

Big Shot 141

Chapter 141: Shock! The Divine Artifact of the Arch-Enemy Appears Out of Nowhere!

The moment is now.

On stage, Xi Ruzhu, whose presence had completely faded to that of a human-shaped lamp, clutched her fingers until they turned white.

The more dazzling Zuzi was, the more Xi Ruzhu regretted it. She had actually invited Zuzi to the stage, only to be embarrassed.

Please leave the stage.

Idiot, get off the stage, just get off!

She begged and pleaded in her heart.

As long as Zuzi left, the stage would still be hers. She had to find a way to win back the audience and make everyone forget about Zuzi, so she could remain the favorite of her teachers and family...

She endured, she held on, until Zuzi gracefully put away her instrument and stepped off the stage.

However.

Zuzi had just taken a few steps when she suddenly stopped midway.

Resting her chin in contemplation, her eyes gazed thoughtfully out the window at some unknown point.

"Why hasn't that idiot left yet..." Xi Ruzhu's mind was a chaos, as if a cat was scratching inside, on the brink of breakdown.

The next second!

Intense lightning surged forth, splitting half the sky, as if about to burst open above Qingcheng!

The entire auditorium seemed to shudder thrice.

The crystal chandelier from the ceiling wobbled, flickering in and out!

Oh my, is this an earthquake?

Everyone was deeply shocked.

A moment later, everything finally returned to normal.

The crowd remained in shock.

When they looked again, they found that in Zuzi's hands was an instrument no one had ever seen before!

Crowd: "... " There's actually even, even, more?

Xi Ruzhu: "... " She tasted the bitterness of despair!

In Zuzi's hands, this new instrument was narrow and long like an ancient zither, yet its texture was unlike any common zither.

The body was made of jade, with jade silk strings, exuding a deep, mystical glow!

It seemed like it should be a heavy instrument, yet in Zuzi's hands, it was as light as a feather.

The zither even seemed like a living thing, gently caressing under Zuzi's delicate fingers, as if trying to please her!

"Heavenly Silkworm Silk! The strings are Heavenly Silkworm Silk, a precious green gemstone, priceless..."
Dean Huangfu's voice trembled with awe at the sight of the zither.

The others, lacking musical knowledge, curiously asked: "If it uses Heavenly Silkworm Silk for strings... then what kind of zither is it?"

Dean Huangfu, with a raspy voice, could not speak for a moment.

It was Xing Yue who, after a moment's thought, tentatively asked: "Could it be the... Fu Xiqin recorded in historical texts?"

Even she found it hard to believe what she'd just said.

Ancient Divine Artifacts only existed in legends; who had really seen one?

Unless, when this zither was played, it really could change the colors of the sky and earth, make all beasts prostrate in worship as the legends said!

"Zuzi, play us a tune, would you?" Dean Huangfu earnestly requested.

Zuzi furrowed her brows slightly, seeming a bit disdainful of the zither in her hand: "No."

She regretted acting on impulse to play a tune earlier.

Her rival's personal Divine Artifact had followed the melody of her Black Jade Flute to find her.

Yet the villain himself hadn't appeared?

Could it be his Divine Soul had perished? Or was there some hidden trick?

She had no mood to entertain these youngsters' requests, her mind full of thoughts on how to contend with her rival.

With a thought, she carried the Fu Xiqin in one hand like a cat carrying a dead mouse, and floated off the stage, heading out of the auditorium.

Now the entire auditorium erupted!

No one had any interest in listening to Xi Ruzhu's concert now; everyone wanted to rush out.

Fu Xiqin.

Even if they couldn't hear the legendary "play a tune to kill thousands", a closer look would still be worthwhile.

Outside the auditorium.

The night sky crackled with endless lightning, and finally, the rolling thunder roared.

"Boom, boom, boom—!"

Inside the auditorium.

Everyone's phone simultaneously received a shocking news alert—

"Ancient tomb on Qingcheng Mountain collapses tonight due to lightning strike, with heavy casualties!"

Chapter 142: His Face is Beaten to a Pulp

No wonder the commotion was so loud just now.

It turns out there was not only thunder but also the loud noise of a landslide.

Everyone was deeply shocked, thinking of the recent excavation of Nuwa's tomb at Qingcheng Mountain. Indeed, ancient tombs shouldn't be dug up recklessly. This is the Heavenly God punishing mankind.

Xi Rubao, who helped an old lady cross the street twice and came back again, sat in the back row and suddenly thought of Gu Jingyan when she saw the news. Could he have skipped class to dig that tomb!

She nervously asked Wu Minghao, "Fatty, do you think Mr. Gu fell into the tomb?"

Wu Minghao: "What, worried about your future brother-in-law?"

Xi Rubao pouted, "Not at all! I'm just performing good deeds, caring for a classmate!"

Wu Minghao didn't have time to deal with Gu Jingyan; he was all gossiping as he pointed to the front row, "Look, look, the big shots are fighting over Zuzi, hahaha!"

