

Big Shot 151

Chapter 151: The Cost of Saving Mr. Bo [1]

Chen Long didn't expect Zuzi to agree to his request so readily.

He thought that since he had previously suspected Zuzi of being a female spy and hadn't treated her warmly, she would hold a grudge and seize this opportunity to make things difficult for him.

So, he had not only planned to beg on his knees but also secretly brought a thorny branch, ready to publicly whip himself harshly if necessary—a real-life version of "bearing thorns for guilt."

Mr. Bo, to save you, I'm really putting everything on the line.

Yet.

The elaborate scene he had prepared had no place to come into play.

Zuzi lazily and casually agreed to save the man.

She didn't hold any grudge against him at all.

Chen Long was moved and silently vowed that if Zuzi really managed to save Mr. Bo this time, he would follow Miss Xi's orders for the rest of his life.

He was so excited that he turned up the power to the maximum.

Aiming to deliver Zuzi to Mr. Bo in fifteen minutes...

Who would have thought.

Barely half a minute into the flight.

Zuzi in the back seat spoke in a soft voice, "Xiao Long, you can't do it..."

Chen Long's hand trembled.

"Miss Xi, which aspect do you think I... can't do?"

"Your speed isn't adequate."

"Ahem, Miss Xi, to be honest, I started flying with Mr. Bo when I was fourteen, and I'm the lead pilot in our squadron."

"Hmm. So what?"

"So rest assured, my speed is indeed at the limit of flying... except for Mr. Bo, I should be the world's second..."

Chen Long was pledging confidently when he suddenly realized that the airplane seemed to be slowing down a bit.

He nervously checked the dashboard and saw, damn it, the fuel tank was leaking.

This was more than just a speed issue.

There was also a danger of explosion, ah ah ah.

Chen Long got so nervous that the plane lost control, rolling over, plummeting downward.

Howling ah, he had finally managed to get her here, and if anything happened to the plane preventing Miss Xi from reaching the master, he wouldn't die in peace.

He was collapsing in despair.

Yet Zuzi in the back seat just chuckled lightly, "Xiao Long, is this what you call the world's second?"

Chen Long: "... Oh my, Miss Xi, we're almost about to crash, and you can still laugh?"

The next second.

The plane suddenly halted mid-air.

As if it was being firmly held aloft by a cloud.

Immediately, with a somersault, it accelerated toward Qingcheng Mountain at an incredible speed!

Chen Long was so frightened he clung tightly to the control stick.

He wanted to see what speed the plane was at, then saw the dashboard... it was maxed out!

A speed beyond the machine's recognition!

A minute later.

The plane landed steadily in Qingcheng Valley.

Chen Long stepped down with wobbly knees, "Miss Xi, are you okay?"

Zuzi: "So-so."

To accommodate you, that was actually the slowest speed, the ancestor honestly doesn't think it's very good.

An expert team approached: "Chen Long, Commander Bao isn't going to make it, did you call the Funeral Master? It might be better to touch up with some makeup, we can't just bury him like this..."

Zuzi gracefully floated down from the back seat, remarking lightly, "Who said he needs to be buried?"

The experts frowned upon seeing such a pretty yet young girl, "Who are you?"

Zuzi: "I'm your ancestor."

The experts: "!!!"

Seeing Zuzi so arrogantly walking straight towards the barracks where Bao Gucheng was, the head of the expert team, Elder Yang, was very displeased: "Nonsense! Commander Bao's noble body cannot be trifled with by her antics. Chen Long, is this the boastful village girl you mentioned earlier? Why haven't you driven her away?"

At this moment, Chen Long was staring blankly at the dashboard.

It displayed that the fuel tank was at: 0.

Engine: Faulty.

Wings: Damaged.

He just wanted to know how he and Miss Xi managed to fly back, oh damn!

Seeing Chen Long's dumbfounded face, Elder Yang frowned even more.

He simply followed Zuzi into the barracks to personally expel her, "You, a country girl, are not qualified to approach Commander Bao..."

Then he witnessed an unbelievable scene.

Oh heavens, the boastful village girl was actually doing, doing, doing... such scandalous things to Commander Bao!

Chapter 152: The Cost of Saving Mr. Bo [2]

Yang Buhui was the dean of the Imperial University Medical College, and the number of dignitaries seeking his treatment was countless, just as he had seen countless difficult and complicated cases.

However, a mysterious fainting case like Bao Gucheng's was the first he had ever encountered in his life.

If even he couldn't provide an effective treatment plan, there's no way anyone else could cure it.

He followed along, not out of curiosity about what secret remedy Zuzi might have, but simply to expose her evidence of fraud.

After all, "exposing fraud" was also a specialty of master experts.

Through powerful "fraud-busting," they could better highlight how authoritative these prestigious experts truly were.

Yet, he never expected.

This village girl's trickery would refresh his worldview and shock his eyes—

Zuzi stepped into the barracks and headed straight for Bao Gucheng's military cot.

