

Big Shot 211

Chapter 211: All the Matters Entrusted by the Little Ancestor are Very Important

The little crow was in a panic.

The silenced Fu Xiqin struggled and hummed, desperate to speak: Ancestor, please lift the ban for Qin Qin, Qin Qin is sturdy and can help you withstand the heavenly tribulation!

Who would have thought.

Xi Rubao waved her hand indifferently: "A little heavenly tribulation, not worth mentioning."

The ancestor can just choose a place to avoid it.

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The first English class in the morning.

Fang Yumei, with dark circles under her eyes, stumbled towards the teaching building and bumped into two staff members asking for directions: "Where is the East Sea Class for seniors? Or how do we get to your school's guidance office?"

Fang Yumei scrutinized their uniforms, her mind racing.

People looking for the East Sea Class?

Did the East Sea Class get into trouble?

"I'm a senior English teacher, who are you looking for? I can take you there."

"Do you know Xi Rubao?"

"Yes, she's a student in the East Sea Class. What happened to her?"

"She's suspected of a crime."

Whoa! Explosive news!

Fang Yumei suppressed her excitement and delight, trying not to show it: "Alright, I'll definitely cooperate with you... um, the college entrance exams are coming up, to avoid disturbing other students, I'll bring Xi Rubao out for you, okay?"

She thought quickly.

If these people stormed into the East Sea Class and arrested Xi Rubao on the spot, the whole school would know about it... Though it would immediately disgrace Xi Rubao, bear in mind that group of entitled kids in the East Sea Class are not easy to deal with.

Like Wu Minghao, Wu Qianman, and that bitch Xing Yue, might immediately try everything to get Xi Rubao off the hook, or contact Xi Rubao's "Uncle Bo" they met at the ancient tomb that day.

What if Uncle Bo has power and influence, and manages to prevent the officials from taking Xi Rubao away?

She couldn't let that happen.

She had to personally send Xi Rubao to prison and then spread the word of this damn girl's crimes.

The staff thought her suggestion made sense: "Alright, you bring her out, and don't alarm the other students."

Fang Yumei almost flew without touching the ground, bouncing all the way into the East Sea Class.

"Xi Rubao, come out, the grade director wants to see you."

She called out at the East Sea Class door, posing solemnly.

The people in the East Sea Class were curious:

"Yo, the grade director's looking for our little ancestor, what's up?"

"Could it be the last mock exam before the college entrance tests, telling the ancestor not to score too high and scare students from other schools?"

"Haha, or it's inviting Miss Ancestor to join some competition or some college entrance recommendation interview again?"

Xi Rubao played with Bao Gucheng's pen, sniffing it absentmindedly, then lazily stood up upon hearing.

First instructing Wu Qianman: "Didn't you want a perfect score in English for the mock exams? Do Xiao Yan's leftover papers these two days."

Casually instructed Wu Minghao: "Tell your old man at home to quit drinking, no more booze."

Wu Qianman and Wu Minghao nodded enthusiastically in agreement.

Xi Rubao stared at Xi Rubao eagerly, holding a notebook: "Sister, what about me?"

Why isn't there a task for me?

Xi Rubao slightly curled her lips: "Little Herbal Fish, these two days don't look for me, go home obediently for meals, and lock the door at midnight."

Xi Rubao: "Okay!"

Hang on, sister, isn't the task you gave this little Herbal Fish a bit too light?

Fang Yumei was getting impatient at the door: "Xi Rubao, hurry up! The grade director is waiting."

Xi Rubao glided past at a leisurely pace, giving Fang Yumei an ambiguous smile.

Chapter 212: The Ancestor Indeed Once Killed Someone!

Zuzi's clear and transparent gaze sent an inexplicable shiver down Fang Yumei's spine!

It was as if her little schemes had been instantly exposed.

"You, you, what do you want to say to me?"

"Ancestor doesn't have much to say to you. You're the kind of rotten fruit that can't be saved, you'll need to be remade entirely."

The crowd burst into laughter: "Hahaha, Teacher Cao Yumei, you're not worthy of Ancestor's guidance."

Fang Yumei: "...!"

This bunch of trash, they're laughing at her?

Do they not know that Zuzi is already in big trouble! Humph, laugh while you can, there'll be a time when you'll cry your eyes out!

She watched as Zuzi walked out of the teaching building, and before reaching the grade director's office, she was taken away by the staff who came to meet her. Only then did Fang Yumei let out a long sigh of relief.

The dust had settled.

No grass had been startled.

And Zuzi didn't manage to escape.

She really was too clever, well done!

She was smiling comfortably.

Her phone rang.

A call from Xi Yuanshan.

"Where are you?"

"At school, attending classes, dear."

