

Big Shot 321

Chapter 321: The Little Ancestor's College Entrance Exam Prediction! The East Sea Class Makes a Collective Vow!

Self-study at nine in the evening.

The people from other senior year classes had all left.

After all, with just two days until the college entrance exams, the intense nerves were almost unbearable. Most people's minds were foggy; they just wanted to go home and sleep, wanting nothing to do with those piles of exams that were as tall as a hill.

However, the classrooms of East Sea Class and Nanshan Class were still brightly lit.

East Sea Class was determined to work until the very last moment before the exams, while Nanshan Class had been inspired today—as even underachievers were working harder than you, what excuse do you have to be playing?

Their academic idols, Nangong Meng and Xi Ruzhu, were already burnt out. Wouldn't it be embarrassing if they were surpassed by the average scores of those losers from East Sea Class?

That would be too humiliating!

No way, they decided they must dive into the sea of questions and study, study, study!

Someone from East Sea Class returned from the bathroom and reported, "Damn, I heard next door is going to study until 10 PM."

Wu Minghao: "Hell, we're going until eleven!"

Everyone clenched their teeth and agreed, "Okay! Even if we have to go till midnight, I can hold out."

Wu Qianman hesitated, "But we agreed to come by at five in the morning to do the last three sprint practice exams. What if we can't get out of bed?"

Wu Minghao: "I'll set ten alarms, suspend my head by the beam, and pierce my thigh with a needle! Damn, I've never worked so hard for anything in my life. With just two days left, I can't chicken out now, I'm giving it my all!"

A burst of laughter ensued.

Then came a slight pang of regret.

If only they had this awareness and determination earlier, from the first day of senior year. No, if they had started working hard from their first day of high school and persevered, maybe they wouldn't have to work themselves to death at the last moment?

"Damn it, why didn't anyone knock some sense into me with a brick back then? Three years of high school were utterly wasted."

"In the last two days, I've finally had a breakthrough in math. If I only had a few more days, just a few days, I think I could improve my math score by 50 points."

"Me too. I finally learned the trick to memorizing words from Zuzi, but I've only memorized half the word list. It's too late now, boohoo..."

"I really don't want to fail the college entrance exam and make my parents ashamed in front of relatives!"

"I really don't want to always be called trash, just a useless burden on my family!"

"So regretful, I wish I could beg a deity to throw me back three years..."

The heavy regret hovered above East Sea Class.

This group of second-generation kids felt for the first time the preciousness of time and the helplessness of irreversible fate.

At this moment, the only one in the classroom not studying or reading, Zuzi, sat fiddling with her wristwatch.

Seeing there was still an hour until midnight, she slowly lifted her head, propping her chin with her delicate hand, "So, you guys want to make a wish to your ancestor now?"

Everyone was stunned, "Making a wish... does it work?"

They all wished to start over fresh, for everything to begin again, but alas, people can't be reborn—this isn't a novel, it's the real world.

Zuzi's phoenix eyes narrowed slightly, red lips curving up lazily and casually, "Mmm hmm. Depends on who's wishing. People who do three good deeds a day, well, there's a chance the ancestor might consider it."

After all, there are too many people praying around the world every day.

The ancestor doesn't have time to hear so many wishes.

Wishes from good people can take priority.

Everyone looked at each other.

They'd definitely not believe this if it came from anyone else, but since it was Zuzi speaking, they inexplicably trusted her!

Everyone: "Zuzi, can you send us back three years?"

Zuzi: "Of course not."

Everyone, dejected: "Cough, cough... okay then, let's not wish after all. Let's just study honestly until midnight..."

Zuzi chuckled lightly, "No, keep wishing. You might ask the ancestor to give you a hint on the exam questions, oh."

What?

Predict the exam questions?

You're defying the heavens, little ancestor!

Chapter 322: A Big Question Worth Fifty Thousand? Ancestor Doesn't Care About That Small Amount of Money

As soon as they heard Zuzi was going to predict the college entrance exam questions, everyone's sleepiness vanished, and they were full of energy.

"Sister Ancestor, this isn't just some practice test; it's the college entrance exam! Can you really predict it?"

"It's said that the college entrance exam papers, along with backup papers, total more than a dozen sets, and half of the questions are randomly drawn from a backup question pool. Not even the examiners themselves know which questions will be chosen in the end."

Zuzi lazily raised a finger, casually flipping through the pages of a book, turning it into a fan: "The examiners may not know, but the Ancestor does."

"Little Ancestor, how many questions can you predict?"

"Well... all of them, I suppose."

All of them???

Everyone was practically boiling over with excitement.

