

## Big Shot 271

Chapter 271: For the Sake of Meeting You, I Braved Thorns and Thickets [Sweet Sweet Sweet]

Zuzi replied with a "no," trying to mimic the man's use of emojis or something, but she couldn't.

After studying for a while, she gave up.

Pouting her lips slightly, she lay on the peach branch, not wanting to talk.

After a while, the man's message came again.

It was a selfie.

"Just out of the bath."

It showed a corner of a towel.

Zuzi blinked, but saw the man stepping out of the bath, wet hair dripping with water, the thin towel only covering his V-line, chiselled abs boldly displayed in front of her...

Her lips finally curved slightly upwards.

Ha...

Xiao Cheng, Ancestor really didn't mean to see you in full, it's just... Ancestor's divine skills are like this, there's no way, this complete picture can automatically pop up.

Ancestor... will graciously accept, haha.

She looked again and again.

Her face looked like the July peach forest, blossoms covering the branches, lovely and crimson.

Suddenly, her smile faded, and she typed a few words: "Before Xiao Cheng X, why are there so many scars?"

Thousands of miles away.

Bao Gucheng was adjusting the angle of his phone, seriously studying how to take a selfie that showcases his well-defined body, but naturally without appearing too eager and vulgar.

He hadn't quite figured out the selfie technique yet either.

Then he received Zuzi's message.

The man's heart warmed: This was the first time in his life a woman was concerned about his body...

In the next second.

His hand froze.

Something seemed off?

He looked down at his towel, and the location of the scars, all in places described as before X, XX, XXXX, etc., unspeakable parts.

The selfie he sent earlier showed only a corner of the towel, definitely not revealing any part of his body that shouldn't be exposed.

How did the little woman know about his scars???

His expression gradually became serious.

Then he remembered the last time she helped him treat his illness...

Hmm, it must have been seen by the little woman last time, this little girl who took advantage of his unconsciousness to peek at his whole body, see how he handles her when he gets back.

As for why there are so many scars on his body?

The man's Adam's apple bobbed: "Because, to meet you, I braved countless hardships."

Zuzi received this message, and out of the blue, a slight electric current seemed to brush her heart.

Her small face unconsciously blushed a bit more.

Ah, Xiao Cheng speaks so pleasantly...

The set of jade and wood stationery that Xiao Cheng gave her is also very thoughtful...

"Xiao Cheng, I'm going to sleep! Hugging that Ink Rosewood pen..."

"Miss Zuzi, I wish what you were hugging at this moment was me."

Zuzi sweetly closed her watch, the smile on her lips lingering for a long time.

The little crow perched on the branch flicked its wings forlornly: "Burp, a crow can't digest this dog food, too damn full."

Fu Xiqin sighed even more: "This boy is too good, isn't he? If the master had even one percent of his flirting skills back in the day, he'd have brought Ancestor back to the cave XXX already!"

Little crow: "Ah, spit, you wish, your old geezer wouldn't catch Ancestor's eye."

Fu Xiqin: "Oh Brother Jin, nothing is absolute. You say, if the master could also make such an earnest line... To meet you, I braved countless hardships... whew, I would've knelt at his feet!"

Little crow: "... That line, indeed, is perfect.

Damn boy, do you know you're just a tool?

With such sentiment, you would want to die when Ancestor abandons you in the future!

Never mind, Ancestor said he didn't have many days left anyway...

Chapter 272: She Ended Up with Xi Yuanshan

Xi Ruzhu hurriedly fled the Xi family.

Afraid that those four terrifying Death Soldiers would catch up with her and take her life too.

Fortunately.

She ran fast, and when she got to the hospital, no one caught up with her, finally allowing her to breathe a sigh of relief.

Thinking now that Zuzi might already be in her dreams, being mercilessly handled by those ferocious bandits...

An inexplicable sense of ease filled her heart!

Her tense mood was also significantly soothed.

She was familiar with the place, took the elevator to Xi Yuanshan's hospital room.

Pushing open the door, under the dim bedside lamp, Xi Yuanshan lay wearily against the head of the bed, his eyes half-closed, not knowing if he was asleep.

Xi Ruzhu carried a plastic box of five-yuan preserved egg and lean meat porridge from a street stall downstairs, ready to pour it into a slightly more refined bowl in the hospital room.

Suddenly, Xi Yuanshan opened his eyes.

The smell of congee made him sniff hard, and his strength returned to him as he said, "... Quickly, feed me..."

Xi Ruzhu said, "Wait a moment."

Before she could carry it over, Xi Yuanshan grabbed her small hand and, holding the plastic meal box, gulped down half the bowl of porridge in one go.