The guards in the barracks, armed to the teeth, didn't recognize her, and immediately tensed up on full alert, aiming their dark KP125s at her unceremoniously.

Zuzi didn't mind, actually waved a hand softly over the muzzles, with a charming smile: "Kids, don't make a fuss."

The guards: "..."

Their hands suddenly froze, unable to move or speak, only able to breathe, turned into human-shaped large toys—what was going on here?!

Zuzi brushed past the guards blocking her.

Came to Bao Gucheng's bed.

The conditions in the camp were simple, the spartan military cot barely 1.8 meters long, unable to contain the man's long legs.

She sighed, gently held the man's ankle and moved it slightly.

"Last time you were covered in blood."

"This time you're covered in mud again."

"Xiao Cheng, why are you so disobedient, not listening to your Ancestor?"

"Look, without gloves, such beautiful hands have been stained black..."

The barbed nails were very sharp.

Bao Gucheng, in order to allow the skeleton of the Si Snake to avoid further humiliation, pulled them out with his bare hands, exceeding the strength ordinary skin could endure.

His fingers' skin was cracked, blood mixed with rust and dirt, making a horrifying sight.

Previously, the experts were all busy analyzing the illness, checking various data, and no one noticed or cared about his injured fingers, or the uncomfortable way his long legs lay on the small bed.

Instead, Zuzi at this moment lingered over these details about a dying man, making Yang Buhui and the experts who followed in even more disdainful!

"What is she doing?"

"Does a country healer cure with words? What's the use of saying these things?"

"Ha, this is all a routine. Don't need to see, I can know this village girl is definitely going to fake something, pulling some Medicine King possession trick next!"

Chen Long was very nervous, afraid that Zuzi would be unhappy with what these old guys said, and frantically gave them winks.

But no one understood him!

Who knew.

Zuzi didn't get angry, just gave the old experts a faint look and pondered: "How do you know, Ancestor cures Xiao Cheng'er with words? Kid, you've got a bright future."

The old experts were floored!

Before they could digest Zuzi's shocking words, they heard her again with another stunning line:

"However, the Medicine King's wife doesn't need the Ancestor to invite her, she's a junior, if she knew the Ancestor was here, she should come to pay respects to the Ancestor."

You... junior?!

Everyone once again was floored!

Yang Buhui was so angry he felt a pain in his liver, waved people off: "You have no right to approach Commander Bao..."

But Zuzi turned a deaf ear, directly sitting down by Bao Gucheng's bed.

Then, she bent slightly, gracefully formed a spell with her delicate hand, and said to the tightly shut-eyed Bao Gucheng: "Xiao Cheng, I'm here..."

Without warning, her cherry lips fell on Bao Gucheng's bloodless pale lips!

Chapter 153: The Cost of Saving Mr. Bo [3]

What the hell.

This village girl actually cures diseases with... her mouth!

Yang Buhui's worldview was about to be shattered.

"You, you, how can you do something so disgraceful to Commander Bao?"

He questioned tremblingly.

Zuzi completely ignored him and instead focused on bending down to gently kiss Bao Gucheng's lips.

As if annoyed by the noisy crowd, she waved her elegant hand, and the curtain above the camp bed instantly dropped down from the ceiling.

The sheer veil was hazy, obscuring her and Bao Gucheng's figures, leaving only a faint silhouette that sparked imagination.

Chen Long couldn't help but sneak a peek.

Only to see the silhouettes overlapping at one moment, then separating at another.

Overlapping again, and separating again.

The curtain even swayed gently...

He sniffled.

The soldier next to him asked curiously, "Vice Officer Chen, why is your nose bleeding?"

Chen Long: "..."

As a vigorous man, witnessing this magical healing method firsthand, wouldn't it be abnormal if he didn't have a nosebleed?

Oh my, Miss Xi, Ancestor bless that this method better work.

And not be a case of taking advantage of Mr. Bo's body right before he dies!

Yang Buhui and other experts were even more dumbfounded, doubting their failing eyesight to see such a terrible scene: "This, this isn't healing, it's desecrating Commander Bao! Vice Officer Chen, aren't you going to stop it?"

Chen Long: "..."

Really can't stop it.

I was the one who invited her, so I can only, let her do as she pleases.

Yang Buhui still wanted to rush in and stop Zuzi, but this time, Chen Long went from civility to enforcing the rules, pressing a KP125 against Yang Buhui's forehead: "Sorry, Elder Yang, my apologies! Miss Xi is healing and saving lives, no one is allowed to disturb her!"

Yang Buhui's forehead veins were about to burst with anger, his voice trembling: "Are you sure she's healing? Chen Long, tell me honestly, is she healing or just messing around randomly?"

Chen Long swallowed hard: "..."

Honestly, I really don't dare to touch my conscience!

Inside the curtain.

Zuzi's clear voice came through: "Don't make noise, the Ancestor needs to keep at it for a while longer."

Everyone: "..."

Moment of silence.

Commander Bao might really be about to be killed by this village girl!

