

Big Shot 231

Chapter 231: No One Can Stop What I Want to Do!

Bao Gucheng's brow furrowed for a moment, that sense of disorientation quickly passed, and he soon regained his composure.

His gaze firmed up, and he strode forward without hesitation, heading toward the crowd with his long legs.

...

The scene of the national ceremony.

The medal awarding ceremony had reached its conclusion.

Vice President Feng Shiren wore a benevolent smile as he awarded the final medal. He was exceptionally amiable, even delivering a few dignified remarks on the spot.

After speaking, a weight lifted from his heart.

Thinking about Chen Long and others being held back by his secretary, who by now must be fuming, only made him feel more satisfied.

Bao Gucheng, you deserted at the last moment, leaving a gap for me to exploit, saving six medal slots, and I could report back to... that master.

In the end, I've won this round, hahahaha...

Just as he was secretly rejoicing.

Suddenly.

A tall figure strode forward unceremoniously and stood directly in front of him at the awarding podium, glaring sharply and coldly at him!

Feng Shiren almost lost his balance, nearly falling in front of the entire Empire.

This, this, this, what the hell!

How could Bao Gucheng appear in front of him?

Feng Shiren was terrified, his eyes flustered, not daring to meet Bao Gucheng's gaze, but instead desperately signaling his secretary who was blocking Chen Long and the others behind the curtain: Get someone here, get someone here to drag this iceberg away.

However, at this moment, no one reacted.

Even if they did react, no one would dare to climb onto the stage to drag Bao Gucheng away.

The aura of the man that repelled strangers was like a cold wind, his whole presence exuding a murderous air as if emerging from Hell, making people avoid him, not daring to come near.

Seeing no support around, Feng Shiren immediately changed to a kindly expression: "Bao, General Bo, what are you doing... you..." Don't strangle me, ah ah ah.

He saw Bao Gucheng reach out, instinctively thinking that Bao, in his fury, was about to strangle him in public.

Unexpectedly, Bao Gucheng grabbed his collar, not to strangle him, but to take the mini microphone pinned there.

Facing the cameras broadcasting nationwide, Bao Gucheng, with a stern and cold face, directly announced: "The next six warriors, to receive their posthumous honors, sacrificed their lives in the

'Heavenly Net' operation six years ago and cannot be here in person. But the Empire must never forget their heroic deeds. Now, on their behalf, I will receive their medals and the honor of being conferred as three-star generals!"

The audience on the scene and in front of the cameras erupted in astonishment!

Soon after.

Chen Long and others, eyes swollen, rushed out from backstage, carrying six stone coffins draped in red cloth, appearing in front of the cameras.

The red cloth lifted, revealing the cold stone coffins glaringly in front of the cameras!

Bao Gucheng placed the prepared medals and three-star general epaulets into each coffin.

Solemn and respectful.

The scene gradually quieted down, everyone feeling the mournful sentiment of "dying on the battlefield for the country, without needing a horsehide shroud."

Initially silent, then the tears fell uncontrollably!

Prior medal recipients were all living, and now these six deceased soldiers starkly demonstrated the cruelty of war to everyone.

The entire ceremony of awarding and conferring the generals was supposed to be handled by the Vice President, but now the whole process was solemnly passed by Bao Gucheng, and unexpectedly, no one voiced any objection.

And as for Feng Shiren himself, he had long become just a backdrop to the six stone coffins, with no one even noticing his existence.

With the ceremony completed.

Bao Gucheng stepped down from the podium, passing by Feng Shiren, glancing coldly and said in a deep, chilling voice: "Tell your master behind the scenes, that whatever I, Bao Gucheng, want to do, no one can prevent it!"

His voice was hoarse yet carried an indescribable deterrent power.

Even though the live broadcast microphones couldn't catch such a low warning, it was enough to send a chill straight to Feng Shiren's feet, chilling him to the bone.

Chapter 232: She's not a child, she's clearly a favored concubine, right?

"Mr. Bo, we can finally give Si Snake and the others a decent burial!"

"Mr. Bo, we thought you wouldn't make it, boohoo!"

"Mr. Bo, how did you manage to get back in time? Did you break the flying record again?"

Chen Long and the others, excited, couldn't help but ask a lot of little questions.

Bao Gucheng looked towards the distance, lazily leaned on the sofa, teasing the little girl with the crow...

His eyes darkened slightly, and he replied succinctly: "You handle the follow-up matters."

As a leader, he was responsible for the big picture, only needing to grasp the essentials, not taking on everything himself.

"Mr. Bo, there's a national banquet after the ceremony, won't you attend? All the heads of state are here!"

"No time."

"Mr. Bo, Miss Gu Shiyin invited you for dinner before... can you go after you're done tonight?"

"No time."

Huh, rejecting both business and personal matters? What's going on?

"Mr. Bo, where are you going then?"

