

Big Shot 661

Chapter 661: A Stronger Backlash Is Coming [2]

Xi Langyue glanced at Wu Qianman, who was about to cry in fear, and whispered, "Zuzi said it, all desires are void!"

Wu Qianman's eyelashes were misty: "All, all desires are void..."

But she didn't expect that Brother Lang Yue would make everyone void of desires in this way. Boo hoo.

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In the restaurant.

Bao Gucheng was waiting anxiously, finally seeing Xi Zuzi and Bai He return.

Bai He's excitement was palpable, no need to hide it; it radiated from every strand of hair.

"White-clothed Sister Master, I haven't even asked for your name yet."

"Oh, my name... Ancestor."

"Ancestor Master!"

Bai He chirped crisply.

Then she realized something was off.

"An... Ancestor?" Her eyes widened like a goldfish!

Bao Gucheng pulled Xi Zuzi over to the seat next to him, giving Bai He a faint glance: "Call her Miss Xi."

His little woman was his personal little Ancestor.

Other women from outside should not try to get too close.

Bai He glanced at Bao Gucheng, then at Xi Zuzi, and decisively spoke: "Ancestor Master! Are you hungry? I'll order this restaurant's signature dish for you!"

Bao Gucheng: "...". If it weren't a woman across from him, he would've punched her awake.

Xi Zuzi said with a smile, "Not hungry. Ancestor will be full just watching the show later."

"What show, what show?" Bai He's curious eyes sparkled.

"Hmm, not sure which one you want to see? There's slapping a fiancé, disgracing someone famous, and holding onto someone's leg only to be..." Xi Zuzi squinted her Phoenix Eyes slightly, slowly enunciating each word, her posture utterly charming.

Bai He rubbed her hands eagerly: "Slap! I've only ever seen it on TV before, never in real life, I really want to see it!"

Xi Zuzi nodded with a smile: "Mmhmm. Arranging it."

Bao Gucheng's face grew darker and darker: "...".

They had agreed, the purpose of this visit was to sternly reject the blind date, but now the little woman was getting along with his blind date, showing no intention of leaving, and wanted to watch a show together?

Sure enough, female rivals are more dangerous than male ones.

Bai He was busy talking to Xi Zuzi and did not even glance at the foie gras on the table.

How could foie gras be more appealing than Ancestor Master?

At this moment.

In the kitchen, Fang Yumei was feeling uncomfortable all over.

Everywhere was itchy, as if gaining weight.

What was happening, wasn't it because the three guests didn't eat foie gras, she had already suffered backlash from the Gourmet Jade Chopsticks, gaining an inch on her waist?

Could there be a fourth or fifth guest who didn't eat it?

She was trying hard to stir the Jade Chopsticks, making the foie gras more fragrant, more tempting.

Where on earth were the guests who refused to eat foie gras?

She looked out again, only to see that at Bao Gucheng's table, none of the three were eating!

Damn it, indeed, nothing good ever happens where Xi Zuzi is.

If she gets any fatter, turning into a ghost like Gu Pinting, how would she face people, especially Fourth Master, who had high aesthetic standards, would disdain her?

Fang Yumei was anxious when suddenly, in her mind, emerged again an abrupt, cold consciousness that did not belong to her:

"More than 30 people have refused to eat your dish, backlash will double, and the dishes will rot."

What?!

Backlash will double!

Even the dishes will get ruined?!

Fang Yumei's body shivered, and with a "snap," the apron burst.

The buttons of her chef's uniform popped open.

She hadn't managed to make Xi Zuzi and Wu Qianman addicted and fat. Instead, the scene of Gu Pinting getting suddenly plump while live streaming was exactly reenacted on her.

And it wasn't over yet.

Suddenly, in the restaurant, the sound of vomiting arose one after another.

"Ugh, why does the foie gras smell bad?"

"Why was I stupid enough to think the foie gras smelled amazing earlier? This is clearly the rotten and spoiled stuff!"

"Damn, does this influencer restaurant fool customers like this? Sprinkling some essence on expired foie gras and serving it?"

"Damn, there are bugs in this foie gras too?! I'm gonna puke as well, ugh..."

Chapter 662: The Little Ancestor Pinched a Clearing Spell!

The diners were furious from the stinky foie gras.

The restaurant manager was almost going crazy, rushing into the kitchen and yelling, "What's going on? How could the ingredients stink? What are you doing back here!"

Fang Yumei's heart was pounding like a drum, her head was about to explode.

Hastily pulling a tablecloth from the kitchen trash cart to cover her suddenly inflated body, the abrupt thought in her mind kept echoing:

"The number of people refusing to eat your dish has exceeded 30. The backlash will double, and the dish will spoil."

Hell, who are those 30 people?