Poor Commander Bao, known for his valor all his life!

Zuzi sat beside Bao Gucheng, bending down to transfer a bit of spiritual energy to him, then got up to take a rest, Observing his reaction before bending down again.

The spiritual energy swirling around him, after being absorbed and processed by her, turned from extremely yang and pure, into extremely yin and gentle.

Returning back to him now, his pale face gradually regained a faint hint of life.

This was reflected on the instruments, as all physical indicator data were rising steadily!

Among the old experts, someone finally noticed the change in the monitoring instruments and shouted tremblingly in disbelief, "Commander Bao, Commander Bao's blood oxygen is returning to normal! Lung function is normal! Heart rate is also normal!"

Yang Buhui was stunned.

He looked incredulously at the instruments, then suspiciously at the curtain: "She's not only messing with Commander Bao, but she also intends to break the equipment we brought, right?"

"No, Elder Yang, there's genuinely improvement in Commander Bao..."

"Since there's improvement, why is that village girl still inside fooling around aimlessly?"

"This..."

Everyone looked at the curtain, and the shadows on it were still overlapping, separating, overlapping, separating, seemingly tirelessly.

What kind of obscure ritual is this, torturing Commander Bao for so long?

Inside the curtain.

Zuzi of course sensed immediately that Bao Gucheng's body and soul had simultaneously been pulled back from the brink of death.

However.

She didn't stop.

Having just transferred spiritual energy to him, the Ancestor was quite tired and consumed a lot.

Hmm, while he's not awake yet, better absorb it back.

Her cherry lips once again unapologetically pressed against Bao Gucheng's, prying open his teeth... Suddenly, she stopped.

"No... Xiao Cheng'er you're awake... ugh..."

Her hesitant little head was directly pulled toward his by the man's large hand!

The man who had been "messed with" for so long, started the king's counterattack...!

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The man's palm, warm and firm, guided Zuzi's small head towards his.

Their lips, already connected, became even more perfectly aligned, intimately mingling.

Unlike the fleeting, playful kisses Zuzi had previously experienced, observing each other's reactions.

Bao Gucheng's kiss was overwhelming, like an army at the gates, coming on strong!

The man's thumb caressed the long hair behind her ear, holding up her chin so she could better endure his counterattack, leaving no room for retreat.

Zuzi sighed softly, naturally closing her eyes.

The city's gates wide open, defenses shattered and abandoned.

Outside the sheer curtain.

A group of veteran experts stood dumbfounded.

Clearly, those two silhouettes had been rhythmically covering, separating, covering, and separating a moment ago.

How did they suddenly become so tightly glued, inseparable now?

"Has Commander Bao... already..." Yang Buhui couldn't help but entertain the worst suspicion; surely the rustic girl had tired Commander Bao to death, rendering him immobile.

Who knew.

From inside the sheer curtain, a strong male voice suddenly emanated: "I'm not dead yet. What, are you hoping I would die so you can use my body as a medical specimen?"

Heavens.

It was Mr. Bo's voice!

Not just the numbers on the instruments were rising, the man was genuinely awake.

Chen Long was brought to tears of excitement: "Mr. Bo, is the treatment finished?"

Bao Gucheng held Zuzi in his arms, gently caressing the soft, tender patch of skin behind her ear, and rasped out: "Mm. The treatment is over. However, I have yet to properly thank the doctor..."

Saying this.

He cradled Zuzi's face again, kissed deeply, deeply.

Chen Long: "...!" I'll pretend I didn't ask.

Everyone: "...!" Isn't Mr. Bo supposed to thank the doctor? Why hasn't he come out to thank them yet?

After a while.

A girl's gentle laughter sounded from inside the sheer curtain: "Xiao Cheng, don't make a fuss. My lips are about to break..."

Bao Gucheng's muffled voice swayed in the air: "I wasn't using any strength yet..."

The sheer curtain was finally gently lifted by an ivory arm.

Zuzi jumped off the bed, her rosy cheeks smiling, looking very much like a satisfied demon.

And Bao Gucheng half-leaned against the head of the bed, the buttons of his uniform shirt undone, cuffs slightly wrinkled, lips had returned to their normal rosy color, though his face still appeared slightly pale and tired, yet his deep eyes were dark and radiant, sharply gazing at everyone:

"Who was the attending doctor just now?"

Upon hearing this, Elder Yang and the others stepped forward with joy, thinking Mr. Bo was going to credit and reward them?

No matter what, Mr. Bo escaping death brought them glory.

"Commander Bao..."

"Don't call me Commander Bao. I have retired."

"Ahem, Mr. Bo, Elder Yang is the head of the expert team, we were all assisting him, the primary treatment plan was his research..."

Bao Gucheng shot a cold glance at Yang Buhui: "So, was it you who kept calling her a rustic girl?"

Yang Buhui was slightly taken aback: "Mr. Bo, that girl's actions were rough. Did she hurt you? It's our fault for not being strict, allowing her to sneak in..."

Who knew.