"Little Ancestor, those authoritative secret exam questions, internal prediction papers, and the top-secret papers for the last 36 hours are selling for several thousand apiece. There's also that famous Professor Liu Haibin, who once prepared exam questions; his crash course VIP lecture ticket costs fifty thousand dollars... It's said he can predict one major question each year... If you can predict too, we'd be set for life..."

A group of little money grubbers had already started counting on their fingers how much Ancestor could make per question.

Who would have thought.

Zuzi casually said, "The Ancestor's predicted questions are not for sale."

Everyone was stunned.

Faces instantly showed a bit of embarrassment.

Oh right, they almost forgot, the Ancestor isn't short on money. Ancestor casually suggests stocks for Wu Minghao to buy, earning thousands daily, so why would she need to sell questions to make money?

Besides, Ancestor had once said... things money can buy are too low-class.

An epiphany struck everyone—

"Little Ancestor, is it only those who consistently do three good deeds a day who qualify to see the questions you predict?"

"Uh-huh." Zuzi smiled, indeed, this is a teachable moment.

With Zuzi's affirmative response, everyone was overjoyed:

"That's great, Little Ancestor, I have! I've been doing three good deeds a day!"

"Me too! I've been helping old ladies cross the street with Xi Rubao every day!"

"Same here, I've kept it up for a long time, every time I do a good deed I feel refreshed, now if I don't do it for a day I feel itchy and uncomfortable."

"Ancestor, do you think I'm qualified? This month I've only missed one day due to being hospitalized with a fever..."

Never have they felt that kindness was so useful.

Doing good deeds was so glorious!

Zuzi sat up straight, stretched lazily, and gently placed her hands on the table: "In that case, if you're sincere, make a vow, and the Ancestor will satisfy your curiosity."

"Really? Little Ancestor, you are so great, my entire family for eighteen generations is grateful to you."

"Don't make such vows; the Ancestor seeks not gratitude." Zuzi said casually.

Everyone realized and rushed to say: "We understand, Ancestor just wants us to keep doing three good deeds a day! I swear, if I get into college this time, I'll do good deeds for the rest of my life!"

"I swear too!"

"Count me in!"

"Wait, shouldn't we be a little more devout, like bowing our heads?"

They remembered when a soldier came to the classroom asking for Ancestor's help—he kneeled immediately, so devoted, they couldn't be outdone.

In an instant, everyone scrambled from their seats and collectively knelt before Zuzi, a truly spectacular scene!

The excitement in the East Sea Class caught the attention of the Nanshan Class next door.

After all, in the dead of night, the entire school was dark except for these two classes still preparing for the exams.

Hearing vague mentions of "predicting questions," they stealthily gathered to find out which expert's prediction paper the East Sea Class had bought.

Chapter 323: You Have Gold in Your Destiny, Definitely Destined for Success

Who knew.

The people from Nanshan Class crouched in the hallway, eavesdropping for a long time, and were surprised to hear them asking Zuzi to predict the exam questions???

Is this a joke?

No matter how amazing Zuzi is, she can't possibly predict the college entrance exam questions.

"Don't listen, don't listen, there's no point. Last time Zuzi helped East Sea Class improve their scores in the fourth mock exam, she was so arrogant. Heh, I figured it out later. She was just using the fourth

mock exam paper that Gu Jingyan brought back from the capital, which was made by Professor Liu Haibin. If they hadn't done that paper, it'd be a miracle if East Sea Class's average score even passed!" a short boy sneered.

People from Nanshan Class gathered around him: "Wang Xin, how do you know this?"

Wang Xin proudly raised his neck, looking like the only long-necked goose among a bunch of mud turtles: "Because I have relatives in the capital, and I bought Professor Liu's fourth mock exam paper and did it!"

Everyone was deeply impressed.

No wonder Wang Xin was also among the high scorers in the fourth mock exam.

Moreover, just two days before the college entrance exam, he was specially approved by the year head to transfer from Class 2 to their Nanshan Class.

Now that Nanshan Class no longer has Nangong Meng and Xi Ruzhu, Wang Xin is their high scorer.

"Sigh, we don't even know where to buy this paper."

"Of course you can't, you have to buy Professor Liu's VIP pre-exam predictive lecture to have a chance to purchase the mock exam paper. Otherwise, if anyone could buy it, what meaning do these insider tips have?"

"Makes sense..."

"Wang Xin, really envy you!"

"Exactly, look at how well your parents named you, with gold in your name, and three of them, you're destined to be listed as a top scorer!"

Wang Xin, flattered and floating on air, blurted out in a moment of happiness: "Seeing you guys so pitiful, maybe I'll leak one of Professor Liu's predicted questions to you later. But I can only leak the science questions because I'm taking the humanities comprehensive paper, and I absolutely can't reveal any of those big questions."