"Taking the child to tutor her studies."

Everyone: "...!"

They looked at the stunning beauty in a plain dress on the sofa...

Sir, you're lying.

This isn't a child, this is clearly a concubine capable of toppling the kingdom, right?!

Bao Gucheng stepped forward, took Zuzi's small hand: "Come with me."

Zuzi smiled gently: "Xiao Cheng is going to fulfill... that date..."

"A date with you." Bao Gucheng's voice carried a faint hint of amusement, seeing her, the murderous aura built up at the ceremony gradually dissipated.

The little crow: "Hmph, I smell jealousy!"

Fu Xiqin: "Oh, Brother Jin, I can't smell the master's scent no matter how hard I try, why? So this boy has nothing to do with the master, right?"

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Imperial National Ocean Park.

Underwater Restaurant.

A beautiful fully transparent glass VIP room, located at the bottom level of the aquarium.

The room has only one table and two chairs without any decoration—because the marine life swimming around is the most luxurious and lavish decoration!

Not only are there tropical fish, electric eels, sea turtles, but also fierce tiger sharks and great white whales brushing past, looking ferocious.

Being watched by a crowd of fish while eating is thrilling!

Hence, it is also one of the hardest-to-book and most expensive restaurants in the capital.

Bao Gucheng froze for a moment after entering, his face stiffened.

He asked Wei Yang to reserve a romantic "sea view dinner," what on earth did this guy book?

Is this the kind of "sea view" a girl would want to see?

This is more like an underwater horror movie.

About to make a call to scold someone harshly.

Unexpectedly.

Zuzi walked to the glass wall with a smile, first greeting a sea turtle, which surprisingly lay on its back obediently;

Then she smiled at the approaching tiger shark baring its teeth, the tiger shark actually shivered, bumped into the wall, and immediately played dead;

Then she waved casually at the electric eels... a group of electric eels froze in the water, unable to swim, all hanging straight like lines...

Zuzi lightly pouted her red lips: "Ah, don't be so tense, your ancestors won't eat you."

Seeing the little woman not afraid of these fierce creatures, Bao Gucheng put his phone away.

"Because of the all-sea-view design, the restroom is in the corridor, if you need to go, I'll accompany you..." Bao Gucheng thoughtfully reminded.

"No thanks, I can go myself." Zuzi's skirt gracefully fluttered, "Xiao Cheng, you eat first, I'll be right back."

Zuzi went to the restroom to wash her hands.

On the way back, she passed by a private room.

Unlike the room Bao Gucheng reserved, this one had the blackout curtains drawn completely over the glass wall.

However, with just a casual glance, Zuzi clearly saw the shocking scene inside the room—

On a deep purple velvet sofa, a man in a dark robe lazily leaned, his eyes indifferent, his expression arrogant.

As if nothing in the world could ever trouble his mind, exuding a chill and ruthless aura.

At his feet.

A near-death tiger shark opened and closed its mouth.

And someone dressed as a secretary was kneeling at his feet, desperately kowtowing: "Fourth Master, we really didn't expect Bao Gucheng to return..."

Chapter 233: Fourth Master: I dislike nagging people; Ancestor: You feed me

The man known as Fourth Master flicked the ash from his cigarette. His fingers, long and jade-like, held a cigar lazily as he took a puff and exhaled a series of elegant smoke rings.

After he restrained the chill that surrounded him, at first glance, he wasn't much different from Bai Fei, the typical wealthy playboy of the imperial capital.

He even spoke in a gentle, refined manner:

"Did you not expect it, or did you disregard my instructions?"

"Fourth Master, we really didn't expect it. You should be able to see from the live broadcast, the Vice President was stunned on stage, it was completely unexpected..."

"Is that so?"

"Absolutely! How could a normal person possibly make a round trip from Qingcheng in four hours? Bao Gucheng is very cunning, he must have planned this in advance, maybe he didn't even go to Qingcheng, deliberately playing tricks on us..."

Feng Shiren's secretary was still babbling on, his flattering attitude toward this King Yan completely different from the sinister, backstabbing face he showed towards Chen Long's group.

The man raised his finger and crushed the cigar in the hand of the nearby bodyguard.

The bodyguard didn't move a muscle, as if used to it.

"I hate people who ramble."

The man smiled gently.

Feng Shiren's secretary froze, not understanding what it meant, thinking that Fourth Master disliked rambling and was ordering him to leave.

That was great, he could finally report back to the Vice President.

The Vice President didn't dare to report, so he sent him. First, he scared off Chen Long's group, then he dealt with the most difficult Fourth Master in the imperial capital today, which was practically an extraordinary achievement. The Vice President would surely promote him...

As he was thinking.

Unexpectedly, the man's next sentence was even more refined: "So loquacious, then feed the fish."