Bao Gucheng turned his head and instructed Chen Long: "How did you manage security, allowing these idle people to sneak in to treat me?"

Chen Long immediately stood at attention and saluted: "I acknowledge my mistake! I will eject them immediately!"

Saying so, he sternly glared at Elder Yang and the others: "Idle people, immediately evict from the base. Furthermore, it's best you keep Mr. Bo's recuperation here in Qingcheng to yourselves, otherwise, I can't guarantee your heads will live to see tomorrow's sunrise."

Yang Buhui and the others: "...!"

So they were the idle people after all?

Mr. Bo didn't even give them a chance to claim credit, directly kicked them out! Yet he kept that rustic girl by his side?

An expert tugged at Yang Buhui's sleeve, saying in a low voice: "Elder Yang, let's go quickly, if Mr. Bo finds out you declared him dead and even called the Funeral Master, I'm afraid you won't be able to leave..."

Directly buried in the green hills!

As Elder Yang and the others left in disgrace, a male voice suddenly burst into the camp from outside: "Mr. Bo, it's not good..."

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Bai Fei burst into the barracks like a hothead: "Mr. Bo, it's not good..."

Bao Gucheng raised his head coolly: "It's you who are not good. I'm doing just fine."

"Cough cough cough, damn, sir, you're awake?" Bai Fei was surprised and then particularly smug,

"Is it the ancestral wild ginseng I brought you that's so effective? It's eight hundred years old, just a bit on the tongue could revive the dead, make them shine with life again haha..."

Outside the door, Elder Yang and others perked up their ears: What? The master woke up thanks to the wild ginseng brought by Mr. Bai? That village girl must have taken advantage of the situation and fooled Mr. Bo!

They suddenly felt quite aggrieved and didn't want to leave.

Zuzi squeezed the ginseng on the table, her little mouth curling: "Eight hundred years? In eight hundred years, it should have transformed already, yet it's so weak? In my opinion, it hasn't even been eighty years, not even worthy of being used as fertilizer for my ancestor."

As his family's wild ginseng was being taken for granted, Bai Fei was just about to retort.

When he realized it was Zuzi, he immediately changed his tone: "Yes, yes, yes, Little Fairy! You're right, this worthless thing is useless, must've been a mix-up by the servants. Little Fairy, if you need fertilizer, I'll take you to the Bai Family's herb warehouse to pick whatever you like, eight hundred year ginseng, thousand-year lingzhi, you name it!"

Ah ah ah, if he had known the Little Fairy was here, he would have come over to Mr. Bo sooner, instead of messing around aimlessly with wounded soldiers, almost missing the chance to chat with the Little Fairy.

As Bai Fei was fawning, he didn't realize a certain master's face had darkened: "I called you here to medicate the wounded, what are you doing here?"

Bluntly issuing the order to leave, this is none of your damn business, get lost.

Bai Fei remembered the reason he came to report: "No, Mr. Bo, I've been using the Bai Family's heart-saving pills to keep those brothers struck by lightning alive, but they still can't hold on, it's not working..."

The heavenly thunder was too strong, no medicine could save them.

Bao Gucheng had awakened himself, but the brothers who came with him remained unconscious, his relaxed brow furrowed tightly again: "Even with the best medicine, it's no use?"

Bai Fei assured: "The Bai Family's heart-saving pills are definitely the best on the market, I flew a whole box from the capital at any cost for you guys!"

Outside, a dejected Yang Buhui finally couldn't help but speak up loudly: "Mr. Bo, since that vill... cough cough, Miss Xi's medical skills are so brilliant, why not ask her to save these brothers struck by lightning!"

He had to expose the village girl's trickery.

He couldn't just leave with Mr. Bo misunderstanding and looking so downtrodden.

Otherwise, when he went back, everyone would be saying the people he couldn't save, a village girl could, where would his reputation go?

Bao Gucheng's face darkened further: "This is not your place to speak!"

Zuzi could save him, he didn't understand the reasoning, but he knew she always treated him differently compared to others.

Moreover, if he had to let her use kissing to treat others, he absolutely couldn't bear it.

Even if... they were his most important brothers.

He just... couldn't bear it.

Seeing Bao Gucheng losing his temper, Zuzi glanced indifferently at the old experts outside, and smiled slightly: "Since you're so sincerely asking the ancestor to treat them, the ancestor naturally can't refuse. But, if I do heal them, what will you do in return?"

Praying to the gods, requires a price, you know.

Don't blame the ancestor for not warning you.

Yang Buhui was determined to expose Zuzi's true face.

At this moment, he didn't think too much and readily agreed: "If Miss Xi does have the ability to heal those wounded, I, Yang, will put down my golden basin and never practice medicine again in this lifetime!"

Everyone: "..."

My God, Elder Yang is quite ruthless, making such a big decision?

As the dean of the Imperial University Medical College, giving up medicine would mean giving up a lifetime career, and countless money and honor that come with his medical skills.

Who would have thought.