So blind, so outrageous, refusing to eat perfectly fine foie gras, and now this is all on her, making her bloat up and ruining the dish, tarnishing her reputation as the God of Food!

But at this moment, how could she possibly admit it was her fault?

Looking around, she immediately found a scapegoat: "There's absolutely nothing wrong with my cooking, is someone jealous and messed with my dishes?"

The surrounding old chefs had an incredulous look in their eyes, each with a complex expression: "Miss Fang, how could we possibly tamper with it? You shouldn't falsely accuse others like this..."

However, the manager was both anxious and angry, and didn't want to offend Fang Yumei. Given a scapegoat, he started scolding indiscriminately: "You all are causing trouble instead of properly assisting Miss Fang, smarten up! Hurry and clean up the mess!"

The old chefs, angry but afraid to speak, buried themselves in preparing new dishes to offer to customers, replacing the stinky foie gras.

Fang Yumei was about to go to the restroom to change into a male chef's coat, when suddenly the manager realized: "Miss Fang, how did you get so fat?"

Fang Yumei forced herself to remain calm: "I, I, I bought too much foie gras every night for research to develop the tastiest foie gras and ate too much!"

Manager: "... " But she didn't seem this plump when she first arrived for work today, did he remember the new Miss Fang's figure wrong?

Fang Yumei fled into the bathroom in a panic.

Being so fat isn't a solution.

It's terrifying, the backlash from 30 people rejecting her foie gras is so severe, it seems she must cut more meat to get through this.

She peeled off the band-aid, and at the barely healed wound, gritted her teeth and cut off a small piece of flesh for the Gourmet Jade Chopsticks to absorb.

Finally, the lifeless chopsticks emitted a faint blue glow once again.

But her figure did not return to normal.

With her cumbersome body, she still had to keep working, cursing the 30 people who refused to eat foie gras a thousand times over in her heart.

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The set of "Long Immortal Road".

The director and over thirty supporting actors and crew, surrounded Xi Langyue and Wu Qianman:

"I must say, you two really match well... how about you publicly announce your relationship, maybe it'll boost the drama's popularity!"

"Yeah, yeah, this fake act turning real is so damn exciting!"

"In the future, kissing scenes won't need to be staged anymore, director, let them really kiss!"

Just as everyone focused on the pair, almost forgetting the uneaten foie gras behind them, suddenly a foul stench permeated the studio.

"Foie gras, oh my god, how did this foie gras stink like a stone in a cesspit..."

"Am I crazy to order this delivery?"

"Ugh, I never want to eat foie gras again in my life..."

Seeing everyone finally lose their addiction to foie gras, Wu Qianman and Xi Langyue sighed in relief.

Xi Langyue: "So, about what was just said about making it public, it was just a joke, don't take it seriously."

Wu Qianman: "Director, remember to stage the kissing scenes in the future..."

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Famo Mansion.

The sound of vomiting echoed, instantly infusing the high-class French restaurant with an indescribable odor.

Seated, Zuzi pressed her nose lightly, gracefully casting a Clearing Spell, maintaining a pocket of fresh air around her table with Bao Gucheng and Bai He.

Chapter 663: The Script of the Slap Play Spoken by the Ancestor is Here!

Seeing Zuzi cover her nose, Bai He quickly and deftly tossed that plate of foie gras off the table: "I just felt this foie gras was so greasy, and earlier Shiyin was trying so hard to convince me to eat it, but what's so good about it anyway?"

Zuzi smiled lightly: "With your mind unperturbed, it's natural you wouldn't be attracted to it."

Having a pure heart, with enough passion for racing, and being extremely curious and nervous about Bao Gucheng's matchmaking, Bai He managed to resist the temptations of foie gras, which could be seen as her good fortune.

Bai He, being praised by her idol master, blushed instantly and shyly said: "Ancestor Master, if there's a chance, let me cook for you and try my specialty dishes, they're traditional Empire homestyle dishes. I think they taste much better than pretentious French cuisine. Would you like to come to my house and taste my cooking?"

Beside her, Bao Gucheng watched her with caution and said flatly: "Miss Zuzi doesn't go out easily."

Ha, go to the Bai Family?

The Bai Family has not only Bai He but also that blockhead Bai Fei, wouldn't his little woman get overwhelmed and unable to live freely?

Bai He thickened her skin and smiled sweetly: "Mr. Bo, it wouldn't be considered going out casually if the Ancestor Master comes to my house. Our Bai Family will definitely host a grand reception, absolutely not casually!"

Bao Gucheng: "... Twisting words! Just what kind of matchmaking partner did the old man find, clearly giving him a tricky love rival!

Did you think I, the lord, wouldn't know how to deal with a halfway love rival like you?

Bao Gucheng, without a change in expression, sent out a message.

