

## Big Shot 221

Chapter 221: Shut Your Crow Mouth! Chop Again!

"Damn, what kind of immoral deeds has this person done to get struck by lightning?"

Fu Xiqin smacked his lips.

The little crow looked serious: "This is not ordinary lightning, this is a heavenly tribulation. Even a small immortal overcoming a tribulation can't avoid it, let alone an ordinary human."

Fu Xiqin immediately recalled the experience from tens of thousands of years ago, when he almost got struck into a pile of scrap wood by 81 bolts of heavenly lightning while ascending from a Spiritual Artifact to a Divine Artifact...

Hiss. That hurt.

It was so long ago, he almost forgot this painful memory.

"Damn, we better hurry back to the East Sea to hide, Brother Jin! Five Elements Eight Diagram Earth Evasion Technique, evade evade evade evade evade—"

Fu Xiqin was chanting a spell and preparing to run, without even caring for Gu Jingyan, who was lying in bed with a trace of Fu Xi Immortal Energy, and couldn't take care of him.

The little crow disdainfully grabbed the strings of the zither and strapped it to his waist: "What East Sea, hurry up and protect the Ancestor!"

This heavenly tribulation was targeted at the Ancestor.

If it weren't for having to return Bao Gucheng's stuff home, they wouldn't have detoured to the hospital to peek at the Ancestor cousin's Eight Diagram.

Who knew this damned heavenly tribulation would come when they weren't around!

"Brother Jin, do you think the one who got struck could be the Ancestor? Oh my god, if the Ancestor—such a beautiful female immortal—got charred, what should we do..."

"Shut your crow's mouth!"

"But, Brother Jin, I don't have a crow's mouth, you do."

"...Shut your zither's mouth!"

A zither and a bird flew towards the detention center.

At this very moment, above the Ninth Heaven.

An exasperated female voice resonated: "What? Struck the wrong person? It's a man who died? What are you guys doing, the one who despoiled my peach tree is a female child, isn't it time to strike again!!!"

The Queen Mother of the West was furious, holding her freshly painted peach juice nails.

"Boom—!"

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In front of the detention center.

Xi Ruzhu was a bit reluctant to leave, wanting to personally witness the charred corpse of Xi Zuzi being carried out, which would give her great satisfaction.

However, as she and Fang Yumei were sheltering from the rain under the eaves, they saw an ambulance whiz by, carrying out a corpse that was unexpectedly a man.

The staff was busy verifying identity: "This person is not our electrician, how did he get in?"

"His face is burned beyond recognition, can't tell."

"There's one finger still intact, check the fingerprint!"

"Found out, last name Yao..."

Xi Ruzhu felt as if she was struck by five thunderbolts.

What, Housekeeper Yao?

Xi Zuzi wasn't dead, but Housekeeper Yao got struck by lightning first? Was it because Housekeeper Yao angered the heavens by what he did in the middle of the night?

If that's the case, then would she, who informed and hinted at Housekeeper Yao for revenge, also face heavenly punishment?

She hadn't done anything bad, just moved her mouth.

Remembering how Yao Dazhuang died tragically, and she was unharmed, Xi Ruzhu's anxious heart gradually calmed: Where is the Tao of Heaven, where are the immortals.

Perhaps Housekeeper Yao's skills were too poor, and he accidentally touched the wires, causing the lightning strike?

Need to believe in science.

She and Teacher Fang are very safe under the eaves now, the eaves have a lightning rod.

Just as Xi Ruzhu was calming down, the sky slashed again with sharp lightning, and a more ferocious thunderclap exploded overhead!

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Room 909.

Amidst the intense rumbling thunder, Xi Zuzi remained motionless.

Her long eyelashes slightly closed, as if asleep.

The glass bulb on the ceiling suddenly burst.

The glass shards did not scatter everywhere but slowly and evenly descended.

This is a peculiar sight that only occurs when the room is vacuumed and a negative pressure state is formed!

In other words, room 909, is now devoid of air!

Chapter 222: Death Countdown, 15 Minutes!

In the absence of air, a person suffocates, and after a maximum of fifteen minutes, experiences lung failure and brain death.

Has Zuzi already fallen into a coma, hence remaining motionless?

Does her life only have fifteen minutes left on the countdown?

The sealed outdoors.

The little crow and Fu Xiqin arrived breathlessly.

They saw that the entire roof of the detention center had been struck by lightning and collapsed, and the outer wall of Room 909 had countless cracks split open by the leaking lightning strike for the second time.

It has to be admitted that these super-thick building steel plates are indeed sturdy; even with so many cracks, the outer wall remained immovable and airtight.

"Brother Jin, the Ancestor is inside there, right?"

"No kidding!"