Zuzi pondered for a bit, casually playing with her slender fingers, and said: "Whether you continue to practice medicine or not, what does it matter to others? Such a trivial matter is not worth the ancestor's intervention."

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Zuzi publicly humiliated him.

Yang Buhui's face twitched along with his neck: "..."

Country bumpkin, truly detestable!

If he doesn't see Zuzi stumble over those wounded soldiers today and get punished by Mr. Bo, he won't eat or sleep in peace.

Yang Buhui ruthlessly made another vow: "Fine, if you really have the skill to heal those people, I, Yang Buhui, will cut off my fingers as a pledge, and never step into the field of medicine again for the rest of my life!"

Cut off fingers as a pledge!?

The other senior experts couldn't help but feel a pain at their fingertips.

They silently hid their hands, not daring to make the same vow as Yang Buhui.

Bai Fei let out a "hiss," casually teasing, "Elder Yang, isn't that a bit much? Aren't you putting our little Fairy in a tough spot? Even a miracle doctor can't guarantee to save someone every time, let alone from severe lightning burns that baffle the whole world. I won't let you treat my little Fairy like this!"

As simple-minded as he was, even he noticed the hidden intent of Yang Buhui, and wanted to offer a step for everyone to come down.

Yet.

Zuzi didn't acknowledge the step he offered, instead nodding with satisfaction, "Very well, Ancestor agrees with you. If a quack doctor can have this awareness, Ancestor will grant you a wish."

Bai Fei: "... " Sobbing, the little Fairy ignores me.

Bao Gucheng frowned deeply, pulling her hand, "No need for this..."

Though they were his good brothers, he remembered her saying that life and death are determined by fate, and one cannot go against it.

Zuzi smiled sweetly, her delicate hand reversing to grasp his large palm, gently stroking it, "Xiao Cheng, trust me, it's fine."

Bao Gucheng gazed deeply at her.

Her small hand covered his large palm, sending a ripple through his heart.

That indescribable feeling was the same as when she kissed him, a tremor.

It was as if he hadn't held a girl's hand in eight hundred years.

That soft and boneless tenderness, just a touch and he almost couldn't think, couldn't stick to... principles.

"Alright, I believe you." He swallowed, then sternly added, "But absolutely not with the... kind of treatment you just did!"

Everyone: "...". Cough, cough, cough, they hadn't clearly seen what kind of treatment it was just now!

Zuzi merely smiled without speaking.

Bao Gucheng's face grew increasingly grim.

The group went to the adjacent barracks, where eight simple beds were lined up, eight soldiers burned all over, unconscious.

After Elder Yang exhausted western medical techniques, and Bai Fei used the most expensive traditional medicines to no avail, the organs were gradually failing.

Zuzi walked around, observing the conditions of the few men before.

From the pocket of her white robe, she took out something.

Just when everyone thought she was going to take out pen and paper to write a prescription, instead they saw she took out...

A handful of candy!

The senior experts were startled: "..."

However, Bai Fei's eyes lit up, "I, I, I want some too!" The little Fairy's candy made him have a second growth spurt, growing a few centimeters taller. He's been hoping to get another piece so his little Fei could grow another ten or eight centimeters and stand proudly above others.

Bao Gucheng's expression finally cleared up, he instructed Chen Long, "Go get some water. Prepare to administer the medicine."

Zuzi beamed, "Xiao Cheng, you're being so good today."

Ancestor knew what Ancestor wanted before Ancestor even asked. So considerate.

Once again, everyone felt weak at their knees, unable to stand: "...!"

This country bumpkin, is she speaking human language, talking to Mr. Bo like that and not afraid of being beaten to death?

Who knew.

Bao Gucheng looked utterly indulgent, completely unconcerned, "Hmm."

After all, the disobedient part is unseen by others!

The atmosphere in the grim barracks.

The candy was ready.

The water was brought.

Chen Long personally gave the dying soldiers candies, one by one, to eat!

Everyone watched intently without blinking.

Although in their hearts, they felt this scene was truly absurd, how could eating candy cure an illness, oh dear.

Yet they couldn't help but want to see how the country bumpkin would handle this situation?

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With eight pieces of candy, all were fed.

The atmosphere in the room grew more and more tense.

The old experts' eyes were so focused they seemed about to pop out—after all, waiting to see someone get humiliated is quite an exciting affair.

Bao Gucheng always held Zuzi's small hand tightly.

Once he held this small hand, he didn't want to let go.

In this life, he had never known that a girl's hand could be so different from a man's.

He had served as a drill instructor personally training that group of new recruits, doing over-the-shoulder throws, climbing rope ladders... gripping the rough hands of those coarse men, all were full of bones, veins, and calluses.

A girl's hand, surprisingly, felt as if it were made of water.

He didn't dare to apply any pressure, fearing he might break her, hurt her.

He only kept it securely in the palm of his hand, gently caressing it, silently experiencing the soft, boneless sensation.

More miraculously, just by holding her hand, the wounds on his fingers caused by the extraction of embedded nails unknowingly healed, no longer pained him, feeling indescribably comfortable.