Soon enough.

Zuzi received Wu Qianman's call: "Zuzi, you were so right! Lang Yue brother and I got the whole crew to 'forsake all temptations', throwing away that heap of nasty foie gras, and started working overtime to catch up on the shooting schedule. Today we're filming a kiss scene, and I'm so nervous. Do you want to come to the set and cheer me on?"

A kiss scene...

Zuzi agreed: "Alright, you go ahead with the filming, I'll head over now."

Bao Gucheng's lips curled slightly, giving Bai He a faint look of disappointment: "..."

Ha, the arrangements and support beside this little woman, you can't hope to catch up.

Who knew.

Just as Zuzi was about to get up, her divine sense stirred, and she calmly sat back down: "Ah, I forgot, there's still a script here that I haven't read. Ancestor will finish reading this one before going to see Xiao Man's..." She said.

Bai He immediately perked up, moving her chair closer to Zuzi: "Where's the script? Ancestor Master, let's read it together..."

Bao Gucheng really felt like throwing this oblivious matchmaking partner out of the window.

Zuzi had just finished speaking a few seconds ago.

When, at the restaurant door, a whirlwind of lavender burst in.

"Miss, you can't enter without a reservation... Ah, Miss Xing..." The waiter started to stop her but retracted his words halfway upon realizing it was Xing Yue.

It's almost common knowledge among the upper echelons of the Empire that Xing Yue and Nangong Yu are engaged.

These two top-notch beauties and beaux are naturally familiar faces in upscale restaurants and malls catering to high society.

Nangong Yu was dining inside, and who would be such an unperceptive waiter to stop his fiancée?

Thus, Xing Yue was unimpeded and strode right in.

At a glance, she saw Nangong Yu sitting by the window, with three or four plates of red wine foie gras on the table. He was staring at those plates as if torn between eating them or discarding them, the sight was absurd!

Xing Yue, clicking her high heels, marched over.

Only then did Nangong Yu belatedly look up: "Yue Yue... why are you here? Ah, I was just grabbing a bite, I was about to pack it up for you. The ingredients suddenly weren't fresh, so I asked the kitchen to redo them for you, is that okay?"

He awkwardly explained.

Xing Yue's face was cool and silent.

The joints of her fingers cracking slightly.

The next second.

"Smack—" A sound that startled everyone.

Chapter 664: Is it a Tigress or Just a Big Kitten?

A crisp slap startled almost everyone present.

This, this, this is so explosive!

The Fifth Lord got domestically abused!

As expected, the legendary fiancée of the Fifth Lord is a fierce woman, a fierce woman indeed.

Nangong Yu was also stunned.

Although his face hurt a bit, he was more anxious to soothe Xing Yue's anger: "Yue Yue, did you misunderstand something? I really came alone, I wasn't having dinner with any young girl, I'm, I'm truly innocent!"

Saying this, he thought of something and slapped his forehead: "Apart from saying a couple of words to the female chef, I haven't had any contact with any females today!"

Xing Yue looked at him with an expression hard to define: "It's that female, I'm not happy with!"

Nangong Yu got up and pushed the foie gras aside, speaking gently to placate her: "Alright, alright, I won't eat it anymore, I'll never eat anything from this place again. Yue Yue, please don't be mad, hmm?"

Nangong Yu's soft-spoken comfort seemed to make Xing Yue appear unreasonable, and the diners around started whispering and pointing fingers. Some recognized Xing Yue and whispered while shaking their heads:

"Ah, that's the eldest daughter of the Xing family, such a bad temper. I heard she acts high and mighty at home too, bullying her half-sister miserably..."

"How did the Fifth Lord end up with such a tigress?"

"Lucky that the Fifth Lord is good-natured, if it were any other man, he'd have slapped back by now, letting a woman ride over his head and do as she pleases?"

These gossiping words reached Xing Yue's ears, causing her to raise her brows in defiance and retort directly without a trace of anger: "Mind your own business! Whether I'm a tigress or a lioness is none of your gossiping business!"

The diners buried their heads, pretending to eat the foie gras, but unfortunately, the foie gras was rotten and the new dish hadn't arrived yet, making the scene quite awkward.

Nangong Yu continued to placate her: "Our Yue Yue is not a tiger or lion, but a giant little kitten, so cute..."

Xing Yue shook off his hand: "Don't touch me."

Nangong Yu was extremely aggrieved: "Yue Yue, then what do you want me to do to calm your anger... Just tell me, and I'll do it."

Xing Yue suddenly felt a bit disheartened.

She had to tell him?

Couldn't he just keep himself in check instead of wandering around?

Her mind flashed to that silent, statue-like man.

Yu Han never needed her to say or instruct anything before doing it; he would think ahead for her.