"Brother Jin, this house has no windows and we can't find a door. How do we get in? I'm having trouble taking shape; otherwise, I'd turn into a bug and see if I could crawl in... but even if I did, I'm a little scared, Qin Qin would be terrified seeing the Ancestor turned to ashes, I'd cry and wail, Ancestor and the Master would become a legendary tale of longing in the human and celestial realms..."

"Shut up."

"Brother Jin... okay, I'll shut up."

The little crow flew around the room several times, trying to break open an entry through the lightning-struck cracks with force.

But Room 909 was quite strange; as soon as its wing touched the wall, sparks flew, and the entire bird seemed electrified, unable to muster any strength.

How bizarre.

What kind of weird weapon have humans hidden in these walls?

While the little crow watched helplessly as every second ticked away and it couldn't break into the sealed room to rescue its master, not even knowing the situation inside, it fell into a frenzy of self-blame, banging against the walls, losing feathers all over the place...

Suddenly, a series of footsteps echoed in the corridor.

The staff were talking:

"The suspect in 909 isn't doing well, the room's circuitry is out of place, the negative pressure valve is open, there's no air inside, and the walls are electrified, someone might die!"

"But the door lock was struck by lightning, program malfunctioning, it can't be opened to rescue anyone."

"Even if we opened it, so what, it's been vacuumed for 15 minutes, they're probably already dead!"

"Look, she's lying by the wall, completely still..."

What?

How can these ordinary humans see inside?

The little crow stiffened, mechanically twisting its nearly bald head, and saw a few staff members pointing at a surveillance monitor screen in the corridor.

On the screen, it clearly displayed the situation of Zuzi in the room.

Her long lashes were closed, not moving or smiling, like a sleeping beauty in eternal slumber!

The little crow's wings trembled: "Ancestor!"

Fu Xiqin mumbled aggrievedly: "I just said there's a clairvoyant here who can see the Ancestor, you wouldn't let me say... Brother Jin, my condolences... now you can understand how it feels to watch your own master die without a trace, blood staining the East Sea, right?"

The little crow no longer had the mood to scold the chatterbox Qin to shut up.

Its pitch-black little round eyes dropped tears: "Ancestor, Jinjin waited for you ten thousand years, finally found you, and now you're so heartless, once again abandoning Jinjin, leaving Jinjin, a lone bird, to roam this world with thinning Spiritual Energy... you said it was just a minor tribulation, how could it end this way, boo hoo hoo..."

Just as Fu Xiqin was also led by it into wailing aloud.

Suddenly!

A strong gust swept across.

A tall figure, from the dark end of the corridor, swept swiftly towards Room 909, eyes locking onto the smooth secret door on the mottled wall.

The man lifted his military boot and kicked towards the indestructible secret door!

All the staff, Qin, and the bird were stunned.

A room that even lightning couldn't break open.

Surely... it couldn't be kicked open, right?

## Chapter 223: Miss Xi's Importance in Master's Heart

Two hours ago.

Empire Building.

Bao Gucheng, clad in military uniform, personally oversaw the preparations for the medal ceremony and the general inauguration.

The national ceremony was scheduled to begin at six in the morning.

When the sun rose, it would be the time for him to bid a final farewell to his brothers.

He would personally receive medals and glory on their behalf, drape the Empire's flag over them, and send them to their rest.

Even though Vice President Feng Shiren and others had their own agendas, they couldn't do anything to him. With such a Living Yama in charge, who would dare provoke him?

Medals engraved with the names of Si Shen and others, along with the three-star general uniforms, were all prepared. The red carpet was laid out from Jinshan Avenue to the Empire Building, fireworks and salutes were in place, and VIPs from home and abroad had arrived at the Imperial Capital Airport overnight, queuing up for security checks without sleep...

Everything was proceeding according to plan.

In another two hours, when the first light of dawn illuminated the earth, it would be the start of the ceremony!

Bao Gucheng's expression slightly relaxed, and he glanced at his phone screen.

The little girl must still be sound asleep, right?

Wait.

In the middle of the night, how did the step count on her watch suddenly increase significantly?

Bao Gucheng had never easily checked Xi Zuzi's location; it was a basic respect for privacy.

But the step count moving at midnight was too unusual. Alarm bells suddenly rang in his mind, and he couldn't care about gentlemanly manners or privacy taboos, immediately locating her current position.

The data showed.

She had moved from home to the hospital!

Beside him, Wei Yang noticed and couldn't help but remind him, "Mr. Bo, it seems that Miss Xi's father is hospitalized."

Xi Yuanshan hospitalized?

Bao Gucheng imagined the face of that somewhat unreliable middle-aged businessman.

It seemed that Xi Zuzi didn't have a particularly deep relationship with this absentee father, visiting him in the middle of the night?

Eighteen years of separation, found the child but didn't immediately bring her back, leaving her in the countryside for half a year? It was said this was Xi Yuanshan's idea.