He took a deep breath, a trace of emotion hidden in his eyes, secretly swirling.

Suddenly!

Bai Fei's exclamation rang in his ears: "Whoa, woke up, 081 woke up! 077, do you want to speak? What, you thank Mr. Bo for saving your life? No, the one who saved you was the little Fairy!"

He called out the soldiers' numbers, hopping back and forth between hospital beds, incredulously witnessing a miracle in medical history.

"Over 95% of body surface with fourth-degree burns, organ failure, actually saved, whoa, little Fairy, you're amazing!" Bai Fei admired with utmost respect.

Bao Gucheng glanced at him lightly: "Watch your wording."

Miss Zuzi is someone you can just casually swear about?

Then, he turned and looked coolly at Yang Buhui and others: "See clearly now?"

At this moment.

The expert group was utterly silent.

No language could describe their shock at this moment!

This was an impossible miracle in medical history; if they hadn't seen it with their own eyes, they would never believe it—one piece of candy could bring someone back from death.

Even an eight-hundred-year-old wild ginseng couldn't accomplish such a defiance of nature.

Yang Buhui was drenched in cold sweat. He had always had a high opinion of himself, having almost no rivals in the Empire except for some old guys who had long retreated from the front line.

But now.

Such a young village girl publicly slapped him in the face, saving patients he couldn't treat.

And not once, but twice.

She saved Mr. Bo, slapped his left cheek; she saved the soldiers, slapped his right cheek.

The right cheek was even offered by himself asking for it.

Yang Buhui's voice trembled: "Mr. Bo, I, I apologize for my words and actions just now. Miss Xi is indeed the true national medical sage, I am ashamed."

Bao Gucheng snorted: "Apologizing is unnecessary. The words you said just now, fulfill them yourself."

Yang Buhui was dumbfounded.

He, he, he seemed to have impulsively sworn... to sever a finger as proof of resolution?

His hand immediately shook like a chaff sieve.

Severing a finger would destroy his medical career.

Should he really do it?

Couldn't he just assume it was mere words?

He raised his eyes.

Bao Gucheng's face was cold and harsh.

While Zuzi seemed to be half-smiling.

For some reason, Zuzi's faint smile made him feel more terrified than Bao Gucheng's cold face, causing his entire being to tremble.

He knelt down with a thud: "Miss Xi, I beg your forgiveness for my foolishness and ignorance..."

Indeed, he had shamelessly changed his mind, unwilling to sever his finger.

Zuzi simply smiled without speaking.

The next second.

A bolt of lightning streaked across the sky, a dry thunder rolled in, seeming to explode over the barracks!

Those who had been struck by lightning before all covered their faces.

"Ah—!" A miserable scream.

Upon reopening their eyes.

Everyone saw Yang Buhui rolling on the ground, both his hands bleeding profusely.

All ten fingers had been struck by heavenly thunder, collectively burned off!

The entire place was deathly silent.

Chen Long felt a chill run up his spine, suddenly realizing a terrifying question—

Yang Buhui wished for Miss Xi to be humiliated in public, and his wish came true.

So what price would Mr. Bo have to pay for coming back to life this time?!

He dared not think deeply!

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At that moment, Chen Long looked at Zuzi with eyes.

Full of both respect and fear!

Yang Buhui, whose ten fingers were broken, was carried away.

The awakened warriors, full of tears, thanked Zuzi: "Thank you, little fairy, thank you, little fairy..."

Zuzi casually waved her hand: "It's your own good fortune."

If one is filled with sin, even a deity cannot save them.

Bao Gucheng saw Zuzi surrounded by a group of big men, each one looking at her as if she were a fairy, and gradually his face turned cold.

He tightened Zuzi's small hand, pulling her to his side, wishing to enfold her in his military coat, securely keeping her from any man's sight.

He turned his head with a stern face: "Since you're all awake, hurry up and start rehabilitation training. The graves aren't fully dug yet, there's a lot of work waiting to be done."

Everyone: "Yes!"

However, Zuzi glanced at him in confusion: "Why is Xiao Cheng'er upset?"

Bao Gucheng's Adam's apple bobbed, and his long eyelashes flickered: "No, I'm not."

He turned and ordered Chen Long: "Prepare the helicopter."

Chen Long: "Yes! Mr. Bo, do you want me to send Mr. Bai and the experts back to the capital?"

Bai Fei protested: "I'm not going back!" He hadn't even had time to get to know the little fairy better.

The old experts: "Mr. Bo is indeed most kind-hearted, thank you for your generosity..."

Who knew.

The next second.

Bao Gucheng, without a trace of emotion, spoke: "Bai Fei stays. As for the others, walk out of the mountains and take the train back yourself."

The old experts were shocked but dared not to express any dissatisfaction: "... Mr. Bo, our old bones won't survive the journey on foot plus train, we might fall apart.

Chen Long, stifling a laugh, politely said: "I will help you purchase the train tickets, don't worry about not getting them."