He choked and coughed.

Xi Ruzhu busily attended to him in a flurry.

After finally finishing feeding him a bowl of porridge, Xi Yuanshan revived a bit and, under the dim light, focused on Xi Ruzhu wiping the table.

The little dress had a V-neck.

Xi Yuanshan squinted, somewhat dazed, "Ah Mei...come over here..."

Xi Ruzhu was startled.

What, she had been tending to him for a while, and Xi Yuanshan still thought she was Fang Yumei?

This won't do.

"I'm Zhuzhu...ah!"

Xi Yuanshan pulled her onto the bed, his face coming near like a headless fly groveling randomly.

Xi Ruzhu frantically protested, "I'm Zhuzhu, I'm not Fang..."

"You're not Ah Mei? Then why are you here in the middle of the night? I see..." At this moment, Xi Yuanshan's mind was filled only with his own pleasure, mumbling, "I know Zhuzhu, you're the most sensible, unlike those women who only know money.

You're loyal to me, aren't you? Zhuzhu, serve me well, and I swear I'll treat you well..."

Xi Ruzhu's mind went blank.

So he did know her?

He was now very clear on who she was?

After a brief moment of shock, she quickly regained her composure.

Wonderful, since Xi Yuanshan knew she was Zhuzhu and still treated her this way, this was... her golden opportunity to turn the tables.

She couldn't miss it, even if it meant losing all shame; she couldn't miss this chance to continue being the cherished one—

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The next day.

In the Nanshan Class classroom.

Classmates surrounded Xi Ruzhu, "Wow, Zhuzhu, where did you get this stationery? It's so beautiful, it's just as nice as what Miss Meng gave us yesterday."

Xi Ruzhu beamed, "My dad bought it for me."

"Zhuzhu, your family must be really rich, and your parents treat you so well!"

"Exactly, my dad's so stingy, he never buys me stationery that costs more than five and a half yuan each, it's outrageous! I really envy you having such a wonderful dad."

Xi Ruzhu felt even more delighted, her cheeks flushing like a shy bride's, "It's alright, my dad always fulfills my wishes."

"Ah, when dads spoil their daughters, it's really a super spoil, they say it's their previous life's little lover..."

The classroom was filled with endless praises.

As Xi Rubao was passing by the Nanshan Class with Zuzi.

Hearing these few remarks, Xi Rubao couldn't help but frown, "How disgusting, talking about a previous life's little lover, don't you find that analogy nauseating?"

Zuzi gave a faint smile and glanced nonchalantly at Xi Ruzhu, who was enjoying the attention like a moon surrounded by stars in the class, "Not really. Although, for some people, indeed... it is quite sordid."

Chapter 273: Pretending to be a Rich Girl, the Group's Darling Gets Publicly Humiliated!

Last night

All in all, she felt it was worth it.

In just one minute afterwards, Xi Yuanshan gave her the last thousand yuan left in his stock account and promised her that all the company's money would be handed over to her for safekeeping in the future.

Isn't this like getting an official stamp as the little boss lady?

Her status upgraded overnight!

Zhuzhu, feeling refreshed, went to the store early to splurge on the imported stationery she'd been eyeing for so long— the whole set!

At this moment, the feeling of being surrounded by everyone again was simply wonderful.

Fortunately, Nangong Meng wasn't here, so she once again became the center of attention in the class, the feeling of being the group favorite had finally returned... If only she had known, she should have climbed into Xi Yuanshan's bed a bit earlier, having wasted so many years for nothing.

Just as Zhuzhu was enjoying everyone's compliments.

Suddenly.

A classmate exclaimed, "Hey, Zhuzhu, how come this H-brand fountain pen of yours is different from the one Miss Meng distributed yesterday?"

Zhuzhu didn't pay much attention and replied casually, "What's different about it?"

"Everything's different. Look, the brand's logo size is different, the color is different, most importantly... the writing feel is different. This pen of yours doesn't have a smooth ink flow, it's not even as good as my ten-yuan pen. Could it be that... you bought a fake and are passing it off as the real thing?"

What?

Fake?

Zhuzhu got excited, "How is that possible? I spent a few hundred yuan on it."

"Didn't you say your dad brought it back from abroad for you?"

Oops, accidentally let it slip.

Zhuzhu had to cover it up, "Well... that... ha, I meant the other stationery was brought back from abroad by my dad. This pen, I bought myself, but the money was given by my dad."

Everyone suddenly understood, "Oh. But Zhuzhu, where did you actually buy it?"

"Just, Da Chuang Department Store."

"Ah! That place, there are a lot of counterfeits there. Last time I bought a pen, a customer complained and even called the police. The owner was fined a lot of money for selling counterfeits, and you still dared to buy things there?!"