Whenever he touched her forbidden zone, he would directly admit "I was wrong" and never make the same mistake twice.

That man spoke so little but gave so much sense of security.

The young lord in front of her, with all his sweet talk, never gave her any sense of security.

Xing Yue lowered her eyes, pursed her lips, and turned to leave the restaurant.

"Yu Han, let's go."

She called out, realizing as she looked outside the restaurant that there was no tall figure standing there — it dawned on her that Yu Han had taken the day off.

However, the very next moment.

A sturdy bodyguard stepped forward: "Miss, Brother Han asked me to drive for you."

Xing Yue was taken aback, then couldn't help but laugh: "That guy really is something..."

How did he predict that she'd be so upset she wouldn't be fit to drive herself back?

Xing Yue came and went.

Leaving behind a line of delectable gossip in the restaurant.

Bai He whispered: "Sister Xing is really bold. I bet ninety percent of the women in the capital wouldn't dare slap their fiancé in the face; most would just cry and make a fuss. Sister Xing acted without saying a word, I honestly admire her! Ancestor Master, do you think the Fifth Lord will be obedient this time?"

Zuzi, resting her chin on her hand, watched Xing Yue's departing figure, her red lips slightly curled: "Well, they still have a lot to learn..."

Chapter 665: Mr. Bo Is Not The Kind of Man Who Easily "Drives" With Girls

"Ancestor Master, I really love listening to you talk. The training sounds just like those cultivation novels I read, where immortals descend to the mortal world to face tribulations and cultivate, right?"

Bai He looked at Zuzi with utter admiration, like a little fangirl.

Zuzi chuckled lightly, "Yeah."

Bai He pouted playfully, "In the future, let Ancestor Master take me along for cultivation, hehe!"

Sitting across from them, Bao Gucheng watched as Bai He moved closer to Zuzi, her face almost touching Zuzi's arm, his expression grew increasingly stern:

"If you're going to cultivate, it should be Dual Cultivation."

Bai He's eyes nearly popped out, "Dual... Dual Cultivation? Mr. Bo, you can't mean that kind of Dual Cultivation, right?"

Bao Gucheng ignored her, suddenly stood up, and took hold of Zuzi's small hand, "We agreed to visit the film set, we're going to be late."

Zuzi naturally stood up with him and walked out, "Oh right, the Ancestor promised to check out Xiao Man's acting in a kissing scene..."

Bai He: "Wait for me, I'm coming too!"

Bao Gucheng: "Sorry, the film crew has a confidentiality agreement and doesn't allow outsiders."

Bai He's face fell, "Ah, then why can Mr. Bo go?"

Bao Gucheng: "I'm the investor for this drama."

Bai He: "..."

Mr. Bo, just because our blind date didn't work out, can't we at least be friends? Why draw such a clear line.

Just as they stepped outside.

Bao Gucheng received a call from Mr. Bo Senior.

On the other end, Mr. Bo Senior laughed mischievously, "Brat, how's the girl I picked for you? Don't underestimate her fresh return from studying abroad. That girl is both popular and trained, with a special love for the Empire's traditional culture, and a patriotic heart. I heard she's also a top-notch driver, a professional racer, surely you have a common language?"

Bao Gucheng's tone was cold, "First, I'm not interested in racing; second..."

Mr. Bo Senior: "How dare you say second, you're not patriotic?"

Bao Gucheng snorted dismissively, "Second, your taste in women is terrible. In the future, don't meddle in my affairs."

He hung up the phone abruptly and turned off his phone.

Mr. Bo Senior on the other end was utterly baffled.

Bai He is a fine girl, how are his tastes bad?

Meanwhile.

Bai He received a call from Gu Shiyin.

"Sorry, Miss Bai, I had to leave because something came up. How did the meeting go?"

"How did it go... It was simply amazing!" Bai He reminisced about sitting in Zuzi's passenger seat, witnessing Zuzi's godly driving skills firsthand, and the indescribable feeling of Zuzi touching her hand, couldn't help sharing with Gu Shiyin, "It was beyond words, today was so worth it, I'm so happy! Let me tell you, I'm going home to practice my driving!"

Gu Shiyin: "..."

She couldn't help but wonder if the blind date between Mr. Bo and Bai He went well?

Otherwise, why would Bai He be so excited and all of a sudden want to practice her "driving" skills? Mr. Bo isn't the kind of man who easily "drives" with girls.

"Well, as long as you're happy."

"Shiyin, why did you leave?"

"Ah, well... it's nothing, let's keep in touch."

Gu Shiyin, afraid to speak too much and make mistakes, hurriedly hung up the phone.

When Bai He left, there were already many diners who had angrily left the restaurant, and even those lined up at the entrance started to leave. The once popular restaurant quickly became deserted.