Everyone: "... Is this the time to worry about train tickets? Clearly the problem is how to get out of these deep mountains without being eaten by wolves.

Only Bai Fei was cheerfully delighted: "Mr. Bo is really brotherly to me!"

The little fairy, of course, is worth everyone fairly pursuing.

Seeing Mr. Bo so generous, he's willing to reluctantly agree to a joint pursuit, each displaying their divine skills.

Who knew.

The next second.

Chen Long asked for instructions: "Sir, since the plane isn't for them, then are you..."

Bao Gucheng: "Check the fuel tank and engine thoroughly. I will personally fly Miss Zuzi back to the city."

Chen Long: "...!" Sir, you've just recovered from a serious illness and aren't fit to pilot a plane.

The old experts: "...!" Sir, this disparity in treatment is too painful for us.

Bai Fei, belatedly realizing: "Mr. Bo, you're taking the little fairy back? And leaving me here alone?"
Damn, no love, my friend!

Zuzi also seemed a bit surprised: "What, is Xiao Chenger unhappy with me staying here with you?"

The scent around him was so pleasant, she wasn't in a hurry to leave.

Bao Gucheng, with a serious face, righteously said: "You have college entrance exams, academic pressure is high, and you can't afford to waste even a single day. I'll get you back to the city as soon as possible, so you don't miss any classes."

This reason was truly impeccable.

Convincing both heart and mind.

Bai Fei, Chen Long, and the old experts, none of them could find a fault.

Zuzi thought about it and agreed: "Alright."

Bao Gucheng wrapped his arm around her slender waist and walked out, whispering in her ear: "I will take care of things here quickly, you go back first, wait for me."

There were too many men here, he really didn't want her to linger.

Zuzi nodded: "Hmm."

Well, it's not like it's the first time she's waited for him.

After all, he's a man of his word, if he says so, he will do it, as long as he's alive, he will definitely let her absorb Spiritual Energy.

The two had just walked out of the barracks.

A soldier hurriedly handed Bao Gucheng's phone to him: "Mr. Bo, your phone has rung many times, seems like it's...Miss Gu from the capital's Gu Family..."

Chapter 159: The Cost of Saving Mr. Bo [9]

Miss Gu? Gu Shiyin?

Chen Long was extremely nervous.

Although Mr. Bo was at death's door back then, he ultimately did not agree to let Yin Hu and the others find Gu Shiyin to treat Mr. Bo.

How could Miss Gu's call be following us?

Did those idiots leak the secret?

Bao Gucheng glanced coolly at Chen Long, took the phone, but did not answer it.

Instead, he directly switched off the phone: "Why aren't you getting the helicopter ready, just standing there like a fool!"

Chen Long: "Yes!" Cold sweat had already soaked his back.

Bao Gucheng looked at Zuzi again and softly explained: "Someone irrelevant."

Zuzi responded with an indifferent "Oh".

Walking hand in hand with him for a few steps, she suddenly asked, "Is it a girl?"

Bao Gucheng's Adam's apple suddenly tightened, and he replied honestly, "Yes."

Zuzi didn't ask any more questions and directly got on the plane with him.

==

Watching Bao Gucheng and Zuzi leave.

Chen Long immediately rushed into the "Heaven and Earth Twelve Ancestors" WeChat group: "Damn, who betrayed Mr. Bo and let Gu Shiyin know about his injury? Damn, you guys are pigs, you're gonna kill me!"

Everyone was dumbfounded.

After a while.

Yin Hu weakly replied: "I swear, I didn't say anything. I just sent the medical records of other injured soldiers' lightning burns to Miss Gu for her help. I thought if she could cure lightning burns, we could discuss whether to let her treat Mr. Bo."

Chen Long was almost furious: "You idiot, Miss Gu is so perceptive, you should know that. You gave her the injury details of people around Mr. Bo, wouldn't she suspect that if so many are injured, Mr. Bo might also be in danger?"

Yin Hu: "I really didn't think that far... I was wrong, I won't dare next time!"

Chen Long: "Damn, there better not be a next time!"

Yin Hu: "Brother Long, calm down, how about some good news? Miss Gu has a treatment plan! She said her Red Cross has a new drug that's miraculous for treating organ failure from severe burns, it's expensive but she can sponsor it. The only risk is there will be side effects, damaging the lungs, leading to lung function impairment. But compared to staying alive, damaged lungs are a small price to pay. She said once Mr. Bo agrees, she can immediately fly over and personally deliver the medicine, guaranteed within four hours."

Yin Hu was speaking non-stop.

Others couldn't help but express their admiration: "Miss Gu indeed lives up to her title as Boss of Ma Jia, this miraculous healer title is not for nothing! Amazing!"

Chen Long remained silent, only sneering at the phone.

After Yin Hu finished speaking, he delivered a decisive blow: "Ha, no need. A minute ago, our Miss Xi already saved Mr. Bo and the eight brothers. No side effects! No risk! No injections! No medicine! Not a single penny spent! Please tell Miss Gu to save her expensive foreign medicine, we don't need our brothers turning into tubercular ghosts!"