"Come to the hospital to take care of me quickly. My head hurts terribly, and the doctor said to pause the treatment. The food here is awful, Ah Mei, make me some food and bring it over."

"Okay, dear, I'll take leave and come over right away."

Fang Yumei was even happier.

Xi Yuanshan was becoming more dependent on her, and sooner or later he would kick out that family hag, and she'd rise to the top!

The Xi family was rich and powerful, imagining Zuzi casually taking a worthless wine bottle from home that was actually valuable. By then, she'd own half the family fortune and become the glorious legitimate Mrs. Xi!

Of course, the first thing would be kicking Zuzi, the criminal and jailed daughter from the countryside, out of the family tree.

As for Xi Rubao, the fool, he'd be left to the family hag.

Xi Ruzhu, on the other hand, was quite obedient and could be considered for keeping around.

The more Fang Yumei thought about it, the happier she became. She couldn't even concentrate on her classes and faked illness to take leave and went to the hospital...

==

Detention Center.

Zuzi stood in simple attire inside the room.

As a rule, upon entering here, all personal belongings had to be handed over.

"Hand over your watch, pen, and... whatever ding-dong Jade Pendant you have!" The staff member said strictly.

Zuzi thought for a moment: "No."

The staff member frowned, having never seen someone dare to defy them. Just as they were about to conduct a forced search, a pitch-black crow flew in and took away those few items of Zuzi's, hanging them on its wings.

Zuzi smiled faintly: "Sent back home. No need to make a fuss."

Staff member: "..."

I've seen messenger pigeons, but never a crow delivering messages!

Steadying themselves, the staff member continued: "Do you know the crime you've committed is serious? You nearly killed someone!"

Zuzi thought for a moment and nodded: "Ancestor did give brother a cup of poison, but whether it killed him or not is still unknown. Besides, he isn't a person, you know."

Staff member: "..."

This suspect can't be interrogated!

Is there something wrong with her head?

He waved his hand irritably: "Forget it, just lock her up first, we'll question her when we have the time! Room 606, with the other one named Xi!"

Zuzi suddenly waved her little hand, looking serious: "Kid, do you have any completely sealed... windproof, lightproof, soundproof cave here? I heard there's one, I want to stay in such a cave."

Staff member (on the verge of collapse): "Do you think this is a hotel where you can choose rooms?!"

Zuzi: "Kid, arrange it, Ancestor will thank you."

Staff member (completely collapsing): "Put her in cell 909, with the serious offenders!"

Zuzi smiled sweetly: "Thank you, kid. Oh, by the way, don't have a cold war with your wife, apologize and go home, there'll be a surprise waiting."

Staff member: "..."

I'm begging you to just be a proper prisoner!

Chapter 213: Waiting for the Tragic Scene of Zuzi Going Mad and Breaking Down

Xi Ruzhu eagerly awaited Zuzi's imprisonment, expecting her to break down in tears, or at the very least, be terrified out of her wits.

Unexpectedly, when the staff led Zuzi past her cell 606, she noticed that Zuzi appeared relaxed and carefree, without the slightest hint of fear.

It seemed less like she was being detained and more like she was on vacation at a hotel!

Watching Zuzi nonchalantly go upstairs, she overheard the staff member carrying the keys say that Zuzi was being held in a special confinement room for hardened criminals—sealed with 80 centimeters of steel plates all around, much more airtight than the thin steel-plated counseling room at school.

It's said that in such a room, confinement for even an hour, let alone a day, can drive anyone to collapse. Many suspects unwilling to confess would quickly spill everything, begging to be let out.

Xi Ruzhu finally felt a bit more at ease.

Locked in such a room, Zuzi would likely break down soon.

==

Corridor.

The staff member led Zuzi into cell 909, irritably leaning against the corridor window, smoking a cigarette.

Lately, his wife kept picking fights, giving him the cold shoulder over nothing.

They argued over trivial matters, like him tossing his socks in the wrong spot, and she would scold him. Even coming home late after a drink with colleagues led to a cold war.

He truly couldn't understand marriage—why make oneself suffer, finding a new mother to control him?

Might as well get a divorce!

He finished half a pack of cigarettes.

Just as he intended to return to work, he glanced at Zuzi's sealed confinement room, and suddenly Zuzi's clear, lively voice echoed in his mind: "...Don't sulk and have cold wars with your wife, go back and apologize, surprises await."

What the hell, how did this young girl know he was feuding with his wife?

He shook his head.

Ha, how amusing, why should a grown man have to be the one to admit fault first?

Don't men need to maintain their pride and backbone?

==

After lunch.

As usual, it was time for the detained suspects to line up in the backyard for some air.