Xi Rubao was excited too, "Where? Where?"

[Indeed, a tomb-digging boy doesn't deserve concern.]

Front row VIP seats.

As Zuzi left the stage, the big shots couldn't sit still.

Huangfu Yaxian's fingers trembled, clutching his heart, "Fu Xiqin, Fu Xiqin, this girl uses nothing but treasures. I've decided, she must enter our Imperial University Music College..."

Before he could finish, Dean Tang next to him was unhappy, "Hey, hey, I spotted Zuzi first, and I was just about to report back to recruit her into the Foreign Language Institute!"

Huangfu Yaxian sneered, "Didn't you just set up an English competition? I heard the spots you're offering don't even interest this girl. What's the point of special recruitment if she won't go."

"How do you know Zuzi won't go, hmph!"

"Because she doesn't like Western stuff. What's so great about English? It's just a tool compared to our profound Chinese characters and culture, hmph."

"You...! Our Foreign Language Institute offers high scholarships!"

"Haha, our Music College provides big houses and exclusive practice rooms."

"Our Foreign Language Institute offers admission with lowered grades!"

"Our Music College offers admission without exams."

The two of them stood with hands on their hips, glaring angrily at each other, unable to resolve the dispute.

The head of the Mathematics Department, an expert in college entrance exam questions, Zhou Huaxiong, casually inserted, "Zaibo is a math prodigy. I've already recommended her to the Imperial University Mathematics Research Institute. Her talent should be used on high-precision subjects like mathematics. What's English or some musical instruments, just consider them hobbies. The main career should be to become a math expert and tech giant to contribute to the nation and leave a lasting legacy, only that matches Zaibo's talent."

He paused and added, "Are you all still dreaming of taking her as a student? How funny. I've already taken Zaibo as my teacher!"

That look was both proud and smug.

It made the other two so angry their beards seemed to smoke.

The three old men argued openly in the concert hall, doing their utmost to recruit her.

The audience in the concert hall was left stunned.

Meanwhile, on stage, holding her violin, ready to regroup and restore her position as the center of attention, Xi Ruzhu was left tearful and speechless.

No one wanted to continue listening to her play the violin.

All the big shots were fighting over Zuzi, the audience was watching the show, and the rest were checking news about the tomb excavation gossip... In short, not a single person cared about her.

The solo concert she had meticulously prepared for over a year was wasted just like that.

She stood pitifully on the stage.

Unseen, her face had turned into a sieve.

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Zuzi carried her Fu Xiqin and left the concert hall.

Walking to a secluded place.

Her lazy expression suddenly turned cold.

She tossed the Fu Xiqin into the air, and with a long finger, cast a spell in the void.

The Fu Xiqin was instantly like a pitiful creature held by the throat, hanging upside down under the sky, "Cough cough, little ancestor, Qin Qin hurts!"

Zuzi remained unmoved, "Speak. Where is he?"

Chapter 143: Fu Xi's Divine Artifact is incredibly obedient in her hands!

Xi Zuzi rarely acts so cold.

Honestly, when your enemy's Divine Artifact appears, it's hard to keep the peace.

The Fu Xiqin is a Spiritual Energy-infused artifact. Since it found me, its owner, Emperor Fu Xi, will soon sense my location and come after me.

I must strike first to gain the upper hand.

However.

Faced with interrogation, the Fu Xiqin pitifully surrendered: "Little Ancestor, wasn't my master tricked by you and died ten thousand years ago? Qin Qin has been masterless and adrift for these ten thousand years, so pitiful. I finally heard your melody today, Little Ancestor, and got so excited that I bounced all the way from the East Sea, tumbling miserably several times along the way... You must take me in..."

What?

He died?

Xi Zuzi was startled.

Before she went into slumber back then, she indeed set a trap for her rival, intending to severely cripple him and rid herself of him completely.

But honestly, she wasn't entirely sure she could finish him off.

After all, Emperor Fu Xi is the Unbreakable God.

It's not that easy for a Divine Soul to perish.

Xi Zuzi narrowed her Phoenix Eyes slightly: "You know the consequences of lying to me, hm?"

The little crow also glared fiercely, opening its mouth to peck hard at the strings: "Lying to the Ancestor is asking for death!"

The Fu Xiqin nodded vigorously: "Mm-mm-mm, Little Ancestor, Qin Qin is an honest kid, dare not lie to you! Ouch, Brother Jin, it hurts!"

Oh my, this Little Ancestor was troublesome enough ten thousand years ago. Now, even with her Immortal Soul possessing a human body, her aura hasn't diminished at all. One glance is enough to remind him of how terrifying it was being toyed and handled by her back in the day.

Xi Zuzi found it hard to decide if this guy was telling the truth.

However, lies don't last long. If Fu Xi is still around, he will show up sooner or later.

She hesitated for a moment: "You may leave."