"Is... that so? I didn't know..." Zhuzhu was a bit flustered.

To be honest, she couldn't tell the difference between real and fake.

After all, she had never used a pen worth several hundred yuan before, and when Nangong Meng distributed pens yesterday, she unluckily didn't get even one.

As the members of the Nanshan Class chatted among themselves, they became increasingly suspicious that Zhuzhu's pen was fake.

Zhuzhu bit her lip, her eyes brimming with tears, just about to explain something.

Suddenly.

Xi Rubao poked her little head in from outside the classroom door, "Sister Zhuzhu, dad hasn't been abroad at all recently because he's been sick, so where would he get you a branded pen? He never even brought one back for me! Oh, and by the way, the money at home is all managed by mom, dad doesn't have any money in the hospital, so where did you get so much pocket money to buy these luxury pens? Baby is really envious!"

"Whoa—"

Xi Rubao's blunt remarks left everyone in Nanshan Class stunned.

So Zhuzhu really lied out of vanity!

Tut tut.

The crowd that had surrounded her with admiration just moments ago gradually dispersed, and those who looked at her had a slightly odd expression.

After all, being poor is no big deal, but pretending to be a rich girl with counterfeits and stubbornly playing a role is a bit annoying.

Failing to pretend and getting exposed, Zhuzhu was so angry she wanted to tear apart this tactless little sister.

Who would've thought.

She raised her eyes and met a calm but deep gaze!

Zhuzhu shivered, "Ghost, I saw a ghost!"

Chapter 274: Are You Secretly Dating a Man?

Zuzi curved her lips into a faint smile, looking indifferently at Xi Ruzhu.

A shallow smile that didn't reach her eyes: "What, did you do something guilty, so afraid to see me?"

Xi Ruzhu shivered, her voice trembling: "You, how did you..."

"I'm not dead, am I? Hands and feet intact, disappointed?"

Xi Ruzhu could barely speak a complete sentence: "You, you, you..."

She felt a chill to her core.

She thought Zuzi had been taken care of by those four men in black last night, and this morning, either she would have bled to death or become a cripple without hands.

Who knew, Zuzi appeared completely intact, seemingly even more beautiful and lively than yesterday, so calmly in front of her.

She trembled, turned into a statue in shock.

Who knows how long had passed, Zuzi had long left with Xi Rubao, the class bell had rung, and the teacher was lecturing, yet she still couldn't react.

"Xi Ruzhu, what are you daydreaming about!"

"Look at your math scores plummeting, all problems are wrong!"

"I heard even your best subject, English, is failing, almost didn't pass this time?"

"The college entrance exam is approaching, do you want to fail and go to Nanxiang Technical School?"

"Xi Ruzhu, have you listened to the teacher's advice at all? Are you secretly dating before graduation, thinking about guys?"

The math teacher, furious, kept criticizing the inattentive Xi Ruzhu on the podium.

Causing a wave of low laughter from those seated below.

Usually the most prideful and attentive of keeping a perfect academic image, Xi Ruzhu was still in a daze.

Only one thought occupied her mind: Why was Zuzi unharmed, why didn't she die, why weren't her hands broken, why...

She had nothing, no purity, no top student status, no pet student status...

Everything was ruined.

Yet Zuzi remained high and fine.

It's not fair!

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Qingcheng Four Seas Hotel.

Nangong Meng stumbled out of her regular suite, knocking on the door of the presidential suite next door: "Uncle, Uncle, I'm dying..."

She was covered in blood, one hand severed, the wound still bleeding continuously, as if to drain all the blood from her body.

Severe pain mixed with fear, most of all was the unknown dread.

Her right hand severed, she could only use her left hand to pound on the door.

Each knock mournful and pleading.

Nangong Mo had retired very late the previous night, personally sifting through thousands of photos faxed by subordinates from the Imperial Capital, of various women in white dresses.

None was the woman he had a fleeting glimpse of at the aquarium that day.

He was grumpy, with a touch of morning irritation, his gaze cold as he came to open the door.

Even though she was his own niece, he still greeted her with a cold, bad-tempered tone: "You'd better be really dying, or I'll finish you off myself!"

Upon seeing Nangong Meng's miserable state, his sharp gaze deepened gradually, grabbing that severed hand, causing Nangong Meng to howl in pain.

The man observed the cut, after mere seconds, he confidently said: "This is the cut from the specially designed tools of our Nangong family. What, playing with knives yourself and made a mistake?"

"Uncle, sobbing, how would I cut myself, it was, it was the Death Soldiers that chopped me..."