Xi Ruzhu trailed at the back of the line, slowly moving and occasionally straining her neck, waiting to see Zuzi look haggard and plead for mercy.

Unexpectedly.

She was disappointed once again!

Zuzi descended leisurely from the ninth floor.

The staff member beside her looked at her with satisfaction and admiration, personally guiding her to a sunny spot in the garden.

As they passed by Xi Ruzhu, snippets of their conversation reached her ears:

"Miss Xi, you're amazing! I just called my wife to make peace, spoke softly, promised to come straight home after work to wash socks, not drink with friends, and take her for walks..."

"Then she suddenly told me she was at the hospital about to have an abortion! Scared me to death."

"Luckily, I apologized in time. She stepped off the operating table and gave me a second chance."

"Miss Xi, if it weren't for your advice, my own child would have been lost on that surgery table because of me."

"Only now do I realize my wife's recent bad temper was just early pregnancy symptoms... Thank you for enlightening me..."

The admirer spoke with immense gratitude.

Zuzi simply smiled faintly, "Oh, yeah. Men who love their wives have a bright future and long-lasting fortune, remember that."

Xi Ruzhu listened, utterly confused.

But she vaguely grasped that Zuzi had helped the staff member in some way, making him extremely grateful.

It really frustrated her!

Why didn't the staff treat her with the same patience, care, and admiration?

What incredible skills could Zuzi possibly have? Just a blind cat occasionally bumping into a dead mouse, at best.

The next moment.

She began to sense something wasn't right.

Chapter 214: Ancestor Dominates the Whole Scene! The Group's Darling Hates This Feeling!

Xi Ruzhu gradually discovered that it wasn't just one staff member revolving around Zuzi.

From the front desk handling cases, to logistics managing documents, even the cafeteria's big brother, several waves of people came, all inquiring about something from Zuzi.

Their attitudes were so amiable and pious!

What on earth was Zuzi saying to those people?!

Clearly she seemed indifferent, barely paying any attention, so why were those people still eagerly gathering around, listening so attentively?

If this keeps up, what if they end up releasing Zuzi for lack of charges?

Xi Ruzhu listened intently, nervously straining her ears.

She vaguely caught a sentence or two:

"Miss Xi, Room 909 is fully sealed. Only high-risk offenders need to go in there. The air inside is quite stuffy and uncomfortable. Would you like us to get you a different room?"

Geez, they really think this place is a hotel!

Xi Ruzhu was fuming.

To her surprise, as she listened further, something even more infuriating came——

Zuzi nonchalantly refused: "No need. Ancestor likes it just fine."

"Ah, then Miss Xi, what do you like to eat? We'll prepare some of your favorite dishes especially for you?"

"No need."

"How about coming out for some sun and fresh air?"

"No, Ancestor just likes staying inside. Ah, why aren't we going back in yet?"

Thunder rumbled faintly on the horizon.

Staff member: "...!" Miss Xi's style is truly unconventional and unique.

Xi Ruzhu: "...!" Damn it, is she really enjoying her time in prison?!

But, who actually enjoys being in prison?

Time for release into the yard was over.

As everyone queued to head back.

Zuzi joined the line and suddenly, with a beaming smile, reminded the suspect in front: "You better come clean about where you buried the body, or the spirit of the wrongly killed will haunt your dreams tonight."

The suspect glared at her: "You're nuts!"

She was unfazed, glancing at the suspect behind: "Kid, don't blame Ancestor for not telling you. You gave all the stolen money to your brothers, right? Sadly, they won't leave a penny for you, and here you are foolishly taking the fall for them. Is it worth it?"

The suspect looked at her in horror: "How, how do you know!"

Zuzi, bored again, casually said to a handsome young suspect in the next line: "Kid, you're in for it, in a few days your eyes will turn into bloody holes. It's not your fault, mainly the executioner's hand slipped and missed. Just try living well in your next life..."

"Crazy, insane!"

"Oh dear, and that kid, don't run, Ancestor needs to warn you, your intestines are in bad shape, you won't live long..."

"You, you're the one who's sick!"

The suspects were on the verge of collapse from Zuzi's torment.

Meanwhile, Xi Ruzhu was clenching her fists, standing in the middle of the queue, teeth gritted tightly, her face changed: Damn it, why everywhere, does that rustic heiress always become the center of attention, stirring everyone's emotions, dominating the whole scene, making everyone revolve around her?

This feeling was terrible!

As the group's darling, she hated the feeling of having attention stolen.

She couldn't allow Zuzi to be this comfortable in prison.

She lingered at the end of the queue, suddenly making a request to the staff: "According to the rules, isn't everyone entitled to make one call to their family? I tried calling Dad yesterday but couldn't get through, could I try again?"