Everyone: "..."

What???

Is there a more amazing healer than Miss Gu?

Wait, which Miss Xi???

Wei Yang weakly raised his hand: "The same Miss Xi I told you all to respect next time you meet. Honestly, no one listens to my advice."

Yin Hu felt incredibly guilty and silently took out his long-cherished small film resources and sent them to the group: "I'm sorry everyone, it's my fault this time. I'll take the blame, please brothers accept my apology."

A group of rugged men immediately became lively: "Wow wow wow, tonight let's watch the small films together to celebrate Mr. Bo and the brothers' recovery! Brother Long, it includes your favorite Teacher Cang!"

Chen Long was angry, but at that, he casually clicked on one.

Unexpectedly...

Chapter 160: Consort Bao's Position, Promoted!

I didn't expect that the little action flicks I used to enjoy so much look so dull now.

Chen Long didn't pay attention at first.

After a busy day, he came back to the barracks late at night and opened it to watch again.

He found that really, really, watching his favorite flicks, he felt nothing, and even a bit nauseous.

Why do the naked men and women twirling around feel so disgusting?

He closed the computer and glanced down at his long johns.

Suddenly he noticed something was off.

Damn, he's a normal man, and this morning he had a nosebleed watching Mr. Bo and Miss Xi "treat" each other through the gauze, so why doesn't he feel anything watching the flicks?

He went online in the group chat late at night, wanting to find someone to talk to.

It turns out, everyone was talking about...

"Hey, did you eat vegetarian tonight?"

"I did, I gnawed on a carrot."

"Hands up, I gnawed on tomato and potato."

"I had broccoli with string beans. So refreshing!"

Chen Long was puzzled: "What are you all talking about?"

Yin Hu: "Ah? Just fulfilling a vow for Mr. Bo."

Chen Long: "What vow?"

Yin Hu: "Well, before, weren't we praying in the group chat for Mr. Bo to wake up quickly? Then everyone made their own vows asking for a blessing from the Heavenly God."

Chen Long's heart sank: "What vows did you make?"

"What else can you vow, usually when you make a vow, it's to go vegetarian for years. We have to go to the battlefield and maintain our strength, so it's not suitable to be vegetarian for life. So the brothers all swore that if Mr. Bo woke up, we'd go vegetarian for three years, to repay the gods!"

Chen Long was dumbfounded: "Damn, why didn't you say earlier that for prayers, we could swear to go vegetarian!"

Everyone was confused: "Then what did you vow, Brother Long?"

Chen Long didn't want to talk. He angrily exited the group chat.

Damn, is he the only one who foolishly vowed not to touch a woman for three years???

So, did the Heavenly God really hear their wishes and used their sincere vows to exchange for Mr. Bo's awakening?

So, the answer to the problem he was always worried about was finally known—

One of the tragic costs of Mr. Bo waking up was that Chen Long couldn't touch a woman for three years, oh oh oh.

This cost...

He closed his eyes and pinched his thigh: Damn! No crying! Worth it!

==

On the plane.

Bao Gucheng focused intently on the control stick, closely monitoring the various indicators on the dashboard.

He had heard that the plane on which Xi Zuzi came almost had an accident, so this time he was personally piloting the flight, especially careful, not letting her get hurt at all.

Xi Zuzi sat behind him, watching his straight back and the curve of his neck, taking a deep breath: Mmm, nice smell!

The smell of Xiao Cheng'er working seriously, especially nice!

Finally released from being muted, the Fu Xiqin hung at the waist of the little crow, couldn't help but comment quietly: "Is this Little Ancestor's new breeding target?"

The little crow's face darkened, and it immediately raised its paw and gave Fu Xiqin's head a sharp slap: "What are you saying, call him Mr. Bao."

Have some respect for Ancestor's boy.

After all, who knows when (like after spending the night something), Consort Bao's rank would get upgraded.

Fu Xiqin pursed its lips: "Only my master deserves to be called 'Mr.'"

The little crow: "Isn't your master already long dead and gone?"

Fu Xiqin's strings twitched awkwardly, quickly changing the subject: "Ahem. Actually, I don't understand why you took me away just now, not letting me watch Ancestor treat the patient?"

The little crow: "Not suitable for children."

"Then why didn't you let me watch Old Man Yang with his fingers bleeding profusely, what did he do wrong ah, Ancestor was dealing with him so harshly?"

The little crow: "... " You talk too much, it's really annoying!

Seated behind, Xi Zuzi's quiet voice spoke up: "Because he is a doctor, and a doctor should have a benevolent heart. If a doctor lacks benevolence and becomes arrogant, it will be a disaster for the world. Moreover, for eight lives, exchanging for his ten fingers is not too much."

Fu Xiqin nodded vigorously: "Ancestor you are too right! You are very gentle already, if it were my master, he wouldn't even bat an eye at killing, corpses everywhere, back in the day, for you—"