"Impossible. The Death Soldiers trained by our Nangong family are unwavering in loyalty."

"Uncle, if I'm lying, let thunder strike me! They really... as soon as they entered, they chopped me, not only that, their own hands were also severed, sobbing, it was too terrifying..."

Nangong Mo's brows furrowed, he snapped his fingers.

Immediately, four black-clad Death Soldiers rushed in, standing properly to one side.

Each one dragging a severed hand, a sight that was horrifying!

Chapter 275: Calculating the Ancestor's Marriage Line

"Speak, what happened!"

Nangong Mo had never seen the death soldiers he trained be this pathetic.

The four of them just looked bewildered, unable to utter a word for quite a while.

"You don't remember?"

Only then did the four of them make an effort to nod.

"Then why did you injure her?"

After thinking for a moment, the four replied, "Miss Meng instructed us personally."

Nangong Meng was on the verge of tears, "I clearly told you to go chop off Zuzi Xi's hand, and you ended up chopping mine. Are you insane?"

"Zu... Zi... Xi..."

Nangong Mo chewed over these three words, feeling an indescribable flavor.

It was as if this name held an irresistible allure begging to be explored.

"Is she the female classmate who bullied you?"

"Yes, Fourth Uncle, it's her! Fourth Uncle, you have to make it right this time, my hand is ruined, how can I score full marks in the college entrance exam?"

"Your hand wasn't ruined by her. Are you suggesting that because of your own foolish command, I should punish my own hidden guards?"

"Fourth Uncle... I didn't mean that, I... I don't dare..."

Nangong Meng knew her uncle was unpredictable and capricious.

He didn't particularly shield the Nangong Family, and sometimes it was impossible to guess what he was thinking.

Gritting her teeth, she tentatively made a suggestion, "Fourth Uncle, do you think it might be that the hidden guards were possessed by something? Otherwise, the people you trained would never lose control like this. How about inviting Master Wu Ming to take a look?"

She decided to flatter Fourth Uncle first, then carefully make her request. Surely it would work this time?

Nangong Mo pondered for a moment, "Wu Ming is handling something for me. Let's wait until he returns."

Nangong Meng let out a wail, "Wahh... Every day Zuzi Xi lives makes me miserable!"

Nangong Mo gave her a cool glance, "If you don't get your severed hand attended to, your entire arm will go rotten, and you'll die of sepsis."

Nangong Meng shuddered in fear and without further ado, howled for her bodyguard to carry her to the hospital.

Revenge is important.

So is life, wah wah wah.

Anyway, she was convinced that this had something to do with Zuzi Xi. How could it be such a coincidence? She ordered them to strike someone, and it ended up with her own hand being struck. It must be that Zuzi Xi hired some rogue from the underworld to cast a curse that set up a deadly trap to harm her.

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Deep in Qingcheng Mountain.

Bai Fei was bored to death by the grave pit, brewing medicine, preparing medicine, missing Zuzi Xi, brewing medicine, preparing medicine, missing Zuzi Xi...

Bao Gucheng wouldn't let him leave there, and he was so bored he was about to grow mold.

"Yesterday I sent off a pen to the little fairy by express. I wonder if she received it and liked it. What should I send today? A big snack package? Lollipops? Aaaaah, when will you guys finish filling in this grave pit so we can hurry back to the city?"

Bai Fei was desperate to return to Zuzi Xi's side in an instant.

He really wanted to ask her what that giant bird she was riding on that day was.

As he was muttering to himself, he saw a soldier escorting someone over. The person was clad in an unassuming gray robe, pointing around the grave pit.

He casually asked, "Who's that? Didn't Mr. Bo say not to let a single outsider within ten miles?"

"Oh, Mr. Bai, you're referring to that person? He's no ordinary guy; he's Master Wu Ming, famous in the capital, specializing in feng shui, divining houses for the living and dead. This grave pit is somewhat eerie, especially with an empty coffin in the middle, so we thought to calculate a good date for completion to avoid further disasters like lightning strikes. Don't worry, they have strong professional ethics and won't leak secrets or the future."

Bai Fei: "Oh."

He was just about to continue brewing, preparing, and missing Zuzi Xi when suddenly, a light bulb went on.

"Hey, wait, let me have him read my fortune!"

Let's see what the future holds for me and the little fairy, hehehe.

Chapter 276: She is lifelong without marriage or offspring, an ice sculpture beauty

Master Wu Ming examined the location of the grave pit seriously, pointing and instructing the soldiers to note down the precautions.

Occasionally, he would bend down to pick up a handful of soil, sniff it, and then take out some talisman paper from his pocket and bury it.

