter 139: Snow Phoenix Zither! Black Jade Flute! Dominance from the Ancestor!

The people below the stage were momentarily stunned by her shocking words.

Oh my god, that's some big talk.

The violin is currently the most popular Western instrument, with countless parents spending fortunes to have their children learn it and take exams.

Yet this girl expressed such disdain.

Too immature? Too childish, dismissing the violin for being invented only a few hundred years ago?

Oh my god, where does she get the audacity? Isn't that disrespectful to Western instruments?

The audience came to their senses, erupting in boos, almost drowning out the earlier awe inspired by the music.

Xi Yuanshan sneered repeatedly, "What did I say? We shouldn't have let her come! Making a fool of herself and spouting nonsense!"

Fang Yumei coquettishly echoed Xi Yuanshan, "This Xi Zuzi really speaks crudely and is unpresentable. Zhuzhu's mom, your judgment is questionable, letting a poor relative embarrass your daughter. Did you even bring your brain today?"

Gu Qiusha: "...!"

Her anger almost tore apart the duo harmonizing their insults.

The woman outside having a filthy mouth is one thing, but her own husband adding insult to injury?

My Zuzi is not at all like you say!

Just as she was about to retort.

Behind her, Dean Huangfu suddenly stood up in excitement, his voice booming, "The girl isn't wrong — the violin is too immature compared to our Empire's ancient instruments, and not worth mentioning!"

Oh my god.

Oh my god.

Oh my god.

The crowd's shock was unparalleled.

Who is Dean Huangfu? He is the dean of the Imperial Music College, the very founder of the Imperial Violin Examination Association, and yet he denies his own violin enterprise?

This can't be real, can it?

But in the next second, Dean Huangfu, with a trembling voice, said, "Today, Western music is dominant, and I've been powerless to revive ancient instruments. Today, listening to Zuzi's performance has been an enlightening revelation, solidifying my resolve. From now on, the Violin Examination Association has nothing to do with me. I will re-establish the Ancient Music Department!"

The crowd was absorbed in shock, unable to extricate themselves.

What exactly did Xi Zuzi play to make a violin master break down and abandon half a lifetime of his career on the spot?

"It's the Konghou, the zither Xi Zuzi played is the Empire National Museum's collection instrument, the Snow Phoenix Zither," declared Dean Huangfu slowly.

Oh my god.

Oh my god.

A national treasure instrument?!

No wonder no one had seen it before. No wonder Xi Zuzi said earlier that Xi Ruzhu's violin worth tens of thousands was just trash.

It's not that violins are entirely bad, just that, compared to the Empire's ancient national treasures, they are truly... insignificant!

Fang Yumei still wanted to mock Gu Qiusha a little more, saying she couldn't even teach her daughter or manage her poor relatives.

At this moment, before she could speak, her face was metaphorically slapped!

Xi Ruzhu stood dumbfounded on the stage, stunned by the sudden blow.

How is it possible...

How could that bumpkin Xi Zuzi know how to play the Konghou, something she's only seen in musical documents, let alone the Snow Phoenix Zither?

It must be a coincidence.

It must be that Xi Zuzi painstakingly orchestrated this, finding someone to make a fake one and hurriedly learning a piece or two; after all, no one has seen or heard the Snow Phoenix Zither.

No one can tell if it's played well or not.

With this thought, she couldn't wait to speak, "Zuzi, since your Konghou... is so rare, why not play a few more pieces for us?"

She expected Xi Zuzi to decline, to show timidity.

Who knew.

Xi Zuzi glanced coolly at the people below the stage, where Gu Qishu bore the burden of abuse, nervous and worried sick, yet still looked gentle and kind.

Her eyes flickered, and she smiled slightly, "Very well. Let me show you something remarkable."

In a brief moment.

She surprisingly switched to another instrument no one had seen before.

The deep black color was highlighted with small exquisite black tubes encircling it, with a Phoenix Tail Whistle protruding, lending it a certain elegance and tranquility, more meditative compared to the Snow Phoenix Zither.

Xi Zuzi had just played the first note.

Dean Huangfu again stood up excitedly:

"The Black Jade Flute! Could this be the one recorded in ancient texts, Nuwa's instrument?"