The Fu Xiqin was momentarily stunned before wrapping itself tightly around the Ancestor's leg with a cry: "Little Ancestor, don't abandon Qin Qin. The ten thousand years of wandering were too hard, baby doesn't want to live as just a lonely Qin anymore. Please take me in?"

Saying this, he was afraid Xi Zuzi might disagree.

He even voluntarily shrank to the size of a thumb, like those little abacus keychains you find in stationery stores for five bucks each.

Who would have thought this was once the ancient Divine Artifact capable of sweeping armies and destroying heavens?

Xi Zuzi: "... " This rival's Divine Artifact is shameless enough.

Little Crow: "... " Humph, you want to stick around and compete for the Ancestor with me?

The little crow leaped forward, clawing the mini Fu Xiqin outward: "Ancestor has no time for you."

The Fu Xiqin whimpered: "Ouch, Brother Jin, that hurts!"

The little crow twitched: "... " Damn, you're a male Qin, hurting my arse.

Xi Zuzi rubbed her forehead: "Enough. Xiao Jin, you take him."

The little crow begrudgingly clipped the Fu Xiqin keychain to its waist: "Behave yourself!"

The Fu Xiqin: "Mm-mm, Brother Jin, Qin bro is very obedient."

Little Crow: "Don't call me bro, Ancestor hates all that bro stuff, you know it."

The Fu Xiqin: "Mm, okay Brother Jin. Long time no see, you're really handsome, except your golden feathers seem all gone, just pitch black now? Ouch, stop hitting me! My Spiritual Energy is low, it really hurts..."

"Brother Jin, I haven't talked to anyone in ten thousand years, let's chat."

"You don't want to talk? It's fine, I'll talk, and you just listen."

"Ouch, did you know our master died a horrible death back then, decapitated, blood spilled into the East Sea, turning half the sea red, you can still see it red at the deepest point of the East Sea Trench now!..."

Little Crow: "..."

Help! Ancestor!

Can we toss this noisy guy out!

Emperor Fu Xi, such a cool guy, how did he ever keep such a yappy Spiritual Pet.

Chapter 144: Ancestor, my brother is dead, do you feel heartache?

Xi Zuzi was momentarily stunned.

Decapitation?

Blood spilled in the East Sea?

Did Fu Xi really die so tragically?

A vague, indescribable emotion swept across her heart, as if the long-tensioned heartstrings finally relaxed, yet tightened again the next moment.

She could easily predict the life and death of humans, but she couldn't foresee Fu Xi's fate.

If the plan she set up before sleeping for ten thousand years indeed included Fu Xi, then he would die an ugly death.

The little crow quietly asked, "Ancestor, do you feel heartache?"

After all, he is still your brother, right?

No matter if it's a love-hate relationship, there must be some emotion, right?

Xi Zuzi pursed her lips at the words.

A breeze brushed her face, and she replied calmly, "If he hadn't died, the one bleeding would have been me, the Ancestor."

The little crow's claws twitched.

An emotionless Ancestor, Jinjin feels like you're driving but has no evidence!

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In the concert hall.

The bickering bigwigs, discontent, were preparing to showcase their Divine Skills and head to the capital to scavenge resources to continue fighting for people.

Xi Zuzi and the bigwigs had left, and the audience, losing interest, also scattered.

Soon, only a few scattered people, including Xi Yuanshan, were left in the concert hall.

Even Gu Qiusha was thinking about Xi Zuzi as she walked out.

Xi Ruzhu called from the stage, "Mom..."

Gu Qiusha paused and looked back with complicated eyes, "Zhuzhu, why were you so insistent on having Zuzi go on stage just now? What were you thinking?"

Even though she desperately signaled her, she couldn't stop it.

Although in the end, Zuzi handled it with ease and amazed everyone.

But what if Zuzi didn't know how to play any instruments? What if???

As a mother, even such a one in ten thousand chance, she didn't want to see her child's self-respect get hurt.

Xi Ruzhu bit her lip, eyes moist, "Mom, I really just wanted to share the glory of tonight with my sister Zuzi... I didn't expect, I didn't expect she cared nothing for my future, one piece after another..."

Gu Qiusha took a deep breath and abruptly interrupted her, "Enough. I have eyes, I can see. I didn't bring my brain here."

Xi Ruzhu was about to cry, "Mom, don't misunderstand me..."

As expected, that fool Xi Zuzi is the biological child.

At the critical moment, Gu Qiusha still favored her biological child and disliked her, the adopted daughter!

Xi Ruzhu felt both hurt and angry.

She glanced at Xi Yuanshan, who had just seen Fang Yumei out and hurried after Gu Qiusha, without much time to speak more with Xi Ruzhu, "Zhuzhu, too many surprises tonight, I'll talk to you later, be good, don't be upset, we'll have a chance for another concert."

Dad, as always, pampered her, making her slightly at ease.

With tears in her eyes, she agreed.

Looking at the now empty concert hall, she couldn't help but want to cry out loud again.

How did she end up in this situation, from being a cherished one among flowers?

It's all because of that village bumpkin Xi Zuzi...