After knowing about this, Bao Gucheng had no good impression of this man.

He tapped his fingers lightly on the table, pondered for a moment, and continued to trace Xi Zuzi's movement path.

His brows gradually furrowed.

She left school early, stayed near Zhongshan Road in Qingcheng for almost the entire day—while he thought she was in class!

Looking at the map, the area around Zhongshan Road in Qingcheng had a complex layout, including malls, restaurants, amusement parks, and even a police detention center.

He called her phone, but there was no answer.

The sense of foreboding in his heart grew stronger, and he suddenly stood up, "Return to Qingcheng."

Wei Yang was stunned, "Mr. Bo, the medal ceremony is just a few hours away, if we return to Qingcheng now, we won't make it back in time!"

The flight route between the Imperial Capital and Qingcheng normally took six hours, at the fastest, it would still take four hours. A round trip would be eight hours. It was past one in the morning, and the ceremony started at six. If he left, there was no way he could make it back!

He was also worried about Miss Xi, but he felt that visiting the father in the hospital shouldn't be something urgent. He couldn't understand why Mr. Bo was so anxious to return in person.

Bao Gucheng's resolve was even more determined than he imagined.

The man's command was resolute, "Let Chen Long go on stage for me, receive Si Shen's medal, and support the coffin for the honors!"

Wei Yang: "...!"

Ugh! This would throw the entire schedule into chaos. Not to mention whether Chen Long had the rank to go on stage and receive Si Shen's medal, just the matter of conferring the three-star general rank; if Mr. Bo wasn't present, the Vice President might find an excuse to temporarily cancel it!

Miss Xi's importance in his heart was evidently such that all of this could be disregarded?

Chapter 224: His Overbearing Tyranny, More Like Emperor Fu Xi

Chen Long, Yin Hu, and others saw the changes on this side and collectively advised:

"Mr. Bo, there are too many unidentified elements in the Emperor's territory these days. If you take off now, your itinerary will be exposed. It's too dangerous!"

"Mr. Bo, the weather forecast for Qingcheng predicts thunderstorms. Flying would mean encountering lightning, it's too unsafe!"

"Mr. Bo, Miss Xi's visit can be delayed, but for the fallen brothers, this is the only chance to honor them with a medal."

"Mr. Bo, the deceased should take precedence..."

The surrounding atmosphere gradually grew heavy.

Six empty coffins were still parked in front, wrapped with red cloth to welcome the medal ceremony, casting a faint sadness amid the cheer and excitement.

Bao Gucheng swallowed heavily.

A hint of bitterness rose in his throat.

No one understood better than he did how significant and irreplaceable today's ceremony was.

If the medal ceremony weren't important, he wouldn't have traveled thousands of miles, stormed into the President Residence to demand justice, standing strong to secure this honoring opportunity for the fallen brothers.

This was something he had to do, even if it meant sacrificing half a life of military honor and dignity.

To make him choose now between the deceased and the living, between brothers and a woman?

How cruel? How difficult?

His voice was hoarse, and he slowly opened his lips—

"In one minute, I want to see the airplane in position."

The deceased are significant, but she is the one among the living who must not suffer any mishaps!

Chen Long can replace him to complete the ceremony, but in Qingcheng, no one can replace him to find that solitary, stunningly peculiar girl.

Others... do not understand her.

Chen Long and others suppressed their heavy emotions and pleaded—

"Mr. Bo, please reconsider!"

"No need to say more, I have made my decision!"

He tightly pressed his thin lips, unmoved.

One minute later.

He took Wei Yang back to Qingcheng, leaving Chen Long and the others to continue holding down the ceremony site.

During the four-hour flight, he personally piloted, navigating through the thunderstorm-laden clouds, narrowly avoiding lightning strikes several times, his arms stiff from gripping the control stick tightly.

Upon disembarking the plane.

Wei Yang, following the locator, prepared to drive him to the hospital to find Xi Zuzi.

Unexpectedly, Bao Gucheng headed in a different direction: "Let's split into two groups, you go to the hospital."

"Mr. Bo, what about you?"

Wei Yang was a bit puzzled; the locator clearly pointed to the hospital.

Bao Gucheng did not answer, driven by an inexplicable intuition, he headed straight for Zhongshan Road.

Thunder crashed ahead of him, yet he pressed on without hesitation.

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At this moment.

Room 909.

Not even heavenly thunder could break open the room; naturally, people couldn't kick it open either.

Bao Gucheng kicked the hidden door more to vent anger, the force of which shook the steel panel three times.

While he was fighting for the honors for soldiers in the capital, she was being framed by villains in Qingcheng, these bastards!

"Unlock it!"

He spoke grimly.

The staff behind him failed to recognize him at once: "This lock is broken... hey, don't touch it, the walls are electrified, it'll kill you..."