"Sure."

Xi Ruzhu was taken to a private phone booth.

She dialed a number, cautiously glancing around.

However.

That number wasn't for Xi Yuanshan...

Chapter 215: She Must Die Here Without Anyone Knowing

Xi Ruzhu wasn't calling Xi Yuanshan with this phone call.

Because she wanted to seize this opportunity to call the person who desperately needed it the most right now.

The call connected.

She couldn't wait to say:

"Housekeeper Yao, it's Zhuzhu, where are you?"

"At the cemetery arranging for Dazhuang's ashes, right? Don't... don't hang up just yet, I have something urgent to tell you."

"Xi Zuzi got into trouble and is now in detention. Yes, the room she's in is sealed, the air isn't great, and the conditions are quite poor... Housekeeper Yao, do you have time to visit her?"

On the other end, something was said before the call was hastily hung up.

Xi Ruzhu, however, showed a mysterious smile.

How could Housekeeper Yao possibly want to visit that village girl Xi Zuzi on his own accord?

You should know, Housekeeper Yao's son, Yao Dazhuang's death, is closely linked to Xi Zuzi!

Back then, as soon as Xi Zuzi got out of detention in the teacher's office, Yao Dazhuang was kidnapped and brutally beaten by unidentified individuals, later jumping from the building at home to commit suicide.

Outsiders assumed he broke his arms from the fall, but in actuality, they were twisted apart by someone.

He died a truly tragic death!

Housekeeper Yao couldn't find the culprit to avenge Yao Dazhuang, but from the clues Yao Dazhuang left behind, he learned that at school, there had been several fights with Xi Zuzi.

Previously, Xi Ruzhu would subtly imply that Xi Zuzi often provoked and bullied Yao Dazhuang at school, leading Housekeeper Yao to believe that Xi Zuzi was the mastermind behind his son's murder.

Because Gu Qiusha, the lady of the house, was at home, Housekeeper Yao couldn't seek revenge against Xi Zuzi during this time.

Today, upon hearing Xi Ruzhu's "tip-off," he seized the opportunity!

You see, Housekeeper Yao's younger brother is an electrician technician in the detention center's logistics department.

It would be too easy for him to sneak into the detention center.

He wants to avenge his son, Yao Dazhuang! To make Xi Zuzi mysteriously die in the detention center!

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Xi Company's finance office.

Gu Qiusha, dressed in an off-white suit, although appearing a bit haggard, exuded a completely different temperament from her apron-wearing, nightgown-clad self busy in the front and back kitchens.

Her Parker pen decisively signed the financial documents with a swish, instructing the finance manager: "From today, all unnecessary cash should be converted into fixed assets. Essential working capital cannot be used without my signature, and all external transaction contracts must be reviewed by me."

The finance manager nodded compliantly: "Yes, ma'am. But what if the chairman personally calls?"

Gu Qiusha had been waiting for this, prepared: "Haha, are you perhaps unaware that your dear chairman is in the hospital with late-stage brain cancer, essentially a disabled person? Would you like to refresh your memory on Article Eight of the Board regulations?"

The finance manager shivered.

Article Eight of the Board regulations? It seems to state that if the chairman is injured, disabled, or suddenly dies and cannot perform their duties, then all decision-making power is naturally transferred to the vice-chairperson or the major shareholder.

And Gu Qiusha, precisely, is the largest shareholder of the company and also serves as the vice-chairperson!

The startup capital for Xi's family company back then mostly came from Gu Qiusha's own saved dowry!

Gu Qiusha hadn't been involved in the company for so many years, leading these people to regard her as an incompetent parasite housewife.

Today, her sudden return made the company finally witness this behind-the-scenes lady boss's swift and resolute methods.

Using just Article Eight of the Board regulations, she tightly grasped the company's great power in her hands!

If ever there were someone who surprises by keeping their talents hidden, saying the unremarkable suddenly stands out, it would be a woman like this?

Chapter 216: The Female Lead Who Crushes Her Love Rival with a Gold Card is Here!

Qingcheng Hospital.

"Brother Xi, I made this soup for you myself, please drink a bit more."

"Why does it taste so strange?"

"No way, Brother Xi, I simmered it for six hours. How about you try this side dish I made myself?"

"Why does this dish have green onions, ginger, and garlic? I never eat these, don't you know?"

"Ah, then Brother Xi, try the dessert first..."

"Pfft—it's so bitter it's numbing my tongue, it's awful. Do you even know how to cook?"

"I, I..."

Fang Yumei held back tears, feeling wronged, as she carried the bowls and plates. Xi Yuanshan's criticism almost made her cry.