For her to turn the tables, only if Xi Zuzi committed some enormous blunder, making her unwelcome in the family, would she have the chance to return to the pampered days!

Let her think, what could Xi Zuzi do that would make this family unable to tolerate her?

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Gu Qiusha didn't take the driver's car, burdened with thoughts, she walked home.

After a short walk, Xi Yuanshan caught up from behind.

"Sha Sha..."

He called out, somewhat like when they were in love.

Although they hadn't really been in love back then.

The child came about in a bewildered manner, and under strong opposition from both parents, they got married.

Gu Qiusha said sullenly, "Didn't you go to see off the female teacher? Why are you here?"

Xi Yuanshan coughed, "I listened to you and deleted her WeChat in front of her." He handed over his phone.

Gu Qiusha was a bit surprised.

But with a quick glance, she saw he really did delete Fang Yumei from his contacts.

She pressed her lips, saying nothing.

Xi Yuanshan eagerly said, "Sha Sha, don't be angry. Can you and Zuzi discuss..."

Gu Qiusha frowned, "Discuss what?"

Chapter 145 Shameless Demand. Mr. Bo is in trouble!

Xi Yuanshan dressed in a suit tonight, even taking the effort to tidy his hair to mask the signs of illness.

He still looked like that successful businessman.

But as soon as he spoke, Gu Qiusha was overwhelmed with disappointment, feeling as if she no longer knew the man in front of her—

"Sha Sha, can you discuss with Zuzi about choosing one of her violins to sell?"

Gu Qiusha was incredulous: "Asking Zuzi to sell her treasures? Xi Yuanshan, have you lost your mind?"

"Sha Sha, calm down. I'm not asking her to sell all of them, just one is enough. Look at our financial state now; all the company's funds are tied up in business and can't be retrieved for the moment. I don't want you to be so stressed each day worrying about money. If Zuzi is willing to help the family a little..."

Gu Qishu angrily interrupted him: "Xi Yuanshan, don't you dare! To even think about your daughter's belongings, how shameless can you be? I am truly... so disappointed in you!"

Xi Yuanshan was a bit displeased too: "I'm not asking her to sell them all, just one. Is that such a big deal to you?"

Gu Qishu's face was full of disappointment.

Just moments ago, seeing him delete Fang Yumei's WeChat, proactively seeking reconciliation, she thought maybe his mind had cleared a bit.

Now it seemed his mind was beyond help, utterly incurable!

"It is a big deal! Even a vicious tiger will not eat its cubs, yet you covet your daughter's treasures. Xi Yuanshan, get as far away as you can!"

Gu Qishu shouted hysterically.

She had never been this angry before!

Watching Gu Qishu furiously reject him and storm out, Xi Yuanshan disdainfully said, "Really unreasonable. Older women don't understand tenderness, always acting like a tigress, totally affecting one's mood for recuperation."

He got into his private car and took out his phone.

Sliding open WeChat, a grin immediately appeared on his face.

A contact named "Qingcheng Apartment Sales Office Salesperson No. 1" was messaging him:

"Boss, would you have time to view a property tonight? If not, I could bring the pictures to you."

"Boss, do you like a three-bedroom or a four-bedroom?"

"Hehe, Brother Xi, does my new name sound nice?"

See, young women are so understanding.

Feeling entirely at ease, he replied to the renamed Fang Yumei: "Come to the hospital; I'll give you three rooms with one stop, four entries with two stops tonight!"

"Oh boss, you're naughty!"

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Deep within Qingcheng Mountain.

The valley after a thunderstorm was a scene of devastation.

Chen Long trembled with fear as Bao Gucheng personally brought the last coffin up from the thirty-fathom-deep pit.

The man's entire body was covered in dirt; his gloves were completely stained black, and his arms were scratched in several places by rocks on the mountain, yet he seemed not to care, his gaze focused solely on the coffin he had unearthed.

A total of six stone coffins, identical.

Bao Gucheng paused for a moment, then personally opened the coffin.

Another sharp flash of lightning streaked across the horizon. In an instant, everyone saw the corpse inside, now turned to white bones, cruelly nailed to the coffin's base with penetrating nails!

Chen Long couldn't bear to look closely, his voice choked: "Mr. Bo, this... shouldn't be our brothers. It was six years ago that He Snake and others went missing during that mission. In six years, the bodies wouldn't have decomposed this thoroughly..."

However.

Bao Gucheng's gaze fixed on the neck of the corpse, the hint of a steel chain, his voice deep: "006, He Snake's number."

Chen Long was struck with a massive shock.

Only then did he notice, that steel chain buried in the bone crevice—that was their team's unique and exclusive member ID number.

Chen Long was 005; He Snake had joined half a month after him, so he was 006.

Mr. Bo remembered so clearly!

Tears gushed forth instantly; Chen Long, a man over six feet tall, couldn't help but kneel down, sobbing uncontrollably: "Brothers!"