The next moment.

They were stunned.

This man, surprisingly, used his bare hands on the hidden door's keypad, doing something unknown.

This was a smart lock, with very delicate programming, once locked, it couldn't be opened!

Moreover, now the entire wall including the door was electrified, yet the man seemed insulated, not electrocuted?

They were so shocked that they couldn't speak, and no one dared to step forward to stop him.

The little raven fluttering wildly finally calmed down, perching on the windowsill, panting: "The young boy... the filial young boy brought the Spiritual Energy Warehouse, this is great..."

Fu Xiqin looked puzzled: "Damn, this man's domineering appearance, how is he more like the master than the previous pretty boy, Gu Jingyan? It's uncanny! But he doesn't have the master's scent..."

"Click—!" A sound.

Bao Gucheng used some unknown method to open the chaotic access control system.

In a glance, he saw Xi Zuzi standing motionless, leaning against the wall inside!

Chapter 225: Master, you are way too good! It's making me blush.

Bao Gucheng's breath tightened!

He couldn't care about anything else, striding towards Zuzi.

When he reached her, his footsteps softened, afraid of disturbing the girl's sweet dream, and gently reached out his hand...

"Don't touch! The wall is electrified, and so is her body!"

"Who are you, come out quickly!"

"Do you have a death wish?!"

The staff behind him yelled and tried to stop him.

Bao Gucheng turned a deaf ear.

Unconcerned, he directly held Zuzi in his arms.

Even the little crow exclaimed: "This boy really isn't afraid of electric shocks, my wings were almost fried just now, what is his flesh and mortal body made of?"

Fu Xiqin's eyes were vacant, murmuring: "The master is not afraid of thunder and lightning either, back in the day when the eighty-one heavenly thunders nearly struck me dead, it was the master who saved me with his bare hands..."

A mortal with not a trace of immortal aura, how could he keep reminding me of the master.

Bao Gucheng held Zuzi in his arms and checked her breathing.

Thankfully.

Her breath was steady and long.

The girl lay perfectly still, her long lashes casting a shallow shadow on her fair face, her brow and eyes gentle, the corners of her mouth slightly upturned, even in a coma she was infuriatingly beautiful.

Thinking about last time in the library and the instructor's room, she had fainted due to poor air.

Bao Gucheng did not hesitate, and bent down directly...

Just as he was about to touch those cherry lips.

Suddenly, a suffocating feeling struck, making it hard for him to breathe, even to open his mouth!

This room was under negative pressure, though a small door was open, the air was still extremely thin.

He was oxygen-deprived.

More so was she, deprived of oxygen for long!

Bao Gucheng tightened his arms, held Zuzi, and strode out, each step painful due to the lack of oxygen, his heart felt like it was gripped tightly, causing discomfort, yet he remained steady, carrying Zuzi in a way to let her rest comfortably in his embrace.

Reaching the corridor.

He immediately punched and shattered the glass window, letting the cool dawn wind blow in.

Then, he bent down to continue the unfinished action from earlier.

The man's slightly cool thin lips finally united with Zuzi's tender, cherry lips.

"Hiss—!"

Except for the little crow who was used to it, the staff in the corridor and Fu Xiqin gasped: "..."

Too much, it's one thing to be lovey-dovey in a room, but to come out here and flaunt it.

Deliberately showing it to them, weren't they?

After a while.

The staff reacted:

"Hey, are you trying to break out of prison?! This is obstruction of justice, it's a crime, do you understand?"

"Put down this female suspect immediately, she's a wanted criminal!"

"She's charged with murder, do you understand?!"

Bao Gucheng was intently trying to "kiss the little woman back to life," the noise behind him made him very irritated: "Shut up!"

A bunch of fools who think they know everything about nothing.

He couldn't be bothered to argue, long arms cradling Zuzi, carrying her out in a princess carry.

The air here was still not fresh enough, he needed to take her outside, to give her a deeper "artificial respiration."

As Bao Gucheng was about to take away the serious offender, the staff panicked, pulling out their guns, aiming at Bao Gucheng's back: "If you take another step, we'll—"

The man didn't even turn his head, letting out a cold snort.

With determined steps, carrying an aura that intimidated everyone present, causing them to shiver unconsciously, their fingers inexplicably stiffened, unable to press the trigger at all.

At the stairs, Wei Yang ran up, just in time to see Bao Gucheng descending the stairs with Zuzi in his arms, kissing as he went.

Wow, boss, you're amazing!

Wei Yang's face flushed red with embarrassment but heaved a sigh of relief, the boss was right, Miss Xi was here and not at the hospital!

Then seeing those idiots in the corridor actually raising their weapons intending to make a move on the boss?

Damn!

Chapter 226: Xiao Cheng, you can continue, oh!

"Do you want to die today?"

Wei Yang spat and rushed forward.