Chapter 140: Is Zuzi a Poor Relative or an Illegitimate Daughter?

Zuzi took out a Snow Phoenix Zither (kong) (hou), and it still wasn't enough.

She casually brought out a Black Jade Flute (sheng) (huang) as well!

No wonder Huangfu Yaxian, who holds significant influence in the music circle, lost her composure and excitedly began to play and stand up.

This Black Jade Flute is countless times more prestigious than the Snow Phoenix Zither.

While the Snow Phoenix Zither can still be admired at the Imperial National Museum, the Black Jade Flute truly only exists in ancient records and artifact illustrations, a celestial instrument.

It is rumored to have been handcrafted by Nuwa, with no successors over the millennia, never passed down through the ages.

Although everyone didn't know the prowess of the Black Jade Flute, seeing Dean Huangfu lose composure, they instantly realized just how remarkable the black instrument in Zuzi's hands must be.

"Really? Something used by Nuwa, it must be incredibly precious!"

"Recently, Qingcheng Mountain has been excavating Nuwa's tomb, experts say even an ordinary wine glass there is worth billions. The value of this instrument must be..."

"Wow, Mrs. Xi, the child in your family is amazing, right?"

Gu Qiusa beamed with a motherly smile: "That's my precious daughter!"

The few Qingcheng socialites sitting next to her were stunned: "Your biological child?"

Gu Qiusa proudly said, "Born from ten months of pregnancy!"

She's most annoyed by outsiders falsely claiming Zuzi is a relative's child.

No idea which scheming person spread that rumor, hurting her sweet Zuzi's young heart. In the future, she intends to correct anyone who says it.

At this moment.

Fang Yumei's ears were buzzing, not catching Gu Qiusa's clarification, as she was completely overwhelmed by the array of instruments Zuzi was showcasing.

She had always been infatuated with foreign things, thinking everything overseas was superior.

Yet today, Zuzi turned Western instruments to dust and shattered the Western style she admired to pieces.

What's more infuriating, Xing Yue taunted beside her: "Oh my, our class's little Zuzi is truly exceptional, everything about her is stunning, even moving her fingers is otherworldly!"

Fang Yumei retorted angrily: "Didn't you say you'd never come, even if forced?"

Xing Yue snickered: "Yeah, I wouldn't bother with Xi Ruzhu's lousy violin, but Zuzi's performance is different. The baby gave us a heads up, so of course, the East Sea Class came to cheer for Zuzi!"

"You...!"

"What's with you, jealous that I'm the East Sea Class's headteacher?"

"I...!"

"What's with you, envious that I have such an amazing student like Zuzi?"

"..."

Fang Yumei was left speechless by Xing Yue's retorts.

She bit her lip and thought to herself, it seems Xi Yuanshan's family is genuinely wealthy, even a poor relative can bring such expensive instruments. Could Zuzi be an illegitimate child, so she is more favored than Xi Ruzhu?

Regardless, holding onto Xi Yuanshan is the real deal.

On stage.

Zuzi's Black Jade Flute, after nonchalantly blowing a few notes, wove a mesmerizing ambiance.

In contrast to the Snow Phoenix Zither's grand and stirring melody, the Black Jade Flute's tone was elegantly serene, effortlessly drawing one into a world of complete silence, where only the light lifting of musical notes fills the space.

There, the sound of gentle streams flows endlessly.

Countless mythical birds dance in the air like swimming fish.

Soft clouds pass by like brocade weaving in one's hands.

The faint cries of deer are heard near and far, while the whispers of a beloved one brush against the neck, barely audible.

So comfortable.

It makes one wish to stay in such a world and slumber forever, never waking...

With a "Zheng— —!"

The final note drew everyone back to reality from their enchantment.

Only then did everyone realize they had somehow stood up from their seats, swaying gently like children in rhythm with the music.

Dean Huangfu pressingly held his heart that almost leaped out of his chest: "Student Zuzi, is this... Black Jade Flute... a family heirloom?"

Zuzi casually replied: "No, it's just something to pass the time, the ancestor didn't intend to pass it to anyone."

Everyone: "..."