Their brothers, they hadn't gone on any crucial mission, but silently died tragically in these mountains!

Bao Gucheng's lips were tightly pressed, and in the dark, his eyes swirled with a dangerous storm as he leaned over the coffin.

Wearing gloves was inconvenient for maneuvering, so he removed them, reaching towards the bone-piercing nail that had pinned He Snake...

In the sky, another bolt of lightning split the night!

Chapter 146: Has the Little Ancestor Started Missing Mr. Bo?

Bao Gucheng's slender hand reached for the spike that nailed the Si snake to the coffin.

That was once his subordinate, someone he personally enlisted, trained day and night, grooming him into a core elite, amassing countless meritorious deeds for the Empire.

In the end, he silently perished in such a desolate place.

And was cruelly nailed in the coffin.

Who was the perpetrator?

One must know that the Si snake's single combat ability alone could rival a special training regiment; ordinary people couldn't possibly trap him.

Moreover, the capabilities of the others in the five coffins were on par with the Si snake.

To trap these six people, unless employing an unimaginable... massive force or someone they wouldn't guard against, then the goal could be achieved.

Bao Gucheng closed his eyes; though his face showed no expression, his long lashes unknowingly turned slightly moist.

He wanted to bring his brothers home.

Cannot allow their bones to chill, left lonely in such wilderness.

His long fingers grasped the spike, exerting strength through his fingertips, suddenly pulling out the rusted steel nail!

In an instant.

Lightning split half the night sky.

The tail of the lightning struck directly towards the valley where they stood!

In front of everyone's eyes was a piercing pain, causing them to involuntarily close their eyes.

Upon reopening them.

Chen Long was taken aback as he found Bao Gucheng unconscious beside the stone coffin, still tightly holding that extracted spike.

"Mr. Bo!"

"Mr. Bo!"

The rough men's heart-wrenching shouts echoed in the valley.

The torrential rain, as if tears of the heavens, finally poured down after the lightning.

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The Xi family.

Because of the downpour, Xi Zuzi for the first time didn't sleep on the peach branch but instead was resting in her elder brother's room on the seventh floor, arranged by Gu Qiusha.

Bao Gucheng's Jade Pendant, belt, pen, and blue-blood watch emperor... were arranged in a circle around the pillow.

Watching this, Fu Xiqin clucked his tongue in wonder:

"Little Ancestor, is this your newly invented hypnosis Array?"

"Little Ancestor, I see those other pieces of scrap metal are worthless; only the Jade Pendant seems to have some history to it."

"Little Ancestor, do you like this kind of jade? How about I dig up a few from the master's grave for you!"

"Little Ancestor... ow! Uh uh..." How come I can't speak anymore?

Fu Xiqin looked pleadingly towards his dear Brother Jin for help.

The little crow glared angrily at a certain foolish Fu Xiqin who had been muted by Xi Zuzi.

Hmph, Ancestor doesn't care for your master.

The Ancestor's current exclusive favoritism is for a little boy, you fool.

"Ancestor, the rain is heavy outside, shall I pull the curtain to prevent discomfort from the moisture?"
The little crow attentively consulted.

Xi Zuzi had been somewhat dispirited all evening.

She waved her hand: "No need."

Her gaze constantly wandered through the French windows, through the waterfall-like torrential rain, reaching the distant, indistinct Qingcheng Mountain.

The little crow brought over the "Ancient Poetry Selection": "Ancestor, how about reading some poetry? Xiao Jin found a particularly strong one today, shall I read it for you?"

Xi Zuzi still showed a lack of interest: "Not interested."

The little crow felt puzzled.

Ancestor had recently been very fond of studying poetry, fervently curious and eager to learn, so what on earth was going on tonight?

It surely couldn't be sorrow over the adversary lying dead in the East Sea.

Then...

Could it be...

Missing the little boy?!

The little crow had an epiphany, smiling cheekily: "Ancestor, the little boy said last time, he'd be back to accomplish things in two or three days and would properly kiss you again. Xiao Jin calculated that he should be back by tomorrow, right?"

Fu Xiqin, being muted, felt utterly tormented, unable to partake in such big gossip discussion!

Little what boy?

Who who who??

Kiss kiss kiss???!

Did the master die, and has the Little Ancestor set sights on a new breeding object?!

Bigger, longer, and stronger than the master?!

Ah ah ah not being able to talk is killing me!

Chapter 147: Punching the Scumbag!

Zuzi looked sadly out the window.

After a while, she murmured, "He probably won't come back."

The little crow was startled.

What did that mean?

Could the boy just leave like this and never see his ancestor again?

"Ancestor, if we try to find another Spiritual Energy Warehouse as pure and yang as that one, it would be really difficult, wouldn't it?"

"Mm-hmm."

"So, Ancestor, why don't we take the initiative and not let the boy leave?"

"It's not quite right for Ancestor to lead in defying Heaven's Will."

The little crow: "..."

After thinking it over, it's indeed the case, from the first meeting of Ancestor and the boy, everything that was done was in accord with nature, Ancestor never forced anything.