Everyone: "...!"

This surprise was simply a blessing from the heavens.

For a moment, they didn't know how to thank Wang Xin properly.

They felt that Wang Xin, who was not even 1.6 meters tall, suddenly appeared much taller in their eyes, growing ten centimeters in their minds.

At this time, the people from East Sea Class were performing a bow ceremony to Zuzi, swearing to do good deeds all their lives in exchange for a chance to get predicted questions for the college entrance exam.

The grand scene suddenly made them want to imitate it and pay respects to Wang Xin.

Who knew.

Wang Xin stopped everyone, showing a smirk: "Don't, don't give me all this useless stuff. Everyone who gets Professor Liu's science predictions from me, just give me fifteen grand each. Don't think it's expensive, Professor Liu's entry ticket is fifty grand. I'm giving you a seventy percent discount just because we're classmates."

Fifteen grand for one question!

The question is really expensive, but it's also really... enticing.

Anyone whose family had some savings immediately gritted their teeth and agreed, surely their parents would be willing to pay this sum;

And those who were poor could only watch others go with Wang Xin to get the questions with teary eyes, hating how useless their parents were for holding them back from topping the charts!

In the East Sea Class classroom.

Everyone finished making vows.

Wu Minghao suddenly got up cautiously: "Little Ancestor, wait a moment before you reveal the results of the question predictions, let me first go check if those jerks next door aren't eavesdropping."

Zuzi raised an eyebrow indifferently: "Eavesdropping, didn't they just leave? Alright, you go check if you want."

Chapter 324: Little Ancestor's Unique Way of Betting on Questions! Amazing!

Wu Minghao went out for a spin and came back.

Indignant: "That group of straight-A students, they're shameless! They really came to eavesdrop just now."

"Luckily, little Zuzi, you hadn't mentioned the core content yet. Not only did they eavesdrop, but they also had the audacity to mock us, saying that even praying to the gods wouldn't save us trash, and that spending money on Professor Liu's crappy VIP lectures for test predictions is the real deal..."

"I'm fuming!"

"The most shameless among them is Wang Xin. He's selling a single question for fifteen thousand. Damn, those dog-like fools have practically turned him into a god!"

"Which Wang Xin?" asked Wu Qianman.

"It's the one who invited us to the 'Ice Point' bar the other night, the monitor from Class 2, Wang Xin. He did well in the quadri-modal exams and was specially admitted into the Nanshan Class."

"Oh right, I saw him trying to cozy up to Nangong Meng before."

"Wasn't he Xi Ruzhu's second flunkie? At that time, Yao Dazhuang was the first flunkie. Didn't you guys know this?"

"Wow, that bald-headed freak Xi Ruzhu, and he's still fawning over her?"

Everyone was chattering about it.

Zuzi thoughtfully tapped her nails: "So it was that guy who tricked everyone into the bar for Nangong Meng and Xi Ruzhu that day... hehe."

Little Zuzi's smile did not reach her eyes.

Little Crow's wings tensed up slightly, flaunting its sharp claws, "Zuzi, shall I go deal with that scoundrel for you?"

Zuzi raised her jade finger, "No need. Let him jump around. Like a grasshopper after autumn, he won't last long. Why bother exerting effort?"

She turned to the East Sea Class crowd and smiled slightly, "From now on, remember every word that Zuzi says."

Everyone held their breath.

Took out their little notebooks devoutly.

Then listened as Zuzi quickly guided them subject by subject:

"XX won't be on the test, XXX won't be on the test, and that X won't be on the test either..."

As they took notes, everyone started to feel a bit bewildered.

"Little Zuzi, sorry to interrupt, but aren't test predictions supposed to predict what's definitely on the test?"

Zuzi gave a light glance, "Doing such a huge cheat act, aren't you afraid of backlash? Doing three good deeds a day just for a month, and you expect to get a full set of high school exam papers? How would that make those who've been quietly doing good deeds for eighteen years feel?"

Everyone shivered.

Suddenly realizing that their desire for success had somewhat clouded their judgment.

Relying solely on test predictions is a lifeline, but dreaming of relying on just one rope without making any effort is impossible.

Too much is as bad as too little.

Luckily, little Zuzi had awakened them.

Wu Minghao was the first to voice, "Little Zuzi has already helped us eliminate over seventy percent of the content that's not going to be tested, the study scope has been narrowed down so much, if we still don't cherish it, then we're just fools!"

Wu Qianman: "I'm satisfied; just now, several difficult points I don't know were excluded, so I can now focus my energy on specializing in the remaining types of questions."

Everyone also raised their hands and swore, "Little Zuzi, this is already great; we're not greedy!"