Fang Yumei had hoped for Xing Yue to cause a scene, which indeed happened, but Xing Yue just slapped Mr. Wu, who then appeased her with kind words, leaving her feeling vexed.

This isn't satisfying at all, is it?

Not only did it not embarrass Xing Yue, but it made Xing Yue feel more at ease, acting more confidently?

She looked at the Gourmet Jade Chopsticks in her hand and her own plump figure, involuntarily clenching her fingers tight...

Chapter 666: This Voice Really Sounds Like Nuwa

"Long Immortal Road" film crew.

The plot has already been shot more than halfway through, and Nuwa has dealt with Emperor Fu Xi several times. Emperor Fu Xi, persistent as he is, tries various ways to get close to Nuwa but fails. He even uses the excuse of "Dual Cultivation," only to be mercilessly rejected by Nuwa.

"I, Ancestor, am already the Creator God, not interested nor do I need to practice Dual Cultivation with you."

"Sister, but you've never experienced the trials of love. If there's a catastrophe regarding love in the future, you'll face great difficulties. Why not experience the taste of this trial together with your brother? Wouldn't it be great to achieve fulfillment?"

"Very! Not! Good!"

When Wu Qianman said this line,

Director Ma Xiaogang shouted, "Cut—!"

"Wu Qianman, those three words lack momentum, too soft. Where's the aura of Nuwa? Though not a tomboyish shout, the tone should have an intimidating presence, enough to move even a man like Fu Xi. Got it?"

"No, not really, Director. Can you explain it again? I'm a bit unsure about the intimidation you're talking about..."

Wu Qianman was almost in tears.

She had gotten stuck in this shot seven to eight times. Usually, she could use varying tones to express a certain aura in longer lines. But for these short three words, her gentle nature was a bit inadequate, showing its flaws.

It was either too stiff, or too weak and powerless.

There were other actresses on set who were unconvinced, trying those three words to themselves, thinking it shouldn't be so hard.

Hey, turns out, they really couldn't muster the perfect intimidating vibe. It was hard to say.

This line, Qianshan's writing was just too tricky, too hard to articulate!

Just as the shots kept "cutting" and being redone for nearly ten times.

Suddenly.

From outside the studio door came a lazy yet enchanting female voice: "Very not good, if it continues like this, Ancestor, when will there be a kissing scene?"

Everyone in the studio stopped and looked towards where the voice came from:

"Wow, isn't that the kind of voice Nuwa should have?"

"Who is it, so amazing, even better than Wu Qianman's performance?"

"Let me see... Oh, man, how come I've never seen this actress before? She has a face destined to be a superstar!"

"Shh, be quiet, look at Mr. Bo behind her..."

Xi Zuzi strolled in casually, astonishing everyone in the film crew.

Xi Langyue hurried over, cautiously glancing at Bao Gucheng, instinctively pulling Xi Zuzi to his side: "Let me introduce, this is my sister, Xi Zuzi."

Ma Xiaogang: "Hey, Ms. Xi, Mr. Bo, what brings you here?"

Wu Qianman: "Boo-hoo, Zuzi, can you say those three words again? You said it so beautifully!"

Xi Zuzi smiled and had just repeated "Very, not, good" for Wu Qianman when Bao Gucheng found an excuse to pull her back beside him: "We're here to watch, not to work for them. Zuzi, sit here."

Bao Gucheng pulled her over, unceremoniously taking a seat in the prime position behind the director.

This was the best viewing angle for watching the performance, also the most comfortable, and importantly, the farthest from Xi Langyue.

Xi Langyue, who had only held his little sister's hand for less than a minute before his palm suddenly emptied: "..."

Sly! Cunning!

Bao Gucheng!

Again fighting with him for his sister!

The crew couldn't help but sneak glances at Xi Zuzi: Xi Langyue's divinely beautiful sister was truly stunning, truly stunning indeed.

Seeing everyone staring at their little woman, Bao Gucheng slightly lifted his long lashes and said in a deep voice: "Our boss invested to have you all make a film, not to ogle beauties."

Everyone: "....!"

The beauty was so dazzling that they almost forgot for a moment that Mr. Bo was their big investor.

Chapter 667: Mr. Bo Also Wants to Try On the Spot, a Kissing Scene!

"Just follow Zuzi's demonstration earlier, Wu Qianman, try going through your lines again!"

Ma Xiaogang immediately responded to the directive of the major investor, and continued filming urgently.

This time, they finally got it right in one take.

Wu Qianman imitated Xi Zuzi's "not very good," though still lacking a bit of finesse, it was much better than her earlier tone.

The plot progressed, and Emperor Fu Xi finally found a chance to get closer to Nuwa.

This happened during the time when the Black Dragon wreaked havoc on the world, leaving corpses everywhere.