Of course, she couldn't cook. These were all takeout from a five-star restaurant, which cost her a lot of money. She never expected Xi Yuanshan to be so picky.

Does he usually eat food at home that's even tastier than what's served at five-star restaurants?

Looking at the unappetizing food, Xi Yuanshan suddenly missed Gu Qiusha's slow-cooked soups and the exquisite little dishes that catered to his tastes.

Sigh, that plain-looking woman sure has a knack in the kitchen.

"Brother Xi, if the food's not good, then have me instead..."

Fang Yumei cooed sweetly, clinging to him.

His thoughts were pulled back instantly, and he couldn't resist her, ending up fooling around on the hospital bed.

Who would've guessed? Afterward, his stomach felt even emptier and hungrier.

He said irritably, "If you can't cook, go buy something. Get me some pastries from Xinghua Building!"

"But Brother Xi, I spent all my salary already."

"Hang on, take my card and swipe it!"

"Ah, Brother Xi, mwah mwah! You're truly my dear husband!"

==

Gu Qiusha walked out of the company and saw that the brand store she often visited had new seasonal clothes on display. Youthful and vibrant, her slightly hard facial expression softened for a moment.

Zuzi, that child, doesn't have enough clothes. Recently, she's spent all her money on Xi Yuanshan's treatment, neglecting her little darling, which was really foolish of her.

Gu Qiusha originally planned to go to the bank and the tax office for some errands, but thinking of this, she couldn't resist going inside to pick out some dresses for Xi Zuzi, getting ready to have the shop staff send them home.

Just as she was about to pay.

A sharp, arrogant female voice suddenly rang out from behind: "Not this one, or that one. Wrap up all the others for me!"

Who is it? Trying to imitate her once-generous spending with such an absurd, pretentious tone?

Gu Qiusha turned her head and saw Fang Yumei.

The gazes of the two women met across the space, as if sparks were flying!

Fang Yumei scoffed first, "Who did I think it was? Does the plain-looking lady still have the mind to buy clothes? But sorry, I'm taking all these clothes!"

She commanded the shop assistant to snatch the little dresses that Gu Qiusha had picked out.

The shop assistant saw she was a big customer and did not dare to offend her. She could only plead with Gu Qiusha, "Madam, could you please allow her..."

Gu Qiusha was not pleased.

She could give up the scumbag to Fang Yumei, but why should she give up her daughter's little dresses?

Just as she was about to lose her temper, she noticed that the bank's gold card holder in Fang Yumei's hand looked familiar. Could it be... Xi Yuanshan's?

She suddenly changed her mind.

Pressing her lips together, she said lightly, "If someone pays, I can naturally give way."

Fang Yumei, full of confidence, slammed the gold card on the counter with a "bang": "Swipe it all, I'm buying them all!"

At that moment, she felt as if she had transformed into a heroine from a popular feel-good novel, using a man's card to thoroughly crush her rival, stamping her face against the wall so hard it couldn't be peeled off.

It was truly a peak life experience.

Chapter 217: This Face-Slapping is Absolute!

Fang Yumei's card was slapped onto the counter.

The tellers treated her like an honored guest, quickly gathering around with tea and water, serving her attentively.

Fang Yumei was initially following Xi Yuanshan's instructions to buy pastries from Xinghua Building. Passing by this shop and spotting Gu Qiusa, she couldn't resist coming in to show off.

You old hag, your husband's card and person are now mine, why don't you make way?

The protagonist of a soap opera embodied her; at this moment, she was unbearably smug!

However.

Just as she awaited Gu Qiusa's disgrace and hurried escape.

Gu Qiusa remained calm, leaning against the counter, not only staying but leisurely brewing herself a cup of tea, blowing on the rising steam, as if watching a play.

Does this woman have a screw loose?

Doesn't she find it shameful that her husband was stolen by someone?

The next second.

"Miss Fang, your card... doesn't seem to work."

"You must be mistaken, try a few more times!"

"Ahem, Miss Fang, the card is now locked, requiring a password to continue..."

"Impossible!"

The sudden glitch made Fang Yumei internally panic slightly.

But she maintained a facade of composure: "It must be your mistake, this is a credit card, who needs a password for crying out loud, swipe it! If it doesn't work, call the bank!"

The clerk was in a difficult position.

At this moment, Gu Qiusha chuckled softly: "The password is 823XXX."

Fang Yumei: "What a joke, I told you there's no password..."

When Xi Yuanshan gave her the card, he didn't mention any password at all.

However.

When the clerk tentatively input those numbers, a "beep" sounded, and the gold card actually unlocked!

Fang Yumei was utterly embarrassed.

The clerks' expressions turned peculiar, intuiting that the relationship between these two women wasn't simple.