Zuzi rested her chin on her hand, suddenly chuckled, "Hmm. Since everyone is satisfied, I won't discuss the last big question of the comprehensive test..."

Everyone immediately straightened up!

"No no no, little Zuzi, we're listening attentively! Maybe we're still just a tiny bit unsatisfied, please help us..."

Little Crow's claw twitched: Zuzi, you're so mischievous.

But considering that the big question in the comprehensive test doesn't have a definite direction, it's testing the application of comprehensive humanities and history knowledge, if Zuzi only hints at a direction, it wouldn't be like giving them cheat codes.

At most, it's explaining key points.

Whether they could answer that question will still depend on their knowledge accumulation.

Under the eager eyes full of anticipation, Zuzi slightly parted her red lips and left four crucial words: "Fu Xi Palace."

Chapter 325: Look, Those Fools!

With a whisper from the wind-like voice of Xi Zuzi passing his ear.

Everyone held their breath!

The last question of the high-stakes exam... could it really be about Fu Xi Palace?

But, clearly, it was already tested in the fourth mock exam.

It's well known that a golden rule of the Empire's exam is that the final exam will not repeat big questions from the four mock exams.

So, any major question that appeared in the fourth mock need not be reviewed again.

Yet, the little Ancestor actually said that it would repeat the Fu Xi Palace question from the fourth mock?

"Little Ancestor, do you want to bet on it again, perhaps?"

"What, you don't believe me?"

"No, no, I just think it's a bit unbelievable."

"Suit yourselves."

"Ancestor, please don't leave, we science students haven't had a chance to bet on the big questions yet, save us!"

Xi Zuzi curved her lips slightly, said concisely, leaving just four words: "Electromagnetic Theory."

Half the class, who were taking the science section, was shocked!

What the hell.

The Ancestor's predictions really take the road less traveled.

It's known that the Empire's exam has assessed electromagnetic theory continuously for five years and it's always extremely difficult. Every year, students were outraged, feeling it was more of a task to trip

them up than a proper exam. Last year, there was even a collective complaint to the capital's education ministry, causing quite a stir.

So, this year, both officially and unofficially, it's predicted that it's impossible for the exam to continue featuring difficult electromagnetic problems for a sixth year, as that would be too against public opinion.

Even their physics teacher was confident in saying, don't waste time with electromagnetism, it's impossible to repeat for six years straight, statistically it should change up by now...

But the little Ancestor went against everyone, betting this year would still test on electromagnetic physics?

Xi Zuzi had already gracefully left the classroom.

Leaving behind a room full of people with mixed emotions.

Wu Minghao: "If you don't believe me, trust that I am 100% with the little Ancestor."

Wu Qianman: "I need to hurry up and look at Fu Xi Palace notes, since Ancestor mentioned the Fu Xi Palace, but didn't say it would be exactly the same as the fourth mock. I need to be thorough. You all do as you like."

Everyone: "..."

Not saying another word, they found electromagnetic problems and started tackling them through tears.

Searching for notes they took at Nuwa's tomb and biting through the notes.

Believe!

If you don't trust it, you're a fool.

The brightly lit classroom remained alight until dawn...

The students from Nanshan Class, holding the big questions they bought from Wang Xin, were unfocused and left for home one after another around ten thirty.

Passing through the East Sea Class corridor, led by Wang Xin, they looked at the East Sea Class students working diligently and couldn't help but burst into unrestrained laughter:

"Look at that bunch of garbage!"

"Like fools, thinking last-minute effort is worth it, wake up, this isn't the fourth mock, the real exam is coming!"

"Those idiots must really believe Xi Zuzi's predictions?"

"I heard she picked all the topics they won't test, haha, who picks like that? Do you believe it? I definitely don't!"

"I only believe in Brother Xin!"

"Believe in Brother Xin, and ace the exams!"

Xi Zuzi had already left the classroom and didn't hear these blatant doubts, but Gu Jingyan, who had gone out during evening study, had just returned and heard these words at the door, frowning, he asked: "What are you doing? What's this about predictions?"

The Nanshan Class people scattered in a panic.

Leaving only waves of mocking laughter.

Entering the class, he found everyone still there except Xi Zuzi who left early. Gu Jingyan's frown deepened.

He sat alone at his desk, glanced at the empty spot to his right where Xi Zuzi sat, and even further to the right, at Xi Rubao's place.

Was what Nangong Meng said on the phone true just now?

Chapter 326: Confused Brother? The Missing Woman in White!

Gu Jingyan just went out to answer a phone call.

The half-dead and tragic state of Nangong Meng lying in the hospital, he saw it through the campus network. It's impossible not to be shocked.