He flexed his wrists and suddenly struck. "Slap, slap, slap," his quick hands effortlessly disarmed the opponents in just five seconds!

Their jaws were about to drop in shock.

Wei Yang casually blew the dust off his hands: "Don't be so surprised. You should be thankful it was me, Brother Wei, who acted. Haha, if it had been Mr. Bo who took action, you guys would probably be missing an arm or a leg, not far from death."

Commander Bao?

Could it be the same Bao Gucheng seen on TV, attending the national ceremony and awarding event, Commander Bao?

They finally realized why that man seemed so familiar, why his military attire was so impressive, and why his skills and aura were so dominant.

Bao Gucheng, the highest authority of the Empire's special forces, the Empire's only five-star admiral!

He certainly had the right to be domineering.

Then who was that young woman?

Even in such a tense situation, their curiosity couldn't help but grow wildly in their hearts.

"But, but Miss Xi was really on the wanted list. Even Commander Bao can't break the law..." someone timidly said.

Thinking of Zuzi's kindness in guiding them during the day, they couldn't help but timidly remind: "Ahem, unless a million-dollar bail is paid, you can't take her."

"A million my foot!" Wei Yang sighed helplessly and spat again, pulling out a piece of document.

"Miss Xi is no longer wanted. The notice to cancel the warrant has long been sent to you. What's your efficiency, that you haven't removed the warrant by today and are still posting her portrait everywhere?"

"This time you arrested Mr. Bo's person by mistake, what about next time?"

"If a common person is wrongly arrested by you, who do they complain to?"

"You all need to seriously reorganize, review, and reflect!"

Everyone looked down in shame: "..."

Wait, although they were wrong this time.

But that warrant was initially signed by Mr. Bo, right? He personally signed it and then personally canceled it, personally ordered an arrest and then personally came to rescue. Tsk tsk, what's the complicated relationship between this woman and Mr. Bo? The plot is so intricate, ah ah ah?

Those filled with curiosity but without answers stood frantically in the cold wind.

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Bao Gucheng carried Xi Zuzi down the stairs, focusing solely on the task.

Thus, when exiting the main entrance, he paid no mind to the two women rolling on the ground in agony, smoke rising from their heads, and stepped directly over them.

The rain cleared and the clouds parted.

The dawn light faintly emerged on the horizon.

He carried her on the deserted street, kissing as they walked.

The blossoming flowers above scattered petals over them, swirling beautifully.

Suddenly, a mischievous petal fell between their lips, deepening as their kiss intensified, nestling between their lips and teeth.

The sweet taste spread instantly.

Zuzi couldn't help but slightly curl the corners of her mouth: "So sweet..."

The man momentarily paused.

Lips slightly pursed.

Zuzi let out a "hmm" and realized she'd broken her act again, couldn't pretend to sleep, muttering with her eyes closed: "Ahem, Cheng Er, I'm actually still asleep, you can go on... Hmm!"

Woman, no need to say it.

Of course, he would continue.

And with ten, no, a hundred times the force!

Since she's awake, surely she can withstand more?

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At this moment.

In the heavens, a woman's roar echoed:

"You fool, you struck the wrong person again!"

"Reporting to the Queen Mother, this time I really struck women, two of them! Didn't spare one, their heads... their hair got burned off."

"Idiot! Not those two!"

"Ah, Queen Mother, with the thinning nature's spiritual energy, it's normal for thunder to miss its target."

"...Get out!"

Chapter 227: A Kiss from Time's Transformation!

The predawn sky was murky and dim, the long street desolate and empty after the rain.

Under the flamboyant crabapple tree, Bao Gucheng paused, gazing intensely at the woman with closed eyes yet slightly parted lips, urging him to "continue"!

Suddenly, he leaned down, his kiss deepening like a violent storm ravaging the delicate blossom petals!

...

The scene was as poetic and picturesque as a painting.

At this moment, it seemed the world was reduced to just the two of them.

There was an extraordinary feeling of time passing, everything fleeting by, as if in a blink of an eye.

No one knew how much time had passed.

Zuzi murmured, sighing softly, "Xiao Cheng, I think I finally understand the meaning of those two lines of poetry."

Bao Gucheng had moved from her lips to her swan-like neck, unknowingly biting open the ties of her pure white robe.

The dazzling whiteness came into view, making the man's heart race.

His voice was hoarse, "No, you still don't understand."

Silly girl, you don't understand enough.

Just as he leaned down to continue.

"Screech——"

The grating sound of tires skidding abruptly arose.

Wei Yang drove swiftly over, skimming past them, then screeched to a stop, rolling down the window with a hint of tears in his voice, "Mr. Bo, we don't have time!"

Bao Gucheng's thoughts hadn't completely returned.