Gu Qiusha smiled sarcastically: "I applied for this card, of course I set the password. Moreover, the card has a limit of just ten thousand, and any spending over that requires password authorization."

Fang Yumei's face turned alternating shades of blue and white!

She stubbornly retorted, "Ha, this card belongs to me now. You, old and withered, have no right to use this card. Clerk, swipe it for me!"

"Beep beep—beep beep—" Another error tone sounded as she attempted to swipe again.

This time the prompt read: Not enough balance left to cover a hundred bucks! Credit authorization limited!

A capital embarrassment once more appeared on Fang Yumei's face.

Despite this, Gu Qiusha unhurriedly blew on the steaming tea and said, "Oh, sorry, forgot to mention, there's no money left on this card, and the credit limit is frozen. Even with the password, it can't be swiped."

Fang Yumei: "...!"

The clerks finally comprehended, immediately stepping away from Fang Yumei and gathering around Gu Qiusha:

"Ma'am, the dress you wanted is packed."

"Ma'am, feel free to choose any styles you like at any time, we'll deliver them to your home."

"Ma'am, don't be angry. Some women don't bother with honest livelihoods and prefer to be mistresses of various kinds. You're not in the same league, don't sully your eyes..."

Fang Yumei was furious!

These damn clerks, the moment she couldn't pay, nobody fawned over her and even spoke in such a backhanded way.

About to leave in a huff.

Yet Gu Qiusha calmly replied to the clerks with two sentences: "Sorry, just to correct, I am Ms. Gu now, not anyone's wife. Those useless men, if some tomcat or dog wants to pick up trash, they can have them."

"Moreover, using a card is so outdated. Beijing's socialites always just charge it to their accounts, and the butler settles the bill."

The clerks immediately caught on: "Indeed, Ms. Gu, take the clothes with you, just charge it to the account."

Chapter 218: Mr. Bo Really Wants to Fly Back to Tease and Play with Zuzi

Fang Yumei stumbled and almost tripped over the doorstep.

So this is how the high society in the capital plays?

She had no idea!

She almost fled in panic.

She returned to the hospital, absent-minded, where Xi Yuanshan was waiting to eat, frowning: "Where are the snacks?"

"Honey, there's no money on the card, sob, and I was humiliated..."

"How can there be no money? Wait a moment..."

He called the company and instructed generously: "Transfer 200,000 to my card first!"

However, the finance manager responded with restraint and politeness: "Chairman, there is no cash balance in the company's account currently."

"Then pawn the sales contract for some cash!"

"I'm sorry, Chairman, this requires Vice Chairman Gu's signature for confirmation."

"You! You idiots! Just wait until I'm discharged to deal with you!"

Xi Yuanshan didn't get the money, hung up angrily, and wanted to ask Gu Qiusha what was going on, but remembered Gu Yuzhi's warning and hesitated to contact her first.

Fang Yumei didn't know what was said, only vaguely heard about transferring 200,000 in cash, and immediately felt delighted; Xi Yuanshan really was wealthy, casually instructing subordinates to transfer large amounts.

It seems like setting a long line to catch a big fish is necessary...

"Honey, don't be angry, the company's people are slow to act. Never mind, I'll go borrow some money for you. I have a credit card limit of several thousand..."

To ascend and become Mrs. Xi and take half of the Xi family's property, she felt it was okay to bleed a little first.

She would never lose to any old socialite in the capital!

==

The Capital.

President Residence.

Bao Gucheng, along with people and the stone coffin, settled here.

Under strong intimidation, in the past two days, Vice President Feng Shiren and the elders of the cabinet didn't dare to make any small moves.

The national festival is to be held early tomorrow, the conferral ceremony added slots for six people including the Si Snake, but the process to promote to three-star general is still being finalized; until the last moment, it's uncertain if there will be changes.

After all, having six three-star generals born overnight would be explosive headlines for the entire Empire and even the world.

Various intertwined forces in the Empire didn't get a share, only Bao Gucheng's subordinates had this honor, how many are secretly envious!

Bao Gucheng, in full military attire, personally oversaw the preparations for the general conferral process, to prevent anyone from causing trouble at the last minute, while also taking a moment to glance at his phone.

The little girl hadn't sent him a message today.

There were no homework queries or requests for guidance on words and songs, he was a bit unaccustomed.

He specially checked her movement data, she hadn't moved much the entire day, could she be attending lectures so attentively?

It was already deep into the night, she lay still obediently, seemingly in a sweet dream.

Bao Gucheng's lips slightly lifted, eager to end the national festival here and fly back to playfully tease the little girl...

==

Deep night at Qingcheng Detention Center.

All was quiet, engulfed in darkness.