Before Feng Shiren's secretary could react, he was directly grabbed by the bodyguard and thrown into the shark's mouth.

The dying shark, nourished by its prey, became exceptionally ferocious. Its sharp teeth clamped down instantly, and the secretary didn't even have time to let out a scream before he was reduced to a bloody pulp and swallowed into the fish's stomach...

The bodyguard asked for instructions: "Fourth Master, should we have Feng Shiren come personally to apologize?"

The man on the sofa suddenly waved his hand.

His gaze was fixed on a narrow crack in the door, and the lazy aura around him vanished as he lifted his long legs and quickly stepped out the door.

Outside the corridor, it was empty.

But he clearly saw a fleeting figure in white just now!

Behind him.

A cry of alarm.

"Fourth Master, the tiger shark has escaped!"

With a splash of huge water droplets, in the blink of an eye, the dying tiger shark broke free from its restraints, crashed through a corner of the glass curtain wall, and darted into the sea outside, regaining a faint trace of life.

The man paused to look back.

His dark blue eyes narrowed slightly:

"What I set my eyes on, never escapes."

"Search! Every woman in a white dress in this building, search them out for me!"

==

Zuzi's expression remained calm as she pushed the door open and returned to the glass-walled room.

Bao Gucheng had already peeled a plate of shrimp for her and was in the middle of shelling crab legs for her.

The hands that once handled heavy machinery seemed to be overqualified for dismantling food.

Yet the man was very patient, the peeled shrimp, the meat was meat, the skin was skin, the shell was shell.

The crab legs were arranged so that even the leg hairs were aligned in one direction, a slightly obsessive-compulsive display of perfection.

Zuzi looked at the food on the plate and sighed softly.

Bao Gucheng: "Is it not to your taste?"

He was about to reach out and pick up the menu to order something else.

Unexpectedly, Zuzi pressed down his large hand, her red lips slightly curved: "Xiao Cheng, feed me."

Chapter 234: Does the shrimp taste good? Or does Grandpa taste better?

Bao Gucheng's large palm froze for a moment.

In this lifetime, he had never been teased by a woman like this. The little girl casually said something, and it made him shamefully... stiff.

"Xiao Cheng, don't you want to?"

"... I do."

After a moment.

The man's long fingers picked up the chopsticks and reached for the shrimp.

Who knew, the fingers that had been through countless battles and were known as sharpshooters wouldn't listen.

After trying several times, the shrimp remained motionless on the plate.

"Xiao Cheng, you can actually use your fingers, you know."

"... Okay."

Bao Gucheng's Adam's apple bobbed.

He carefully wiped his fingers with a napkin, then used all his strength and skill to pinch the shrimp and sent it over to Zuzi.

The little girl was very well-behaved, patiently waiting for him.

As his fingers approached, she slightly parted her lips and gently leaned forward.

Bao Gucheng didn't expect her to move.

The result? The shrimp, along with his fingers, was sent into Zuzi's mouth.

Zuzi praised, "It tastes really good. Xiao Cheng, I want more."

Bao Gucheng: "..."

Woman, make it clear, is it the shrimp that tastes good or... me?

Just as Bao Gucheng was seriously feeding shrimp and Zuzi was wholeheartedly eating his fingers.

Outside the restaurant, suddenly came a series of hurried footsteps.

The doors of the adjacent private rooms were successively broken open, and shouting was incessant.

Bao Gucheng's brows furrowed tightly.

Today, on a date with Zuzi, he deliberately booked an outside restaurant, to keep the romantic atmosphere intact, he didn't have anyone guarding outside.

Who knew the security outside would be so bad?

Just about to get up.

Zuzi's small hand suddenly grabbed his sleeve, gently pulling him closer to her chest.

With her jade-like finger, she gestured a "shh" by her lips, leaned gently on his shoulder, picked up a shrimp, and brought it to his lips: "Xiao Cheng, you have some too."

As the words fell.

The door of the glass private room was forcefully opened from outside.

A group of bodyguards were just about to enter but froze at the doorway.

After a glance or two, they hurriedly retreated and shut the door tight.

"Oh my god, my eyes are blind."

"An elderly couple feeding each other shrimp, can't take it!"

"That old man looks so indulgent!"

"And that old lady, so flashy in red clothes at her age, it's really eye-searing!"

"Alright, alright, Fourth Master told us to find a young woman in a white dress, let's continue quickly or we'll be used as fish feed!"

Zuzi made a gesture, withdrawing her eye-blocking technique.

She beamed, "Xiao Cheng, I still want you to feed me."

Bao Gucheng: "..."

If it weren't for the little woman's cuteness being against the rules, keeping him from leaving, he would really want to kick those reckless uninvited guests into the sea.

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At this moment.

The Heavenly Twelve Ancestors group chat.

Wei Yang hurriedly asked: Who arranged the restaurant for Mr. Bo today? Reveal yourselves!