Overall, his behavior seemed profound, incomprehensible to everyone.

Bai Fei followed Master Wu Ming earnestly, with an enthusiastic tail-wagging demeanor.

Pestered until the other couldn't stand it anymore, he finally stopped: "Young man, I don't usually do fortune-telling for relationships..."

Bai Fei beamed: "I'm not the average person, and the girl I like isn't either. She's a little fairy, so please, please! As for money, we Bai Family lack anything but money. My biggest headache each day is how to squander a billion."

As he spoke, he handed over a five-million-dollar check with a generous flourish.

Wu Ming's eyelids lifted slightly as he accepted it.

Then he asked for Bai Fei's birthdate and time and closed his eyes for a moment.

Suddenly, he opened his eyes wide: "You're facing a major calamity!"

Bai Fei's lips twitched: "Cough cough, I wanted to ask about love, Master."

Wu Ming reiterated: "Within a month, you're bound to face a major calamity. You're living on borrowed time, having survived a car accident that should have claimed your life a month ago. This life has been extended for a month; you've already gotten your share. The heavens won't spare you further, you should be prepared to leave..."

Bai Fei's smile vanished.

A month ago, wasn't that the time he got into a car accident with Bao Gucheng?

The two of them barely escaped death together.

"Cough cough, Master, you fortune-tellers love telling people impending doom and certain death. Is it to promote your refuge talisman papers?"

"No, there's no such thing as refuge talisman paper, and I can't save you. No one in this world can save you. Go home and prepare for the end."

"Hey, hey, you can't say that. Some Master once said Mr. Bo wouldn't live past 25, but here he is, 25 years old, and still alive, kicking, and flirting!"

Wu Ming gave him a deep look: "Bao Gucheng, right? He's also facing impending doom, not far from death."

"Come on! This is impossible to talk about... Can we change the script? I mean, you fortune-tellers always say people are about to die, what's your basis, or are there signs?"

"None. The heavenly secrets must not be disclosed."

Bai Fei was driven to madness.

To ask about love and end up hearing about his imminent death, what a situation.

Wu Ming left with a swish of his sleeve, continuing to examine the graves.

However, after walking a few steps, he turned back and left a word: "The girl you like, I advise you to give up on her too. Not because you're dying. But... that girl has no marriage palace or child palace in her fate, her heart doesn't open to love. In other words, she will live alone, proud and aloof, not

understanding love... like an unfeeling ice sculpture, not a suitable partner. I advise you to give up early."

Bai Fei: "..."

I just want to ask, can I have my five million back?

The little fairy isn't the ice sculpture beauty you describe; she's kind and warm-hearted, and her smile can melt everything.

This is why you shouldn't get your fortune read, dammit, the more you have your fortune told, the more misfortunes pile up, and it ruins my mood!

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These past few days, Gu Qiusha's mood has stabilized quite a bit.

Since she witnessed the scandal between Xi Yuanshan and Fang Yumei with her own eyes, her determination to divorce has only grown stronger.

She's just waiting for the college entrance exam to end, and the children's results to be settled, and then she will divorce Xi Yuanshan.

If the agreement doesn't work out, she'll directly go to court to file for divorce.

The evidence has all been collected; she's not afraid of Xi Yuanshan tricking and stalling later.

Is it painful? Of course, it is, but she needs to be strong.

She held a few plane tickets in her hand, taking a deep breath.

"Mommy! Your two little sweethearts are here to see you!"

Xi Rubao, after school, was like a bird rushing to the woods, hurling herself into Gu Qiusha's arms.

Zuzi walked leisurely and gracefully behind, her white dress fluttering, a faint smile on her face.

Chapter 277: The Group's Favorite Hatches a Toxic Plan! Ancestor in a Bathrobe Video Calls Mr. Bo

Gu Qiusha softly greeted, "My little darlings, I've booked three plane tickets. Once your exams are over, how about I take you to the capital for some fun? You can check out the universities you like, and decide what to apply for later."

"Wow, Mommy, you've already planned our summer trip for us?"

"Yes, you just focus on preparing for the exams, nothing else to worry about."

"Mommy, I love you... mwah, mwah..."

Inside the room, there was joyful laughter between mother and daughters, a scene of happiness.

Xi Ruzhu's footsteps stopped stiffly at the threshold, unable to step inside.

At that moment, she felt like an outsider abandoned by them.

Once upon a time, the one frolicking in Gu Qiusha's embrace was Xi Rubao and her, Xi Ruzhu, the beloved child and Jinli of the Xi family, envied by many.

Now, Zuzi had taken her place.

Even Gu Qiusha only cared for her two biological daughters, forgetting about her adopted daughter!