After all, they used to be desk mates in the capital. This time, Nangong Meng came for him, and seeing that her final outcome was a severe injury from jumping off a building, unable to take the college entrance exam, he couldn't describe how he felt.

How could that childish girl who loved to compete just jump off a building like that?

And just now on the phone, the nurse from the hospital called on behalf of Nangong Meng, with only a few sorrowful words: "It's Xi Zuzi... she... she harmed me... please, help me..."

Gu Jingyan, who was merely feeling emotional, suddenly became serious.

Xi Zuzi?

For sure?

That night at the bar, Xi Zuzi did leave first, and then the incident of Nangong Meng jumping off the building happened.

So could Xi Zuzi really be related to Nangong Meng's jump?

"Mr. Gu, if you have time, you should come to the hospital and take a look. Miss Meng is likely in a dire situation, not knowing how many days she has left. I hear her repeatedly saying your name," the nurse's words echoed in his ears.

Gu Jingyan sat alone for a while in his seat, then suddenly stood up and walked towards the classroom door...

Wu Qianman hesitated: "Brother Hao, should we tell Mr. Gu about the questions Zuzi worked on? After all, he is her brother..."

Wu Minghao glanced at the stubborn yet aloof back of Gu Jingyan and said irritably: "He didn't ask, so don't tell him! Hmph, what kind of brother? Little Ancestor hasn't officially acknowledged he's her brother. Besides, just thinking about this guy refusing to join us in posting on the campus forum irritates me! Who knows if it's because he used to be desk mates with Nan Emeng and can't figure it out, secretly reminiscing about that Nan Emeng and therefore doesn't want to post?"

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The clock pointed to midnight.

In the VIP suite of the private club at Qingcheng Four Seas Hotel.

A man in a dark suit half reclined on the sofa, smoking a cigar. Unlike the men in other private rooms surrounded by beauties, there was only one woman in work clothes brewing tea in a distant compartment.

His subordinate bent over and reported in a low voice:

"Fourth Master, Bao Gucheng has been staying in the capital these days investigating clues and hasn't gone anywhere. But he hasn't found anything; the clues are broken off with the Old President. After all, the Old President has been in a coma on the hospital bed for so long, it's impossible for him to speak."

"Over at Qingcheng Mountain, Master Wu Ming's work is nearing completion. There's just one last ritual to perform before it's done. He will report back to you in detail upon returning to the capital."

"Additionally... the white-dressed woman you ordered us to find still has no trace..."

Nangong Mo listened silently to the report, his cigar quietly burning.

The first two reports seemed to satisfy him.

But the last one made a cold frost appear in his eyes.

A woman, could she really fly or disappear after searching for so long and still not being found?

The cigar burned for a moment, the white ash swaying and about to fall.

Nangong Mo just reached out to flick off the ash.

Suddenly.

The woman brewing tea put down the teacup, walked quickly over, slightly trembling, and extended her hands: "Fourth Master, let me do it."

Fang Yumei had barely gotten this opportunity to serve the Fourth Master tea, and she had noticed that the Fourth Master's ash was caught by his subordinates' hands, so she immediately learned to do the same.

She gritted her teeth, enduring the stinging pain from the smoke, and forced a smile.

Nangong Mo flicked the ash and finally noticed her: "Why is it a woman?"

Fang Yumei: "... Did he not realize whether she was a man or a woman all this time? Or had he not even looked at her!

Chapter 327: A "Pass-All-Exams" Talisman

Fang Yumei had been fawning over Nangong Meng recently, and it was not easy for her to get a chance to appear in front of Nangong Mo. How could she bear to give up?

She said sweetly, "I'm Miss Meng's English teacher. Ever since she transferred from the capital to Qingcheng, I've been taking care of her like my own daughter..."

Nangong Mo cast her a cold glance.

Fang Yumei realized she had misspoken. How could she compare herself to Miss Meng's mother?

"No, no, I've always served her as if she was the daughter of my master..."

Only then did Nangong Mo flick the ash into her hand again, "Since you're good at serving, there's a shortage of servants in the hospital for her now."

Fang Yumei wished she could bite off her tongue and swallow it back.

She mentioned Nangong Meng to get closer, to gain favor in front of the Fourth Young Master. She didn't want to be sent to be Nangong Meng's servant!

What's more, she had seen the post about Nangong Meng jumping off a building, which was tragic. Sending her to tend to a half-dead person in the hospital... Wasn't serving Xi Yuanshan, that sickly ghost, enough for her before?

But no one dared to defy the Fourth Young Master Nangong's orders.

Fang Yumei agreed while holding back tears, "Yes! Thank you for trusting me, Fourth Young Master, I'll go serve Miss Meng right away!"

She even had to pretend to shed tears of excitement and gratitude!