Chen Long: What restaurant?

Wei Yang: The restaurant where Mr. Bo and Miss Xi were having dinner!

Yin Hu chuckled: It was me, why? The Oceanarium with a full sea view, absolutely stunning, guaranteeing that the little girl would be too scared to bother Mr. Bo for dinner again!

Shen Hou: Brother Hu, you're using this for personal vendetta, aren't you sour that your goddess Miss Gu couldn't get Mr. Bo for dinner?

Chen Long: Yin Hu, you're being too much, the tiger sharks in the oceanarium are scary, girls hate that stuff, how can you set your brother up like that, quickly apologize!

Before Yin Hu could reply, Wei Yang typed: No, no, no, you're amazing Hu Zi. Mr. Bo said next time, make sure to book the one with the sharks, Miss Xi loves to tease the sharks, and the sharks even bow to her.

Everyone:

Sharks can be teased like that?

Are you teasing us!

==

Qingcheng High School.

Zuzi hasn't appeared for two consecutive days.

Wu Qianman panicked.

"Baby, did our Ancestor say anything when she got home?"

"Sis said she wouldn't go home, told me to study well."

"But today is the fourth joint mock exam, the last mock exam before the college entrance exam. It's super important. Nanshan Class is all fired up to crush us. Is Zuzi really not coming?"

"Damn, yeah! Where did Sis go?"

Chapter 235: Sincerity Breeds Magic, Don't Give Up!

The East Sea Class was in a state of panic.

It wasn't just because the last mock exam before the college entrance examination was coming.

More importantly, their little divine ancestor, who was crucial for the exam, was missing!

Ever since that joint exam of the four schools, when Xi Rubao scored zero in English and full marks in other subjects, taking second place in the entire school, the underachievers of East Sea Class had stopped worshipping their Lucky Koi.

Instead, they silently prayed to Xi Rubao in their hearts and diligently practiced "three good deeds a day" to accumulate virtue for good luck.

Now that their exam deity was not there to preside over the class, they were genuinely anxious.

Wu Qianman was particularly worried. Zuzi was taken away by Fang Yumei that day and never returned. She specifically went to the teacher's office when turning in her English homework, and Fang Yumei wasn't there for the past two days either, which was very strange.

Given Fang Yumei's character, she truly didn't feel at ease, but for the moment, she had no other recourse...

Having no choice, she decided to make copies of the test paper Zuzi had left her and distributed them to everyone: "Zuzi asked me to do this. I wrote down all the answers last night. They're especially useful, so try to have a look. Some of the questions might be on the test..."

Before she could finish speaking.

Mocking laughter came from outside the door—

"Tsk, the underachievers of East Sea Class are pretending to love studying. Did the sun rise from the north?"

"Do they think cramming at the last minute will make them top students? That's too naïve!"

"We may not beat them at farming games, but when it comes to grades, we can beat them hands down. That's the difference between country bumpkins and elites!"

"With Xi Rubao and Gu Jingyan both absent, East Sea Class is likely to have their average scores fail again, hahaha! This time, the top spot in the school will definitely be our Zhuzhu!"

"How do these bums even have the face to attend school? If their brains don't work, they'd be better off taking over a family business. Higher education isn't for those with brain issues!"

"They won't feel satisfied until the college entrance exam gives them a harsh lesson, haha..."

Lately, Nanshan Class has been overshadowed by East Sea Class.

Especially after Zuzi transferred, Nanshan Class students and teachers alike faced constant embarrassments.

Things have gone to extremes.

Now, with Zuzi and Gu Jingyan not around, they finally had a chance to vent their frustrations.

The students of East Sea Class weren't exactly pushovers, but academic performance was their Achilles' heel, and they were powerless when it came to being outperformed in that area.

Some people were already despairing, starting to give up on themselves: "If I can't get into college, I'll just work for my dad."

"I might really have no talent for studying."

"Forget it. I won't look at the paper anymore. There's only a little over ten minutes before the first subject starts. Even if I look, I can't remember anything..."

Wu Qianman: "This is Zuzi's paper!"

Everyone: "Boohoo, if we had a few more hours to review the little ancestor's paper, we might have a chance to turn things around, but now..."

They saw Teacher Xing Yue walking over from the other end of the hallway, holding the sealed test papers.

As Nanshan Class mocked them, cramming at the last minute was indeed too naïve.

Wu Qianman bit her lip: "Zuzi said, with sincerity comes miracles, don't give up!"

Xi Rubao clenched his fist: "I'm not giving up, I'll recite the paper!"

Wu Minghao chimed in: "No one should disturb me. I'll read as much as I can! I'm not going to inherit my dad's crappy factory."

With a laugh, the Nanshan Class students headed in the direction of their classroom: "These trash won't cry until they see their coffins..."

No sooner had they finished speaking.