"Haha, so realistic, three plane tickets, you three are like true mother and daughters."

"Very well, Gu Qiusha, you ungrateful woman, buying plane tickets only for them, planning a trip to the capital without me..."

"If that's the case, there's no need for me to be considerate of you anymore."

"You want your two daughters to have fun, huh? I won't let you get your wish. I want them to turn against each other, so that beside you, there's only me who can inherit all the family businesses from you and Dad!"

Xi Ruzhu murmured to herself, clenching her fists, and turned to leave.

Her gaze swept over the house's long staircase, recalling the scene when Zuzi first arrived, and Xi Rubao was always creating a fuss about jumping off the stairs...

Hehe, haha...

"Mommy, I think I heard someone laughing?"

"Huh, but there's no one outside, could it be a stray cat?"

"Okay, you guys go eat, Mommy will make another call to finalize the seat selection for the tickets..."

Gu Qiusha went upstairs to call Gu Yuzhi, "Brother, can you help find someone from the airline, and secure three good seats in advance?"

"What Sha Sha asks must be done. But three tickets, which two kids are you taking out?"

"No, all three are for the kids to travel. I'm not going, I'll stay here... to take care of things!"

"Alright, I'll accompany you, Sha Sha."

The two conversed softly for a long time, never growing tired, as if they had endless things to talk about...

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After dinner.

Xi Rubao took a shower, then hurried upstairs to memorize her notes, eager to study every minute!

Zuzi draped in a white bathrobe, lazily walked with the belt loosely tied.

Suddenly she reminded Xiao Jinli ahead, "Walk slower these days..."

"Got it, sis! Hehe, I've been doing good deeds lately, you see I've never tripped while climbing stairs, right? Good deeds bring good rewards, what you said is absolutely right."

Zuzi raised her delicate brows slightly and smiled, "Yeah."

Suddenly, the phone watch rang, it was a call from Bao Gucheng.

She looked down at the watch, not continuing her warnings for the moment.

Xiao Jinli turned back mysteriously, "Sis, is it a call from brother-in-law?"

Zuzi laughed, "What brother-in-law?"

"The one who always flies to pick you up, that cool and handsome uncle with the rugged looks!"

Zuzi: "..."

Uncle? Can't be, he's clearly a fresh, young boy...

Xi Rubao made a funny face, "Don't be nervous, sis, I won't tell Mom. It's our sisterly secret! Go take the call from brother-in-law, he's probably calling to give you a kiss, hehe..."

Zuzi: "..."

And what is a kiss?

Looking down at the screen, she noticed today's call was different, it said... video call?

And what is a video call?

Wearing her bathrobe, Zuzi curiously clicked it on...

Chapter 278: Mr. Bo Doesn't Want to Be a Gentleman Anymore

As Zuzi walked into the bedroom, she clicked on the video call request sent by Bao Gucheng.

"Xiao Cheng, how did you get into the watch? Is this the Bone Shrinking Technique?"

Zuzi was quite interested in the life-like scaled-down image on the screen, finding it a bit cute.

The man's lips twitched slightly: "Miss Zuzi hasn't used this feature before?"

As the girl stepped up the stairs, her wrist wearing the watch gently swayed, the collar of her bathrobe also lightly moved, a glimpse of snowy skin unintentionally sent into the man's eyes.

Bao Gucheng's Adam's apple bobbed, continuing nonchalantly: "You can try this feature more in the future."

Zuzi opened the bedroom door and habitually pressed the watch to her ear as she replied: "Yeah, it's quite interesting. Are you working?"

Bao Gucheng had just paused a long meeting, seizing a three-minute break to call her, intending to urge her to rest early and not to stay up late studying and reading.

Upon hearing this, he waved his hand, shoed the waiting Chen Long out of the lounge, and indicated that he inform the meeting's executives to extend the break.

A mere three minutes wouldn't suffice for him and the little woman.

"Yes, I was in a meeting. But now it's done. Does Miss Zuzi have any coursework she needs Mr. Bo to help with?"

"Hmm, I want to hear you read me poetry."

Bao Gucheng's voice was exceptionally rich and powerful, and listening to the poems recited by him was a top-tier enjoyment for Zuzi.

"Sure. Which one would you like to hear?"

"Everything from that 'Selection' book."

"Alright."

Bao Gucheng remembered the few baffling poems that confused the little woman, all from that 'Selection' book, his old face blushed slightly.

"Oh, wait a moment." Zuzi suddenly remembered something, "I'll change clothes and be back."

She had just bathed downstairs, still wearing her bathrobe, her slightly damp long hair hung down, drops of water falling into the collar of her gown.