This is the most compliant with the operation of Heaven's Will.

One would not forcibly change another's fate.

Once Ancestor defies the heavens, it breaks the cycle of cause and effect, bringing unpredictable consequences...

Ancestor being alone doesn't matter, but it's likely to bring ruin to the boy and his family.

The little crow thought about this and suddenly understood why Ancestor never forced the boy to stay by her side.

Ancestor's heart was too kind, too compassionate.

Liking to absorb the boy, she even restrained that.

While marveling at this.

Suddenly heard Zuzi mumbling, "Ancestor is waiting for an opportunity... If the opportunity comes, so what if defying Heaven's Will."

The little crow staggered and swallowed the amazement back.

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The Tomb of Nuwa on Qingcheng Mountain.

Scene of archaeological excavation.

A scene of tragic collapse, countless wounded.

Ambulances in fleets transporting the injured back to the city for treatment.

Gu Jingyan lay on one of the vehicles, unconscious.

Unlike the others, all the other injured had work badges, either archaeologists or workers, he was the only one with an unidentified identity.

The medical staff treated him like a tomb robber, no one cared about him.

Until he was sent to Qingcheng Hospital, the surgery required a family member's signature, and they had no choice but to use his phone to find a contact.

Five o'clock in the morning.

Gu Yuzhi, travel-worn, rushed to the hospital.

Having made two trips to Qingcheng within days, his feelings were complicated. Although this time was due to a midnight call about an accident involving Gu Jingyan, on the plane, all he could think about was Gu Qiusha.

The last hurried departure, Sha Sha hadn't sent him a message since.

He was deeply worried.

He wondered if it was true that persistent thoughts eventually yield echoes. After paying for Gu Jingyan's surgery, while waiting for the surgery results in the corridor.

He suddenly saw a familiar figure appear ahead.

Xi Yuanshan!

Xi Yuanshan was coming out of a ward, holding a woman's hand, very intimately.

Gu Yuzhi's heart skipped, thinking, Sha Sha hospitalized?

However.

When the woman's full appearance appeared from behind the ward door.

He was stunned.

Wearing heavy, garish makeup, dressed revealingly, how could it be his family's Sha Sha?

Yet Xi Yuanshan seemed very into this type, pulling the woman out of the ward, sending her to the elevator, hugging and kissing her at the elevator entrance!

Gu Yuzhi's expression changed immediately.

As a law professor, all his life he had been gentle, always reasoning and talking law in situations.

But in that instant.

Without thinking, he stepped up, directly pinning Xi Yuanshan against the elevator door, and threw a heavy hook punch at Xi Yuanshan's face!

"You shameless thing, what shady business are you doing behind Sha Sha's back!"

Punch after punch.

Gu Yuzhi hit without stopping.

Frightening Fang Yumei on the side, sending her screaming, jumping away.

And Xi Yuanshan was powerless to fight back, finally sitting on the ground, weakly wailing, "You Gu, you still have the nerve to talk about me, you came to the hospital in the middle of the night, intending to secretly meet Gu Qiusha? Have you forgotten how you swore back then, do you still have the face to interrupt my and Sha Sha's happiness?"

Chapter 148: Prepare Mr. Bo's Final Affairs!

Gu Yuzhi stopped his hand.

Xi Yuanshan wiped the blood from the corner of his mouth: "Are you feeling guilty? Heh, we're all men, who doesn't have some little secrets in their hearts? Don't pretend to be a gentleman. As for today, let's act like we didn't see each other. You do your thing, I'll do mine..."

Gu Yuzhi's fist clenched so hard his knuckles turned white.

Glaring at the scoundrel in front of him, he felt countless injustices were done to Gu Qiusha, and his heart ached millions of times. He slowly spoke, "I'm not hitting you anymore, not because I'm guilty. It's because I don't want Sha Sha's child to lose his father tonight. Besides, my nephew is undergoing

surgery, and I don't have time to deal with you. Break it off with that woman immediately, or I'll make sure you... break it off completely!"

He glanced down at Xi Yuanshan's crotch.

His eyes clearly conveyed the meaning of "break it off completely" in the latter part of the sentence.

He released Xi Yuanshan's collar, tossing him aside like a rag, took a deep breath, and turned to leave.

"Xi Yuanshan, not all men are as filthy as you! You're used to gourmet food but now want to try the taste of dog...f... on the roadside!"

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Gu Jingyan's surgery continued from late at night until dawn.

Meanwhile.

Deep in the Qingcheng Mountain range,

in the makeshift camp, Bao Gucheng was also surrounded by a circle of medical experts on a simple military cot.

These people were brought from the Imperial Capital last night to treat the soldiers injured by the lightning strike when excavating a grave.

Who knew, before the soldiers could be treated, the commander himself fell into a coma!

The experts were top figures in the medical world of the Imperial Capital, yet they were at a loss, having never encountered such a strange fainting condition and being unable to find any cause, they were clueless.