But Zuzi, hearing this, stretched a small hand out from under the man, curiously waving it, "Hmm... what's running out of time?"

With her soft inquiry, in the distance, grand fireworks boomed successively.

Precisely six in the morning.

On the city's main thoroughfares, all commercial buildings, hotels, and parks activated their giant LCD billboards simultaneously, broadcasting the live feed of the national ceremony from the capital.

The fireworks, the hundred-gun salute, and the military band's performances burst from the screens, overwhelming and majestic.

A ten-thousand-man guard of honor paraded across the screens, as the President Residence's inspection vehicle reached the forefront of the formation.

In the front row, nearly a hundred soldiers clad in military attire awaited their moment of glory — the award ceremony!

At this moment.

At the scene of the Empire's national ceremony.

Chen Long, leading a unit of troops, fixed his gaze on the President Residence's inspection vehicle.

The seat reserved for Bao Gucheng had been occupied by another cabinet elder at this moment.

The Empire's highest-ranking dignitaries stepped down from the inspection vehicle.

They approached the hundred-man formation.

The solemn and majestic Empire's national anthem played.

Vice President Feng Shiren awarded the medals, symbolizing the Empire's honor, to the distinguished soldiers one by one.

As the medals were bestowed upon most of the formation, leaving only a few in the last row.

A secretary from the President Residence suddenly jogged over to Chen Long and his group, "Vice Officer Chen, sorry, this time the medals cannot be presented to the group representing Si Snake and others."

Sure enough, they wanted to cause trouble!

Chen Long pressed his hand against his waist, ready to strike, "What do you mean?"

Secretary: "Commander Bao is still nowhere to be seen..."

Chen Long: "Mr. Bo instructed me to stand in for him to collect the medals for the brothers."

Secretary: "Sorry, you're not qualified enough."

Chen Long suppressed his anger: "Indeed, I may not be qualified, but I'm entrusted by Mr. Bo himself to represent him!"

Secretary: "This, you truly cannot represent him. The Vice President instructed that unless Mr. Bo comes in person, no unrelated individuals will be allowed, as it is a necessary measure to ensure the safety of the award ceremony site."

The men behind Chen Long couldn't contain themselves any longer, instantly pulling out their weapons, "What do you mean, are Mr. Bo's orders a joke to you? Are we all just dead men to you?"

The secretary's knees trembled, yet he steeled himself, "You... you are rebelling! If you dare to act, you'll be rebelling on behalf of Bao Gucheng!"

Chapter 228: It was Bao Gucheng who gave up on you, you deserve it!

Rebellion?

To accuse Commander Bao, who regards the nation as his life and the citizens as his flesh and blood, of such a crime?

Chen Long and the others were all furious!

"You can insult me, but you cannot insult Mr. Bo!"

"You say we are unqualified to take the stage to receive medals for our comrades, but are people like you qualified to decide who should be awarded medals onstage?"

"Cowards only dare to hide in skyscrapers to issue orders, dare you fight with us on the battlefield?!"

"What kind of nonsense is this Feng fellow? If you have the guts, come out and fight fairly!"

A group of hot-blooded men couldn't stand Feng Shiren's secretary canceling the medal conferral on the spot, reversing their decisions, and they rose up to confront them!

At this moment.

About a hundred plainclothes bodyguards rushed out, surrounding Chen Long and the others: "The Vice President said that anyone intentionally disrupting the national festival will be treated as a threat to national security and can be shot on the spot! Who dares to move?!"

Disrupting the ceremony?

Who is really disrupting the ceremony!

The soldiers' hearts were filled with uncontrollable indignation!

Conflict was imminent!

At this critical juncture, Chen Long instead was the first to calm down.

So many plainclothes bodyguards surrounded them at this precise moment, showing that it was not an impromptu deployment, but rather part of a premeditated plot.

The Vice President must have known long ago that Mr. Bo had left the capital, so he was waiting to cut off their supply line and play dirty tricks on them.

With so many people like Si She dying mysteriously, he couldn't let his brothers be caught up in this impulsively, and he certainly couldn't allow Mr. Bo to be burdened with baseless accusations again.

Chen Long swallowed his saliva, put down what was in his hand, and shouted in a deep voice: "Put it all down; there are still many spectators outside, no one is allowed to shoot first!"

Chen Long's command represented Bao Gucheng's command at this moment. The soldiers clenched their fists, and although they were deeply unwilling inside, they obediently lowered their hands.

Feng Shiren's secretary flashed a look of triumph in his eyes; his legs no longer trembled, and he sneered, saying: "I told you long ago, you are not qualified, yet you refused to accept it."

Petty people get cocky!

Chen Long and the others held their breath, their eyes almost popping out.

The secretary pursed his lips guiltily: "Why glare at me? It's Bao Gucheng who abandoned you, you blockheads! If you must blame someone, blame him!"