She lightly wiped the water droplets by her cheek with her small hand, placed the phone watch on the table, and opened the wardrobe to get pajamas.

Gu Qishu had bought her a cabinet full of pretty little dresses, yet she usually preferred the plain white robe brought from the countryside, even at school, she never switched to the school uniform.

Only occasionally would she wear pajamas, the high-quality silk was barely to her taste.

At this moment.

On Bao Gucheng's side, he was watching her pick up a set of thin, translucent silk nightgown, about to change clothes.

The man's breath quickened!

The gentlemanly demeanor told him he should close his eyes now.

But a wild voice in his heart screamed: Don't be a gentleman!

As Bao Gucheng battled internally, Zuzi suddenly turned around: "Ah, Xiao Cheng, can you see the same me over there?"

Bao Gucheng's voice was a bit hoarse: "Yes."

Zuzi's red lips curled slightly, flinging a silk handkerchief over the phone watch: "Xiao Cheng, you're being naughty."

Bao Gucheng: "..."

Through the phone came the rustling sound of silk clothes, which was more than just naughty—it was maddening.

After what felt like an eternity, the handkerchief was finally removed.

But Zuzi wasn't dressed in her pajamas; she had changed into a clean, plain white robe, smiling sweetly: "Xiao Cheng, time to read."

Bao Gucheng took a deep breath: "... There's plenty of time in the future; he wasn't in a hurry, truly.

In the Imperial Capital meeting room.

A group of executives exchanged puzzled looks, waiting for Bao Gucheng. Mr. Bo never took more than three minutes for a mid-meeting break and often worked continuously for a day and a night; why did he disappear halfway through today's meeting?

Could it be that a major incident occurred, and everyone would have to stay up all night working overtime?

Chapter 279: Mr. Bo Focuses on a "Big Matter"

After a while.

Chen Long came out and instructed: "Adjourn the meeting. Everyone has worked hard during this time, let's continue tomorrow."

A group of high-ranking officials surrounded Chen Long nervously, fearing that something big had happened.

"It's nothing," Chen Long swallowed: "Routine operation."

Even an emperor has the right not to attend morning court, right? Could it really be considered a tyrant if his master occasionally spent time indulging with Xi Fei?

The crowd left with doubts, always feeling that Bao Gucheng was up to something big behind their backs.

After a moment.

Far away in Qingcheng, Nangong Mo received a secret telegram: Bao Gucheng is wary of us, secretly plotting something major, Fourth Master, be careful.

Nangong Mo raised an eyebrow and threw the telegram to his subordinate: "Find out what Bao Gucheng has been up to recently?"

Subordinate: "Reporting to Fourth Master, after he returned to the Imperial City, he has only been dealing with a few old cases before retirement... He refuses to take on any new assignments and declines all dining invitations. Oh, and he's also looking at cemeteries, maybe planning to choose a burial date for the deceased like Si Zhe."

Nangong Mo squinted, disdainfully saying: "Is that it? What's there to guard against regarding Bao Gucheng?"

"Subordinate... doesn't understand either."

"Forget it, go urge Master Wu Ming. He's in the mountains surveying, see how the progress is going, and have him report directly to me."

"Fourth Master, should I also ask Master Wu Ming to divine who harmed Miss Meng?"

"No need. What Wu Ming is doing is more important; we can't let him be distracted." Nangong Mo's tone was cold, and his deep, cold blue eyes showed no emotion.

The subordinate was secretly alarmed.

No wonder people say the Fourth Master is cold and unfathomable.

Miss Meng's hand was injured so badly, impacting her for life, yet the Fourth Master doesn't think it's a big deal, showing no concern, prioritizing Wu Ming's tasks instead.

This is not normal thinking!

What on earth has the Fourth Master instructed Wu Ming to do in the mountain's pit that's so significant?

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After dispersing the high-level meeting attendees, Bao Gucheng focused on the "important matter"—reading poetry to Zuzi.

Zuzi lay on the edge of the bed, half-closing her eyes, listening to the man's rhythmic voice, making even the uncomfortable bed feel somewhat more pleasant.

Initially, she asked many questions that made the man blush and his heart skip, but gradually, her phoenix eyes gently closed, and her even breathing transmitted through the watch to Bao Gucheng's side.

The man gently stroked the little face on the screen, slowly saying: "Goodnight."

He was reluctant to end the call.

He kept the phone by his side, even while sleeping, keeping the screen on so he could see her sweet and naive sleeping face. He noticed, incidentally, that she slept quite restlessly... In just an hour, her little feet had kicked onto the watch screen.

The man nearly wanted to reach through the screen to pinch the fair arches of her feet!