Nuwa, in saving the world from the Black Dragon, was nearly harmed by its desperate final tail swipe that almost obliterated her Divine Sense.

At the critical moment, Emperor Fu Xi who was assisting in the battle, unhesitatingly dashed up to shield her from the attack, and with a swift strike, he severed the Black Dragon's tail, sending its remains sinking into the East Sea.

He floated in the icy waters of the East Sea.

The wound on his back dyed a small patch of the sea red.

The battle between gods and demons could not be casually healed with spells; it required complex and painful retraining to gradually nourish the wounded area back to health.

For the first time, Nuwa patiently sat atop a shark, guarding him.

"What do you want to eat, Ancestor will get it for you. Drunken Immortal Wine? Peach blossom tears? Or perhaps the freshly ripened Flat Peach from the little girl, The Queen Mother of the West?"

Finally having waited for her to ask proactively, Emperor Fu Xi took a deep breath: "Sister, I don't want anything. Just have you do one small thing for me, just one thing, and the wound will be fine."

"What is it?"

"Touch my lips with your lips."

"..."

Xi Langyue, covered in red paint, lay on the backdrop of ocean scenery, and earnestly uttered this line.

The acting was so vivid and lifelike, it was immersive.

The supporting actors and staff watching on could not help but cover their lips to stifle laughter:

"What do you mean touch lips, you just want to kiss your sister, don't you?!"

"So Emperor Fu Xi was this flirtatious in the past! That line is simply ultimate in flirting!"

"No, it's Qianshan's lines, they're simply superb..."

Watching, Xi Zuzi lightly curled her red lips: "Shameless scoundrel."

Sitting beside her, Bao Gucheng felt inexplicably touched.

Isn't this scene familiar?

Back then in Qingcheng, when he was injured, he indeed got better after she kissed him.

Gu Qiusha did such an accurate restoration of his experience with this script.

Xi Langyue and Wu Qianman were deeply engrossed in their performances, and the long take was shot entirely without stopping.

Finally, on the big screen, appeared the first kiss between Emperor Fu Xi and Nuwa!

Amidst the vast East Sea, under the morning light, a blend of deep blue and crimson overlapped and reflected.

She leaned over him, gently imprinting a chaste and innocent kiss...

Bao Gucheng watched, his heart surged, he suddenly wanted to try this kiss scene with that little woman, for sure it would be better than the purely businesslike kiss of those two on stage...

"Eh, they're fake kissing!" Xi Zuzi was watching the technique rather than the mood, curiously researching.

Ma Xiaogang chuckled, answered: "It's called a cheat shot. It's pretending to kiss, a real test of skill."

Bao Gucheng gave him an annoyed glare: "..."

Don't mislead my little woman, next time when kissing, playing a cheat shot would be troubling.

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At this moment

In the Nangong Family's old residence.

Nangong Mo looked at yesterday's viewership ratings report, his eyes exuding malice: "Is the filming crew eating shit? Wanting to collectively become shark food?"

The director of the "Ancient Love Letters: Fu Xi and Nuwa" crew explained nervously: "The reason is complicated, Fourth Master, on one hand, the leading actress Gu Pinting's sudden weight gain affected our reputation, on the other, the plagiarism issue of the screenwriter Shen Ying caused a big uproar, resulting in unanimous audience boycott, and furthermore..."

The director was racking his brain to come up with excuses.

Suddenly he realized.

Nangong Mo wasn't listening to him at all.

Instead, his attention was focused on the large TV screen behind him.

On the screen, what's playing is the just-leaked kiss scene preview from the "Long Immortal Road" crew...

It was simply explosive!

Chapter 668: Shut Your Stinking Mouth and Scram!

Nangong Mo's indifferent brows and eyes were focused as he watched the kissing scene on the screen.

The man's slightly grim expression surprisingly relaxed a little, as if he was drawn into the storyline of Emperor Fu Xi and Nuwa—an immortal pair filled with enmity—by the performances of Xi Langyue and Wu Qianman, leaving him unable to extricate himself.

His subordinate quietly observed him, secretly pondering his intentions, and cautiously suggested, "Fourth Master, that actress is a high school student, hasn't even gone to college, a fresh nineteen-year-old, fresh out of her debut drama, hasn't been tainted by the industry yet, she should be quite clean. If you're interested, then..."

Could it be that Fourth Master took a fancy to that woman, started to feel for her?

As a subordinate, I must promptly help the BOSS get the woman!

I thought this flattery would surely be appreciated.

Who knew.

Nangong Mo glared at him displeasedly, "Shut up. Idiot."

The woman on the screen didn't have even a tenth of the grace of the one in his heart.

But how could this plot be so much to his liking?