They could only watch as Bao Gucheng's various body stats continued to decline...

At this rate, he was unlikely to return to the Imperial Capital alive.

Chen Long was almost driven mad with anxiety.

He asked in the "Twelve Founders of Heaven and Earth" WeChat group: "Are there any other expert professors we haven't invited? Or a remote consultation would also work!"

The group was silent.

After a while.

Shen Hou sighed, "Even the president of the Imperial University Medical College, Elder Yang, has gone. I'm afraid there's no one more skilled than Elder Yang in the current medical world..."

Wei Yang: "The International Medical Organization, the Red Cross, does have some unconventional medical experts, but I'm afraid it won't be in time..."

In the heavy atmosphere.

Yin Hu suddenly said: "Have you contacted Miss Gu?"

Chen Long was taken aback: "You mean your idol Gu Shiyin?"

Yin Hu was a little embarrassed: "Yes. Actually, Miss Gu has an unknown alias, she's the disciple of the Red Cross president, has seen many rare diseases... maybe she can help Mr. Bo!"

Shen Hou: "Good idea!"

Wei Yang: "Miss Gu truly is the boss of Ma Jia, even skilled in medicine?"

Yin Hu: "If needed, I'll contact her immediately. She was just concerned about why Mr. Bo hadn't been seen recently."

Chen Long was about to agree, but suddenly realized something and hesitated: "No, Mr. Bo's trip to Qingcheng must not be disclosed, he gave a strict order. The doctors here today were all arranged by Mr. Bo beforehand, he never mentioned Miss Gu."

Everyone: "..."

That certainly makes things complicated!!

Military discipline is indeed strict, but Mr. Bo is in dire straits and it can't be delayed.

Chen Long closed his phone and anxiously paced in place.

Watching the various instruments connected to Bao Gucheng, all the indicators were declining.

Imperial University Medical College's Elder Yang had already solemnly announced: "Prepare for the worst."

Crowded with tears in his eyes, Chen Long inadvertently glanced at the dirt-stained trench coat and gloves of Bao Gucheng on a nearby chair... gloves!

An ethereal silhouette in a plain white dress flashed through Chen Long's mind.

"Wait a minute! There's one more person, she might be able to save Mr. Bo!"

Chapter 149: She's Not Interested in Money, Only in Mr. Bo's Body

In a flash of lightning, Chen Long saw Bao Gucheng's gloves and suddenly remembered, Mr. Bo had led the way jumping into the deep pit to dig people out, and he wore gloves the entire time.

During this time, the gloves became soaked with underground water, heavy and black, and must have been uncomfortable; he had advised Mr. Bo to take them off and use wrist guards or other protective gear instead.

But Mr. Bo just said casually, "No need. She instructed me."

Her?

Who is she?

Someone whose words carry such weight? To have such an impact on Bo?

The only "she" who had recently been around Mr. Bo, wasn't it just the female bandit, Zuzi?

At that time, Chen Long only felt he had a mouthful of dog food, and didn't think much of it.

Now, upon careful reflection, it was noticeable that Bao Gucheng fainted right after he reached the surface, took off his gloves, and directly touched the coffin's bone-penetrating nails with his hand!

The female bandit's instructions, though bizarre, illogical, and incomprehensible.

But damn, they were spot on.

Chen Long couldn't help but recall that when they couldn't dig through the granite while excavating the coffin, it was Zuzi who nonchalantly suggested, "Pray to the Mountain God."

As a result, a group of burly men who were never superstitious prayed earnestly, and indeed they successfully dug thirty fathoms into the ground.

Every prediction from the female bandit mysteriously came true.

So, since she knew the coffin shouldn't be touched, perhaps she also knew whether there was a way to save someone after touching it?

Thus, when Chen Long heard Elder Yang about to announce that Bao Gucheng was nearing death and that preparations for the end should be made, he shouted out in urgency:

"Wait! There's one more person, she might be able to save Mr. Bo!"

Elder Yang and others looked up, somewhat surprised, at Chen Long:

"Who are you talking about?"

"We represent the highest medical circle in the capital, no one is missing."

"Are you referring to someone from the international Red Cross? But they're serving foreign organizations, their identities are suspicious, and they're not reliable for treating Mr. Bo."

"The Red Cross president does have a protégé in the capital, if we could find her..."

Chen Long shook his head: "It's not her. It's Miss Xi from Qingcheng High School."

Everyone frowned: "Qingcheng High School? A teacher?"

Chen Long shook his head awkwardly: "She's... a senior high student."

Everyone was speechless: "..."

Even Chen Long found that introducing Zuzi like this was really hard to make people believe.

He could only raise his hand and swear: "This Miss Xi, although just a student, grew up in the depths of Qingcheng mountains, knows a lot of strange knowledge, and is particularly familiar with this area. All the bizarre things we encountered here before, she could solve them..."