Housekeeper Yao, with a tilted mouth, dressed in his younger brother's electrician uniform, lowered the brim of his hat, carrying a toolbox, entered the suspect detention floor.

909, high-security inmate holding room.

It was an especially sealed room.

The walls were made of eight-centimeter thick special steel plates, getting in to kill Xi Zuzi would be harder than climbing to the sky.

However...

This room had a concealed ventilation valve, right near the power distribution box.

Housekeeper Yao sneered: "The first day that damned girl entered the Xi family, she was picky about air quality, sleeping on the peach tree like a country bumpkin..."

It showed that Xi Zuzi had an unusual demand for air quality.

Today, on the phone, Xi Ruzhu specifically and indirectly reminded him of this.

He had researched, consulted doctors, and learned this was a type of condition.

Such a person in a stifling environment would quickly suffer from oxygen deprivation—a demand for oxygen levels far higher than normal people.

So...

"Xi Zuzi, tonight is your death night! I want your life to repay the blood debt, to memorialize my son Da Zhuang!"

Housekeeper Yao, with a tilted mouth, reached out and harshly turned the valve, shutting off the ventilation valve!

Chapter 219: Will the Fairy Die if She Cannot Breathe?

The air exchange valve closed!

The air exchange between room 909 and the outside world slowly came to a stop.

Housekeeper Yao wasn't satisfied with just that and casually opened the negative pressure valve.

What is the negative pressure valve?

This device's purpose is to extract the air from the room, creating a vacuum environment inside.

The original intention of this device was to reduce the suspects' willpower and resistance under mildly hypoxic conditions, leading them to naturally confess.

However, due to the severe threat it poses to life, there's a warning on the device: the negative pressure valve should not be activated for more than three minutes.

If it exceeds three minutes, a large amount of air would be drawn out, and the room would become a negative pressure chamber, turning a person into an ugly corpse, suffocated to death and covered with blood spots and bleeding points!

Da Zhuang died so miserably, his severed arm fell from the building and turned into a pile of flesh. The mastermind Xi Zuzi would also not have a dignified death.

This was what Housekeeper Yao thought, his face contorted underneath the electrician's cap, his crooked mouth almost reaching his ears.

Even after doing all this, he still wasn't satisfied.

He went to the other side of room 909 to the electrician's room, took out a pair of pliers, and following the wiring diagram given by his electrician brother, found a thick tangle of wires, and began to cut and reassemble them...

The room where Xi Zuzi was held, 909, not only had a terrifying negative pressure valve, but also had walls made of an eight-centimeter thick steel plate.

These walls were filled with dense wiring!

If he just reconnected the circuit and turned on the power, the wall would turn into an electrified net, and if Xi Zuzi inside accidentally touched the wall, she'd be struck by a strong current, instantly turning her to charcoal.

Hehe, suffocate to death or electrocute to death, dead girl, make your choice!

Housekeeper Yao gritted his teeth as he cut and reassembled the wires, suddenly startled by a rumbling of thunder across the sky, making him shudder.

"See, even heaven wants to take you, dead girl!"

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"You parents have no sense of responsibility at all; your daughter has been locked up for a whole day and night, and you're only now thinking of bailing her out?"

The staff member muttered unhappily while handling the procedures, glaring at the heavily made-up woman standing in front of him.

Fang Yumei's lips twitched awkwardly.

It was five in the morning, not yet light out, and Xi Yuanshan suddenly acted up, urgently notifying her that Xi Ruzhu had been caught for spreading lies on Weibo, making her rush overnight to get her out.

Spreading lies was a minor offense, but the bail was still two hundred thousand.

Xi Yuanshan's company hadn't yet transferred the funds, so she had to front the money herself. Her credit cards were all maxed out, and she had to take out a loan with her teacher's identity to scrape together the money, rushing over here to bring Xi Ruzhu out.

She gritted her teeth, determined that one day she'd make Xi Yuanshan spend a hundred times more on her to get back at him!

The staff interrupted her thoughts: "Hey, what are you daydreaming about! You have another daughter, Xi Zuzi is also imprisoned, right? The murder charge is quite serious; it'll take at least a million for bail and she can't leave Qingcheng!"

Xi Zuzi?

Hehe!

Fang Yumei immediately responded, "No need, no need, such a heavy crime, let her reflect well in jail!"

The staff looked at her as if she were a monster, thinking to himself this must be an evil stepmother?

Fang Yumei paid the money and brought Xi Ruzhu out.

Though Xi Ruzhu kept sweetly thanking her, she couldn't help but keep looking back along the way.

She wondered if Housekeeper Yao was smart enough, had he taken action?

She was somewhat reluctant to leave, wanting to see with her own eyes Xi Zuzi suffocating in the negative pressure chamber, her face twisting in the final moments of life.