"I asked you to find the woman who wrote the screenplay, did you search in a dog's belly?"

"In response to Fourth Master, that woman is really well hidden, doesn't show herself, but there are rumors she's a married woman, already married with children and divorced, probably in her forties..."

"Quit the nonsense, dig her out for me! Have her submit all her unpublished screenplays to me!"

"Yes!"

The subordinate left with a long face.

He really racked his brain trying to figure it out. How could Fourth Master have such a heavy taste, to even want to make a move on an older divorced sister??

Fourth Master surely can't be simply looking to get an early preview of the comic, right??

Oh no matter what, this time we must capture Qianshan, last time we failed to grab Xi Zuzi, failed to grab the girl in white, if this task isn't done well again, we might really be fed to the sharks.

The subordinate wracked his brain, suddenly had a bright idea, "Isn't Shen Ying a sworn enemy of Qianshan? As the saying goes, the enemy of my enemy is my friend, maybe Shen Ying has dirt on Qianshan, I'm so clever!"

After the subordinate left, in the study room, Nangong Mo was still intently watching the big TV screen, repeatedly replaying the clips of that kissing scene.

When Fang Yumei brought in tea and snacks, the screen showed Wu Qianman's fresh and tender face, lazily uttering "very bad" with an air of arrogance.

Truly exuding the aura of a star.

Watching this made Fang Yumei feel a burst of physical discomfort!

These countryside folks, each one wanted to climb over her head.

Humph, could the thigh they cling to be thicker than the thigh of Fourth Master she clings to?

She placed the tea and snacks on the desk, pinched her throat, and sharply said, "Fourth Master, that girl on the screen, I know her, just a poor student from my high school. Don't be fooled by the makeup, she's actually skinny as a rake and quite ugly, used to get bullied by male classmates in the toilet every day..."

She was incessantly badmouthing Wu Qianman in front of Nangong Mo.

Unexpectedly, Nangong Mo cast a terrifying glance at her, "Shut your filthy mouth, who allowed you to speak out of turn?"

"Fourth Master, I..."

"What gives you the right to desecrate this character!" Nangong Mo's tone was cold and sinister, "Who are you? Who gave you permission to come in?"

Fang Yumei was taken aback.

Looking down at her plump figure, she realized that her appearance and shape had changed significantly, but even so, her voice hadn't changed, right? Could Fourth Master actually not recognize her?

This was really heartbreaking!

Chapter 669: The Ancestors are Extraordinary, Even a Kiss Requires a Grand Gesture of Setting up a Barrier!

"Bao, I'm your tea artist and chef, don't you remember the foie gras I made? You even praised it as delicious..." Fang Yumei tried to continue explaining.

Nangong Mo impatiently rebuked, "Get out!"

Not daring to provoke this moody master any further, Fang Yumei nervously scurried out of the study.

As she closed the door, she stole a glance and noticed that Nangong Mo's eyes on the screen had returned to focus, with a hint of... tenderness?

Oh my, this was the first time she saw something akin to "tenderness" in Nangong Mo's eyes.

What charm did that slender Wu Qianman have to enchant Fourth Master so thoroughly?

Fang Yumei clenched her fists and rushed to the kitchen; she was determined to make a hundred servings of foie gras to send to the film set!

Eat, eat, eat Wu Qianman to death!

==

On the set of "Long Immortal Road."

When the delivery guy brought a hundred servings of foie gras, the crew was still busily shooting.

The plot progressed to after the kissing scene; Fu Xi's condition visibly improved, yet he pretended to have aftereffects, complaining about back pain today, leg pain tomorrow, headaches and chills, frequently visiting Nuwa's celestial abode to mooch medicine and wine.

That utter disregard for means to savor Nuwa's fragrant cheeks was akin to modern men, causing Ma Xiaogang and the crew to burst into laughter, almost forgetting they were on set.

Luckily they'd redub in post-production; otherwise, the sporadic cackling like goose calls would require reshoots.

The delivery guy maneuvered his tricycle around the set, hearing the bursts of laughter from inside, but he just couldn't get in.

Not only couldn't he get in, but he couldn't even find the entrance!

How bizarre.

"I've delivered here three or four times a day, how can I not find the door? There's not even a phone signal..." the delivery guy wondered aloud, raising his voice, "Director Ma? Assistant Li? Lang Yue?"

However.

The sound seemed to sink into a deep ocean, not penetrating a bit.

The daunting set stood like a silent mountain, offering him no response.

At this very moment.

A little crow perched on the window ledge of the set leisurely groomed its precious few golden feathers on its neck: "Ha, as if you could get in, Ancestor set the barrier to stop outsiders, even a god can't fly through."

Fu Xiqin's gossiping little eyes couldn't help but glance back: "Brother Jin, Brother Jin, let's go in and take a look?"