He got up and took a cold shower.

But he still felt a little restless, unable to sleep, so he forced himself to go through the documents Chen Long submitted, related to the Old President from six years ago...

It was only work that could calm him down, even if just for a short while!

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Countdown to the college entrance exam: nine days.

A black sedan parked in the parking lot outside the senior three teaching building.

Xi Ruzhu received a phone call, ran downstairs, got into the car, and saw Nangong Meng, who hadn't shown up for several days.

"Miss Meng, you..."

She was surprised to see Nangong Meng with her right hand wrapped in thick bandages, her arm noticeably shorter.

Nangong Meng's face was somber, thin, her dark circles so pronounced that even foundation couldn't hide them: "Cut the nonsense. I called you here for a task. Are you the one adopted by Zuzi's family? Do you know Zuzi's birth date? Give it to me quickly!"

Xi Ruzhu didn't expect Nangong Meng to make such a request as soon as she spoke.

The term "adopted" gave her a sting in her heart and simultaneously puzzled her.

What does Nangong Meng want with Zuzi's birth date?

Chapter 280: Setting a Deadly Trap for Zuzi by the Feng Shui Master

"Miss Meng, what do you need Xi Zuzi's birth date for?"

"Stop talking nonsense, do you have it or not?"

"I... She's probably born in the same year as me, as for the month... well... approximately..."

"What do you mean probably and approximately, I need it precisely!"

Even with a missing right hand, Nangong Meng still had the temper of a spoiled young lady, ordering people around.

Xi Ruzhu swallowed her anger and spoke kindly, "Miss Meng, Xi Zuzi grew up in the countryside, she hasn't stayed much at my house, I'm really not sure about her exact birth date."

Nangong Meng snorted coldly, "Aren't you the English class representative? Go find Fang Yumei and check Xi Zuzi's records."

Xi Ruzhu opened her mouth, thinking to herself, why is Nangong Meng so eagerly pursuing this, what exactly is she planning to do?

If she doesn't agree, what consequences might there be?

Seeing her hesitating, Nangong Meng's tone cooled even further, "Don't try to play tricks with me. I might as well tell you, I've hired a Feng Shui master, who can use the Eight Characters to find the gate of death and make someone die quietly! Now everything is ready, just missing Xi Zuzi's birth details! Just be honest and find it for me, I'll reward you generously, but don't think about tipping anyone off!"

Xi Ruzhu was so surprised she couldn't close her mouth, "Such... magical things exist in the world?"

Nangong Meng scoffed, "Really, you're so inexperienced being from the countryside. What's so strange about that? In our capital, every wealthy family keeps one or two Feng Shui masters. Setting up formations and schemes is routine, but in your small place, even finding a person is difficult!"

Seeing Nangong Meng's determination to deal with Xi Zuzi, Xi Ruzhu gritted her teeth and swiftly agreed, "I'll handle it right away."

She slipped upstairs, pretended to help Fang Yumei organize everyone's English assignments in the teacher's office, and secretly opened the school's records system...

A moment later.

Her cheeks were flushed with excitement as she handed the information she had found to Nangong Meng, "Miss Meng, is that master you hired really that effective?"

"Nonsense! He's Zhang Tian, the top disciple of Master Wu Ming, known as Zhang Shensuan. It took great effort to get him involved! He helped me calculate that it was a woman who harmed my hand, and my bodyguards were also bewitched by this woman. Who else could it be but Xi Zuzi?! He has a way to set up and use talismans to lead Xi Zuzi into the gate of death. This time, I want her to drop dead in the street!"

Nangong Meng spoke so passionately that as she nodded and swayed, some hair kept falling off.

Xi Ruzhu watched, feeling a bit scared, wondering if Nangong Meng continued like this, would she soon become bald like herself?

However, thinking that Nangong Meng could even hire such an extraordinary master, she felt a stirring desire, "Miss Meng, could I trouble you to ask this master to help me too? I don't need much, just a talisman to make someone briefly dizzy..."

It's Nangong Meng's business to plot against Xi Zuzi.

Her own plan couldn't stop, either.

Since Gu Qiusha was heartless and unkind to her, she would make Gu Qiusha's own daughter die one by accident and another by jumping off. In any case, if Xi Rubao dies from jumping, everything could be pinned on Xi Zuzi.

At the Xi family, it would eventually just leave her as the sole daughter, and that would be the most ideal outcome, haha.

Xi Yuanshan would undoubtedly dote on her, as would Gu Qiusha!

"Then I'll reward you with one. I'll mention it to Zhang Shensuan later."

Seeing someone pleading with such humility, Nangong Meng was more than happy to oblige.