"Teacher Fang, tell me, how long can a person survive without breathing?"

"Hehe, at most fifteen minutes, even a fairy would be completely dead by then!"

"Really..."

Suddenly.

A rumble of thunder rolled across the sky overhead!

Striking directly towards the rooftop of room 909, where Xi Zuzi was held!

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Room 909.

Xi Zuzi leaned against the wall, drowsy.

Her delicate hand held a book, covering half of her clean, white face, with two shades of red and pure lips slightly parted...

Chapter 220: Heavenly Tribulation!

The long eyelashes, like a row of beautiful, delicate wings, fluttered slightly. Zuzi let out a gentle yawn, surrounded by a wisp of ethereal spiritual energy: "Hmm, so stuffy..."

Due to the detention facility's requirement to surrender all personal belongings, Zuzi had instructed the little crow to take out Bao Gucheng's Blue-Blood Emperor watch, the Jade Pendant, the pen, and so on.

There was only one book that didn't need to be surrendered.

But the spiritual energy from the pages was limited, and before long, Zuzi felt suffocated. The air here was indeed quite poor.

If it weren't for special circumstances, she wouldn't have chosen such a cave to rest temporarily.

With her eyes half-closed, she murmured, "Why hasn't the heavenly tribulation arrived yet? The Queen Mother of the West is becoming more inefficient with her work, perhaps she's been spending all her time preening before a mirror?"

"Oh well, let the ancestor nap a bit first..."

Zuzi closed her eyes, gradually feeling the air growing thinner, while the wall behind her started to buzz and prickle with a strange sensation.

"Boom—!"

A great thunderous roar, torrid and deep, penetrated the walls, shaking the earth, as if it intended to split this room and strike the sleeping her!

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Qingcheng Hospital.

Two little creatures were avidly gossiping.

The little crow stood idly on the window ledge outside the ICU, impatiently urging the Fu Xiqin: "Had enough of the view yet!"

Fu Xiqin clicked its tongue in amazement: "Brother Jin, so this is the idiot cousin of the ancestor whom she's been eager to save, the ancestor's cousin, huh? Why does he look like a pretty boy? No wonder the ancestor said three punches would wake him up!"

The little crow glanced at the sleeping Gu Jingyan inside the ICU with exasperation and then glared at a certain gossip-inclined instrument: "Pretty boy is a stretch, right? Among human kids, he's considered good-looking. Earlier, a nurse in the hallway even said he looks like Fu Xi or something."

Fu Xiqin burst out: "What? What? This brat looks like my master? Are they blind? So ugly, so weak, how could he resemble the master? My master is wise and mighty, fierce and imposing, a mere stomp could shake the world, how can this mortal be compared? This pretty boy chatter won't dare to offend the spirit..."

After yapping excitedly for a while, the talkative instrument suddenly clammed up, sticking its nose to the gap in the tightly shut ICU window, inhaling rapidly: "Sniff sniff sniff..."

"What are you sniffing?"

"Scent of my master!"

"What? Didn't you say he was dead, you liar!"

"He is dead, but I can't believe it, how could I smell my master's scent here... Though it's very faint, it really has that aura!"

Fu Xiqin was about to smash through the glass to get inside.

The little crow yanked him back: "Idiot. There's a door, why go through the window!"

Shortly after.

An instrument and a bird stood solemnly by Gu Jingyan's bedside.

For a moment.

Fu Xiqin cried with joy: "It really is my master's scent, I smelled it, I smelled it!"

The little crow was at a loss for words: "Him? An ugly, weak pretty boy?"

Who knew it was Fu Xiqin's turn to roll eyes this time: "Don't talk nonsense. I think he's quite handsome, looking more and more manly. Hmm, maybe during tomb raiding, he absorbed some of the master's lingering spiritual energy, or perhaps he is the reincarnation of my master, I must protect him well, and not let my master's spiritual energy vanish..."

The little crow: "..."

Do you think everyone has such good fortune to reincarnate? Especially with your master's hands stained in blood, huh!

Fu Xiqin was still happily and lovingly staring at Gu Jingyan, unable to get enough, when the little crow suddenly flapped its wings in alarm: "Bad, the heavenly tribulation is here!"

"What heavenly tribulation?"

"The heavenly tribulation that the ancestor is avoiding! Didn't you notice something was off about the thunder outside?"

"Ah, the ancestor went to that rundown house to evade the heavenly tribulation? I did say I wanted to take it for her..."

"Less talk, let's go!"

"Boom—!"

After the deafening sound, the corridor's television screen rolled out the headline news: "Qingcheng Detention Center struck by lightning, one person struck dead on the spot!"