Nangong Mo was noncommittal and casually tossed her a piece of yellowed paper, as if tossing a piece of bone to a dog.

Fang Yumei took it in bewilderment, not sure what use this tattered piece of paper had.

A lazy voice swept past overhead, exploding in her eardrums —

"This is a Confirm Pass Exam Talisman that Zhang Shen has offered. Nangong Meng doesn't need it anymore. You're a senior high school teacher? Use it for your students."

A gleam flashed in Fang Yumei's eyes.

She had vaguely heard some old teachers say that powerful, unorthodox masters could make talismans for students to ensure they passed the admission line for their desired university. But such masters weren't easy to come by.

This thing must be worth a fortune, right?

Nanshan Class has no shortage of rich kids. Selling it could earn her a considerable sum, and the Fourth Young Master has opened a financial path for her.

This whole night of drinking was so worth it.

Profuse thanks, Fang Yumei, with her hands blistered from cigarette ash, held the Confirm Pass Exam Talisman happily and rushed to Qingcheng Hospital to serve.

Before leaving, she didn't forget to coo at Nangong Mo, "Fourth Young Master, my name is Cao Yumei, with the 'cao' like in exercise, I'm at your service whenever you need..."

Nangong Mo was looking at a portrait, undisturbed.

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Qingcheng Hospital.

Xi Rubao lay in bed, eyes tightly closed, sleeping restlessly.

In her dreams, it seemed as if she was repeatedly reliving the terrifying scene where Xi Ruzhu personally scattered the talisman paper ashes, forcing her to jump.

Her forehead was covered in layers of sweat, "Sister Zuzi, save me, sob, save me, I promise to be good from now on..."

Xi Zuzi glanced at the blue-blood Belhara on her wrist.

Midnight had passed.

Zhang Shensuan didn't show up.

"Hehe, Xiao Zhang, since you don't need the opportunity given by the ancestor, the ancestor won't be polite... Let the ancestor think, which of your souls would be most beneficial to take?"

Xi Zuzi muttered with a grin, raised her delicate hand, and formed an Eight Diagrams Seal in the air.

A faint golden light flashed and disappeared, heading towards the northwest of the city.

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"Ice Point" bar in the west of the city.

Zhang Shensuan was outside the bar "picking up corpses" — late at night, intoxicated girls staggered out of the bar, and he would stick a talisman paper on them, making them follow him like zombies, unable to resist whatever he did.

He gleefully picked up three beautiful "corpses," booked a room in the hotel across the street, laid them out in a row on the bed, and rubbed his hands with a lascivious grin, "Let this master see which one of you should be enlightened first, for harmony..."

Chapter 328: The Consequences of Disobeying the Ancestor's Orders

Just as Zhang Shensuan was ripping apart the skirt of one of the girls, about to proceed harmoniously.

Suddenly.

A faint golden radiance flashed through the window!

Zhang Shensuan sensed a chilly aura creeping up his spine. He didn't even have time to pull up his pants before checking to see if he had forgotten to close the window.

In an instant.

The faint glow formed a dense golden net that enclosed his head.

In that moment, he became a turtle in a jar!

"Who?"

"Who's casting a spell to harm me?"

"Daluo Golden Immortal protect me, Lord Lao Zi of the Great Monad hasten like the law... Oh dear, my head!!"

Zhang Shensuan was still trying to chant spells to resist the constraints of the golden net. However, in the next moment, it felt like a hole was drilled into his head.

But it wasn't blood flowing out, rather streams of intangible, odorless, eerie white vapor.

Zhang Shensuan was horrified.

Throughout the entire Empire, except for his master Master Wu Ming, who else could possibly have the ability to harm him? And not only harm him, but also extract something from his body?

Why does it feel like his very soul is being extracted?!

What terrifying figure had he possibly offended?

Or in other words, who was more powerful than the Nangong Family that dared to target him?

He suddenly remembered receiving a letter delivered by a crow earlier today.

It commanded him to deliver a medicine guide to Xi Rubao.

He hadn't taken it seriously and had dismissed it.

So, was the other side now come to claim his life?

The person who commanded him claimed to be an Ancestor, but where did this Ancestor come from?

Hold on, Nangong Meng had once said she wanted to frame that classmate, Zuzi, who tried to jump off a building. She was usually very arrogant, always referring to herself as Ancestor...

Could it be her?!

He paid no mind to Zuzi's command, and now retribution had come?

As the white vapor above his head became increasingly thin, Zhang Shensuan felt that his life was also being drained away, leaving him like a toad with its marrow extracted, collapsing to the ground.

The golden radiance gradually dissipated, taking the mass of white vapor with it out of the window.

On the ground.