Words that pierce the heart, every sentence a stab.

Chen Long and the others were silent, gritting their teeth hard.

Through the curtains backstage, the review ground was visible, where the last soldier was accepting the medal handed over by Feng Shiren!

The medal ceremony was about to end!

Their eyes turned red in an instant.

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Qingcheng.

Long street by the sea.

Countless LCD screens were broadcasting the national festival live.

Bao Gucheng held Zuzi, looking up at the screen where the last soldier received a medal.

Behind this soldier, Chen Long and the others were not in sight.

He frowned tightly, having guessed what was happening.

Regret?

He had brought this little woman out but lost the chance to claim honors for his brothers.

No matter how he chose, one of these would inevitably be lost.

But these are completely incomparable emotions!

He swallowed, silently.

Behind him, Wei Yang was already crying uncontrollably: "It's too late, wah wah, Si She and the others' coffins are covered, nobody knows them, they died in vain, wah wah..."

Zuzi propped her chin up, finally understanding.

"Oh, so you wanted to go... in there?"

She pointed at the screen.

Wei Yang's face was indistinguishable with tears and snot: "Miss Xi, you must always be good to Mr. Bo in the future, be loyal, never betray him. Because you don't know, he sacrificed so much and abandoned so many brothers to come to Qingcheng to save you, wah wah..."

Zuzi tilted her little head, her long lashes fluttered: "Ah, if Xiao Cheng'er wants to go. Then we go together? No need to give up anyone."

Wei Yang cried even more miserably: "Wah wah wah Miss Xi you don't understand..."

Zuzi said earnestly: "Ancestor understands."

She squinted her eyes, looking at the horizon where clouds and mist were swirling, as a round red sun rose.

"Xiao Cheng'er, hold me tight."

Chapter 229: In the Ninth Heaven Above, There Truly Are Fairies

Bao Gucheng's breathing slightly stalled.

The little woman's coquettish yet unaware "hold me tight" was really quite tantalizing!

So much so that despite his current heavy mood, he couldn't help but tighten his arms, embedding her into the crook of his arm, wishing he could merge with her.

"Ah, wait a moment, I haven't summoned my mount yet..." Zuzi twisted back and forth in his embrace, finally managing to extend her small hand to gently form a gesture.

The little crow flapped over: "Ancestor!"

Fu Xiqin was excited: "Brother Jin, why did the ancestor summon us here? Can I get close to sniff that boy's scent?"

"Quit babbling!" The little crow pressed his head into his waist, then turned to solemnly look at Zuzi, its entire demeanor slightly different from usual: "Ancestor, Xiao Jin is ready!"

Zuzi smiled sweetly: "Alright, let's go."

Wei Yang was rubbing his eyes, thinking how miserable his day was; indeed, the old saying is true, encountering crows around you is bad luck.

The next second.

Yet he saw that unremarkable crow flap its wings towards the sun.

Then.

The wings, no larger than a palm, suddenly expanded a thousandfold or even more at a visible rate!

A pair of black wings blocked half the sky above his head.

Immediately.

An incredible and magnificent scene unfolded before his eyes.

The red sun at the horizon, like a ball of flames, seemed to blaze towards the crow's gigantic wings.

In other words, it seemed as if these gigantic wings of the crow had a strange attraction, drawing the blazing sun from light years away, willingly merging into its feathers.

In the blink of an eye.

The black giant wings were tinged with the golden streams of the rising sun, transforming into a dazzling black-gold hue, and with each breath, almost seemed to sweep the entire city beneath them!

Wei Yang's vision blacked out, almost fainting.

This, this, what kind of fantastical doomsday scene is this—Kunpeng spreading its wings, or some divine bird descending, so awe-inspiring?

However, that was not all.

What shattered his worldview was, in the next second, Zuzi touched Bao Gucheng's face: "Chenger, let's go, aren't we running out of time."

Watching in disbelief as Zuzi calmly beckoned Bao Gucheng, leapt onto the giant wings, and watched as that terrifyingly large black-gold crow obediently bowed its head, allowing Zuzi to ride on its back, steadily carrying them both high into the clouds...

Wei Yang was utterly dumbstruck, his hands uncontrollably twitching on the steering wheel.

"Miss Xi isn't human..."

"Is she a fairy that descended to the mortal world?"

In midair.

Zuzi's eyes sparkled, smilingly gazing at the earth where Wei Yang had shrunk to a sesame seed: "Ah, this child is frightened. Well, divine powers should not be revealed..."

She gently raised her fair hand.

The next second.

A white light flashed in front of Wei Yang on the ground.

Staring blankly at his hands on the steering wheel, his mind was empty, and he voiced the three existential questions of the soul: "..."

Who am I? Where am I? What am I doing?!

==

At this moment.