They suddenly heard Teacher Xing announce—

Chapter 236: The "Trash" Got Their Wish Fulfilled

"Kids, I just received a notice that the entire city is postponing the fourth mock exam to the afternoon."

Xing Yue's sudden announcement caused the Nanshan Class outside to stumble: "..."

What the hell, did that bunch of losers' wish really come true?

They seriously got a few extra hours to cram?

The East Sea Class was also taken aback, a bit incredulous that they actually had some last-minute cramming time.

Xing Yue scanned the room: "You all look so tense, oh come on, this is the last big exam before the college entrance exam, don't stress yourselves too much. Why not go outside to the playground, play some ball, jump some rope, let's have a PE class to relax first..."

Xing Yue truly is a teacher who considers the students' all-around well-being.

However.

Everyone shook their heads in unison:

"We don't want a PE class, we want a study session!"

"It must be the little Ancestor blessing us, that's why the fourth mock was delayed!"

"The little Ancestor isn't here to slap Nanshan Class's face, so we have to earn our own face, at least not get slapped too badly by them!"

"Teacher Xing, don't disturb us, we need to grab the time to memorize the papers, let's go for it!"

Xing Yue: "..."

Wow, unbelievable, the East Sea Class is really working hard.

The Nanshan Class outside; "..."

Damn, have those second-generation rich kids been driven stupid by us?

It's just a few hours of review time, do they really think they can humiliate us with that little effort?

Do they think our academic prowess is just paper-thin?!

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National Oceanic Museum.

A group of people in various white dresses, eating nicely, were inexplicably gathered into a small room, dark and extremely terrifying!

Both frightened and infuriated.

The man in an elegant cloak scrutinized the women through surveillance footage, frowning slightly: "She's not here."

The restaurant manager cautiously asked for instructions: "Sir, we thoroughly searched the whole building, everyone in a white dress was brought, including one man in a white dress. Since none of them is the person you're looking for, perhaps we should release them quickly..."

The man in the cloak smiled gently, with an inscrutable grin: "You're in such a hurry to release them?"

The restaurant manager, seeing him smile, felt somewhat relieved: "Sir, I'm not in a rush, it's just that the people dining here are all prominent, well-known guests, I'm afraid of offending them..."

The bodyguards behind quietly sighed, this fool, thinking it's a good sign when Sir smiles?

Sure enough.

In the next second.

The man in the cloak said with a smile, "I have a suggestion that will ensure you won't worry about offending anyone."

The restaurant manager: "Huh? Please enlighten me, sir."

The man in the cloak: "Dead people don't worry about anything."

As he spoke, he raised the cigar in his hand.

The bodyguards understood, and instantly knocked the restaurant manager unconscious, tossing him through the escape gap from the tiger shark...

The women in the room, through the glass window, saw the restaurant manager accidentally fall into the seawater, rapidly being torn apart by carnivorous fish, each one was scared out of their wits, no longer caring about the anger of being dragged into the room, they immediately rushed to open the door and fled all around...

The entire restaurant.

Only Bao Gucheng and Zuzi's private room remained, calmly eating, chatting, teasing the shark.

"Miss Zuzi, have you decided on a college major? Any preferred university?"

"Anything's fine. I promised someone three wishes, as long as I can get in, anything's okay."

"Oh? What are the other two wishes?"

Bao Gucheng raised his eyebrows.

Zuzi smiled lightly, "Take care of my family, especially grandpa."

"And the third?"

"Let me think. Um, the third is to marry Brother Dog from the neighboring village..."

Bao Gucheng's expression darkened: "Which brother?"

The little crow on the side was anxious: Ancestor, you're killing the mood, you mustn't mention that Brother Dog in front of a man, ahhh.

Chapter 237: Mr. Bo's Vinegar Jar is Full...

Ah, isn't this how a conversation should go?

Zuzi propped her chin, feeling a bit puzzled.

Completely oblivious, her honest words just now severely struck someone.

The man beside her spoke calmly, but his expression was growing more tense: "So, you were betrothed as a child?"

Bao Gucheng was a bit angry now, wondering why the Xi family took eighteen years to find the little woman.

If they hadn't lost her initially, or had found her right away, they wouldn't have let his little girl suffer in the countryside and even be betrothed to some guy from the next village.

He doesn't care; even if she's betrothed, Mr. Bo will have it annulled!

Hearing the words "child betrothal," Zuzi finally reacted and shifted the topic: "Ah. I just remembered I have an exam, I need to hurry back and study."

When reading the Xinhua Dictionary, how come she didn't show she loved studying this much?

Bao Gucheng's lips twitched, and the next second, he calmly held down her slender waist trying to get up: "What time's the exam?"

Zuzi: "Probably..."

Wu Qianman and the others were nervous about the fourth mock exam, the first subject being English, which logically would be tested until noon.