Zhang Shensuan's face twitched uncontrollably, half his face distorted so much that his features were twisted, especially his mouth, which almost went crooked to his ear.

It wasn't just his face; half his body refused to obey him, as if an important nerve controlling his limbs was missing.

His body didn't function properly, and naturally, the talisman paper he drew lost its effectiveness.

The three drunken girls on the bed, without the talisman paper's confusion and suppression, all awoke.

Realizing they were placed in a hotel by an old lecher, they angrily grabbed whatever they could reach and fiercely beat Zhang Shensuan: "You shameless old man, we'll beat you to death, beat you to death!"

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Qingcheng Hospital.

Gu Jingyan, with a heavy heart, entered Nangong Meng's ward.

Even though he was mentally prepared, his heart still skipped a beat when he saw Nangong Meng's bald head and mutilated face.

Even being struck by lightning didn't hurt this much!

Nangong Meng, upon seeing him, struggled to get up but couldn't, her hoarse voice repeatedly saying: "It was Zuzi... Zuzi made me jump... Mr. Gu, you must make her pay for this..."

Gu Jingyan's eyes were filled with complexity as he slowly spoke: "Why do you say that? Where's the evidence?"

Nangong Meng pointed at an empty wine bottle: "She... poisoned me... Mr. Gu, for the sake of her being your sister, I won't call the police, but you must... severely punish her..."

She knew Gu Jingyan was always upright, proud, and wouldn't tolerate any wrongdoing.

If it weren't with the intention to deliver a deadly blow to Zuzi, and ensure Zuzi couldn't stay within the Gu Family, she would never have allowed herself to be seen like this by Mr. Gu so clearly.

She gambled that Mr. Gu would believe it was Zuzi, with her notorious reputation, who committed such a vicious act.

Gu Jingyan stared at the empty wine bottle, silent for a long while, before finally speaking with difficulty—

Chapter 329: He Has a Demoness Sister

"You say Zuzi poisoned you," Gu Jingyan's voice was strained, but his eyes were bright and resolute, "I'm sorry, I can't agree! I've never seen her harm anyone. She has always been tirelessly encouraging people to do good. Even when she possesses the unbelievably valuable Miracle Pills, she never profits from them, instead requiring those who do three good deeds a day to ask for medicine. Such a girl, I don't believe she would poison anyone."

Even though Nangong Meng was accusing Zuzi with her life and an extremely miserable face, he still chose not to believe it.

Nangong Meng was stunned.

Who would have thought that Gu Jingyan, always like a lofty flower, proud and upright, would speak for a murderer! And defend her so relentlessly!

She almost couldn't catch her breath.

"Mr. Gu, since when have you become so biased, unable to distinguish right from wrong? Are you going to condone Zuzi's misdeeds like this, aren't you afraid her reputation as a wicked girl will spread to the high society circles of the Imperial City, making everyone hate her, and she'll never fit into that circle for her whole life..." she mumbled.

Her fourth uncle was busy with other matters and had no time for her; now Gu was her only hope to stand up for her.

Gu Jingyan glanced at her coldly, his lips slowly moved with a hint of chill: "Lady Nangong, I hope you understand, Zuzi is my sister. I don't like hearing anyone smearing her name or speaking ill of her. Today, I'll pretend what you said was just nonsense, said and forgotten. But if I find out you're spreading rumors, I won't be polite!"

Although he doesn't usually involve himself in petty matters, it doesn't mean he won't stick up for his family!

Nangong Meng was at a loss for words, her already weak body feeling even more powerless.

Gu Jingyan left the ward, and as soon as he looked up, he saw Fang Yumei rushing over.

He didn't greet her, coldly brushing past her.

Fang Yumei disgruntledly said to Nangong Meng, "That Mr. Gu is getting ruder and ruder; what were you arguing about, I heard his loud voice in the hallway just now."

"Even now, he's protecting that wicked girl Zuzi!"

"Miss Meng, why don't we call the police and have her arrested, just in time for her to miss the college entrance exam."

"Nonsense, I wish I could, but the police don't take it seriously, which is why I wanted Mr. Gu to teach her a lesson..." Nangong Meng was filled with anger.

No evidence.

Originally, it should have been Zuzi who was in a miserable state due to the spell, but now it's shifted to her. She knew it well, but lacked concrete evidence.

Fang Yumei tried hard to please her and suddenly thought of the talisman paper given by the Fourth Master: "Miss Meng, don't worry. Even if she takes the college entrance exam, it won't matter. I just got an incredible treasure that not only ensures our Nanshan Class's top student will take first place in the whole school, but also push Zuzi's score to the bottom!"

"Such a treasure exists?"