The residents of Qingcheng City were just waking up, eagerly watching the national ceremony on TV, unaware of the astonishing phenomenon flashing by outside their windows.

Instead, it was in the ravines of Qingcheng Mountain.

Still with the team filling seven grave pits and not yet withdrawn, Bai Fei, waking up in the bathroom humming a tune, groggily caught sight of a giant bird obscuring the sky outside the window.

"Woah, what kind of monster is that?"

"Woah woah, there's people riding that monster!"

"Wait, that white dress... my little fairy, woah!"

"I told you, my little fairy is truly a fairy, but those fools never believed me!"

In the ninth heaven above, there truly were fairies.

Chapter 230: The Ancestor Is Studying Hard Every Day

The Golden Crow spread its wings, and thousands of miles of rivers and mountains passed in the blink of an eye.

Bao Gucheng held Xi Zuzi tightly, riding on the back of the Golden Crow, with only the whistling wind in his ears.

Among all those who saw the little crow transform into the Golden Crow just now, he was the calmest one, bar none.

The man's lips were tightly pressed, and he casually asked a question: "The first time I saw this bird, was it lost on the sidewalk?"

Unexpectedly, it was her pet.

The Golden Crow's claws twitched slightly.

It wasn't lost! At that time, flying over from the East Sea was too far, and it felt a bit dizzy due to insufficient spiritual energy. Plus, it hadn't seen its ancestor for ten thousand years. Being summoned made it overly excited, which led to that.

At that time, its appearance directly caused a massive traffic jam because it flapped its wings and hovered in front of every car's windshield, intently staring at each driver, throwing all of them off their rhythm.

Xi Zuzi chuckled at the words: "Mm, Xiao Cheng, your memory is really good. Actually, you're asking why Xiao Jin is getting bigger now, right? Because when the sun rises, Xiao Jin's power is at its fullest."

The Golden Crow is the Sun God.

The rising red sun is the best source of divine power to nourish it.

Even though nature's spiritual energy is barren and sparse nowadays, when the sun rises, the Golden Crow can still have a burst of power.

Bao Gucheng's gaze was deep, not entangling with the issue further, but instead calmly said, "When you were mistakenly caught, why didn't you call me?"

Xi Zuzi said, "Well... I handed over my watch."

Who knew the Golden Crow would interrupt: "Ancestor, I brought the watch for you... Oh no, seems it's left with Gu Jingyan at the hospital!"

Xi Zuzi: "...". Luckily, Bao Gucheng couldn't hear the little crow's words, as it would surely undermine the ancestor.

Bao Gucheng continued, "Those walls in the room were electrified, and someone deliberately broke your door lock, obviously wanting your life. In such situations, you should have called me before handing over your watch. No need to talk, just press the emergency help button number 1, got it?"

Ah, why does the man care so much that she didn't call him?

He isn't even curious about the little crow being the Three-legged Golden Crow? Doesn't want to continue with his Eight Diagram curiosity?

Xi Zuzi pouted slightly, "Okay. I understand."

Bao Gucheng couldn't help but hold her a little tighter.

Although there was no danger this time, he really didn't want her to face such danger a second time. What needs to be reminded, he must repeatedly remind this little girl.

Who knew, the man was just relieved for a second.

Then Xi Zuzi said, "But Xiao Cheng, that electrified wall you mentioned is quite interesting. I found leaning against it pretty comfortable, just like in the past when a little immortal would massage me with a fairy hammer. I even fell asleep comfortably..."

Quite interesting?

Bao Gucheng: "... The little girl thought of it as a toy? Others would die in a negative pressure room, but she went in and comfortably fell asleep???"

"Xiao Cheng, don't worry, I didn't neglect my studies. Even inside, I studied seriously."

"What did you study?"

"Let me see..." Xi Zuzi carefully took a book out of her pocket, "This book is really good, packed with dense words, and there's an explanation for what I don't understand."

Bao Gucheng: "..."

Seeing Xi Zuzi earnestly take out a copy of the "Xinhua Dictionary," what else could he say?!

"Xiao Cheng, aren't you curious? Don't you want to ask why we're flying in the sky?"

"Not curious."

"Why?"

"Existence is reasonable. Master was born immune, insulated from electricity. So you needn't worry about Master leaking the secret of you and the crow."

"I see..." Xi Zuzi nodded knowingly.

Yet the next second.

A slender hand lightly brushed over the man's brow.

A faint white light flashed before Bao Gucheng's eyes, and his vision blurred for a moment before returning to normal.

Then he saw himself, landed at the National Ceremony!

What just happened?

The little crow returned to its normal size, perching on Xi Zuzi's shoulder: "Damn, Ancestor, you're ruthless!"

Xi Zuzi asked, "What feeling?"

The little crow was troubled: "..."

In Ancestor's Xinhua Dictionary, perhaps there's no entry for the word "love"?