They had lunch early, it's now around quarter past noon, so it should be about the time to collect the papers.

But if she hurries back, maybe she can still fill in some answers?

Unexpectedly, Bao Gucheng said calmly: "If it's the fourth mock exam, I've already instructed them to start in the afternoon. No rush."

Zuzi: "..."

Alright, she sensed it too.

Casually altering the city's entire education exam schedule, the guy is way more capricious than the Ancestor.

The Ancestor only helped Xiao Man, Little Mouse, and Little Grass Fish improve their grades without interfering too much.

Seeing the little woman's lips slightly pout, Bao Gucheng's recently filled jealousy bottle was naturally tossed to the back of his mind, his eyes gradually darkening.

"There's still time."

"Hmm? So?"

"So, doesn't Miss Zuzi plan to take a good sniff of Mr. Bo?"

"Mmm..."

For a long time.

Zuzi almost forgot what had suddenly made the atmosphere strange between them after being kissed.

She was just slightly worried about her reddened, moist lips; she might be spotted when she returned for the exam.

Ah, her face flushed with embarrassment.

==

Bao Gucheng originally planned to personally send Zuzi back to Qingcheng.

Before departure.

Chen Long hurriedly called to report: "Mr. Bo, we found an important link in the clues you asked to investigate."

"Speak!"

"We hacked into the President Residence's secret archives and found the order issued back then for Si She and others to undertake a secret mission abroad. Originally, we wanted to trace back to find the person who took Si She..."

"Who dared take them away?"

"It was the communication officer who conveyed the task and personally took them. No wonder Si She and the others didn't resist at all, leaving not a word; they must have still believed they were on a mission for the country even till their death!"

"Continue!" A gloomy expression veiled the man's face.

"I quickly investigated the communication officer. As it turned out, he died of cancer five years ago. His subordinates and the secretary who issued the order met similar ends—one from a car accident, another by suicide due to depression—all dead."

A mission that caused all associated with it to meet untimely deaths—what kind of Hell mission is this?

Bao Gucheng furrowed his brows.

"What was the mission content?"

"Reporting to Mr. Bo, it was... to go to the A Continent and bring back an endangered plant."

Bao Gucheng: "..."

For a piece of grass, six of his men lost their lives.

This mission is utterly nonsense, a ridiculous cover!

The focus isn't on the task but on who approved it.

Bao Gucheng spoke in a deep voice: "Who issued the secret assignment?"

Chapter 238: The Ancestor Who Won't Marry; The Transferred Noble School Goddess!

Chen Long's Adam's apple bobbed as he struggled to answer, "It is... personally signed by the Old President."

No one could have imagined that this cruel decree, filled with the aura of death, was personally signed by the beloved Old President.

Sigh, they thought it was Feng Shiren and some cabinet elders colluding...

Bao Gucheng pondered for a moment, moving the phone slightly away from his ear, and glanced at the petite woman beside him.

Xi Zuzi gently pursed her lips, "Xiao Cheng, no need to see me off. Official business is more important."

Bao Gucheng pulled her into his arms, speaking muffledly, "I'm sorry."

Sorry, he had to stay and uncover the truth.

Sorry, he couldn't personally see her off.

Xi Zuzi smiled slightly, "Hmm, just make it up to me next time."

Like an insatiable little demon, waiting eagerly for the next time to fill up with Spiritual Energy.

If he weren't on the phone with Chen Long, Bao Gucheng would have loved to pin her against the wall again and kiss her until she was dizzy and oblivious!

Before parting.

Xi Zuzi suddenly became serious as she thought of something, "Xiao Cheng, about that childhood betrothal you mentioned earlier, I won't agree to it."

Bao Gucheng was stunned for a moment.

Then, without even realizing it, the corners of his lips slowly curled up, "Alright."

Clearing up this misunderstanding made Xi Zuzi feel relieved as well.

She was a god who had lived for tens of thousands of years; how could she marry a mere mortal? In her eyes, they were all children.

She would not marry anyone.

She left with the little crow.

The little crow flapped its wings, looking at Bao Gucheng with a bit of pity, "Sigh, the boy still thinks Ancestor isn't marrying anyone else, so she will marry him, right?"

Fu Xiqin was also downcast, "Brother Jin, Qin Qin is so sad. This time I clearly sensed it; Bao Gucheng truly has no trace of our lord's aura. What a pity, he's the most masculine human I've seen. If our lord could be reborn into him and continue the past romance with Ancestor, how wonderful it would be..."

The little crow raised its claw and flicked Fu Xiqin on the head, "What nonsense. Don't mention that old fellow in front of Ancestor!"

Fu Xiqin: "..."

Living under someone else's roof is really hard, sob.

==

The morning and noon passed swiftly.

In the exam room, everyone from the East Sea Class seemed as energetic as if they had been injected with adrenaline, still quizzing each other on vocabulary up until the last second before the test.