"This is a 'Sure Pass Exam' talisman. They say that carrying it guarantees success in exams. The key point is that in the same exam room, all the good fortune will be concentrated on the person with the talisman paper, causing others in the room to be unlucky. This talisman paper is a double-edged sword."

"What good is that? During the college entrance exam, there's no way anyone from Nanshan Class will be in the same room as East Sea Class!"

"There is, Miss Meng. Wang Xin just transferred to our class in the last few days, and his student ID number is from Class 2, which happens to be assigned to the same exam room as East Sea Class. What do you think would happen if I sold the 'Sure Pass Exam' talisman to Wang Xin?"

Nangong Meng finally found a way to vent: "Haha, then not only Zuzi, but that whole trash group from East Sea Class, won't be able to get into college."

Fucking awesome.

She just lay in bed waiting for this moment to come true!

Chapter 330: Are All Kids Insincere?

With a face all ravaged and grinning viciously, Nangong Meng looked especially terrifying.

Fang Yumei almost vomited, but she had to serve her attentively: "Miss Meng, what do you need? Master Four asked me to take care of you..."

"I just want Xi Zuzi to have bad luck, to see her fail the college entrance exam, I want her dead! Hurry and deliver the talisman paper to that Wang... Xin!"

"Alright. What a coincidence, that's my wish too."

==

Gu Jingyan left Nangong Meng's hospital room, didn't take the elevator, and walked down the stairs.

His expression was indifferent, but his feelings were complex.

He resolutely chose to protect Xi Zuzi's reputation, sternly warning Nangong Meng. Although it didn't align with his usual aloof principles, this time, he still defended her!

If that little girl ever starts acting arrogantly in front of him again...

Thinking about it.

Suddenly, from a room near the stairwell downstairs, came a familiar, lazy yet ethereal voice: "Little grass fish, you're awake?"

Gu Jingyan paused!

He froze at the stairwell as if struck by electricity.

No way, he just casually thought about that little girl, and she appeared in front of him?

This mystical?

He stood still, unable to move, but the conversation between Xi Zuzi and Xi Rubao entered his ears clearly—

"Sister Zuzi, I had such a long nightmare, boo boo boo..."

"Don't be scared, you won't have them anymore. Ancestor has extracted a strand of Xiao Zhang's spirit to use as a medicine guide for you. Since you've drunk that potion, you'll be fully recovered."

"Wow, Sister Zuzi, how did you manage that?"

"Um, it's simple... just knock a hole in his head and extract it."

"Sister Zuzi, you're so badass!"

Xi Rubao looked at Xi Zuzi with infinite admiration, eyes full of stars.

Unbeknownst to them.

Gu Jingyan, standing on the staircase landing, felt his heart nearly stop.

Witch!

Little witch!

Actually knocking a hole in someone's head to extract... extract what brain matter? Using the brain matter as a medicine guide for little grass fish?

He just vowed so confidently in front of Nangong Meng that Xi Zuzi would absolutely, absolutely not poison anyone.

Yes, she might not poison, but she'd knock someone's brains!

Gu Jingyan's breathing was rapid; he was about to rush into the room to argue, but, after standing there angry for a while, he eventually said nothing, turned, and continued down the stairs.

Yet, after just descending two steps.

In the ward, Xi Rubao, with keen eyes: "Hey hey, Mr. Gu, you just passed by my room and didn't come in to visit me? You're so heartless, aren't you? Back then, when you got struck by lightning, I came to see you many, many times, I even knocked your head awake..."

Gu Jingyan's face darkened.

The bump on his head from back then, the bruise still hasn't faded.

"You two, do fewer things that are against nature and cause harm! Not every time there'll be someone to cover for you. One day, you'll cause the sky to fall, and there'll be no one to patch up the gap, hmph!"

Xi Zuzi: "Uh, Ancestor can patch the sky."

Xi Rubao: "Yeah, my sister Zuzi is super awesome."

"You all!... Simply outrageous."

Gu Jingyan was so angry his face turned black, then red, red, then black again. Without turning back, he quickened his pace and left.

Xi Rubao pouted: "Sis, isn't Mr. Gu's head damaged by my knock? Why is his arrogance getting worse? How are we causing harm? He dismisses us with that look?"

Xi Zuzi smiled slightly: "Kids, always say one thing and mean another."

Xi Rubao: "Sis, I'm a straightforward child."

"Mm, I meant male children."

"..."

Xi Rubao chattered away next to her ear, and suddenly Xi Zuzi couldn't hear clearly.

The phrase "male children" slowly crossed her lips, yet what appeared in her mind wasn't Gu Jingyan but Bao Gucheng.

The boy didn't seem to request a video chat tonight oh.

Did he get bored so quickly?