The most senior member of the expert team, Elder Yang, couldn't help but shake his head: "Chen Long, she's not only a student but a mountain villager? Are you being so irresponsible to Mr. Bo in your family? I've seen these so-called barefoot rural doctors, they boast for money."

Chen Long shook his head vigorously: "No, Miss Xi is not interested in money."

The female bandit really seemed to never talk about money.

In comparison, she seemed more interested in Mr. Bo's body... hugging, touching, kissing and all that, ahem.

Elder Yang sneered coldly: "In any case, superstitious nonsense is not to be trusted, we must believe in science and medicine."

Chen Long's suggestion met unanimous opposition from everyone.

However.

Seeing Bao Gucheng's physical indicators getting lower and lower, especially his blood oxygen saturation level reaching a critical point.

Chen Long no longer paid attention to the expert team's objections, made a resolute decision, and personally flew a helicopter back to Qingcheng!

Even if he had to beg on his knees, he would make Miss Xi come for a visit.

Chapter 150 Why save that man but not him!

In the morning, the campus was filled with the sound of reading.

Having not slept well last night, Zuzi lay on the desk catching up on sleep, while the seat next to her was empty.

Xi Rubao rushed into the classroom and shouted, "Zuzi, give me a piece of candy!"

Zuzi lazily didn't even lift her eyelids, "Did you do a good deed today?"

Xi Rubao looked a bit uncomfortable, "This, this morning there were too few elderly ladies crossing the street, and they all avoided me, so I couldn't help them..."

The classmates burst into laughter.

Zuzi said indifferently, "Don't always target grannies. Do something within your reach around you."

Xi Rubao pouted, "Oh, I got it!"

Then she pleaded anxiously, "But can you give me a piece of candy first? It's not for me, it's for Mr. Gu. He was seriously injured and hospitalized last night, and hasn't woken up since... It's too tragic!"

Oh, turns out it's not for herself.

The classmates stopped laughing and began to see Xiao Jinli in a new light, as they had never seen her this humble before.

However.

Zuzi remained unmoved and said indifferently, "Just some minor injuries. Let him change his fixated idea that Nuwa is a frog before we talk."

Xi Rubao was almost in tears, "Huh? Still have to wait? If we wait any longer, it will be too late!"

You guys have no idea how miserable I've been these days.

Constantly unlucky, getting beaten badly by Zuzi.

Finally determined to do three good deeds a day, but still getting laughed at by everyone.

The day I secretly went to the office to withdraw the petition urging Zuzi's expulsion signed by everyone, I was mistaken for tattling and got scolded.

But unlike others who usually ignore her, Gu Jingyan passed by and casually said, "Well done."

You guys have no idea how touched I was!

Finally someone noticed my efforts!

Mr. Gu is such a good person, how can I bear to let him be stuck in a coma, sob sob?

However.

No matter how Xi Rubao pleaded, Zuzi wouldn't budge, "Stop wasting your energy, this is karmic consequence. Xiao Yan deserves it for digging graves. Ancestors shouldn't save people lightly."

Xi Rubao: "... Sob sob, despair!"

While everyone was watching the drama between Xiao Jinli.

Suddenly.

The door of the East Sea Class was pushed open violently by someone.

Everyone's first reaction was that Xing Yue came waving a little cane to whip them into studying. However, just as they were about to focus on their books, they saw a tall, unfamiliar man, dressed in camouflage and exuding the scent of mud and rain, storm into the classroom.

As soon as he came in.

The man headed straight for Zuzi, and pushed the weeping Xiao Jinli aside, then knelt down hard before Zuzi!

"Miss Xi, please save Mr. Bo!"

Everyone gasped together.

Oh my god.

Oh my god.

Oh my god.

What kind of respect is this that makes a grown man kneel and beg Zuzi???

Xi Rubao looked at Chen Long with indignation, "You, don't even think about it! Zuzi said she can't randomly save people, it's all karmic consequence!"

But in the next moment.

Zuzi looked at Chen Long with a smile, "You've come at a good time. This opportunity, seize it well, your master should thank you."

Although Xi Rubao didn't quite understand, she vaguely sensed something was off, "Zuzi, what are you saying? Are you going to agree?"

Zuzi gracefully got up, her plain white robe sweeping up a refreshing breeze, "Let's go. You'll make it in time if your big bird can fly within fifteen minutes."

Chen Long couldn't hide his excitement and respectfully led the way for Zuzi, "It can! The plane's fully fueled, even if it's my last breath, I can make it."

Xi Rubao watched dumbfounded as Zuzi left so readily and couldn't help but burst into tears:

"Why cure that man but not Mr. Gu?"

Beside her, Wu Qianman swallowed and whispered, "Perhaps, it's because you didn't kneel and pray for the Ancestor's blessing?"

Wu Minghao stroked his chin, "Makes sense, it's said that sincerity brings success, but even the Ancestors need a sense of ceremony, don't you kneel when you pray at the temple?"

Xi Rubao: "..."

But Zuzi isn't a goddess, how was I supposed to know I had to kneel!