Even the proctor thought they had walked into the wrong classroom!

The so-called trash class seemed to be working harder than Cao Yumei's Nanshan Class—is this normal?

Taking advantage of the time when the papers were being distributed, everyone chatted softly to ease their nerves:

"Hey, did you hear, a transfer student just came to the Nanshan Class at noon. She's a super genius from the capital city's aristocratic high school, the kind who scores full marks in all subjects."

"Whoa, is she like Ancestor Missy?"

"Probably similar? Anyway, exceptional people are all alike!"

Xi Rubao suddenly pouted, irritated, "No one can compare to my sister!"

Wu Qianman nodded, "Zuzi is unique."

Wu Minghao proudly stated, "Ancestor Missy's beauty is god-tier. Can that girl measure up?"

Everyone: "...". A true devotee of beauty, indeed.

That said, everyone was genuinely curious about what the transfer student was like.

But this bit of gossip was quickly replaced by worry—

"Why isn't Zuzi back yet?"

"Is she going to miss the fourth mock exam?"

"Sigh, I really miss Ancestor..."

"Honestly, whether we pass or outperform the Nanshan Class doesn't matter; I'm more worried about where Zuzi has gone and if she's okay..."

The aristocratic girl genius was intriguing, but it was their Ancestor who truly tugged at their hearts.

The English exam lasted two hours.

There were fifteen minutes left until the papers had to be turned in.

Looking at the empty seat that belonged to Xi Zuzi, everyone was nearly losing hope.

Especially since this English test was particularly difficult. No one had turned in their paper yet; everyone was still writing furiously.

Suddenly.

The quiet exam room was disrupted as someone kicked open the door.

Someone looked with excitement, "Zuzi is back..."

Half the words stuck in their throat.

Seeing the intimidating figure at the door, everyone was truly surprised!

Who is this person...??

Chapter 239: Tell These Garbage Who I Am

Outside the door.

A delicate little girl, wearing an oversized black branded hoodie, with the hood covering half her face, and a cool black baseball cap underneath.

The girl had her hands in her pockets, skinny leggings, and Martin boots, which made her look like she was swaying within her clothes.

In the sea of identical uniforms at Qingcheng High School, this outfit was quite prominent, with an indescribable "rascal" vibe.

"Move my desk inside."

The girl spoke with a brief and arrogant command.

"Yes!"

A chorus of rough male voices responded in unison, mixed with the sound of dragging desks and chairs.

Only then did everyone notice that she had brought over a dozen bodyguards, carrying a set of custom black piano-lacquered desks, intending to move them into the East Sea Class.

No one knew who this girl was; she was so particular that even her school desk was custom-made?

Even the proctor turned a blind eye, pretending not to see their arrogant and rude actions.

The people in the East Sea Class were initially quite curious:

"This girl is pretty cool."

"Where is she from? With the college entrance exam approaching, could it be we have a new transfer student in our class?"

The next second.

They saw the girl pointing at the desk next to Gu Jingyan: "Throw that filthy thing out."

Everyone became unsettled.

"Hey, that's our little Ancestor's seat, you can't move it."

"Did Mr. Gu agree to let you sit next to him? Who are you anyway?"

"Hey, hey, we haven't finished the fourth mock exam yet."

The girl snorted coldly: "Tell this trash who I am."

Bodyguard: "This is Miss Nangong Meng from the Nangong Family in the Imperial City. Being classmates with Miss Meng is a blessing you can cherish for generations!"

Even the proctor on the stage smiled along: "I heard that Miss Meng was initially assigned to the Nanshan Class, but she actively requested to come to the East Sea Class. Miss Meng is a top student from the elite school in the Imperial City. Aren't you going to applaud her welcome?"

Welcome?

No way!

The curiosity the East Sea Class had for the transfer student instantly vanished into thin air.

Their little Ancestor was their bottom line.

"Who are you calling trash, and whose desk are you calling filthy? If you're such a noble aristocrat, then don't come to our East Sea Class." Wu Minghao was the first to speak up.

Xi Rubao, hands on hips, his biting sarcasm not to be underestimated: "Yeah, go stay in the Nanshan Class's dung pit, isn't it nice there?"

Wu Qianman: "What's this Nangong or Beigong family? Never heard of it! Our Ancestor Zuzi is still a Gu Family heiress, way more noble than you!"

Nangong Meng's face changed.

She hadn't expected such poor students from this small place of Qingcheng to dare offend her, a noble lady from the Imperial City.

And they even falsely claimed someone was a Gu Family heiress?

Ridiculous, she hadn't heard Gu Shiyin mention anyone else from the Gu Family besides Mr. Gu being here?

If it weren't to follow in Gu Jingyan's footsteps, would she have taken the chance when her uncle came to Qingcheng, to transfer to this rundown place to take the college entrance exam?