"What's there to see, haven't you seen kissing scenes before?"

"No, it's usually Ancestor kissing the little boy, today the little boy is assertively asking to kiss Ancestor, I'm super curious how he feels on top?"

"What are you curious about? Think you'll find a female qin to extinguish your fire after getting all heated up watching?"

"..."

Behind the two little ones.

In the props room.

Bao Gucheng clutched Xi Langyue's slender waist, setting her on a bright mirror table.

"Xiao Cheng, where do you feel unwell?" Xi Langyue had just been engrossed, watching Xi Langyue and Wu Qianman's kissing scene. Who would have thought midway, Bao Gucheng whispered in her ear that he felt unwell?

Oh my, it's rare for a sturdy young lad to admit discomfort, Ancestor must show concern.

Bao Gucheng's Adam's apple bobbed as he gazed at her purely innocent smile, finding her a thousand times more beautiful than the drama scene earlier: "The air... isn't good. I want to smell pleasant air."

Chapter 670: Little Ancestor, Jelly-Like Texture!

"Oh, then smell away!"

Zuzi casually replied, going along with his words.

Suddenly realizing, wait a minute, isn't this Ancestor's line?

In this world, only Ancestor and Ancestor's Spiritual Pet can sense the thin Spiritual Energy. Xiao Chenger, what are you, a mortal, trying to smell Spiritual Energy for?

Besides, there's no Spiritual Energy on Ancestor... hmm!

Alright then.

Having you smell like this is actually quite pleasant.

Please continue.

Zuzi leaned into Bao Gucheng's embrace, tilting her chin up, her long lashes gently fluttering like butterfly wings.

Her cherry lips seemed like they could melt at a touch, with a jelly-like texture.

Even someone like Bao Gucheng, toughened by storms and tribulations, couldn't help but soften before her, gently pressing a longing kiss as if just taking a whiff...

==

The long take finally ended.

This scene was filmed so smoothly, not a single hitch in the middle, making Ma Xiaogang extremely happy, exclaiming:

"Mr. Bo, Miss Xi, tonight I'm treating you to a feast, surely you've brought us good fortune haha, we've never filmed so smoothly... hey? Where are the two gods?"

Turning around, where were Bao Gucheng and Zuzi in the studio?

A staff member packing props noticed something strange: "Huh? Where's the door to the prop room? Why can't I find it?"

A real unsolved mystery of the world.

The door we open every day could vanish into thin air!

Just as everyone was bustling about in chaos.

Suddenly they heard an outside delivery guy shouting: "Foie gras, if you don't want it, I'll return it..."

Hey!

It's fragrant foie gras again!

Hey, wait, it's stinky foie gras... everyone, recalling the spoiled and stinking foie gras at noon, lost all appetite, firmly shouting out: "Return it! Wrong delivery, we didn't order this!"

Delivery guy: "It's not something you ordered, someone paid for you to have it, do you still want it or not?"

"No way! Even for a bargain, we won't eat this stuff!"

The barrier set by Zuzi blocked the enticing aroma of foie gras.

Plus, having just finished a grand scene, everyone was still immersed in the moving atmosphere of the plot, seemingly less tempted by the foie gras.

That stuff didn't have the allure of the celestial CP scent.

But, well, it seemed to be mealtime, and everybody's stomachs were grumbling... just as their determination was about to waver.

The door to the prop room suddenly opened.

Zuzi stepped out lightly, her face flushed, holding up her white dress: "Don't worry, soon a little beauty will bring you meals, as for the taste, it should be authentic."

Everyone gulped: "..."

Ma Xiaogang smacked his lips: "These days, I'm tired of western takeout, kinda craving authentic Empire cuisine!"

Xi Langyue: "I also prefer Chinese food. But Zuzi, how did you know someone would bring us Chinese food? Did you order the new takeout?"

Wu Qianman: "Zuzi, where did you just go?"

Staff member: "Hey? The missing door to the prop room reappeared out of thin air! Amazing!"

Zuzi smiled without speaking, flicked her delicate fingers, and completely lifted the barrier.

Within seconds, Bai He's loud voice came from afar: "I'm visiting the set! I'm bringing a love meal for everyone on behalf of the fan club! All made by me, hot and delicious shrimp and crab congee, chilled double-skin milk, and a honey luohanguo tea for everyone, it's a treat!"

Bai He spoke while waving her little hand provocatively at Bao Gucheng, making a face: Hehe, Mr. Bo, did you think I'd retreat because you wouldn't let me come?

Retreating is impossible, wherever Ancestor Master is, I, Bai He, will be there too!

Bao Gucheng: "..."

He felt the need to reenact the kiss scene with the little woman, to give this unknowing Xiao Bailian a wake-up call!