She lifted the hood of her sweatshirt, her eyes flashing cunningly, and sneered: "Since you all don't appreciate me... fine..."

Her voice suddenly sharpened: "Throw this set of trashy desks and chairs out the window directly for me!"

Initially, she had mercifully planned to throw it into the corridor.

Since this group of poor students didn't understand, she'd make an example out of them, let them know just how formidable a noble lady from the Imperial City could be.

"The person seated here won't need to come to school starting today!"

Her condescending tone inflamed everyone's anger!

That was Xi Zuzi's seat; what gave Nangong Meng the right to stop Zuzi from coming to school? Having a family with mines?

Chapter 240: The Little Ancestor Knows Puppetry Technique?

Classmates want to protect Zuzi's desk and books.

But the invigilator on the podium is actually siding with Nangong Meng: "If you get up, submit your paper; if you make a move, you're disrupting the exam. Does your East Sea Class still want to keep its ranking in this exam?"

Everyone: "...!"

Damnit, they're actually threatening them with the rankings, knowing full well how much they care about this mock exam and want to defend their Ancestor's honor.

"Damn it, I don't care about the rankings anymore!" Wu Minghao slammed the desk and stood up.

More classmates stood up following him: "Me neither!"

"Messing with Ancestor's desk is like slapping me in the face, I can't take it!"

It looked like both sides were about to fight.

Yet suddenly, a bizarre scene unfolded by the window—

Zuzi's desk had been carried to the windowsill, but strangely, no matter how much force the bodyguards used, the desk wouldn't fall.

Even more bizarre was that the desk was clearly facing downwards, yet not a single paper fell out.

Isn't this going against the laws of gravity?

Nangong Meng stomped her foot in frustration: "Throw the chairs!"

Chairs are lighter, they should be able to throw them out, right?

Yet.

The bodyguard twitched an eyelid: "Miss Meng... this, this chair can't be moved..."

The seemingly light and ordinary chair wouldn't budge an inch.

It was... inexplicably eerie!

For the first time in her life, Nangong Meng encountered something she couldn't handle, she was fuming: "Set fire to these poor freaks'..."

Before she finished speaking.

The classroom door was pushed open again.

A voice arrived before the person.

Qing Qian's voice was lazy, yet soothing: "Who's disturbing Ancestor's friends from learning?"

Zuzi, clad in white, gracefully entered from the door, her glance casually sweeping the window side.

The bodyguards tossing the desk by the window suddenly felt their hearts skip a beat for no reason, their legs went weak, feeling an urge to kneel on the spot!

"Zuzi!"

"Little Ancestor!"

"Ancestor Sis!"

Everyone in East Sea Class was feeling so wronged.

"Hmm, no need to explain, Ancestor understands." Zuzi stopped everyone, "Finish the test first."

She was as calm as ever, gesturing casually to the bodyguards by the window: "Kids, bring Ancestor's things back."

In no time.

The desk was returned intact, everything back in place.

Nangong Meng was stunned; those were her bodyguards, how could they follow someone else's orders?

Yet, in the next second, she was even more dumbfounded.

Zuzi looked at Nangong Meng's custom desk and chair nearby, shook her head: "Ugly."

With that word.

The bodyguards obediently lifted Nangong Meng's desk and chair and threw them out the window like puppets.

"Bang—!" With a loud crash.

That expensive custom desk and chair are probably shattered to pieces downstairs.

"My piano lacquer desk! That was custom-made by a world-class piano master for me!" Nangong Meng shrieked.

Zuzi glanced at her, resting her chin on her hand: "Kid, the way you try to dress up, is so ugly."

The whole East Sea Class applauded: "Ancestor, you struck the nail on the head!"

No wonder they felt something off about this noble lady earlier.

Every piece was a luxury brand, including the hoodie, baseball cap, skinny pants, and Martin boots, but when combined, it looked strange.

Turns out, this was a carefully dressed "cool" and "rogue" style, not a natural demeanor emanating from her.

Trying to mimic beauty, of course, it's ugly!

Nangong Meng went mad with rage; her outfit was of course inspired by her idol, one of boss Ma Jia's styles worn by Gu Shiyin, but couldn't it be a bit too disgraceful?

"Slap them for me!"

She gritted her teeth, ordering the bodyguards.

"So noisy. Get out."

Zuzi had already sat at her desk, spreading out her paper to answer questions.

Two commands were issued simultaneously.

The bodyguards, without hesitation, obeyed again and carried Nangong Meng out, the classroom quickly regained its peace.

Nangong Meng was shut out and going crazy!

Damn it, how did her bodyguards turn into puppets, and puppets of Zuzi at that!

"Little Ancestor, only one minute left to submit the paper!"

"Mmm-hmm."

Everyone: "..."

But in one minute, isn't it too little time to fill in the answer sheet?